# Petal

## by [Britease](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=972467&page=submissions)

I looked up as Karen walked in to our office.  
  
She looked beautiful and sexy, wore short skirts which showed her long, sun tanned legs off and flimsy little tops that gave a glimpse of a lacy bra. All the guys fancied her, and why wouldn't they?  
  
Me? I was jealous as hell.  
  
How could a plain girl like me compete with someone like her?   
  
For that matter how could I compete against most of the girls where I worked?  
  
Sickening!  
  
Pig sickening!  
  
It's not that I'm not pretty enough in my own way to be honest. I suppose my legs are my best feature but I simply haven't got the nerve to show them off like some of the other girls do. My upbringing's to blame for that I suppose, being bought up in a strict, religious family in a small village, with three elder brothers that all took it upon themselves to make sure that I came to no harm.  
  
Can't complain really, as my childhood was idyllic.  
  
I was really happy and still am.  
  
I do wonder though!  
  
I even bought myself a mini skirt a few weeks ago. Not one that was too short of course, but it doesn't matter anyway, as it's still sat at home in my wardrobe, waiting to be worn. I've tried it on of course.  
  
Several times in fact, and looked at myself in the mirror. Looks quite good I think --- No, seriously it really does!  
  
But something's not quite right. Maybe it's the shoes because I don't wear high heels or anything like that.  
  
Anyway, I just can't work up the nerve to wear it out in public.  
  
Maybe next week ---- Then again maybe not. We'll see.  
  
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"Morning Jan."  
  
My heart leapt and my stomach did a somersault. It was Mr Holder, who with his elder brother owned Holder and Co. Ltd, where I'd worked for the last six months since leaving school.  
  
"Good morning Mr. Holder," I mumbled as he breezed past me, but I doubt that he even noticed.   
  
"Morning Karen," he greeted the other girl, stopping at her desk. "How's the lovely Karen today then?"  
  
"Fine John," Karen answered him, flashing him a smile. "Is there anything I can do for you ---- Anything at all?"  
  
She was flirting with him the bitch, leaning forward and sticking those big tits of hers out at him, one button too many already undone in readiness.  
  
"Don't tempt me Karen," he replied chuckling. "I just might take you up on it."  
  
"Any time John," she flashed back at him giggling. "You know where to find me."  
  
"We'll see," was all he answered, but he did give her a huge smile and a wink.  
  
As he left the office Karen raised her arm in the air in triumph.  
  
"What do you think girls? Do I have a chance?"  
  
For the next few minutes all the girls around me speculated on whether our Karen would one day land the very hunky, thirty-year old Mr. Holder. She was certainly one of the few who got away with calling him John, but then they were all the pretty ones who seemed to have the nerve.  
  
Was I jealous?  
  
Well ---- what do you think?  
  
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Back in my little bed-sitter flat later that evening, I couldn't resist trying the mini on again and standing in front of the mirror.  
  
What did I see?  
  
A reasonably pretty nineteen year old with good legs --- Full stop!  
  
Boobs about half the size of Karens' if that, in a bra that did its best to hide them. And my hair? Oh damn it why didn't I pluck up the courage to have something done with it?  
  
Tomorrow maybe --- Probably not.  
  
Feeling despondent I took the skirt off and hung it up again, knowing that I'd never pluck up the courage to wear it out, and knowing that I'd never get to grips with a man like John Holder.  
  
Pity --- Sad --- Never mind; there were other things in life.  
  
With a wistful shake of my head, I slipped hurriedly out of the rest of my clothes, and with a last despairing look in the mirror at my small but perky little breasts; I leant into the shower to turn the hot water on.  
  
Checking that the water was hot enough, I stepped in and felt the warmth envelop me as the hot spray fell on me.  
  
Then ...... Then nothing! BLANK!  
  
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I awoke not knowing where I was, feeling rather groggy and fighting to force my eyes open.  
  
God ---- where was I? I couldn't see anything!  
  
I tried to sit up and I couldn't.  
  
With rising panic, I realised that my hands were secured up above my head, and as I fought to get loose it was obvious that I was tied down to the bed that I was lying on.  
  
Bed? Did I say bed? It felt like a bed, or at least it had some sort of soft sheet over it to make me more comfortable.  
  
Where the hell was I?  
  
What was going to happen to me?  
  
I started to shake in fear as it at last dawned on me that not only was I tied down, but also that I was completely stark naked!  
  
Oh shit, I was so frightened.  
  
Panic!  
  
A terrified whimper escaped from my lips.  
  
Was I still in my flat, or had I been kidnapped?  
  
I didn't know!  
  
I just didn't know!  
  
I didn't know or understand anything, and I was on the point of bursting into tears.  
  
"Are you OK my little one!"?  
  
Oh my God! Who had said that? Who was in the room with me?  
  
The voice was deep.  
  
Oh my God it was a man!  
  
I was tied up, totally naked, unable to protect myself against the man in my room.  
  
"No need to be frightened Petal."  
  
Where was he?   
  
Who was it?  
  
Why couldn't I see him in the dark?  
  
A cold feeling ran through my body as I realised why I couldn't see him. It wasn't the dark ---- I was blindfolded.  
  
Oh no! Oh please God no!  
  
I was going to be raped and murdered.  
  
It was then that I began to sob.  
  
"No need to cry Petal," the voice said to me gently. "You're not going to come to any harm."  
  
"Where am I?" I blubbered. "What are you going to do to me?"  
  
"All in good time Petal," he replied, his voice, despite my situation sounding oddly reassuring.  
  
"Please let me go," I pleaded pitifully. "Whoever you are --- Please let me go."  
  
"Now listen Petal," the voice continued. "I'm going to untie you soon, but there are a few things you have to accept."  
  
"Anything," I cried out in desperation. "Anything. Just let me go."  
  
My body jolted as I felt a hand stroke my cheek, and though I pulled my face away from it, the hand simply followed me.  
  
"Relax Petal," the voice tried to sooth me, and swallowing hard, I tensed myself to accept his caress.  
  
After several moments of stroking me and assuring me as if I was a frightened little kitten, I could feel myself weakening, relaxing even and my breathing returning closer to normal.  
  
"That's better Petal. That's much better," he assured me. "Believe me we wouldn't harm such a beautiful young women as you."  
  
Beautiful young women?  
  
"You've got the wrong girl," I whined. "I'm not beautiful. You've got the wrong person."  
  
"Believe me Petal, we haven't made a mistake," the voice reassured me. "I can see all of you, and you are indeed absolutely beautiful. Lovely fresh, young, slim body ---- smooth skin ---- tiny waist ---- lovely face ---- long slender legs and beautiful tight little breasts."  
  
I breathed in deeply, trying to control my breathing, astonished at what he was telling me.  
  
"Breath in again like that Petal," he requested. "It does wonders for those pert little breasts of yours."  
  
Despite myself, I found myself doing as he asked. Breathing in deeply and sticking my breasts out. I don't know what come into to me, but I found myself arching my back to increase the effect.  
  
What the hell was I doing?  
  
"Lovely my Petal," the voice told me. "Your skin is so soft and young."  
  
With that he started to trace the tips of his fingers from my cheek down my neck and across my shoulder. From there his fingers continued slowly down the top of my body towards my left breast.  
  
"Please don't," I begged him. "Please don't touch me there."  
  
The trouble was, my body was betraying me, and even as I was begging him to leave me alone, I was instinctively thrusting my bare breast up to meet his hand.  
  
I wanted it. Oh God how I wanted his touch!  
  
I needed it.  
  
Till then the farthest anyone of the other sex had progressed with me was to grope my boob through my jumper. Even then I had screamed at him for doing it, and ran off and left him.  
  
But I wanted it! Oh so desperately, I wanted it!  
  
His fingertips softly circled my breast, venturing, oh so wonderfully, up towards the tip, and so close ---- so close to my burning nipple.  
  
I was on fire.  
  
"Still want me to stop Petal?" He teased.  
  
"Yes! Yes please stop," I cried out.   
  
"No! No don't; Please don't stop," as he pulled his hand away.  
  
He continued to use his fingertips to explore my body. Touching, stroking and teasing me unmercifully, but without actually invading my most intimate parts.  
  
I felt the control of my body being wrestled away from me, and I was shaking and shivering all over. My breaths were becoming shorter and shorter till I was panting aloud, fighting to suck each breath into my lungs.  
  
I became aware of a thumping sound, and realised that it was my heels and calves against the bed as my uncontrolled legs thrashed around.  
  
It mounted --- more intense ---- more out of control ---- Ahhhh!!  
  
Then I orgasmed! ---- Bloody hell ---- my first time ever! The first time in my short life.  
  
"Beautiful Petal," the voice congratulated me. "If you can cum so easily from just being stroked, then imagine what it will be like later on."  
  
Oh my God, I was still a virgin. Yes, a nineteen-year-old virgin, and I didn't want him to do that to me ----- Or did I!  
  
Slowly I came back down from the peak that I had scaled, as he softly stroked my hair and my cheeks and my shoulders.  
  
"Did you like that Petal?"  
  
I just nodded my agreement, unable to find the words. Still fighting for my breath.  
  
"Are you ready for the rest of the evening then?" he asked, and I shivered at what his words could actually mean.  
  
"Where am I?" I pleaded with him again. "Please tell me."  
  
"You're safe," he replied. "That's all you have to know."  
  
"Can you take my blindfold off please?"   
  
"Oh no Petal," he answered. "You're safe as long as you keep it on. If we took it off, then who knows?"  
  
His words made me feel nervous again, and I started to sniffle, as I fought to hold back my tears.  
  
"Why do you keep calling me Petal," I asked at last, relaxing as he reassuringly continued to stroke my still naked body.  
  
"Well Petal, Haven't you guessed?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Well that's your name sweetheart. All the time you are here, that's what you will be known as."  
  
Oh my God ---- who's hands had I fallen into?  
  
"Can you at least untie me," I asked without much hope. Thinking that they, whoever they were, were going to keep me restrained.  
  
Without further comment, the man, whoever he was, reached up and in an instant my hands were free.  
  
"Thank you." I thought it best to thank him.  
  
"Come on Petal," he said to me taking my now free hands. Then he pulled me up till I was sitting upright on the bed. "Are you OK?"  
  
I didn't answer him, but put my hands to my face and tried to tear the blindfold off, only to find that it was securely attached right around my head, but leaving my face free from my nose right down.  
  
"Specially designed my dear," he told me. "Keeps your eyes covered, but leaves the rest of your lovely face free."  
  
I felt the thing and discovered it was made of leather. No, not leather, but suede or something. When I traced it to the back of my head, I felt with my fingers a small padlock.  
  
God I was locked into it.  
  
"Don't worry Petal. I have the key and you'll be released when the time is right."  
  
He then took my hand and carefully pulled me off the bed till I was standing upright. Supporting me till I found my balance, he then let go of me.  
  
"Yes Petal," he almost crooned. "As beautiful as we expected."  
  
"I'm not beautiful," I cried, reaching up with my hands to try to cover my breasts. "My boobs are too small and my hair is awful and ...."  
  
Petal!" He interrupted me. "Your breasts are perfect for your slender build. They are maybe the most wonderful little breasts I have seen for a long time, and believe me I have seen many."  
  
Did he mean that?  
  
Whether he did or not, I instinctively dropped my hands down to my side.  
  
"And your hair? Have you felt your hair?"  
  
My hands shot upwards to feel my hair.  
  
Where the hell was it?  
  
Oh damn, where was my hair.  
  
It was only then that I realised that my hair had been cut short. Like, really short.  
  
"What have you done to me," I cried out in anguish, worrying that they had almost scalped me and left me near bald.  
  
"Relax Petal," he soothed me. "Your hair has been cut by a world famous stylist. It's beautiful and suits you perfectly."  
  
I ran my hands over my head, trying to imagine what it looked like, when he surprised me again.  
  
"How do you like the earrings Petal?"  
  
"I don't wear earrings," I shot back.  
  
"You do now!"  
  
Reaching up, I was astonished to discover, that on each ear there was something dangling.  
  
"But I don't wear them," I protested. "My ears aren't pierced."  
  
"They are now Petal," he informed me. "And the earrings you have on are genuine diamonds."  
  
What was happening to me? Who was this doing all these things to me?  
  
"Feel between your legs my dear," he went on. "You've got another surprise."  
  
Tentatively, I ran one of my hands down my body and ..... Oh bloody hell ..... My pussy was completely shaven!  
  
"Believe me Petal my dear, it looks delightful from where I'm standing."  
  
"Why are you doing this all to me?" I demanded, my confidence that they perhaps meant me no harm giving me a little bravado.  
  
"You are a chosen one my little Petal," he told me. "You are a very lucky young girl."  
  
Before I had the chance to take that in, he eased me back to sit down on the bed, took my feet one by one, and put some shoes on them.  
  
Strange?  
  
Back up on my feet, I found myself tottering on a pair of high heels.  
  
"I don't wear heels," I confessed. "I've never worn them."  
  
"You'll soon get used to them Petal," he informed me. "They're not too high to begin with."  
  
He then led me by the hand around the room till I started to get used to walking in high heels. The sensation in my legs through walking in them was interesting, and especially in my calves which felt a bit stretched. Then suddenly I felt a slight chill on my nude body, which may have meant we had left the room.  
  
"Where are we going?" I asked, still completely unsighted due to the blindfold, trustingly following him as he still led me by the hand.  
  
"You'll find out in a moment," the voice comforted me. "You have an exciting evening ahead of you."  
  
Nervously, not knowing what was ahead of me, I followed his lead, only aware that other than a pair of valuable earrings and high heels I was absolutely in the nude.  
  
I held back as the air suddenly got somewhat warmer, and I heard a buzz of sound ahead of me.   
  
People talking!  
  
A lot of people!  
  
Oh my God!  
  
"Come on Petal," my mentor encouraged me, dragging me reluctantly behind him as I tried to hold back. "Nothing to worry about I promise."  
  
I allowed him to lead me forward, suddenly aware that there were people all around me and that I was naked.  
  
"Lovely young girl," I heard a deep voice say to my left.   
  
"Stunning body," spoke up another on the other side of me. "So slender."  
  
"Such beautiful little tits," came a third male voice, straight in front of me and so close that I took a step back.  
  
"Just look at her skin," yet another man commented. "It's so smooth, unblemished, so kissably perfect."  
  
"No," remarked yet another guy from behind. "Just look at her shapely legs boys. And what a perfect ass."  
  
I shivered as I realised that I was naked and surrounded by a group of men who were examining my exposed body.  
  
Trying not to be too obvious, I stood up a little straighter and arched my back to make my tits stick out a bit more.  
  
Murmurs of appreciation from all around me, told that my little attempt at posing for them had been anything but unobvious.   
  
Oh go for it girl.  
  
Clasping my hands behind my back, I pulled my shoulders back as far as I could comfortably stretch them, and stuck my little tits out proudly for them to admire.  
  
The murmurs changed to gasps and even a few groans of amazement.  
  
I was shocked at my wanton behaviour but couldn't keep the cheeky grin from my face.  
  
"George," I heard my leader say to someone. "This is Petal. Can I leave her in your hands for a while?"  
  
He patted me on my bare bottom and I sensed him moving away from me. In a blind panic, literally, I wildly waved my hands around to try to find the only familiar thing to cling back onto.  
  
But he wasn't there!  
  
He'd gone!  
  
All my bravado deserted me and I felt the tears welling up in my eyes again.  
  
"Come along with me Petal," I heard a new voice say to me, and I felt his arm encircle my waist as he spun me around in another direction. "You really are as lovely as they were all saying you were."  
  
I became acutely aware of his hand on the bare skin around my waist, and to my surprise found that I really liked it.  
  
I quite liked it as well when his hand slipped down and cupped my bottom.  
  
I quite liked what he had said as well, truth be known.  
  
"Where are we?" I asked, hoping that my new man might be more forthcoming than the last.  
  
"Would you like to dance," he said, ignoring my question, and without further ado he spun me around and I found myself in his arms, aware that my still naked body was pressed tightly up against him. It was only then that I noticed the music, and I felt as if I was floating away with this new chap.  
  
"You're so beautiful that I think I am already in love with you," he whispered to me softly.  
  
"Don't be silly," I replied, embarrassed.  
  
"Kiss me Petal," he insisted, and though I said I couldn't, I soon found his hot lips seeking mine out, and despite myself I was soon kissing him back feverishly, throwing my arms round his neck and pulling him close, more than aware of the raging erection that was pressing against my bare tummy through his trousers. As his tongue sought out mine in the depths of my mouth, his hands wandered eagerly all over my bare back, stroking my shoulders, my waist, and yes of course my bare bottom.  
  
I didn't want him to stop!  
  
I'd never been naked with a man till that evening, never had anyone feel me like that, kiss me like that, talk to me like that!  
  
I was lost but I loved it!  
  
"Do you want me to feel your breasts Petal?"  
  
Oh, didn't I just, and I told him so, immediately feeling his hand snake round in between us, slide up the bare skin of my body and cup my naked breast firmly.  
  
Oh what bliss!  
  
As he squeezed and played with my bare boob, and then tweaked my hard nipple, my breathing started to get laboured again and I felt myself becoming wet between my legs. Within moments I was rubbing my breasts desperately against his hand, and humping my pussy against his strong thigh as my legs straddled his, desperately and totally out of control. Out of my mind.  
  
I orgasmed yet again, and collapsed, only not falling in a heap on the floor because he held my weight easily in his arms.  
  
"Wonderful Petal," he commented. "That's twice already."  
  
"How do you know about the first time?" I asked in surprise.  
  
"I was watching," he replied.  
  
Oh my God ----- how awful ---- how embarrassing ---- how ----- how wonderful!  
  
"Please tell me where we are," I insisted. "What am I doing here?"  
  
"You're in a ballroom with about fifty other people," he told me. "Half of them men and the other half beautiful young women just like you. Some of the most fantastically lovely women in out city."

"But I don't fit in," I protested.  
  
"Oh but you do," he corrected me. "And maybe one day you'll be the prettiest of them all."  
  
I think I blushed. It was rubbish of course, and I suddenly became aware again of my nudity as I felt someone else brush up against me as they danced passed.  
  
"Am I the only one in the nude?" I queried, surprised at how calm I felt asking that incredible question, and aware from feeling him up against me that he seemed to be fully dressed.  
  
"No Petal," he said to me gently. "All the women are naked like you, just high-heels, and bits and pieces of jewellery, and all the men are formally dressed in dinner suits."  
  
"What's this all about then?" I went on. "Please, I beg you, please tell me."  
  
"All in good time Petal," he responded. "All in good time." Then he whisked me around and twirled me in arms as the tempo of the music changed.  
  
We danced several more numbers, then he put his arm round my waist again and led me away somewhere, but not too far. This time it was me that reached up towards him and offered him my lips. He kissed me, oh so gently, full on the lips, while softly squeezing my right breast. I full well knew that there were people all around us, probably watching, but I no longer cared.  
  
Taking my hand, he put a glass into it, telling me to taste it. It was lovely --- some kind of sweetish wine.  
  
"So this is the new girl Petal, is it George?"  
  
The new voice to my right startled me, and I turned unseeing, to face the new person.  
  
"Yes Mike," my escort seemed to confirm. "Look how beautiful her firm young breasts are."  
  
"She looks lovely all over to me," the new man, Mike added, and this time I hardly flinched as I felt his cool hand cup my breast and slowly caressed my body.  
  
"Careful Mike," warned George, laughing as he did so. "You'll make her cum again and there'll be nothing for later.  
  
"Let's do it anyway George," the man running his hands all over me said. "Let's give this lovely girl a treat to remember tonight by."  
  
George turned me in his arms, trapped my arms firmly but gently behind his and pulling my shoulders back. My breasts were forced out, and hands came from nowhere to caress them, as other hands ran without restraint all over my nakedness.   
  
Then someone was kissing me --- someone else nibbling my ear, and yet another rubbing against my now naked shaven pussy.  
  
How many hands?  
  
How many men?  
  
I didn't know and I don't know, and I didn't care.  
  
My third orgasm of the night and indeed of my life hit me with a force and a passion that I could never have imagined. I writhed and screamed in ecstasy as they used my body, lifting me up, spreading my legs wide, kissing and probing me everywhere and I never wanted it to stop.  
  
I felt myself sliding into oblivion, unable to stand on my own or make sense of anything or anyone, as a thousand hands seem to bring me to the edge yet again.  
  
"More --- more --- please don't stop" I begged them, and then........  
  
BLANK!  
  
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Ring-ring ---- Ring-ring ----Ring –ring.  
  
I shot up, not knowing where I was. Reached over and turned off the alarm clock.  
  
Where was I?  
  
I looked around me and found myself in the familiar surroundings of my own bedroom, astonished at how I had got there.  
  
What had happened?  
  
Where had I been?  
  
How did I get there?  
  
I blinked and tried to think logically.  
  
Damn it. What an incredibly realistic dream!  
  
I did dream a bit and often had snatches of what had happened when I woke up. But never like that before.   
  
Never!  
  
Still, life goes on. So I leapt out of bed, turned the shower on, and dipped in under the hot water.  
  
Lovely.  
  
Wonderful stream of hot water to wash all my cares away.  
  
Applying the shampoo liberally, I rubbed it all over my body, enjoying, as I always did, the feel of my hands on my skin.  
  
SHIT!  
  
Where was my hair?  
  
Where the fuck had my hair gone?  
  
I plunged my hand down between my legs, and .....  
  
SHIT!  
  
Where had my pubic hairs gone?  
  
My pubic mound was completely bald!  
  
Oh bloody hell!  
  
Oh my God!  
  
Was I still dreaming or what?  
  
I quickly finished my shower; dried myself, and went back to my bedroom.  
  
There on the bedside table, something glinted in the soft early morning sunshine that filtered through the curtains. On going over to it picking it up ....  
  
Oh dear!  
  
I couldn't and never could have afforded an expensive pair of earrings like that. They were beautiful. My hands instinctively shot up to the lobes of my ears.  
  
Dammit, what were they?  
  
Looking up at the mirror, I saw that I had two pretty little gold sleeper rings in my ears.  
  
Then!  
  
Oh no!  
  
Oh my God!  
  
My hair!  
  
Not only was it cut fashionably short, but it was red!  
  
Honestly, I mean it ---- It was red!  
  
Where had the mousy brown gone?  
  
Golly though, it did look good and matched my green eyes to perfection.  
  
Who was this stunning young woman looking back at me in the mirror?  
  
I glanced over towards the wardrobe, and what did I see?  
  
Impossible ---- but an impossibly expensive pair of red high heels that I had never seen before. How did I know that they were going to fit me?  
  
I slumped down upon the bed. What else could I do?  
  
A dream?  
  
I just didn't know.  
  
All I did know was that I had to get ready for work or else I would be late. What ever had happened during the night, I didn't understand, and maybe I didn't want to.  
  
But I had to get to work!  
  
I breathed in deeply and made my way over to my wardrobe. I'm a pretty orderly person and I knew what I was going to wear that day. My brown skirt and cream blouse. The ones that I had worn to work regularly for the last six months.  
  
They weren't there!  
  
Nothing I'd ever bought or ever owned seemed to be there!  
  
It was like opening the wardrobe of someone I'd never met in my life before.  
  
Slowly, almost gingerly I pulled out one thing after another.  
  
Even I could tell that all these clothes were of very good quality.  
  
Even I recognised some of the exclusive labels.  
  
Dammit, there was a fortune invested in this wardrobe, and it was all that I had to go to work in.  
  
I have to admit I was excited about trying some of them on, so slipping over to the other side of the room, I went to my chest of drawers where I kept my underwear.  
  
I hesitated, my hand hovering over the drawer, wondering what I might find. My frumpy old knickers and bras, or something more exciting?  
  
Gingerly I pulled the drawer open.  
  
Nothing! It was empty. No underwear. No panties. No bras.  
  
Oh my God!  
  
Shivering at the thought of what I was about to do, I went back to the wardrobe and started to try on some of the clothes. After a bit of experimenting, I discovered that not one of the skirts or dresses came down to even half way down my thighs.  
  
They did look good though, but maybe that was because I'd matched them up with a pair of super sexy high heels.   
  
No! Not the reds ones, but one of the other five pairs that I found on my shelves.  
  
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Dressed and ready, I looked at myself in the mirror, hardly recognising the pretty, sexy girl looking back at me.  
  
My heart was thumping twenty to the dozen and I wondered whether I really had the courage to even go outside dressed as I was, never mind go to work.  
  
The fact that I had no knickers on under an extremely short skirt didn't exactly help!  
  
Three deep breaths and I made for the door, at least relieved that it was a lovely hot day out and that most of the other young women would be dressed for the summer.  
  
I hesitated, took another breath and walked out of the door!  
  
I would normally scurry along with my head down, not greeting or talking to anyone, but within thirty yards that all changed.  
  
"Morning young miss," said the postman as I walked by, smiling at me.  
  
"Morning Postie," I breezily threw back. "What a lovely morning."  
  
I carried on my way, well aware that he had stopped and was watching me walk away from him.  
  
What's a girl to do in circumstances like that?  
  
Well I did it!  
  
I put an extra spring in my step and swayed my hips a little.  
  
Golly did that feel good.  
  
Encouraged by the constant looks I was getting, I stood more upright, stuck my little boobs out for all they were worth, and swung my hips even more. I relished the feel of my little skirt as it swished back and forward around my legs, not caring a damn if I gave the odd guy a glimpse of even more than I should.  
  
It was only when I was half way to work that I remembered I had no panties on, and I calmed it all down a bit, blushing at what someone may have seen.  
  
I've never been whistled at before in my life, but I suppose I would now have to get used to it. In fact by the time I'd passed the building site and caused a bit of a stir, I was already looking forward to walking back past it that evening.  
  
I was enjoying myself hugely and already planning to wear the skimpy little sundress that I'd spotted in my wardrobe to work the next day.  
  
All too soon, I was nervously pushing open the door to our offices, and not one minute later blushing furiously as every man I passed stared at me open mouthed as I walked by.  
  
"Morning Karen," I sung out as I saw my colleague.  
  
"Morning Jan, how are y ....." she started to say before she broke off in surprise.  
  
I looked good!  
  
I knew it.  
  
Sitting down at my desk, I deliberately ignored the surprised looks that I knew were constantly being thrown my way, enjoying the attention that my new clothes and restyling were attracting.  
  
"Morning Jan."  
  
It was Mr. Holder.  
  
"Morning John," I threw back at him confidently, which stopped him dead in his tracks.  
  
"Jan I ....." and he dried up as he looked at me.  
  
Just like that. He was lost for words for the moment.  
  
"You've changed your ..... That is you've got ..... Crikey Jan, what have you done to yourself?"  
  
Karen was maybe history, and I loved it.  
  
"Is there anything I can do for you Mr Holder?" I responded, mimicking Karen from the day before. But Mr. Holder, that is John, just stood there, gob smacked, staring at the new me.  
  
"Problem John?"  
  
Oh damn it. It was Mr Holder senior. John's older brother, who was the Managing Director of the company.  
  
"No," John, the younger brother replied in confusion. "Just that Miss Merryweather here is ...... Well, you can see for yourself."  
  
The pair of them stared at me intently. John with a confused look on his face, and his elder brother, an impressive, fit looking man in his forties with cropped greying hair and steely blue eyes, more impassively.  
  
"I think you had better come to my office young lady," the older brother ordered, and duly, I stood up and followed him, wondering if I was in for a lecture about the provocative way I was dressed for work.  
  
Well --- I told you the skirts were all short didn't I, but I didn't tell you about the tops?  
  
I stood there embarrassed before him as he closed the door behind me, desperately trying to will my nipples to go down and stop being so damned obvious.  
  
"I'm sorry Mr. Holder," I started to say; trying to explain that I'd had nothing else to wear that morning. Realising that any explanation would be impossible in the situation.  
  
"That's Ok Petal," he replied. "You look lovely ---- Beautiful even. I hope you like the clothes we got you as much as I do."  
  
Oh Crikey!  
  
Oh my God!  
  
++++++++   
  
*Well ---- I think that's the finish. That is unless there's a demand for a sequel.  
What do you think?  
What do you think might happen to Petal?  
There's lots of possibilities aren't there.  
  
Hope you enjoyed it!*