

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

# COMMISSION POSITION

AN AB/DL STORY



EDNA E ROBSON

# Commission Position

by  
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First Published 2026

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Title: Commission Position

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Editors: Michael Bent, Rosalie Bent

Publisher: AB Discovery

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[www.abdiscovery.com.au](http://www.abdiscovery.com.au)

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# Chapter One

Flicking through the newspaper, I could feel myself getting even more frantic by the page. My internet job searches had drawn a blank, and I decided that looking through the local publications' job section might prove fruitful. It had been 3 months since I lost my position at Green Recruitment, and the very meagre redundancy money I had been given was now running worryingly low. With no savings to speak of, I was quite aware that I needed to make money fast or risk losing my flat and everything else I had worked so hard for. It wasn't the first time in my 53 years that I had questioned where I had gone so wrong. Most men of my age had a family, a loving partner, a job, and a savings account to fall back on. I had none of these.

Over the years, I'd had several opportunities to find 'happiness' with a partner, but things never worked out. Looking back, I always felt in the relationship that the woman I was with at the time was never right for me. My preference for a 'strong' woman was the main factor for all my relationships fading out. As I turned another page, my eyes were drawn to a rather colourful advert in the sales positions section.

A small company requires a sales manager to help launch new products onto the market.

Benefits include a good commission system, paid holidays, private health care, and a pension contribution. Leads given and the job will include seminars and sales trips around the Country.

If interested, please apply to [salesstaff@LBU.co.uk](mailto:salesstaff@LBU.co.uk)

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A quick internet search couldn't find a company called LBU, but that piqued my interest even further. In a positive frame of mind, I quickly wrote a cover letter, popped that along with my CV on an email to the address supplied, and sent it off.

A few days later, whilst checking my emails, I saw that I had got a reply from LBU and they had requested I attend an interview at an address in Watford, Herts, the following day. Whilst this was a bit further than I wanted to travel for work from my home in Surrey, it was the first positive reply I'd had from my numerous job applications in a while, and I was desperate. So, on Tuesday, the 4th at 2 pm, I found myself walking into a shared office block dressed in my best suit, waiting to meet the interview team from LBU.

The receptionist had greeted me and asked me to sit down in the nearby chair, and said the section manager would be down to meet me very soon.

I looked around the reception area to see what sort of business LBU was, but all adverts and promotions seemed to be for a company called Little Uns and all featured images of babies and toddlers in nappies or just photos of the nappies. Distracted for a minute, I hadn't seen the stunning blonde woman walking towards me and offering her hand.

"Ahem," she coughed to gain my attention.

Looking up, I apologised straight away, "So sorry, I was miles away, I'm Dan," and I extended my hand to shake the lady's hand.

"Abby Jones," the blonde said, betraying a strong Scottish accent. "I'm the manager of the company's new LBU section. Very pleased to meet you."

I reciprocated, and Abby asked me to follow her to her office, where she would conduct the interview. I had the chance to study Abby on the short walk up the stairs and realised it had been a while since I'd been in the company of such a beauty. I estimated her age at around 40 years old. She had the confidence of someone who knew that their blue eyes and pretty features would appeal to most of the opposite sex, and she carried her Amazonian frame with grandeur.

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It wasn't until I was asked to sit down on the office, we had entered that I managed to get my thoughts out of the gutter.

"So, William, I've read your CV, and whilst you're not experienced in the area we are looking for, your sales results seem to speak for themselves."

"Thank you," I replied, "I like to think that I can turn my hand to selling anything and will do everything in my power to make the sale."

"Well, let me start by telling you a little of what our company is about and what you'll be selling in the new section. Little Uns was founded by Mary Reeves in the early 80s and soon became the go-to company for disposable nappies for babies in the UK."

"Over the years, we have diversified into many areas of protective underwear and other baby paraphernalia, and this year we are getting ready to launch our next product onto the market. Little Big Uns is a disposable nappy range for adults, basically a larger version of our most popular baby product."

I raised my eyebrows, having never heard that adults need nappies.

Having seen my surprised look, Abby continued. "The idea for an adult-sized version came about after we increased the size of our largest toddler version."

"It seemed that that size ran out on the Little Uns website, and we were being continually asked whether we could make an even bigger version to fit a fully grown adult."

"Acting upon research that says due to an ever-aging population, the need for adult incontinence is an ever-growing market, we decided to launch LBU and see where we go."

I nodded as Abby continued, "So, what I'm looking for is someone who can sell our new product directly to focus groups and then eventually supermarkets and department stores around the UK."

In my most confident voice, I repeated my earlier claim that I was sure that my sales technique would mean that I could sell anything.

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"Good," said Abby, "be aware, though, to start with, the majority of the focus groups we will be visiting will be females. Do you have any issues with that?"

"Absolutely none," I replied.

"And that the team here and on your sales trips are mainly women, too."

I shook my head again.

"Excellent. Well, let's have a quick chat about you, discuss salary and benefits, and all being okay, I shall introduce you to the product you'll be selling."

During the next 20 minutes, Abby grilled me about my previous occupations, personal life, and ambitions.

The salary was a little less than I was expecting, but the commission on sales was very high, and with every confidence in my own abilities to sell, I gladly accepted the position when Abby offered it to me.

We shook hands, and I thought that was that.

Abby excused herself and left the office for ten minutes. On her return, she entered the room with a grin. "Welcome aboard," Abby said, "I'd like you to start on Friday. If you can arrive at 8.30 am, I'll introduce you to the LBU team."

"Great," I replied, "I look forward to working here and making us both a lot of money."

Abby smiled, "Before you leave, please ask reception to give a sample packet. I'd like you to study the product completely before Friday and let me know your thoughts."

"No worries," we shook hands again, and Abby walked me to the reception area.

Two hours later, I was sitting back in my flat in Surrey with the parcel I had collected from reception.

I made myself a cup of tea and sat down on the sofa. Reaching for the brown package, I ripped the protective paper off and pulled out the white object inside. As I opened the large disposable nappy, a note dropped out, but before reading it, I studied the product.