Leslie’s Bad Day



Leslie Williams hurried down the hallway towards the elevator elated about her   
promotion and raise. As she walked she chuckled softly, gloating over how she had   
gotten her only serious competition for the promotion out of the running. And gotten   
one up on him at the same time.   
  
Jim Kimble was a genius with computers but was putty in the hands of a woman. Even   
a woman like Leslie. Oh Leslie was attractive enough, but she was smart enough to   
realize she wasn't "gorgeous". At 5'10" and only a 115, she was a bit small in the bust   
and hips for "gorgeous". Still with long dark blonde hair and a cute face, she had no   
trouble getting lovers. And she had no trouble getting Jim in hot water. Literally.   
  
When she found out she and Jim were competing for the same job, she knew he'd have   
the edge with his computer expertise. So she invited him to dinner. After dinner,   
dancing and a few drinks, he was easy to convince to get a hotel room for the night.   
Then once at the hotel, getting him into the Jacuzzi was simple. They kissed and   
fondled then she slyly suggested they go bare in the tub. He balked a bit, after all they   
weren't in the room but in the public facilities. A couple of gentle squeezes of his   
groin and his suit was off. A couple of more squeezes, some kissing and then a "oh,   
got to get something" from Leslie, and Jim was left stranded in the Jacuzzi sans suit,   
towel or clothes.   
  
What sewed up his downfall was when he finally realized Leslie wasn't coming back   
he tried to sneak back. He heard the sound of footsteps, panicked and ducked into the   
nearest changing room. The ladies. And by chance one of the VP's was in the room   
half-dressed (bra and skirt) and was very put out by Jim's naked entrance. Especially   
since the commotion ended up with it becoming known the VP was in the hotel with a   
man other than her husband. Jim barely held on to his job, the promotion was out.   
Leslie nearly died laughing when she found that out. She had gotten the job, seen Jim   
naked, even managing to snap a couple of sneaky photos of him in the Jacuzzi area   
looking for something to put on, and all the blame fell on him not her!   
  
"Excuse me, but I need to speak with you.", a soft voice rudely interrupted Leslie's   
thoughts. Turning to see who was bothering her, Leslie was surprised to see a very   
short woman, girl really probably barely 20 a good seven years younger than Leslie,   
standing there with a bemused look on her face. She was dressed in a navy blue   
jacket, black tie, white blouse, and black skirt. Her green eyes glittered with   
amusement and her short cropped red hair needed combed. On her lapel was a badge   
identifying her as one of the building security people.   
  
"Yes?", Leslie asked, putting as much ice into her voice as she could. She hated these   
what she called rent-a-cops.   
  
"I've gotten a tip that you've got classified company information on your person. I   
have to check it out. At anytime during my interview and investigation you may stop   
cooperating with any of the procedures. However if you do, I'm required to call both   
the police and the vice-president of Human Resources.", the rent-a-cop told her way   
too cheerfully to suit Leslie.   
  
"Come again? You've got to be joking!", Leslie swore. "I've got no time for this   
nonsense!", she spat.   
  
"Do I have to call the police and Mr. Rosen?", the guard asked softly.   
  
Leslie started to tell the bitch to do just that when she remembered, the little vial of   
white powder in her purse! If the cunt called the cops, she'd not let Leslie out of her   
sight until they got here and they'd find her little pick me up powder! That would get   
her jail time as well as fired!   
  
"No, it's just that it's so silly, I've not got anything I'm not allowed to have.", Leslie   
protested.   
  
"Probably, but I have to be sure. Please come with me.", the security guard ushered   
Leslie into the conference room and instructed her to put her purse on the table then   
stand by the window.   
  
(I must remember to get her name so I can complain about this. I just hope she doesn't   
find the vial.), Leslie thought as she watched the shrimp cop wannabe dump her purse   
on the table.   
  
"Keys, compact, tampons, palm pilot, three ink pens, a billfold. Hm, some interesting   
items here.", the guard commented.   
  
Leslie got a chill but remained calm. "Medicine, I've got asthma, the prescription is at   
home.", she told her.   
  
"Oh, you must mean the vial. I was referring to the pictures. He's cute, your   
boyfriend? He's got the cutest butt. And all those freckles! That's the trouble with us   
redheads, we have too damned many freckles and burn way too easy.", the girl said   
gaily.   
  
(Shit, I forgot the pictures of Jim were in my billfold! Glad she doesn't know him.)   
"Ex-lover, he and I had a parting of ways.", Leslie said tersely.   
  
"I see. Okay, let's see, three charge cards, a driver's license, $292 in three 50's, five   
20's, three 10's, two 5's and two 1's.", the girl said as she jotted it down in her   
notebook.   
  
(I wonder if she's listed nude pictures in her book?) Leslie thought. Despite her   
irritation at this delay and search of her belongings, she was delighted that Jim's   
nakedness was seen by yet another woman. She shared those photos with a couple of   
friends and had plans to post them on the net as soon as she figured out how to do so.   
  
"Well for the next phase, I need a witness.", the girl said as she put all of Leslie's stuff   
back in her purse. "Wait here a moment.', she ordered the older woman as she   
stepped out of the room. Leslie wondered what the hell the brat was mumbling about.   
And why she had taken her purse with her?   
  
She was back in less then ten minutes with Jim!!! Jim and some woman she'd vaguely   
recognized but couldn't recall her name or station in life.   
  
"I tried to find a second woman, but no one was available, but I figure a former lover   
shouldn't be too embarrassing to have present. I do apologize and if you want we can   
call the police and Mr. Rosen.", the girl told Leslie apologetically.   
  
"Embarrassing? I want to get done and get on my way! Let's get this over with!!!",   
Leslie yelled.   
  
"Fine with me. Take off your shoes and set them on the table.", the guard said.   
  
Leslie did so then as she set the shoes down the uppity guard ordered, "Might as well   
give me your jacket now also."   
  
Leslie took off her black "power suit" jacket and handed it to the snotty bitch when it   
finally dawned on her what the bitch had to mean by too embarrassing.   
  
"God damn it, you're not going to strip search me!", she yelled.   
  
"Have it your way.", the guard said and she reached into her jacket pocket producing a   
cell phone. Quickly dialing a number she spoke into the cell. "Hello Rosemary, it's   
Angel. I have a suspect in that disk theft. She's rightfully declined me the option of   
strip searching her so I guess you best. .. Excuse me a minute, Rosemary, she wants to   
say something." Angel put her hand over the phone and looked at the seething Leslie.   
"Yes?"   
  
"I'll cooperate but when you don't find what you're fucking looking for I'll have your   
job! Just tell Jim and the woman to get lost.", Leslie demanded.   
  
"No can do, I'm required by both law and company regulations to have witnesses   
present when I perform a strip search. That's to protect you as well as me. I can't   
plant evidence on someone with witnesses present.", Angel informed her bluntly.   
  
Leslie fumed a bit then amended. "Okay the woman can stay but Jim has to go!"   
  
"Okay, but before I can continue I'll have to get another witness. Hold on.", Angel   
told a very upset Leslie. Going back to her cell she quickly explained the situation to   
the person on the other end. She nodded a couple of times then told Leslie.   
"Rosemary says the only person she could send down is Barbara Pelso and she's won't   
be available for about an hour. Guess we wait or else Rosemary can call the police   
in."   
  
Leslie fumed and debated. Cops were out, she'd go to jail for that damned vial of   
nose candy. The problem was that Barbara hated her and had a big mouth. If she got   
to witness Leslie's strip search then the whole building would know about it by the   
end of the week. Jim might be a guy, but she had him wrapped around her finger. He   
was so naive and gullible about women he still didn't realize she had set him up, he   
bought her story about getting sick from the drinks. Besides she had the pictures of   
him, she could use them to keep his mouth shut.   
  
"No, I guess Jim can stay. I need to get to my appointment.", Leslie conceded. And   
she did, she had to keep that sales meeting else she'd lose her job. That was another   
reason she felt she had to get this over with.   
  
"Cancel Barb, my suspect has decided to play ball. No, I won't disclose her identity   
unless I find the disk. If she's innocent I don't want to embarrass her more than I have   
to.", Angel told the phone.   
  
"Sarah, please jot down the items as she gives them to me and my comments. Two   
black Gucci pumps, nothing in either.", Angel instructed the brunette.   
  
"Noted but they're not Gucci, they're those knock-offs that look like the real thing.",   
Sarah commented. The chubby brunette was grinning way too much to suit Leslie and   
her comment, true though it was, was uncalled for. Leslie wished she could remember   
where she'd seen the brunette before.   
  
"Hm, I'd figured such a hotshot executive would have the real thing. Here's her jacket,   
nothing in it.", Angel said as she handed the smiling Sarah the jacket. "Okay Ms   
Williams, your skirt now please."   
  
Leslie complied not really too exposed, she was wearing a very modest half-slip so   
nothing was truly showing. Yet. She dreaded having to go any further.   
  
"Black skirt with pinstripes. Hm, what's this?", Angel commented then said to Leslie,   
"That slip is next, give it to Jim, Sarah you write it down."   
  
Taking a deep breath, Leslie pulled the slip down then stepped out of it. She walked   
over to Jim feeling indecent as she now only had on sheer green panties, nude   
stockings and two garters from the waist down. She could feel the blush in her cheeks   
as she handed the half-slip to a somber looking Jim.   
  
Jim mumbled something and was blushing himself as he took the garment. He couldn't   
look her in the eye but he didn't seem to be staring at her groin, rather looked like he   
was staring off behind her.   
  
That's when it hit Leslie, the windows!! Another office building was just across the   
street and she knew you could easily see into the offices. Admittedly to make out any   
real details you'd need binoculars, but someone could conceivably see her standing   
there half-dressed.   
  
"Can you close the drapes?", she asked plaintively.   
  
"No, and why do you have a disk labeled "Private. Mr. Steinberger Only?", Angel   
asked her coldly.   
  
"I don't!", Leslie wailed.   
  
"It was in your skirt pocket. The panties now!", Angel snapped.   
  
"NO! I had no disk in my pocket! And I can't take my panties off! I lied about Jim   
being an ex-lover, he's never seen me naked.", Leslie wailed. Her nerve had broken.   
  
"Too late now, the panties or the police. I don't want you suddenly bolting on me, I've   
had them do that.", Angel told the blushing woman firmly.   
  
"Oh please, please don't make me take off my panties!", Leslie pleaded. Angel said   
nothing just got her cell phone out and started to dial. 'NOO!! I'll do it!", Leslie said   
defeated. She started for a chair.   
  
"Stop right there, take them off while you're standing then take off each of your   
stockings.", Angel commanded.   
  
Leslie gave Angel a strange look but was too beaten to protest. She started to remove   
the stocking on her left leg when Angel smacked her hand down on the table hard.   
  
"I said your panties first! Then the stockings!", Angel reminded sternly.   
  
Meekly the executive complied with the security guard by pulling of her panties and   
tossing them to Jim. Her left hand quickly flashed down to cover her groin.   
  
"Pick them up and hand them to Sarah. NOW!", Angel commanded. A command that   
Leslie meekly complied with.   
  
"A pair of sheer green panties. Hm, a trifle damp.", Sarah noted as she wrote in the   
notebook.   
  
Leslie had to do a bit of a balancing act but managed to remove her stockings with one   
hand while the other kept her pubic area away from prying eyes. The air conditioning   
was chilling her bared flesh and heightened her awareness of standing bottomless in   
front of two women and a man.   
  
Angel had searched Leslie's skirt thoroughly and had placed it with the rest of Leslie's   
clothes which the half-dressed wholly embarrassed blonde wished were on her body   
instead of laying on the table.   
  
"So do you want to tell me about the disk?", Angel asked softly.   
  
"I don't know anything about a disk, honest!", Leslie said sincerely.   
  
Jim spoke for the first time. "Mr. Steinberger usually keeps the truly sensitive data on   
a CD. And he's got a system which uses CDs the size of quarters. Would be easy to   
hide in the lining of a skirt, a blouse, and especially a bra."   
  
"Good point, thank you Jim. You and Sarah go back over her skirt and jacket. I'll   
check her blouse. That's your cue Ms Williams to remove it.", Angel said, her grin   
and gay tone back.   
  
Leslie used only one hand to unbutton her blouse, keeping the other firmly on her   
groin. As soon as she got the one arm free she quickly changed hands in a desperate   
attempt to preserve some modesty and dignity. Not easy when all you're wearing is a   
green brassiere that was very sheer.   
  
"Shy isn't she?", Sarah noted with a chuckle. Jim smiled but remained silent while   
Leslie fumed. Who was that fat bitch with the smart mouth?   
  
"White blouse, probably another knock-off. Nothing appears to be hidden in the   
lining.", Angel said.   
  
"Well then may I dress and leave?", Leslie asked in a very meek tone of voice.   
  
"Of course not. There's still the question of the disk I have found and there's still one   
last article to remove and check out. And the rest of the search to perform.", Angel   
explained.   
  
"Oh god no! I can't take my bra off! Please you can see that I couldn't possibly hide   
anything in this bra!", Leslie wailed, tears rolling down her cheeks.   
  
That got all the others laughing. "Well you've got a couple of small things   
concealed.", Angel joked.   
  
"Small indeed, I've seen fat guys with bigger titties.", Sarah mocked.   
  
"Look Mizzz Williams, you get that bra off right now and put your hands on your head   
or else I'll rip the damned thing off and handcuff your left wrist to your right ankle!",   
Angel threatened.   
  
"I hate you all!", Leslie spat as she turned around then unclipped her bra. She pulled it   
off one shoulder than the other and tossed it behind her like a wedding bouquet. As   
ordered, she put her hands on top of her head.   
  
Angel picked up the bra with a tsk tsk and set it on the table. Sarah was outright   
laughing and commented. "Damn, what a skinny ass, no meat on it at all! I'm sure she   
hated spankings as a kid, no padding to soften the blow any!"   
  
"Hell I hated them and I've got some padding.", Angel admitted good-naturedly.   
"Okay Ms Williams, the ordeal is almost over. Get up on the table and I'll make this   
as painless as possible.", she told the mortified woman.   
  
"Make what as painless as possible?", Leslie asked bewildered. Climb on the table?   
There was no way she could do that without exposing herself completely.   
  
"The body cavity search. Hands and knees. Face the window.", Angel said calmly.   
  
"WHAT??? NO FUCKING WAY!!!", Leslie screeched then started to bolt for the   
door. Angel laughed as she simply held out her foot tripping the woman trying to run   
with one arm crossed her breasts and the other clutching her groin.   
  
Leslie managed to keep from hitting her face on the floor, but she was momentarily   
stunned. Angel rolled her over grabbed her by the arm, jerked her up then got a firm   
grip on Leslie's mass of pubic hair.   
  
"Now Ms Williams, you seem to have forgotten you're naked, where were you going   
to go? And feel free to try and punch me. I've got a brown belt in judo, a black belt in   
Tai Chi and no scruples about fighting fair.", Angel said cheerfully but with a strong   
tug on the hair she had a firm hold on.   
  
"OHHHH I'm sorry I wasn't thinking! Please don't make me get up on the table and do   
do do that!", Leslie pleaded as she was led to the table.   
  
CRACK! Angel's free hand landed soundly on Leslie's right ass cheek. "I've had   
enough of your whining and that superior attitude you had. Every second you stand   
there I'm going to swat your ass. Now, get up on that table!", Angel said angrily and   
swatted the mortified woman yet again.   
  
Sobbing freely Leslie got up on the table on her hands and knees with her legs spread   
a good foot apart. With the way she was positioned and where Sarah and Jim were   
sitting she knew they had an excellent view of her pussy and ass. A matter which   
mortified Leslie to no end, no one had ever seen her that intimately not even lovers let   
alone strangers.   
  
Angel stood by Leslie's face as she slowly pulled on a rubber glove and coated it with   
lubricant. "I was going to make this quick and easy but as much trouble as you've   
given me I'm going to take my time." Leslie began sobbing louder.   
  
The security guard walked around behind Leslie and sat on the table. She began the   
cavity search by pulling Leslie's butt cheeks apart. "Damn I hate this part of the job.",   
Angel grumbled as she inserted her pointer finger into Leslie's anus. Immediately two   
fingers were inserted into Leslie's pussy.   
  
(She hates it? God this is the most embarrassing thing I've ever experienced!), Leslie   
thought dejectedly. Her humiliation was intensified by Jim's whistle and Sarah's   
chuckles and snickering. And by the fact that Angel's fingering was actually turning   
her on!   
  
Leslie started moaning and squirming which elicited more laughter from Sarah and   
even sniggers from Jim. "Oh god stop please, surely you're done!", Leslie begged.   
Angel's only response was to move her fingers faster.   
  
The mortified woman desperately tried to contain her arousal, tried to think of the   
most blatantly non-sexual things she could in an futile attempt to stop the inevitable.   
Angel's used her other hand to trace the outline of Leslie's pussy lips and that proved   
to be too much for Leslie.   
  
"Ohmygod!", Leslie screamed out as wave after wave or orgasms hit her. She   
collapsed onto the table sobbing loudly.   
  
Sarah helped her down into a soft comfortable chair. "Here, drink this.", the chubby   
brunette ordered in a compassionate tone of voice. Leslie gulped the snifter of brandy   
down in a single gulp.   
  
"It's all over. As soon as Angel gets back with your clothes you can dress and be on   
your way.", Sarah said softly.   
  
Between sobs Leslie managed to get out a "Thank you" and she laid back in the chair.   
Sarah handed her another snifter of brandy which the tortured woman drank gratefully.   
She was sleeping in a matter of moments.   
  
Angel returned from the adjoining room with her jacket off and unbuttoning her blouse.   
What had appeared to be a black skirt was revealed to be the bottom half of a   
sleeveless low cut black dress. Turning the jacket inside out, Angel put on the now   
white jacket and checked on Leslie.   
  
"Snoozing away. Sarah, get her ready. Jim, got the video?", she asked.   
  
"Yes Sis, and I can capture stills on my computer at home.", Jim informed her.   
  
"Should we leave the disk?", Sarah asked.   
  
"No, it's only a blank disk with one of Steinberger's labels on it. If she paid any   
attention at all she'd know I make those labels for him.", Jim pointed out.   
  
"Well I've got to snap a picture of this.", Angel said with an evil chuckle. Sarah had   
positioned Leslie's hand so that it was around a dildo that was half-inserted into the   
latter's already sopping pussy. A half full brandy snifter was setting next to her.   
  
Angel told the softly snoring woman. "Let that be a lesson to you, no one but no one   
fucks over my little brother and gets away with it!"   
  
Sarah asked. "Do you think she'll wake up before someone finds her?"   
  
"Not a chance, there's a meeting scheduled in here in about a half an hour and she'll be   
out for a good two three hours between sleeping medicine you put in the brandy and   
the brandy itself.", Angel noted.   
  
“Sis, I’d like to point out that Tai Chi is not a martial art.”, Jim pointed out as the three   
of them checked over the room to remove any trace of their presence.   
  
Laughingly Angel replied. “It isn’t? News to me but then I only know a few Japanese   
words; Kawasaki, Honda, Yamaha.” That brought gales of laughter to all of them and   
they were still laughing all the way to the elevator.   
  
When they got into the elevator Jim spoke up. "Hey, you did get those pictures back   
from her didn't you?"   
  
"Sarah's got them.", Angel said with a chuckle.   
  
"Don't worry Jimmy, they're safe and sound with me.", Sarah told him laughingly.   
  
"What's the chances of my getting them back?", Jim asked though he suspected he knew   
the answer.   
  
"About the same chances you've got of getting out of your payment for my cleverness.",   
Angel laughed as she answered.   
  
"I wonder if Leslie even recognized me? She's not seen me since college. Not since   
that stuck-up bitch pantsed me in the quad. Been waiting for a chance to pay her   
back.", Sarah wondered aloud. "And what's Jimmy's payment?"   
  
"I told him he'd have to clean my apartment and fix us supper. Naked.", Angel said   
with a grin.   
  
"Goody, I like naked waiters.", Sarah said eyeballing Jim. "And I won't strand you   
like Leslie did.", she promised. And she was good as her word.