Debbie on course

Sat Nov 22, 2008 01:20

86.131.108.118

Debbie Waters the plants  
  
Katy looked at the guy giving the lecture. God it was boring. They were in a small meeting room in the large rambling conference hotel and were suffering the most tedious lecture on the most tedious subject known to man, or indeed woman - the basics of Procedure Validation and Document Management. The wretched lecturer was trying to liven it up with depressingly tedious jokes  
  
“I always say” he began with a nervous smile “you can read a course a lecture but you can’t make it think”  
  
Katy, sitting in the audience suppressed a yawn; it was impossible even to pretend to laugh. And Katy laughed easily. She was the Salesgirl of the Year, famed for her good looks and her honey voice. The voice that was so persuasive that it was rumoured she could sell condoms in a convent, and had indeed done so. She felt her eyes grow heavy, her concentration wander and the sounds of the room faded as she dropped into a delicious sleep.  
  
She woke with a sudden start. The sound of laughter. She looked round quickly. The laughter was coming from that silly little twit, Debbie, and she was laughing at her.  
  
“That snore was the most exciting thing we’ve had in this lecture today”, chortled Debbie and Katy found herself the subject of more gales of laughter from the audience. Katy wasn’t used to being the butt of a joke. Katy was used to being in charge. At some point Debbie was going to have to be taught a lesson.  
  
The course dragged on and on until it closed with an even more pathetic final joke  
  
“So make sure the document you write is the doc you meant to write!”   
  
Katy had not gone to sleep again. She was too annoyed, but thank God he was finished. She couldn’t have stood another minute of that.  
  
Katy smiled pleasantly at Debbie, best not to show her fury, she had to be careful not to put her on her guard. She had something planned for the evening, after dinner when she had got Debbie a little tipsy. It was not for nothing that Katy was salesperson of the year. She had an uncanny ability to influence people, to know by instinct what they were thinking and manipulate the way they acted. She would get Debbie tipsy. Then she would have some fun.  
  
Yes, she was going to have a good evening. She knew how to get people to do what she wanted; she knew she could get Debbie to do what she wanted, and she wanted to have some fun with her. Get her revenge. She would be putty in her hands.  
  
The boys and girls on the course gathered together for dinner. Katy sat next to Debbie; she made sure the wine flowed and Debbie drank her share. Not too much. Just enough. Time to pounce.   
  
'Let's go back to my room'' she announced to the group, I know a fun game at cards.   
  
Debbie wasn't so sure, but she didn't want to be the damp squid, the party pooper, so she nodded her head enthusiastically in approval. Katy knew she would, she already knew what made Katy tick. They all trooped off the Katy’s room.  
  
“What shall we play”, asked Katy  
  
“Strip poker”, suggested one of the lads, well he would, someone always did. Katy knew that.  
  
“Oh I’ve got a better game”, said Katy, “it’s called Strip Jack Naked – it’s much more fun”  
  
So that was how Debbie found herself playing the game without really knowing how she had got into it.  
  
“Now this is what we do”, said Katy, “here is a pack of cards from which all the Jacks have been removed except the Jack of Spades. Now I deal the cards out to everyone”  
  
She dealt the cards round.  
  
“If you have any pairs, Aces Kings, Queens whatever, you can discard them. Then I turn to the person on my left, in this case Debbie, and she takes one card from me. If that makes a pair she can discard the pair, then the next person takes a card from Debbie and so on. Except that there is only one Jack, and the person left with that card at the end is the loser. And this is where the fun comes in – we’re playing for really high stakes, the person who holds the Jack of Spades at the end has to strip naked. It’s a game of bluff and counter bluff, trying to get rid of the Jack when you get it and not pick it up from the person in front of you, and all the more fun because of the fate that awaits the loser. The loser loses everything. Oh, and the loser has to do a special forfeit to get their clothes back.”  
  
The participants picked up their hands, their hearts beating. The loser was going to be stripped and humiliated. It was the risk that made it so much fun. So exciting. They chose the cards in turn each nervous with their hands shaking a bit, hoping they wouldn’t pick up the Jack. All, that is, except Katy. Katy knew exactly who was going lose. She had that uncanny knack of being able to read peoples expressions. She knew exactly where the Jack was. Knew when the boy in front of her had it. Knew which one to pick out herself. Knew to keep it until only she and Debbie were left in the game. She knew what Debbie had in her hand, and knew how to get her to pick the card she wanted.  
  
The inevitable happened. At the end of the game Debbie found herself with one card and Katy had two. If she picked the right one she won, if she picked the wrong one she lost. Trembling she pulled the card from Katy’s hand. It was the Jack.   
  
“Ooh”, she Katy, “I win. Debbie has to strip naked. Come on Debs” she said “You know you have to do it; you know you want to do it. You know how exciting it would be”  
  
Debbie heard her speak. Was it the fact that she was tipsy? Or was it Katy’s voice? The voice that had trebled turnover in the sales department. Whatever it was she realised Katy was right. She did want to be naked. To be completely naked in front of these boys and girls. It was somehow erotic and exciting at the same time. Without fully realising why she found she was taking her clothes off, dropping first her shoes, then her blouse, then her dress onto the floor in an erotic teasing striptease.  
  
The boys watched in amazement. They hadn’t really expected it. They didn’t expect it now. They thought she wouldn’t go the whole way. And she didn’t. As the boys looked on open mouthed she took off her bra and stood there in front of them in her panties and hesitated.  
  
Katy saw her hesitate.  
  
“Now, now Debs”, she said, “Get those panties down. You know they have to come down. Everybody’s waiting. You know how exciting it will be, you know how much you’ll enjoy it”  
  
Debbie heard Katy’s mesmeric voice, the tone of command that Katy used in order to get people to do what she wanted. Debbie hadn’t been going to pull her panties down, hadn’t thought she wanted to, but now she realised, of course her panties had to come down. Why had she hesitated? That was what everyone expected, what everyone wanted, what she wanted.  
  
The boys looked on in amazement as in response to Katy’s command Debbie’s hands took hold of her panties and slowly pulled them down, past her thighs, past her knees down to her ankles, revealing everything: her bottom, her little triangle of pubic hair, even the outline of her sex as she bent over..  
  
“Give them here Debs”, said Katy pointing to the panties, and Debbie obeyed, as Katy knew she would.  
  
“Well I now we know why you were so worried” said Katy “It must be really embarrassing for you standing there with no clothes on showing us your fanny. So humiliating”.  
  
Debbie looked down. She was right. What had she done? She did suddenly feel totally naked, totally humiliated. She cringed, holding her hands over her naughty bits as best she could.  
  
“Can I have my clothes back now” she pleaded stammering.  
  
Katy smiled. So far so good. She had got her naked, humiliated her in front of the boys, but she had some more fun lined up.  
  
“To get your clothes back you have to do a special forfeit, remember” she had a very special forfeit lined up.  
  
She held up Debbie’s room card key which she extracted from her pocket and another similar one from a hotel she had stayed at before. They were identical in size and shape, only different in appearance.  
  
“This where you see if you get lucky” she said “you stand there naked with your hands behind your back. I’ll put one card in one hand and the other in the other hand. Then you try to choose the right one, and you go out the room and shut the door behind you. If you’ve chosen the right card you can get back in you room. If you have the wrong one”, she smiled knowingly, “you have to go down to reception and explain you’ve been locked out your room in the nude and get them to make you another card. And that will be so embarrassing. So utterly humiliating with the night porter on reception. So bad that if he looks at your titties you’ll wet yourself”  
  
Debbie cringed, but what could she do. She just had to get her clothes back. Somehow she felt completely under Katy’s control, standing there naked in front of the boys while she gave the orders. She stood nude and trembling with her back to the boys acutely aware of her bare bottom on public view. Her hands shook with nerves while she felt one card put in her right hand and one in her left.  
  
Katy and the boys looked at her. Her room key in her left hand and the dud in the right.  
  
Katy patted her bare bottom.  
  
“Think hard” she said, her voice softening into that persuasive tone that had made companies product the leading brand in the field, “you want to choose the right one. You don’t want to be left with the wrong one”, her voice was soft and penetrating, “make sure you’re right. It would be so bad to be left out in the nude. So embarrassing to be nude in the hotel lobby. So humiliating Debbie, you’ll pee yourself when he looks at your titties. You’ve just got to choose the right one.”  
  
Katy grinned; she had a subtle way of persuading people to do what she wanted. She knew precisely the power of suggestion that the right words could bring. The words penetrated Debbie’s brain. She was in a state of high anxiety and somehow the message that she wanted to be right struck home. Her mouth dry and her heart trembling she clung on to the card in her right had and dropped the left. Then she had to get it over with. She marched to the door. Opened it, clicked it shut and ran naked to her room. Her heart was thumping. She didn’t dare look at the card. She opened her hand willing it to be her room key and found herself staring at a strange hotel logo. Her heart lurched. Bizarrely she tried the key in the door. Of course it didn’t work. There was nothing for it. She was going to have to stand there in the corridor and the nude all night and be caught in the morning when people started getting up, or go down to reception in the nude to get a new card.  
  
She crept along the corridor, terrified of hearing the noise of a door opening or someone coming. Along the corridor stark naked and down the stairs. Back along the corridor. She was trembling with embarrassment. There was nowhere to hide her nudity if someone came. She arrived at the lift and pressed the button.  
  
Inside the room the boys and girls giggled uncontrollably.  
  
“Hadn’t we better let her back in” said one of the boys  
  
“What, and spoil all the fun” said Katy “anyway she’ll be on her way down to reception by now”  
  
“Surely she’s not actually going” said the boy  
  
“Of course” said Katy “I told her to go, so she’ll go. It’s all in the mind. If you plant the suggestion in the right way some people will always act on it. And believe me, she’s the sort who will always do what you tell her to”  
  
“But you said she was going to wet herself when she got to reception” said the boy  
  
“Precisely, and she will”, replied Katy “we’d better go and see how she gets on”  
  
Debbie wasn’t getting on so well. She was standing outside the lift with her hands over her naughty bits, trembling with anxiety, willing the lift to come before anybody appeared in the corridor. At last it arrived and the doors clanked open. Thankfully she stepped inside and the doors shut. Blessed relief - for a few minutes she’d be hidden. That was until the lift doors opened of course. Suddenly it struck her that there might be people waiting for the lift when it arrived at the ground floor. That party of lads on a stag night she’d seen earlier! Her heart gave another lurch. The lift stopped and the doors slowly opened to reveal… a darkened empty lobby. She stepped out of the lift and the lights operated by the infra-red sensor came on suddenly bathing her in a bright shining light.  
  
Joe was sitting in the little back room behind reception. What a tedious night. Why had he volunteered to do it? Nothing ever happened on night shift. He wasn’t aware that Debbie was scurrying across the spotlit lobby and about to ring the bell. The sight that greeted him when he came out was – to put it bluntly – a surprise. A naked girl was standing there trembling, her hands desperately trying to hide her embarrassment as she burbled something about being locked out of her room.  
  
Oh gosh – what should he do now? He tried to remember the procedure for dealing with a guest who had locked themselves out. Handle the situation professionally – he thought to himself. What should he do? Oh yes.  
  
“Have you any identification on you?” he asked. Oh dear – she had nothing on she couldn’t have any identification.  
  
“Er – you’d better just wait here a moment” he said backing into his little room. . Better just make a new card key out for her as quick as possible.  
  
Debbie stood there. She was feeling utterly humiliated standing in the nude, in the middle of the bright light in the hotel lobby. Just as Katy had said she would be. Joe came back out with the card key. His eyes were inevitably drawn down to her naughty bits. Debbie saw his stare fix on her nipples, stiff and erect under the bright lights, and Katy’s words came back to her. So humiliating she’d just have to wet herself. And suddenly she realised: her bladder was full and she wanted to pee. She tried to control it, but every time she saw him looking at her titties the urge came over her, planted in her mind by Katy, until she couldn’t control it any more. She was going to have to pee and she was going to have to do it now. But where? She couldn’t just stand there and pee in the middle of the hotel lobby. But as she thought of Katy’s words the urge came over her uncontrollably.  
  
Joe held out the card and stared amazed. The girl had started peeing into the large pot plant in the middle of the lobby. Debbie looked at him horrified. There was nothing she could do about it. She’d been drinking, her bladder was full and she just had to continue peeing stark naked in front of him until it was empty.  
  
Katy and the others crept to the edge of the lobby and peered in from the darkness of the stairwell where they could not be seen. An amazing sight greeted their eyes, Debbie was there in the middle of the lobby in the nude blushing scarlet and trembling all over as she peed into a large potted plant container under the astonished gaze of the receptionist. They thought they had better rescue her.  
  
Debbie looked round at the sound of the approaching footsteps. She hadn't thought things could get worse but she soon realised they just had. The boys and girls from the course were walking towards her and she was still peeing. They waited until she stopped. Katy took the new card from the hand of the bemused Joe and handing it to Debbie said "you'd better get back to your room"  
  
Debbie took the card and ran. She sat up in his room all night until she felt she could safely creep downstairs and check out. With some trepidation she gave her room number to the daytime receptionist. Her worst fears were realised.   
  
"Did you get back to your room all right?" he asked.   
  
"Er.. Yes" said Debbie following the flicker of her eyes towards where the security camera recorded everything that went on in the lobby. Oh dear, she knew what was going to be on the hotel Christmas video.

Debbie goes dancing

by Little Joe

Thu Jan 22, 2009 22:11

86.152.6.0

Debbie and the girls are back but Katy soon has Debbie in trouble again  
  
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It was the last day of the annual sales conference and the girls were gathered together for the highlight of the year: the award of the title ‘Salesgirl of the year’. This title may seem a little sexist in this day and age, but they were salesgirls for a cosmetics company and so far their domain had not been encroached upon by any men.  
  
Of course everyone knew exactly who was going to win. Katy would win. Katy always won. With her liquid eyes, a deep periwinkle blue, and her mesmeric voice she could convince anyone of anything. Adding this to her forceful personality gave her that rare ability to plant a suggestion in the minds of her listeners that became impossible to resist. This was a very useful gift for a salesgirl to have; her sales outstripped her rivals by a huge margin.  
  
Bill, the Head of Sales however was worried. Katy had won five years in a row. The other girls were getting dispirited. He felt that they had given up trying because there was no chance of winning. There was no benefit in giving the prize to Katy again. Somebody else was going to win this year.  
  
Tension increased as the announcement approached. Katy was already planning what to do on the prize – a fortnight’s holiday in Barbados at a luxury hotel all expenses paid. Yes she really loved winning!  
  
Bill stood up to make the announcement. He cleared his throat slightly nervously.  
  
“And now for the announcement you’ve all been waiting for. The winner of our fabulous prize, a fortnight in Barbados. Now girls, this year the prize giving committee has decided to award the prize on a slightly different basis. What we want to encourage is: Responsibility, Audacity and Improvement!”  
  
The girls groaned. Responsibility, Audacity, Improvement – the company values. Not those bloody things again.   
  
Bill went on, “So rather than give the prize to the salesgirl who has produced the highest sales, this year the prize goes to the girl who we think this year has shown the greatest responsibility, the greatest audacity and above all the greatest improvement – Debbie Jones!”  
  
There was a stunned silence. Everyone looked with horror at Katy. They knew she had been planning the holiday for weeks. What would she do!  
  
What she did astonished everybody. Katy stood up and led the applause for Debbie. She might be seething inside, but no way was she going to show it, no, she would never get her revenge if she showed it, and ideas for revenge were already forming in her mind.  
  
Debbie was overwhelmed by winning the prize, and somewhat mystified by Katy’s response. She hadn’t thought Katy liked her. Katy always seemed to have it in for her. She remembered the time Katy had persuaded her into that game where she had ended up naked in the hotel reception area and had then planted in her mind that she would be so embarrassed she would wet herself. The suggestion had been so strong that she had ended up peeing in front of everybody. It had been so embarrassing that the suggestion had stuck in her brain. She was sure that if Katy told her she would wet herself again, she just would.   
  
  
After the conference the girls always went out to a club. Katy of course knew a club, just the right club for the occasion. Katy always knew things like that.   
  
"What sort of a club?” asked Debbie.   
  
"Oh, very special", said Katy, "a special floor show. Somewhere where you'll be able to lose your inhibitions. You are a bit inhibited Debbie, you know you are. You really need a club like this to loosen up a bit"  
  
And as she said it Debbie suddenly realised she was inhibited. She did need to loosen up.   
  
"And Debbie", said Katy, "you'll have to dress up for it you know"  
  
"Dress up? In what way?" asked Debbie, a bit concerned that this was one of Katy’s ploys.  
  
"Fancy dress", said Katy, "you're the winner; you're penance for beating us all is to dress up. Schoolgirl costume I think. Little short skirt, blouse, tie and long socks. Oh - and don't forget the blue cotton knickers"  
  
“Oh, I can’t do that”, protested Debbie  
  
“But you have to”, said Katy, “you all want to see Debbie as a schoolgirl, don’t you girls”.  
  
Of course they all chorused that they did, and poor Debbie had to agree. Such is the power of peer pressure, and Katy knew it.  
  
Reluctantly Debbie went out and bought the schoolgirl costume for the evening and when the girls gathered together to go to the club, there she was in her little short skirt, socks, blouse and tie. Quite the little schoolgirl. She knew Katy was trying to embarrass her, but what could she do. Everybody had said she must do it so she felt she had to.  
  
“Debbie, you look really… well mind you don’t wet yourself in your excitement”, said Katy.  
  
Oh no, why did she have to say that. Debbie felt the urge to pee as soon as the words were out of Katy’s mouth and it took all her effort of will to control it.  
  
The club was indeed uninhibited. Topless waitresses, semi-naked dancers in the cabaret and the promise of strippers later on. Debbie wasn’t sure it was her type of club at all, but there was the peer pressure again and that meant she had little choice.  
  
Then club comic came on with an announcement.  
  
“Now girls”, he said, “we have a very special prize for you this evening. For any girl daring enough to claim it. A very special, very expensive set of French lingerie”, and he held up a pair of lacy knickers and a bra of the most expensive and daring design, “but to win it, you have to claim it. Do I have any claimants”.  
  
“Go on Debbie”, said Katy, “you’d look great in those”  
  
“Oh, no”, said Debbie, too embarrassed to even think about it.  
  
“Go on Debbie”, said Katy, “this is your big chance”  
  
Debbie blushed, “I couldn’t”, she said, “I just couldn’t”  
  
“But she must girls, mustn’t she”, insisted Katy, she knew the effect of peer pressure. She knew everybody would be jealous of Debbie, she knew they’d all want to embarrass Debbie by making her go up on the stage in the silly schoolgirl costume and claim the sexy underwear.  
  
“Yes, Debs, you must”, they all shouted, and before she knew where she was Debbie found herself being pushed towards the stage until she knew she had no option but to comply.  
  
How silly she felt, how embarrassed, in her little short schoolgirl skirt, in her blouse and tie.  
  
“Well, little girl”, said the comic, “do you think you’re old enough for this sexy underwear”  
  
“Err, yes”, said Debbie, well she had to say something.  
  
“I mean, what sort of underwear do you wear now”  
  
Debbie just blushed  
  
“Show us your knickers, Debs”, shouted Katy and the girls, and Debbie had to do it. Once Katy got the girls going, Debbie knew she’d have to do what they said. She lifted up her skirt to show her blue cotton knickers. Well they were quite respectable.  
  
“Give us a twirl then”, said the comic, and Debbie had to hold her skirt up and twirl round to give everyone a good view of her knickers.  
  
“Show us your bra Debs”, shouted Katy; and the girls joined in with hoots and shouts of encouragement. Debbie lifted up her blouse to show her white cotton bra. She knew she had to, she knew she would get no peace until she did.  
  
“Oh dear”, said the comic, “I don’t know if this underwear will be suitable for a little girl like you. Debbie was relieved, she did rather like the silk bra and pants, but she thought at least now she could escape back to her seat.  
  
“Let her try them on”, shouted Katy, and the girls joined in the chant, “try them on Debs, let’s see what you look like in them”  
  
“I can’t do that”, wailed Debbie, “I can’t change my underwear on the stage.  
  
“Oh, I don’t know”, said the comic, “I think we’d all love to see that. Wouldn’t we!” he appealed to the audience, and Debbie knew form the response that she’d have to do it.  
  
“How can I get changed on the stage”, she pleaded  
  
“Just slip your panties down under your skirt and put these ones on”  
  
Debbie was a bit reluctant, after all her skirt was rather short, but she put her hands up her skirt and wriggled her knickers down they fell to the ground to a great cheer from the audience. Balancing as best she could she wriggle the new sexy panties up under her skirt until they were firmly in place. Then it was the time to wriggle out of her bra under her blouse and put the new sexy bra on.  
  
“Show us your new knickers Debbie, yelled the girls”, and Debbie knew she had to lift up her skirt again and show her knickers.  
  
“Now we come to the crunch”, said the comic, “you have to show you’re worthy of this prize by modelling them on stage”  
  
“What!” said Debbie?  
  
“Strip down to your bra and panties and model them on stage”  
  
“I can’t do that!” cried Debbie  
  
“Well we’ll just have to take them back off you in that case, said the comic. Debbie was more embarrassed than ever, the girls were shouting at her to strip off and she couldn’t face changing back into her own knickers again in front of all those people. Deep down, she knew, she really knew she was going to have to do it. This was what the girls demanded. This was her penance for winning the prize. She knew Katy had planned this all along, to make Debbie model sexy underwear on the stage.  
  
Reluctantly she took off her shoes and socks, then her skirt and finally her tie and blouse and stood there in her sexy underwear.  
  
“Come on Debbie, you’ve got to show it off”, said the comic, “strut up and down on the stage. We want to see that this underwear really is suitable for you”.  
  
Debbie was so embarrassed standing their in the flimsy bra and pants but she knew she had to do it; she’d never live it down with the girls if she didn’t. So she walked up and down the stage, swinging her hips and wiggling her bottom in the way she supposed sexy models did. She seemed to be successful if the all the cheers were anything to go by.  
  
“Now let’s see you dance in them!”, and the music to Dancing Queen suddenly struck up from somewhere.  
  
“Come on Debbie, let’s see you dance”, came the cry from the girls. And Debbie knew she’d have to do it... Knew Katy had manipulated her into it, but she was powerless to resist. Slowly she started gyrating her hips, the lights dimmed, the cheers grew and Debbie became transported as the music coursed through her body and the thrill of dancing before the audience in sexy underwear grew on her.  
  
Suddenly she became aware of Katy standing beside her.  
  
“Dance, Debbie, dance”, she said, “you love it so much, the music, the rhythm, the adulation, so much you are oblivious to everything else”  
  
And she did become oblivious to everything else except the music and her gyrating body. Oblivious to the way in which Katy insinuated her hands into the top of her panties and ever so slowly and carefully pulled them down, oblivious of the wild cheers this brought, oblivious of the way in which Katy slowly and carefully unhooked the back of her silken bra and let it fall noiselessly to the floor. Aware of the fact that she was dancing to the wild cheers of the audience. Unaware of the fact that she was dancing naked in front of them.  
  
Unaware that is until Katy brought her to her senses.  
  
“Debbie, Debbie”, she said, “you know what, you’re going to pee yourself when you see what you’ve been doing”.  
  
At the sound of the voice Debbie suddenly looked down and saw to her horror that she was completely naked. And Katy’s persuasive voice had said the dreaded words. She was going to pee herself. As the horrible embarrassment of her position struck her the urge to pee suddenly came over her again. She couldn’t control it, not with the suggestion Katy had planted in her mind.  
  
Katy looked on in satisfaction. Not as good as a holiday in Barbados, but bloody nearly as good!