**Christmas Revenge**

by Aces

It was a series of events that no one will ever forget. The company picked a terrible time to make job cuts (the middle of November). The Holidays were coming and people were afraid that Christmas would be ruined by a pink slip in their company stocking. Kat was a one of those unpredictable people that amazed you with her actions. She hated her job, her boss, the company, and she wasn’t afraid to let everyone know it. Most of all, she hated Debbie. Debbie was the cute secretary, in her early thirties, tall, medium built with nice perky breasts, great legs, and shoulder length brown hair. She drove the guys in the office crazy. Kat was jealous of Debbie, plain and simple. So was Sharon. Sharon was another lady in the office. Although she didn’t share Kat’s hatred for the company, she did hate Debbie. One November Friday afternoon, Kat was called upstairs (they called it the “Penthouse”) to see management. When she came down, she was in tears. She didn’t want to talk to anyone, but when she started cleaning out her desk, they all got the picture. They were terminating Kat. No one knew what to say, but Sharon walked with Kat to her car trying to console her. A short time later, Debbie was paged to the long walk up that flight of stairs. She grew pale and everyone pitied her. However, they couldn’t help looking at her fine behind as she climbed the stairs. Sharon came storming back into the office. “Where is Debbie?” she asked. “They just called her upstairs,” Bill (one of the guys in the office) answered. “I guess she’s next to go. Is Kat going to be ok?” “They are giving Kat’s job to Debbie!” Sharon exclaimed. “How did she waltz in here and take someone’s job?” No one bothered to even try to explain to Sharon that Kat hadn’t been doing a very good job. And although Debbie was new, she had proven to be pretty competent. But telling Sharon any of that would just throw gas on the fire. It wasn’t long before Debbie came back downstairs. She didn’t want to show any sign of joy at Kat’s expense, but you could see that she was not only relieved that she still had a job, but that she had actually been promoted. Sharon just stared holes through her.

**Chapter 2**

It was quiet and tense for the next few weeks. Then one day, Sharon’s whole attitude changed. She came in with a big smile...and she was acting super nice toward Debbie. “Hey Debbie, are you coming to the Christmas party Saturday night?” “Yeah, I planned on it”, Debbie answered with suspicion in her voice. Although she and Sharon had never had harsh words, Debbie couldn’t help but pick up on the hostility since Kat had been let go. “Why do you ask?” “I’m on the planning committee. I really want a good turnout. We are asking everyone to bring their family members, friends, dates, whoever. I want this to be the biggest turnout ever.” “Is that why you’re suddenly being nice to me?” Debbie asked. “You want me to help boost your numbers for the Christmas party?” “I’m not mean to you, Debbie. I just felt bad for Kat...that’s all.”“I had nothing to do with that. Anyway, I’ll be at the party.” Debbie said, and she got up and headed out the door for lunch. “Good...I’m glad”, Sharon said with a sly smile that Debbie missed. When Debbie was out the door, Bob asked Sharon, “Ok, what gives? You can’t stand Debbie. Why do you want her to come to the Christmas party so bad?” “I can’t tell you. It’s a surprise. But I will tell you this...Bring as many people as you can, and bring a camera.” That got all of their attention. All kinds of images and possibilities started running through their minds about what Sharon had planned for Debbie. All week long, they tried to get Sharon to let them in on the secret, but she kept quiet.

**Chapter 3**

It was Saturday, a few days before Christmas. The night of the company Christmas party arrived. All the office staff workers were dressed very nice along with spouses or dates. There was going to be a live band later that evening following dinner. Debbie came walking in with her husband. She was looking good in black dress slacks that clung to her round rear end, red heels and a button up red blouse. “Wow Debbie, you look great!” Sharon said. “You’re definitely going to be the center of attention looking that good.” “Yeah...right.” Debbie answered, blushing. She did NOT want to be the center of attention. “I mean it. You look hot!” (She really did.) Debbie just blushed, took her husband by the arm and headed to the bar. When she was out of earshot, everyone started hounding Sharon to let them in on what was going on. “Nothing...why?” she answered innocently with a smile. “Why did you want us to bring our cameras?” “I thought you might want to take some pictures, that’s all,” Sharon answered. They couldn’t get anything else out of her. Dinner was uneventful and the guys figured that they had gotten their hopes up for nothing. Besides, Sharon and Debbie were acting like the best of friends. When dinner was finished and everyone was waiting for the band to arrive, Sharon said to Debbie, “I’ve got to go powder my nose. Do you want to come with me?” “Sure” Debbie answered, and they both headed out of sight to the ladies room. The guys couldn’t help but watch Debbie’s rear-end as she walked toward the ladies’ room. As the two women stood over the sink applying lipstick and blush, the door to one of the stalls slowly swung open. Out walked Kat, and she was holding a gun! The look of shock and fear fell on the faces of the other 2 women. “Kat....what are you doing?” Sharon asked eyeing the gun pointed at her and Debbie. Debbie just froze. “You stole my job” Kat said to Debbie. “And you!” she hissed turning to Sharon, “You were supposed to be my friend.” “I am your...” “Shut up!” Kat interrupted. Finally Debbie spoke. “What are you going to do with the gun, Kat?” “I’m going to shoot Sharon for betraying me. She can’t be both my friend and yours.” “We can all be friends, Kat.” Debbie tried to reason. “Do you consider Sharon your friend? Are you really Sharon’s friend?” Kat asked Debbie. “Of course I am. I’m everybody’s friend.” Debbie answered. “Well let’s see just how good a friend you are, Debbie.” Kat said. “I don’t believe you’re reallyher friend. I think you would let me kill her to save your own skin.” “That’s not true, Kat. I am her friend.” Debbie argued. “Ok then...if you’re willing to put your friendship with Sharon in front of your own skin, then let’s see some skin.” Kat said with a smile. Debbie looked puzzled. She didn’t realize what Kat was wanting. Debbie tried to reason with Kat. “Listen, Kat, just put the gun down. We can all be friends.” “I said let’s see some skin” Kat said louder. “What are you talking about?” Debbie asked. Sharon stood frozen with her eyes on the gun pointed at her. “Drop your pants, Debbie” Kat ordered with a smile. “What?! Kat this is getting out of hand” Debbie tried to reason. “Think of how silly this is. I am not going to stand here and pull my pants down.” “I have been thinking. Here’s what I think. If you don’t do what I tell you, I’m going to shoot Sharon, then myself. I’ve got nothing else anyway. You can have the job and the guilt of not being a true friend. So how good a friend are you, Debbie? Are you willing to humiliate yourself for your new friend? Drop your pants.” Kat smiled. “I’ll count to three. 1...2...” “Ok! I’ll do it. Just take it easy, Kat. Don’t do anything foolish.” Debbie said, and she began unbuttoning her slacks. She pushed them off her hips and they slid down her legs. She pulled at the bottom of her blouse to cover her panties. She stood feeling embarrassed and foolish with her pants around her ankles. Kat eyed Debbie’s long tan legs. She smiled. “Get them completely off. Give them to me along with that pretty red blouse.” Kat said with a smile. She knew she was in control. She continued to hold the gun pointed at Sharon who stood motionless. “Kat, this is crazy”, Debbie said. “I said get undressed right now!” Kat ordered. Debbie kicked her shoes off and stepped out of her slacks. She unbuttoned her blouse and pulled it off exposing a red bra and matching panty set. The bra was lace and see-through. The red panties were little more than a string with lace on the front and thong style in the rear. She dropped her clothes in a pile and wrapped her arms around herself while standing on her toes. Her knees instinctively came together and she half crouched while Kat stared and smiled at her. This was so degrading, stripping for this twisted sick lady. “Nice thong. You must be wearing that for your husband. Turn around and let me see.” Debbie obeyed Kat’s orders, feeling the blood rush to her face. It was obvious that Kat wanted to humiliate and degrade her. What if Kat took her clothes? It didn’t matter as long as no one was hurt. She would have to have Sharon go out and get her coat from her husband and bring it back into the ladies room. Then she would have to make a quick exit from the party and head home. That is IF Kat didn’t shoot her or Sharon first. “I hope I don’t die in my underwear,” she thought to herself. Right now she wasn’t sure that wasn’t a very real possibility. “I’ll take the bra and panties, too” Kat ordered. Debbie just shook her head in disbelief. She unhooked her bra and let it slide down her arms. She pulled her panties down to her ankles and stepped out of them. “Why are you doing this?” she asked as she tossed the undergarments at Kat’s feet and tried to cover her nakedness. “I felt humiliated when you took my job,” Kat explained. “I felt like everyone was laughing at me. I just want you to understand how I felt.” “I do.” Debbie said. “Please, Kat, just put the gun down, let me get dressed and let’s work this out. This is silly. Why would you want me to strip for you?” Debbie couldn’t believe she was standing naked in front of two of her coworkers trying to reason with this woman who hadobviously gone over the edge. Not only that. The whole company... men, women, spouses, office personnel, her boss, everyone was right outside the door, and she didn’t have a stitch of clothes on. “I’ll let you put your shoes back on. Put them on...nothing else.” Kat said, ignoring Debbie’s plea for reason. Debbie slipped her heels on. Somehow, this made her feel even more silly. All she had on was a gold necklace, her rings, and a pair of high heels. She just wanted Kat to leave. Even if she took her clothes, the danger would be over and Sharon could go out and get her coat. “Here’s the deal”, Kat began to instruct. “The band is setting up now. When the music starts, Debbie, you’re going to walk out of the bathroom, and up to the stage.” “Not like this I’m not!” Debbie said with wide eyes, her voice rising in panic. “You’re going to walk to the stage,” Kat continued, as if Debbie hadn’t spoken. “...in front of everyone...naked...TOTALLY and COMPLETELY NAKED!” Kat emphasized her words to drive them home to Debbie. She enjoyed watching Debbie blush at the thought. “Your hands must be kept at your side. No covering. If you refuse, I’m going to shoot Sharon. If you run, I’m going to shoot Sharon. If you hurry your walk, I’m going to shoot Sharon. If you cover up, I’m going to shoot Sharon. Just take your time. I want everyone to get a good look. When you get to the stage, turn and slowly walk back...naked. I want everyone to see your breasts bounce and your fanny jiggle. From now on, while you do my job, everyone is going to know what you keep hidden under those clothes. Debbie, everyone is going to see you...naked. And they’re going to know what you look like...completely naked.” Kat smiled at the thought of Debbie being humiliated in front of the whole company. Debbie’s head was swimming. How was she going to walk into a crowded dining room full of her coworkers and their families without any clothes on? She stood there and shook her head in disbelief trying to grasp the reality of the situation and figure a way out. Then she heard the sound of the band beginning to play. Kat cocked the pistol and pointed it at a shaken Sharon. “What’s your decision? Are you a friend?” Kat asked. There was no longer a smile on her face. “She’s really crazy”, Debbie thought. She swallowed hard and her heart began to pound. She knew there was no way out of this. Defeated, she walked to the door and put her hand on the latch. She looked down at herself. “Oh my god. I can’t believe this. This can’t be happening”, she said to herself. Debbie took a deep breath, turned the latch, and pushed the door. She stepped out of the restroom and began walking toward the stage feeling the air on her naked body. Her nipples responded involuntarily and grew hard. As she stepped into the opening she noticed the shocked look on the faces of people in the crowd...familiar faces...faces of those she worked with every day. “Oh my god!” she heard familiar voices. “Debbie! What are you doing?!” “DEBBIE”S TOTALLY NAKED!” “WHERE ARE YOUR CLOTHES?!” “WHOA! I can’t believe THIS!” She didn’t stop. The crowd parted and she made her way toward the stage. People’s mouths dropped open. Some were smiling. Some were covering their mouths in disbelief. Debbie just forced herself to put one foot in front of the other. She was naked and humiliated in front of all these people. Now a new sound began to fill the air. People were cat-calling and whistling. She recognized many of the voices as people she worked with. The place began to roar with laughter and applause. She was naked in front of all these people, and they were all loving it. Thesecretary that all the office men had fantasized about was now walking

around in front of them completely naked! She wasn’t covering anything. Everything was on display. It seemed like an eternity to get to the stage. “I’m doing this for Sharon”, she kept telling herself. When she reached the stage, she turned around. The crowd had followed her and was gathered around her. Her husband stood smiling and clapping along with the rest of them. This had always been a fantasy of his anyway. The room filled with flashes. Where did all the cameras come from? Many of her coworkers were taking one picture after another. Those without cameras had their cell phones out taking pictures with them. “How can I ever show my face again?” Debbie thought to herself. “Everyone is going to have naked pictures of me.” Her eyes filled with tears and the humiliation was more than she could take. She was careful not to try to cover herself. She knew that she had to be totally exposed in order to save Sharon. People were getting behind her to get pictures of her naked rear-end. Others were taking pictures of her naked breasts. The men loved the fact that she was wearing high heels...and nothing else. As Debbie began to walk back toward the ladies’ room, she froze. She couldn’t believe her eyes. There among her other coworkers was Sharon! She was laughing and taking pictures along with the rest of them. Kat stood behind her clapping and whistling! It then dawned on Debbie that she had been set up. She screamed and threw her arms around herself trying to cover her breasts. She ducked and headed for the ladies’ room. As she made her way through the crowd, someone smacked her naked behind. As she ran inside, she heard the sound of applause from the crowd behind her. The band broke out in “Red High Heels”, by Kellie Pickler. She looked around the restroom and confirmed what she already knew in her heart. Her clothes were gone. Lisa, another coworker came in trying not to smile. “Debbie, your husband is pulling the car around front for you. You ok?” she asked. “Did you bring my coat?” Debbie asked through tears. “No. Your husband has it in the car”, Lisa answered. “What?! I don’t have any clothes! How am I going to get out of here?!” Lisa smiled. “You’re just gonna have to walk out again.” “I can’t. I’M STILL NAKED!” Debbie shrieked. “Yeah...I know...I saw you...along with everyone else. Listen, Deb. No one is going to see anything they haven’t seen already. In fact, they’ve already got pictures of everything...literally everything. And to be honest, no one is going to leave knowing that you’re in here nude. They’re going to wait until you come out again. You might as well get it over with and go home and forget this night ever happened.” Debbie looked to Lisa with pleading eyes. “Can’t you help me? You can get me a coat orsomething.” “I would, Deb, but then I would be in serious trouble with everyone out there. Like I said, they’ve already seen it all anyway.” Lisa really did enjoy seeing Debbie humiliated like this. She liked her, but this was something you don’t see everyday. There was no way she was going to miss seeing Debbie walk through a crowd of fine dressed coworkers strip stark naked...again. And Debbie knew it. “Oh my god. Here I go again,” Debbie muttered to herself. She put her head down and headed for the door. She wrapped one arm around her breasts and cupped the other hand between her legs. Her rear end would be on full display...again. The crowd cheered and cameras flashed as she bolted out the door of the restroom. She headed toward the front door of the restaurant. As she ran, the cheering crowd ran following her. Her naked rear-end bounced as her red high heels clicked across the floor. As Debbie headed out the front door, she saw her car with her husband behind the wheel sitting in front of the restaurant. “I’m going to kill him for this,” she thought. She ran to the car with her cheering coworkers close behind her. She grabbed the handle to the car door. LOCKED! Her husband grinned at her. “UNLOCK THE DOOR!” Debbie screamed. She heard the click of the locks and cameras caught her bare bottom as she scurried inside the car. “Where’s my coat?” Debbie angrily asked her husband. “It’s in the trunk,” he answered with a smile. Neither of them said another word the rest of the ride home. Debbie sat blushing as she relived the humiliation of being naked in front of the staff. How would she return to work Monday? Her husband just drove and enjoyed the sights. The End