Carole at the clinic

by Little Joe

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Carole has a new job but still ends up in trouble  
  
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Carole at the Clinic  
  
Carole was settling nicely into her new job. So much better than that other wretched place. So much better to make a move now to further her career, she thought to herself, blotting out of her mind the unfortunate incident which had left her parading around stark naked in front of the other members of her department. That had nothing to do with her moving jobs. Of course not.  
  
And this was a much better job. Senior finance executive with the remit to cut costs everywhere. She had already had major successes. Charging 10p a sheet for toilet paper had not only cut down the wasteful consumption of that product, but had even netted a tidy profit. She looked at the balance sheet: yes, it had added pounds to the bottom line. She had been going to charge for drinking water as well, but some officious fool from Health and Safety said it wasn’t legal.  
  
So Carole had decided to cut the cost of cleaning. Cleaning cost far too much. Why shouldn’t people clean their own offices, she wondered, or even better why shouldn’t employees pay the company to get their offices cleaned. Unfortunately she hadn’t managed to get the new Chief Executive to accept any of these plans so she had had to settle for contracting cleaning out to an agency, and now these stupid fools of agency cleaners were pretending to sweep round in her office. She’d show them.  
  
“You’ll have to clean better than that - what’s your name?” she said  
  
“Mandy”, replied the cleaner scowling  
  
“Well, Mandy, you’ll have to clean better than that if you’re going to clean for me. Get down on the floor and start scrubbing”  
  
Mandy just looked at her defiantly  
  
“Go on girl. Get down on your hands and knees and do as I tell you to”  
  
“Silly bitch”, muttered Mandy under her breath,  
  
Unfortunately Carole heard.  
  
“Get out, you wretched girls”, she cried, “I’ll have you both sacked and make sure you get no bonus this year”  
  
Mandy was furious. Being fired didn’t matter to her or to Allie her cleaning buddy, the agency would just send them somewhere else, but losing the bonus! She’d been relying on that to get that little red dress she’d had her eye on for so long.   
  
She seethed, trying to think of a plan to get her revenge on that miserable woman. nothing occurred to her however until the agency sent her to clean at the Clinic.  
  
The Clinic had just opened. It offered executive medical check-ups to anyone with enough money to pay for them. The check-ups were thorough, thorough enough to give Mandy the germ of an idea. She got friendly with one of the nursing staff, she found out exactly what happened in the clinic and she concocted her plan.  
  
Next day she sat down to compose an e-mail. It was easy really to concoct an e-mail address that looked as if it came from The Clinic, to write a letter in the appropriate tone and to send it to Carole.   
  
Carole was interested to receive the message in her in-box the next day. It came from the administrator at The Clinic, and it offered her a free check up as finance director of the company. This would , it said, show her the value of the service to her company so that she would be certain to recommend it to the company executives. Carole sneered. No way would she waste money on them. But a free check-up for her. That was something different. It was free. And Carole could not resist anything that was free. That was her weakness. She hated spending money, but offer her anything for free and she’d grab at the chance. Even if it was something she didn’t really want. The only thing, it said, was that because of constraints on time it would have to start at 7.00 am. Seven o’clock in the morning. No problem to Carole, she was an early riser, and smiling smugly to herself she sent back a note confirming her attendance the following Monday at seven sharp. She’d take their free offer and then ditch them!  
  
Mandy and Allie read the reply with glee, and not a little apprehension. They had five days in which to learn sufficient of how to conduct a medical screening exam to pass themselves off as nurses before the big day.   
  
Mandy called up her friend Jane who was a nurse and she set to work on the internet to find out how to do ECG’s and breathing tests. They did not have to be perfect – but they did have to be convincing.   
  
As for the other practicalities – why the forms were easy enough. They were left lying about the clinic for anyone to purloin. And the nurse’s uniforms – well they were just left hanging up in the nurses changing room. And very smart they were too. Pure white tunics with belts and short skirts. Very fetching – the owners of the clinic certainly knew what the customers would be looking for in their nurses.   
  
By Monday they were prepared. Mandy was pretty sure she could do all the tests at least well enough to fool somebody who wasn’t an expert.   
  
The girls arrived as usual at the clinic at quarter to seven and ignoring the cleaning they were supposed to start at that time, changed into their nurse’s uniforms. Punctual as ever, bang on the dot of seven Carole came in through the door. Allie greeted her with her warmest smile.   
  
She had been worried that Carole might recognise her, but she paid no attention to faces, and with the girls dressed in their uniforms she noticed nothing.   
  
Allie handed her the standard set of forms and questionnaires to fill in and told her to let her know when she had finished them. Carole ploughed through the questions on health, diet and lifestyle and after ten minutes contemptuously handed them over.   
  
“Right, if you would just go into the changing room, take your clothes off down to your bra and pants, and put on the track suit and paper slippers you will find inside. Then if you wait outside the consulting room the nurse practitioner will come to collect you. Very smart, very efficient, very convincing. She was wasted as a cleaner.   
  
Carole, for the first time, was unnerved. She hadn’t thought about having to undress for the check-up. She was a forceful character, but the force of her character came from her clothes. She power dressed. Her clothes gave her confidence. Without them she felt somehow lessened. She went into the small changing room and rather nervously removed her clothes, leaving her smart satin bra and pants on. She put the dark blue track suit on, and the one size fits all slippers and went to sit outside the office.   
  
Mandy was preparing herself. She had carefully studied all her instructions. Now she just had to play her part. She went out to greet Carole   
  
“Good morning. Do come this way. We’re in Room 1”, she said in her most authoritative nursey voice, and led her into the examination room.   
  
It was important to ensure that the check-up procedures were followed accurately. Carole had to be convinced of the genuineness of her experience and the need to follow instructions. So Mandy went laboriously through the eyesight test, the hearing test, and the breathing test (not quite sure she had got it right but Carole didn’t seem to notice anything).   
  
And then at last she reached the examination. This is where the fun would start.   
  
“Nearly finished”, she said,” but first I need to call in my colleague as you will want a chaperone. No way was Allie going to miss this.   
  
Carole said nothing. She wondered why she would want a female chaperone for whatever examination was in store. Did they think she would want an audience?   
  
“Track suit off and lie on the bed “, said Mandy  
  
Carole removed the tracksuit and stood in her bra and pants. Suddenly she felt very shy and vulnerable. She wondered why, and suddenly it came back to her. That day, at her girl’s day school, when the other girls had stolen her shorts and vest and she had been made to do gym in her bra and pants. How they had laughed at her, How they had sniggered when she had tried to vault the horse and her knickers had half come down. The memory of it made her shake with embarrassment; she stood there trembling at the knees.   
  
“Lie on the bed”, said Mandy  
  
“Yes Miss”, said Carole. Why had she said that? She couldn’t help it. She just felt like that silly schoolgirl again standing in front of teacher in her bra and knickers.  
  
“Take your bra off”, instructed Mandy, “for the ECG, I need to put the leads on your chest”  
  
Carole didn’t like exposing her breasts to these two girls but what could she do; she was just a little schoolgirl in her bra and knickers.  
  
“Yes Miss”, she said and took it off, lying back with her white round breasts and her little pink nipples exposed. She quivered with embarrassment as the leads were placed across her naked breasts. She breathed a sigh of relief when it was over.  
  
“Stand up Carole”  
  
Carole dressed would have hated being called by her first name, but Carole the schoolgirl meekly agreed.  
  
“Yes Miss, can I put my bra on now Miss”  
  
“Certainly not. Height and weight next”, said Mandy, “that is nude height and weight”, Mandy corrected herself.  
  
Carole hesitated  
  
“Hurry up girl” said Mandy “it is important you know, and we’ve seen it all before. Get your knickers down”.   
  
“Yes Miss”, she pulled her knickers down, just as she had done on that dreadful day at school. She, who was so strong and forceful at work, had become so timid and obedient now that she was naked and being ordered about by these girls in their starched white uniforms and their shiny belts.  
  
She stood on the scales.  
  
Mandy and Allie looked at her shaking with embarrassment on the scales. She had a nice little body and she’d bared it just for them.  
  
“Now Allison, take the measurements”, said Mandy, “bust size, hip size and inside leg”  
  
Carole stood rooted to the spot as Allie went over her with the tape measure, calling out the measurements, delighting in pushing up the measure to get the inside leg measurement.  
  
“Now bending over”, said Mandy, “bend over as far as you can girl. Try to touch the floor”  
  
Carole obeyed, “Yes Miss”, and the girls saw her cute bare bottom as she tried to touch the floor.  
  
Then finally  
  
“Now, kneel on all fours girl”  
  
“Do I have to Miss?”, Carole’s embarrassment showed no sign of ending  
  
“Go on girl. Get down on your hands and knees and do as I tell you to”, said Mandy  
  
“Yes Miss, thank you Miss”, and Carole knelt on the couch, naked on all fours with her bottom in the air, quivering at the thought of what might happen next.  
  
“You wait there girl and don’t move your bottom”, instructed Mandy as she and Allie left the room.  
  
“Yes Miss”, answered Carole, kneeling naked, submissive and apprehensive for whatever was to come.  
  
Mandy and Allie left the room hardly able to keep their faces straight, and they went round to reception. A tall dark middle aged man was waiting there. Derek Thompson, Chief executive of Carole’s company didn’t recognise Mandy and Allie either, how would he! He had received an e-mail suggesting he might like to come and look over the clinic with a view to using it for executive medical check-ups and he had thought it a great idea.  
  
“Mr Thompson”, beamed Mandy, “how lovely to see you. I think we’ll start straight on the tour of the clinic don’t you. If you just go and wait in Room 1 over there we’ll come and join you in a second”  
  
They watched as Mr Thompson made his way over to the door behind which a rather unusual surprise was about to greet him.  
  
Mandy and Allie made for the door. Just as they opened it they heard a loud gasp and then the scream of a female voice.  
  
“Oh, she’ll be running for her clothes now”, said Allie  
  
“I somehow don’t think so”, said Mandy, patting her little rucksack, “I think they accidentally found their way into here!