**Jenna's Embarrassing Morning**
by Daring Burlinski

It started out to be a good day. With the sun shining in through my window so brightly, I decided to get myself up early and prepare for work. I already had a nice blue skirt and a new white top lying out with the rest of my clothes. Stretching as I swung my legs off the bed, I looked at the alarm clock and saw it was quite early. Plenty of time to shower and get dressed, then slipping on my smart pumps, I headed out the door.

Driving along the road, I was amazed at how little traffic there was for a mid-week morning. Not only that, I made every green light on my way to the office. What usually was a half an hour drive, only took me ten minutes! By the time I pulled into the parking lot, my car was the only one there. I guess I was going to be the first to get to work today.

I walked over to the front entrance of the building, a one story glass and brick structure, and noticed that it sure was quiet. I’m a bit embarrassed to admit that I’ve been late on more than a few occasions, so it was nice to not have to rush. After fishing around in my purse for my key chain, I found the proper key that would unlock the front door. I haven’t had to use this for a while…

Well, I can tell you I was more than a little surprised when I pulled the heavy door open, and the security alarm started beeping! I dropped my purse and quickly located the panel on the inside of the entrance. But for the life of me, I could not remember the security code!

“Oh, Jenna!” I said to myself. “Think! What are those four stupid numbers?”

In twenty seconds the alarm would start going off. I tried different combinations, but it had been so long since I had to open up in the morning. None of the numbers I punched in worked. I started to panic now and tried pushing other buttons on the keypad furiously. At least no one else was around.

And then the alarm started blaring… a high pitched, monotone buzzing. It was very loud, I had to cover my ears at first. Still, I tried in vain to select the right sequence, until finally the whole panel just locked up. This whole time, the alarm kept sounding, I was thinking maybe I should just get back in my car and go home. But I just couldn’t leave the office building unlocked.

Then I remembered that there was a service directory near my desk. I would just go inside, find the telephone number for the alarm company, and tell them what happened. It was no big deal. I even laughed at myself for getting so worked up over nothing.

Stepping into the main lobby, I proceeded down the hallway while that infernal alarm kept sounding. It was getting pretty annoying, but then I suppose the idea is to drive away intruders! Well, I made it to my desk and searched for the name and number of the central station.

“Yes, Miss, we have received the notice that the security device has been triggered,” said the woman on the phone. “I’ll just need you to give me the password.”

Oh! The noise was really getting to me. I had no idea what the company password was! “I’m sorry, but I don’t remember… but my name is Jenna; I work for the office.”

There was a pause on the other end of the phone, and then the woman answered, “All right, I do see your name here on the register. Everything is OK, Miss?”

“Yes,” I said, relieved that a minor crisis was avoided. Truthfully, I would have been very humiliated if my co-workers found me here, the alarm going off like crazy.

Fortunately, after I hung up the phone, all the ringing and buzzing stopped in another minute. I walked back toward the entrance and saw that the lights on the panel were still flashing. Figured security could take care of that, or someone who knew the proper code. At least it was quiet again.

So I decided to head back to my work area and get started on some filing. First, though, I had to stop in the ladies restroom and freshen up. This whole ordeal had made me a little nervous. As soon as I returned to the lobby, I saw two figures standing in the office entrance.

“Hold it right there, Ma’am,” came the voice of an older woman. She moved closer, and I could make out by her uniform that she was a police officer. “My partner and I received a report of a disturbance at this location.”

I looked behind her, and saw the brawny figure of another cop. Startled, I placed a hand to my chest, then laughed, “Oh yes, that was just me. I couldn’t remember the security code.”

The two authority figures were silent as they looked me over. I have to admit, I felt a little uncomfortable.

“And who are you?” the lady cop asked, none too friendly.

I wrung my hands and shifted from one foot to the other. This was a little embarrassing. “I… I work here.”

“Is that so,” the male officer seemed unimpressed as he scoped out the lobby. “How do we know you’re not some high school punk who broke in here to steal stuff.”

“I’m twenty-four!” I said, putting my hands on my hips. “Look… I’ll show you where my desk is!”

With that, I led the two of them down the hallway and we arrived at my work station. I hadn’t turned on my computer yet, and there were documents and file folders strewn all over. I had a lot of organizing to catch up on. The police officers looked over the disheveled scene, walked around my desk, then came to stand before me.
“Can we see some ID, Ma’am,” The woman looked at me with a very dry expression.

My hands quickly patted down my blouse and skirt, but of course I had nothing. All of my personal items… my keys, my credit cards, my driver’s license; they were back in my purse!

“Um,” I fidgeted under the scrutiny of these two. “I don’t have my ID on me this second. If I could just go back to my car…”

The female cop cut me off, “Wait right there, Miss.”

Then the two officers conferred with each other, whispering or something. I saw the policeman nod his head, and he turned to leave the room. When he had gone, the lady focused her attention on me standing in front of the filing cabinets.

“I’m going to need you to step out of your shoes, Ma’am.”

“My shoes?” I asked perplexed, even as I obediently lifted one foot out of my left pump. “Why do I have to take off my shoes?”

Her arms folded across her ample chest, she answered, “It’s standard procedure. You’re less likely to try to flee in your bare feet.”

“But I’m not going anywhere,” I explained, mystified, as I watched her bend down and take my shoes. She carried them all the way over to the other side of the room. Self-consciously, I wiggled my toes on the carpet.

“That’s good,” the lady cop grunted. “We’ve had some trouble in this area. Reports of office break-ins, stealing money, equipment, even corporate information.”

I shivered a little, clutching my elbows, but still laughed. “What, do you think I’m some kind of spy for this company’s competitors?”

“Could be. Now please hand me your skirt.”

“What?” I cried. “Why on earth do I need to take off my skirt? And why would I steal anything? I work here!”

The intimidating woman only held out her arm. “So you say. Maybe you had access to important files. I need to check your pockets. Now please remove your skirt, Miss.”

I looked around, a little embarrassed. My eyes caught sight of the clock, the second hand ticking away. It was still early, but it wouldn’t be long before other office workers started to arrive. I looked back at the cop, but there was no compassion in her eyes. So biting my lip in frustration, I pooped open the button on the side of the skirt, lowered the zipper and slid the blue material down my legs. After I stepped out of the skirt, I respectfully handed it to the policewoman.

I was thankful that the tails of my blouse covered the front of my white lace panties, and I even tugged at the fabric as I watched the lady bring my skirt over to lie on top of my shoes. When she returned, I must have been blushing, because of my bare legs on display. She looked me over, and I coyly rubbed one foot behind my calf. Then I held my hands politely behind my back.

“OK, Miss, I’m going to need you to remove your blouse,” she told me.

“But,” I started, while my fingers undid the top button. “But you can’t really mean for me to take it all the way off?”

The policewoman rubbed her chin in thought, observing the progress of my fingers as they continued lower and lower. “Well, I do need to see that you haven’t stuffed anything under your shirt. Hold your arms straight out, to either side.”

I did as I was told, and with the sides of my blouse falling open, she could see my belly. She could also see my matching lace bra and panties. I really hoped this would be enough.

“Unbutton the cuffs,” the lady cop said in disapproval, “then take off the blouse. I’ll need to temporarily confiscate it from you.”

“Please…” I started again, but I could see her mouth twist in an unpleasant expression. I popped open the buttons at my wrist, then slowly slid the smooth fabric off my shoulders. When I managed to remove my arms from the sleeves, I gingerly held out the blouse to the older woman. She took it, and left me standing in the middle of the office in just my underwear! I was so embarrassed…

Still, I waited and watched as the uniformed woman brought the last of my outer garments over to the pile on the other side of the room. I felt the cool air on my bare skin, and there was a sudden sensation of butterflies in my tummy. She came back and told me turn around, and put my hands on my head.

“Am I under arrest?” I laughed nervously, half kidding and half of me not sure what to expect. This was especially humiliating, because she could now see my panties from behind. They weren’t a thong style, but they were pretty high-cut. I just closed my eyes while interlocking my fingers atop my soft brown hair, hoping this would be over soon.

After a pause of a few seconds, the police officer said, “I’m going to have to ask you to remove your bra.”

My eyes went wide, I think I stood frozen for a moment. “My bra? But why do you need that? Can’t you see I’m not hiding anything!”
“Just hand it over to me Miss, and we will be nearly through. We have to be very thorough, you know.”

My hands were shaking a bit as I lowered them from my head, and reached behind to undo the clasp against my back. With the bra unhooked, I slowly slid it from my shoulders and arms, until it hung limply in one hand. I used my free forearm to cover up my breasts as best I could, then turned around blushing to give the item to the lady cop. This, she accepted, but thankfully did not walk all the way back to put it with the rest of my discarded clothes.

Instead, she looked me up and down from head to toe. “All right, Ma’am, just lower your arms to your side, then stretch them out again like you did before.”

Oh no! She was going to make me show her my bare breasts! I really wanted to protest, but I figured I had better do as instructed. I was so ashamed to be standing half-naked like this, and then as I spread my arms out to my side… my nipples grew slightly erect.

“It’s a bit cool in here,” the policewoman couldn’t help but comment.

If only she knew that the whole situation was horribly embarrassing for me, but I was also a little excited!

“Now, Miss, if you would just remove the rest of your underwear…”

“What?” I exclaimed, causing my breasts to bounce. “The rest… but… that will mean I’ll be totally nude!”

Standing in front of me with my bra draped over her elbow, she just extended her other arm with palm outward and waited. I swallowed a lump in my throat, and rubbed my bare arms, my stomach was quivering. I was also getting warm sensations just below my bellybutton. Finally, I looked around the office to make sure it was just the two of us, and peeled the last article of clothing down my legs. Once they hit the floor, I stepped out of the lacy white material, bent down shyly to retrieve them and gave them to the cop. I immediately placed my hand in front of my crotch and slung my other arm back over my chest.

The policewoman ordered me to turn around again, giving her a nice long look at my bare butt. I still clutched my body tightly, hoping no one would walk into the office at that moment. But then she had me face forward again, and this time asked me to drop my arms completely!

I tried not to look at her as I did as I was told, standing with my fingers lightly resting on my sides, everything on full display! My eyes wandered to the clock on the wall, and I knew people should be arriving any minute. I know this thought cause my poor nipples to extend fully. I felt so naughty, being utterly naked at work, but I could also be in a lot of trouble. It was a good thing I just trimmed down there this morning…
Suddenly, just as she was asking me to stand with my legs further apart, the male cop walked in along with my supervisor and another co-worker!

“Eek!” I squealed, and instinctively turned around, clasping both my hands over my pubic mound. Still, this gave everyone a view of my nice round ass.

“I’m sorry,” I heard the police officer say, “I thought the search would have been concluded by now. This young lady claims to work for this company.”

Ms. Applebee, my direct supervisor, sounded like she was muffling a chuckle. Then I heard her reply, “Well, I’m just not sure. If that is Jenna, this is a side of her I’ve never seen before. I’m afraid I can’t make a positive identification.”

“Ma’am, please turn around,” the lady cop instructed me, throwing in for good measure, “and place your hands at your side.”

Caught off guard, and overwhelmed by the embarrassment of the situation, I did as I was told… even moving my hands out of the way. It was then that I realized the second cop and one of the guys who worked in the IT department had a full frontal look at my naked body. My hands trembled, wanting so bad to cover up my nudity, but I dare not anger the policewoman, so all I could do was let everyone drink in the sight.

“Nice tan, Jenna,” my supervisor laughed. Then she nodded at the two officers. “Yes, it’s all right. She is indeed employed by our company. I’ve just never seen her so… enthusiastic about her work!”

With that remark, I was told I could retrieve my clothes and get dressed. I was so flustered and embarrassed, I just started walking toward the opposite wall, and everyone could see my butt jiggle with each step. And then I remembered that the lady cop was still holding my bra and panties. More discreetly, I padded over to her while this time covering my pink bits. She gave me back my underwear, a slight smile on her face.

“Thank you,” I said, which seemed rather inappropriate, but I was still confused. I walked back to my pile of clothes before getting dressed, which meant I was nude in front of everyone for another half a minute before getting dressed. At last I retreated to the privacy of the restroom for some privacy.

Well, that was certainly an embarrassing experience! I was just thankful that I didn’t get arrested or have a full cavity search or anything nasty like that. And as I thought more about it, in a weird way, it was kind of exciting. I had a hard time concentrating on anything else at work that day.

And I never did get those files put away.

THE END