Bare-ly Selling - Part 1

By the Artful Brooklyn Dodger

It was the start of halftime of the football game Stevie Keegan was watching when he decided to reward himself with his umpteenth beer. Lumbering somewhat unsteadily from his living room toward the refrigerator in the kitchen, the middle-aged, heavyset man’s goal was interrupted by the doorbell. Spinning around awkwardly on his heels, he walked to the front door of his modest ranch-style home and opened it.

Standing before Stevie was a comely, well-dressed young woman holding a laptop computer case by its handle. To the right of her by her feet was a brand-new vacuum cleaner with all of the appropriate attachments.

Ready to recite her memorized sales spiel, Lara Weymouth cheerily said, “Good afternoon, sir! I represent Luxo-Electric and was wondering if I could speak to the person that does the vacuuming in your household. I realize it’s Sunday, but if you have a few minutes to…”

Cutting her off rudely while still finding time to look her over from top to bottom, Stevie countered, “No, I don’t have a few minutes, kid. I don’t like to be bothered by sales people normally and I certainly don’t want to be bugged by one on the weekend during football season. As for my wife, she won’t be back until tonight. In other words, hasta la vista!” he pronounced while slamming the door in her face.

Taking a few seconds to recall what he was doing before he was interrupted; Stevie proceeded to the kitchen for a “tall boy.” Pulling the ring of the can and taking a healthy swig of it, he ambled back to the living room and sat down.

Checking out the scores of the other football games in progress around the country, his doorbell rang again. Placing his beer on the table with a grimace, he stood up and waddled over to the front door. Swinging the door wide open, the corpulent man beheld the blonde sales lady on his porch again.

“Sir, I apologize for bothering you once more, but my presentation will only take no more than 15 minutes. If…”

Clearly annoyed, Stevie exclaimed, “Look, I said I didn’t want to be bothered. Now…”

“I-I-I’ll do my presentation naked!” Lara blurted out quickly with trembling voice.

Staring incredulously at her for a brief moment, Stevie stepped outside in the brisk November air and started to scan the neighborhood left and right. Trying to shake himself out of his alcohol-induced stupor, he faced her again and proclaimed, “This has got to be a “Candid Camera” hidden-camera deal, right? I mean, if you really think I’m stupid enough to believe a hot, young babe like you would really parade around in her birthday suit in my living room shaking her tits and ass, you…”

“Please believe me, this is not a joke, sir,” Lara confided to him tensely while intermittingly glancing downward. “I don’t like admitting this to you, but I’m really desperate for a sale. I have been wearing down my high heels for the past few weeks doing my darndest to turn that around, but without any success. My sales manager informed me that if I don’t get a single sale by tomorrow, I should start thinking about new employment opportunities… elsewhere. With the economy the way it is… anyway, I needed to do something bold to grab your attention, so…” Shaking her head in shame, Lara interjected, “I’m sorry. I don’t know what I was thinking. I won’t bother you again.”

Reaching down to grab her vacuum to leave, Stevie stopped her and said, “Now hold on here, gorgeous. You most definitely have grabbed my attention. Does your offer still stand?”

Taking a deep breath, Lara replied, “The offer still stands, sir.”

Licking his chops as he began to mentally undress her in a rather overt manner, Stevie said, “Okay, let me get this straight. You will do your vacuum presentation completely nude. As in absolutely nothing on, correct?”

“Yes,” said Lara timidly.

“And if I don’t like what you’re selling… the vacuum, that is,” said Stevie with a smirk, “I’m not obligated to buy anything, right?”

Trying to maintain her composure, Lara responded, “Correct. You’re under no obligation to buy anything. If you don’t like… the vacuum, then I’ll get dressed and leave. Having said that, I am going under the assumption that you would be seriously listening to what I have to say and not inviting me in just to gawk at me stark… uh, you know, and waiting for me to shake my… bust and posterior… in front of you. Which I won’t be doing! I mean, shaking my… well, you know what I mean. Not if I can help it, uh, that is, er...”

Amused by her distressed ramblings, he waved his hand and replied, “Yeah, yeah. If the machine is all you say it is, I would write you out a check immediately.” Coming to a quick decision, Stevie said with a devilish grin, “Well, sounds like an offer any sane, heterosexual man wouldn’t dare refuse. I accept, Miss….”

“My name is Lara,” she meekly answered.

“Lara, huh? A very pretty name for such a pretty little girl. Well, Lara, I’m Stevie Keegan. Please step inside so I can check out your… machine. I’ll even be a gentleman and carry the vacuum in for you, okay?”

**Part 2**

As the petite young lady nervously entered his home, the very eager man picked up the vacuum, set it aside on the living room floor and then closed and locked the front door.

Walking across to the adjacent dining room, Lara deposited her laptop case on the table. Taking out the computer and setting it up, she placed a pad and pen next to it. Turning around to face Stevie, she asked, “Um, can you show me where your bathroom is so I can… get ready?”

Sitting down in his recliner, he said, “I’m pretty sure that you can prepare yourself right here, don’t you think, Lara? Unless you want to leave now without any chance of a sale, of course.”

Visibly intimidated by the older man’s not-so-veiled threat, Lara swallowed hard and pleaded, “Could I at least close your drapes?”

Leaning back in the recliner with beer in hand, Stevie answered her with a wave of his other hand, “Of course, Lara. Mi casa es su casa. No reason why anybody else should get a free show. Besides, I certainly don’t want you to feel uncomfortable in any way,” he said with a chuckle.

Walking over to where the recliner and sofa were located, she closed the curtains behind them. She then advanced toward the windows in the adjacent living room to work on them next. When she felt confident that no one could peek in, Lara walked slowly to the dining-room chair closest to the living room and sat down on it. Hesitating for what felt like an eternity for her, she made a move to remove her right shoe.

“Wait, honey! I think we need to preserve this for posterity. Let me… hmm… don’t know where it is at the moment. Where the hell can it be?” Looking around for the missing item in the vicinity of the living room, Stevie snapped his fingers a moment later and declared, “Hold on. I’ll be right back.”

Jogging slowly to his bedroom, Stevie came back a minute later with a camcorder. “This will do just fine instead. Okay, you may begin.”

Letting out a sigh, Lara gingerly removed her black pumps one by one, placed them next to her chair and then stood up. .

“If you want some appropriate background music to be played to get you more in the mood, just let me know,“ Stevie said with a wicked grin. Back behind the camcorder, he demanded, “Okay, let’s see what you have above those cute little knees of yours.”

Trying very hard to ignore his taunts, Lara removed her coat and placed it on the back of the chair. Taking off her watch and earrings next and then depositing them on the table, she unzipped her blue knit skirt. Pulling it down her hips in a hurried manner to minimize the titillation factor, she laid it down neatly over her coat. Her shirt just long enough to cover her underpants, Lara’s slender hose-encased thighs were, however, now on exhibit.

His interest piqued further, Stevie focused intently behind the lens while the lovely blonde woman continued to strip before him.

Struggling to decide on the least discomfiting article of clothing to remove next, Lara began to shyly unbutton her white cotton shirt down its front. The last button free, she undid the cuff buttons next. Growing more resigned to her fate, she pulled the shirt off in a flash and added it to the growing pile, leaving her clad only in her underwear and pantyhose.

Getting more excited, Stevie announced, “Looks like we’re halfway there, babe! I was kind of hoping that you would be wearing a thong and a lacy bra, but I’m not really complaining Lara. You have a bod that would look great in anything… and I’m assuming in nothing. Heh. Okay, proceed.”

Trying to stay calm as reasonably possible and avoiding all eye contact, the well-endowed miss began to roll the nude-colored pantyhose down her rounded hips and then her sculpted limbs. Finally slipping out of them altogether, she placed them upon her shirt. The soles of her tiny, bare feet tickled by the fibers of the carpet’s pile, she began to shiver contemplating what to part with now.

Arriving at the conclusion that she didn’t want to prolong her misery any further, the half-naked female reached behind to unsnap her beige cotton brassiere. Rolling the straps down her shoulders, she apprehensively tossed it on the pile. Before Stevie could begin drooling at the sight of her very bare breasts, Lara took hold of the sides of her matching panties and pulled them down in one fell swoop. Stepping out of them, she placed the high-cut briefs daintily atop the clothes that previously secured her modesty.

Though her body screamed to do so, she resisted the understandable urge to cover herself. Placing her arms by her sides, she defiantly stuck out her impressive chest and stood ramrod straight. Looking directly at her tormenter, Lara’s delicate facial features projected to him all of the poise and bearing a woman could under the circumstances.

Beguiled by the disrobed stunner before him, Stevie placed the camera down and let out a low catcall whistle. “Mmm, mmm, mmm! Man, oh man, what an eyeful. Twirl for me now – slowly.” Obeying his command, she gave the horny gentleman a view of her exquisite buttocks. “Boy, oh boy. For a little slight of a girl, you have some serious curves on you, Lara. Those boobs and ass stick out like they should on a woman. Couldn’t tell how shapely you really are under your coat before… or that your drapes don’t match your carpet, for that matter,” he smirked while motioning to the dark-colored, two-inch triangular patch of curly hairs between her legs. “I tell you, the guys at work would never believe any of this if I weren’t recording it.”

Her skin turning a shade of crimson, she cleared her throat and proclaimed, “I’m ready to begin, Mr. Keegan.” As Lara searched for an outlet to plug in the Luxo-Electric canister vacuum, Stevie picked up the camcorder to tape her bouncing derriere while she discreetly bent over to find one. Now plugged in, she walked over to the vacuum to begin. However, she was interrupted once again.

“Lara, honey, I want you wear your shoes while you’re demonstrating the vacuum. They would really make those muscular calf muscles of yours stand out. Besides, all professional gals wear some type of footwear when they are at work. Of course, they’re usually wearing clothes, too, but…” guffawed Steve as he continued to goad her.

Groaning inaudibly to herself, the newly nude woman trudged on over to where her pumps were and grudgingly stepped into them. Feeling sluttier now than professional, she went back to the vacuum and finally began the process of selling.

Surprisingly, Lara didn’t miss a beat as she highlighted the benefits of the appliance. The extensive sales training she received supplied her with the verbal tools and support she needed to do her job properly, despite her lingering embarrassment over traipsing around in the raw.

Vacuuming the rug with the top-of-the-line Luxo-Electric 400, she validated the machine’s worth by flaunting its apparent cleaning capabilities. The carpet noticeably brighter than before, Lara then duplicated that success by utilizing the appropriate extensions and attachments on the sofa and drapes. After also illustrating to the balding man how easy the machine was to clean and maintain, all that was needed now for her to do was to talk terms.

Unfortunately for Lara, Stevie Keegan hadn’t absorbed any of her well-done presentation. What he was absorbing was the well-built body of hers jiggling about absent of clothing. Recording every exposed inch of the beauty he could, the only things on his mind were her torpedo-like D-cups, flat stomach, creamy-white skin, taut, muscular legs and biteable buns. Everything else was inconsequential to him.

At the completion of her presentation, Lara asked, “So, now that you have seen what our product can do for your home, Mr. Keegan, we can discuss the payment…”

“I’m not interested,” said Stevie matter-of-factly as he placed the camcorder down. ”We really don’t need a new vacuum. Sorry, kid.”

Clearly agitated now, Lara croaked, ”Couldn’t you have told me this before I…”

Placing his hands behind his head and showing off an ear-to-ear grin, Stevie countered, “Now wait a minute. You said if I allowed you to do your sales mumbo jumbo bare-assed in my home, I wouldn’t be obligated to buy anything. Well, I don’t feel like buying anything. No hard feelings, beautiful.”

Biting her lip in an attempt to control her temper, Lara said, “You’re right, Mr. Keegan. A deal is a deal. I’ll get dressed now and be out of here shortly.”

**Part 3**

Pulling the plug out of the outlet and wrapping it up neatly, she stepped out of her shoes and walked over to her waiting clothes in order to mend her tarnished dignity.

Meanwhile, Stevie moved off the recliner as fast and silently as the burly man could and crept up behind her. Enticed by the firm, round bubble of a butt before him, he quickly placed his left hand on its contours while simultaneously wrapping his right arm around her narrow, concave waist. As her body sensibly tightened up sharply, Stevie cooed to her, “Oh, you don’t need to leave just yet, sweetie. The old lady won’t be home for a few more hours, so…” pausing to circle her left quarter-sized aureole with his index finger, “let me get us a couple of beers and maybe you could still persuade me to buy your vacuum… somehow. So, what do you think?”

Reaching into a pocket of her winter coat pocket unobserved, Lara responded sweetly and tenderly, “What do I think, Mr… Stevie? Hmm… let me show you what I think.” Quickly pulling out the object in hand, she opened the safety-switch cover. Pressing the weapon against his bare arm, she pushed the firing button. Instantly, an electrical current traveled through Stevie’s entire body. His muscles twitching uncontrollably, he fell down on his knees hard and then toppled on his side.

Placing the Taser aside, Lara jumped over to her laptop case and pulled out some loose twine and a razor-sharp pair of scissors from a folder inside it. Picking up the electroshock weapon again, she moved swiftly to the temporarily incapacitated man. Setting down the items needed next to him, she began to promptly strip him.

Pulling off his sneakers and socks, she moved to his pants. Picking up the scissors, Lara started to slice through the right-leg opening of his jeans as quickly as possible. Cutting through to the other end, she pulled them apart and began doing the same thing to Stevie’s boxer shorts soon after. After that was accomplished, Lara snipped through his t-shirt speedily to finally undress him.

Not taking any chances, Lara grabbed the Taser, placed it against his bare leg and pushed the fire button again. Confident that Stevie would continue to be immobilized for a couple more minutes, she gave him a hard kick to his back in order to get him to lie on his stomach. Taking the twine beside her, she started to tie all four of his limbs hurriedly. When she was satisfied that her handiwork was secure, she then collected his torn boxers. Appropriating it as a gag, she stuck it in his mouth and then tied it tightly behind his head. Placing the excess twine and scissors back into the case, Lara now waited for Stevie to regain control of his body again.

His muscle control coming back shortly after, Stevie started tugging at his bindings, but to no avail. Sweating profusely after a few minutes of effort and now out of breath, he started grunting loudly. Picking up the Taser on the ground, Lara went down on one knee near his face and asked, “Do you want me to use this on you? If the answer is no, then don’t make a peep. Besides, you don’t want any of your neighbors to see you hogtied like the naked pig that you really are, right?”

Making no further effort to protest, Stevie turned his head to the right to make eye contact with her. Instead of her face, though, he caught sight of her exposed sex. Discovering where his eyes were roaming, Lara feigned embarrassment by covering up her mouth and cried out, “Oh, no! Now you have seen my most private area!” Making an attempt to cover up her breasts and crotch without really doing so, she then exclaimed, ‘Woe is me! I think I will succumb to the vapors!”

Giggling over her melodramatic performance, Lara beautifully smiled and said, “News flash: I’m not really the blushing schoolgirl you thought I was, Stevie-boy. Instead of mortification, I actually revel in all my naked glory when I’m in the company of male strangers. That’s why being able to combine my exhibitionist tendencies with my profession is such a win-win for me. I can occasionally experience the sexual thrill of, anonymously, prancing around buck naked in front of strange men… and get a larger commission check to boot!”

Standing up, she stretched her athletic, 5’ 2’’ body provocatively in an intended sensual manner. Accentuating the feminine lines of her compact build, Lara finished teasing Stevie and sat down in the chair in front of him. Crossing her legs demurely with faux propriety, she continued, “Now, as you probably can understand, shedding all of my clothes in a stranger’s home can be extremely dangerous. It can also be a big risk to my reputation and job, especially if a picture of me stark naked ever turned up somehow. Therefore, I always have to prepare myself before I decide to dive in. The self-defense courses I have taken and also maintaining a fit physique have definitely been assets, but that only goes so far when you’re a woman and on the short side like me. Consequently, I need to be always on my guard and ready to defend myself, even with a weapon, if necessary. Don’t need to inform you of the latter, I guess,” said Lara as she gently touched the Taser with a red-lacquered big toe.

Crossing her arms underneath her bountiful breasts, Lara then queried, “Whom do I go after then? Guys like you, silly!” Leaning over for emphasis, she struck Stevie’s hairy backside hard enough to well up tears in his eyes. She continued, “I have no problem with any male prospect telling me that he’s not interested. That goes with the job. I do have a problem with anyone that is uncivil and rude to me, however. If I know no one else will be present and other conditions are just right… I don’t do this type of thing impetuously and without thought… that’s when I’ll show up again with my very interesting proposal. The handsomer the prospect, the better. Yet, sometimes I settle for much less – take you, for instance.”

Massaging her right foot, Lara carried on, “Now, I know the ones that I target will almost always have zero intention of buying anything from me still. Occasionally, one of these disagreeable sorts will actually apologize for their prior behavior at their door and let me do my thing fully clothed as their penance. In those cases, there’s no need for any drastic action from me. Still, the vast majority of them will only want to see the hottie strutting her stuff without a stitch on and nothing more. Oh, they will act as if there’s a real possibility they might buy a Luxo-Electric vacuum while I’m inside, but I’m not a fool. Once I enter the lion’s den, they will just stare at me lecherously the whole time without asking any product-related questions. Some might even try to take advantage of me in my most vulnerable state, right?” she remarked as she smacked him again on his fleshy rear end. “Then why do it? Because I \_always\_ get a sale from them… whether they want to or not.”

Muffled epithets emanating from the gagged mouth of Stevie, Lara asked, “Do you have an objection? Oh, that’s just too bad.” Reaching down for his torn jeans, she found his wallet. Searching for his ATM card, she pulled it out and said, “I’m hoping there’s enough money in your account to pay for the deluxe model vacuum that you and the missus will be getting.”

Visibly angry now, he began rocking back and forth sideways in attempt to free himself from his constraints. Picking up enough momentum, Stevie was able to roll onto his right side. Unfortunately for him, his limbs were still as constrained as before, but now he didn’t have the means or strength to roll back on his stomach anymore.

Leaning over from her chair, Lara said, “All of that work for naught. By the way, I learned how to hogtie cattle while visiting a dude ranch when I was a teen, though the typical animal can’t be bound the same way that you presently are. Not bad for a city slicker, huh?”

Glancing downward at his now exposed genitalia, Lara mockingly added, “Funny, I thought the Taser might have somehow shrunk Little Stevie briefly when I stripped you before, but I guess it is really that pathetically tiny. Someone needs to contact Jimmy Johnson about an order of ExtenZe when he gets the chance.”

Finished with her needling of him at the moment, she then said, “Okay, I need to do a few things.” Turning to her laptop case, she found her webcam inside it. Setting it up on her computer, she positioned it so that the sofa could be seen on the laptop monitor.

“Stevie, I’m just going to take a few digital photos now. Just in case you ever have the urge to seek me out for some type of revenge in the future, these photos will discourage you not to. I guarantee you your wife would not like them one little bit, though her attorney most certainly would.” Starting the recording process, she sashayed over to the sofa while exaggerating the wiggle of her bottom. Obscuring her face with her blonde tresses so as to avoid detection, she made a few seductive poses on the couch for the camera. Standing up, she then went back to her computer. Now positioning the camera so that Stevie’s wedding picture was visible on the wall, Lara sauntered over to it for one more cheesecake shot.

“That should be enough of those, but in case you don’t care if you hurt your mousy-looking spouse…” Positioning the camera so that it was now facing Stevie full frontal, the restrained man frantically tried to rock himself back onto his stomach in order to hide his face and nakedness. Unsuccessful, she started to record him. “Oh, your friends and family would love to have an 8x10 of you like this… maybe wallet size, too!” Lara remarked derisively.

Finished with her computer, she removed the webcam and then placed the camera back in its case. Grabbing her pen and a piece of paper, Lara knelt down beside Stevie and said, “Okay, I’m going to need your PIN number now. In order for me to do that, I’m going to need to remove your gag. However, if you start to yell…” she conveyed to him while gazing over at the Taser on the floor. Nodding that he understood, Lara began to untie the gag and removed it from his mouth. Picking up her pen and paper again, she asked, “The PIN?”

Realizing that he was licked, Stevie mumbled under his breath the numbers loud enough for Lara to hear. Once she wrote them down, she grabbed the gag and tied it around his mouth again.

“Thank you, Stevie. It’s much smarter not to fight me. Now that I have your PIN, I’ll run off to the ATM machine down the road for a quick cash withdrawal. Don’t worry. I have no intention of cleaning out your account. I’m not a thief, only someone who doesn’t like to be taken advantage of. I’ll only take the $500 or so to pay for the vacuum. You have my word.”

Standing up with her pen and pad in hand, Lara deposited them into her laptop case. Walking over to her clothes, she placed them carefully on the seat of the chair. Reaching into her coat pocket, she pulled out two gloves. “I made sure up to now not to touch anything of yours in order to leave no fingerprints, but I’ll be extra careful now.” Slipping her hands into the leather gloves, she grabbed the coat off the back of her chair and buttoned it up tightly around the silky-smooth skin of her naked figure.

Stepping into her pumps, she said to Stevie, “I always feel so naughty doing this in public. My nipples are standing on end even more so than they had been just imagining it! You won’t tell anyone our little secret now, will you?” Snickering at the helpless nude man on the floor, she then said, “I’ll be back shortly. I’m taking my laptop and the presentation vacuum to my car, but I’m leaving the rest of my clothes and jewelry as proof that I will return.” Raising the volume of the television set, Lara said, “That should be loud enough to cover up any grunts from you. If I were you, though, I wouldn’t attempt to get anybody’s attention – you look like a beached whale in your present condition.”

Reaching for the Taser on the floor, Lara flipped the safety cover back on and then slipped it into her coat pocket. Grabbing the laptop and vacuum cleaner, she walked over to the front door. Placing the items on the ground, she opened the front door and carried her possessions outside. Closing the door behind her, she picked up her equipment and went off to carry out her mission.

**Part 4**

A half-hour later, the knob began to turn on the front door of Stevie Keegan’s home. The door opening up, Lara stepped inside with a large box. Laying it on the ground, she closed the door and then walked over to the owner of the house. “Told you I would be back. Your new vacuum is over there. The bill came out to be $550, which is exactly what I took. As for your signature on the sales form, I’ll take care of it myself when I’m home.”

Walking over to her clothes and jewelry, Lara kicked off her shoes and removed her coat and gloves. Naked once again, she rubbed her body for warmth and joked, “Brrr…for some reason, my coat didn’t keep me as warm as before… maybe I should get a new lining.”

Reaching for her panties, she began the process of clothing herself again.

Spotting Stevie leering at her as she undertook her reverse strip, Lara inquired, “Still finding me sexy after being Tasered, stripped and hogtied by moi? You really flatter me, sir. Go right ahead and soak me all up with your eyes until I’m dressed, Stevie. You paid for it. Amazingly, I’m perversely titillated by your appreciation of my charms… despite the fact that’s it you that’s doing the appreciating.”

Visibly aroused now in her presence, the underwear-clad lady quipped to the humiliated man, “Ah, he awakens the sleeping giant. Hmm… looks more like a sleeping dwarf, come to think of it.” Shaking her head, Lara added, “Still need the ExtenZe, Stevie. That’s sad enough to make me want to cry for your sake.”

Fully dressed, Lara slipped on her gloves. “A few more things I need to do and then I’m gone.” Walking over to the camcorder near the recliner, she opened it up and removed the videotape. “Thought I might have forgotten about this, hmm? Another one for my growing library.” Sticking it into one of her coat pockets, she pulled out a cell phone. “While you were locking the door when I initially entered your home, I spotted this and swiftly hid it. I could handle you taping me with the camcorder, but not with a camera phone. That would have been a deal breaker.” Making sure to wipe off any fingerprints, she set it down on the coffee table. Searching for Stevie’s ATM card in the other coat pocket, Lara placed it next to the cell phone.

Walking into the kitchen, Lara came back into the living room with a large steak knife. Noticing the sudden panic evident in Stevie’s face, she quickly asserted, “Don’t worry, “sweetie.” I’m not going to use this on you. I do need to unbind you now, don’t I? I’ll start it and then you can finish the rest yourself. That’ll give me enough time to leave, since it’s not likely you’re going to bolt your house in the altogether chasing me down the street.”

Kneeling down to cut through the twine, Lara paused for a moment and then mockingly said, “I just want to say thank you for your purchase of the Luxo-Electric 400. I know you probably don’t appreciate it now, but you will later on, trust me You’re getting a great little machine that will do an excellent job cleaning your carpets for years to come. Five year warranty, too! I’m assuming housekeeping is above you, so you should make your poor wife very happy. Last but not least, you got to see a young, attractive woman… in the flesh, if you will… in the comforts of your home without having to go to a seedy strip joint or by purchasing a blow-up doll. When was the last time that happened, if ever, to you?”

Leaning over to whisper in his ear, Lara said in a voice oh-so sultry, “One last thing – the only person that lays a hand on me is my husband.” With that, her right knee smashed into Stevie’s groin. As he moaned in pain, she began to cut through the twine binding him. Satisfied he could finish it himself, she dropped the knife and said, “Make sure that you never breathe a word about this or I’ll pass around those pictures, comprende?” Bolting for the door, she opened it and then closed it behind her. Casually strolling over to her car in the driveway, she opened the driver’s side door, started the ignition and then sped off.

About five minutes later as she rolled down the highway, she reached over to open the glove compartment and found her cherished wedding ring. Placing it on her ring finger, she then pulled off her blond, shoulder-length wig and tossed it aside. In the wig’s place was Lara’s own stylish brunette bob. The drapes match the carpet now, Stevie, Lara thought to herself with a smile.

**Part 5**

Early next morning, Angelina Lara Weymouth entered the building where the local Luxo-Electric sales office was located. Jogging over to the open elevator before it closed, she stepped in and pressed the button for the third floor. The doors opening up a short time later, she stepped out and proceeded to the sales manager’s office on the right. Knocking on the door, Ellen Margiotta yelled to her to come in.

Tossing around the usual Monday-morning pleasantries, Angie opened up the folder that she had in her hand. Pulling out a handful of signed order forms and an envelope stuffed with checks and currency, she passed them over to her superior. Shaking her head, Ellen asked, “How do you do it, Angie? It seems like every time I turn my head, you have sold another vacuum.” Poring over the names on the sheets, she added, “You must sell more vacuums to men than anyone else in this office, too. I know you’re a good-looking kid, but that only goes so far in the sales business,” she chortled. “Seriously, how are you getting all of these guys to sign on the dotted line?”

Seating herself in the chair opposite Ellen’s desk, Angie replied, “Most of them can be handled the same way as any female prospect. For the harder nuts to crack, however, I try to keep my sales technique as simple as possible. From personal experience, a stripped-down presentation really gets their attention!“

The End