**Nude Secretaries Day: The New Girl**

by Totzman

*Hot new girl starts trouble in the office.*

Monica Kelly smiled at her boss as she filled his ivory mug with steaming hot coffee. Albert nodded at her in gratitude. He was on the phone with an important client, and his dutiful secretary knew just what he needed. She poured in two teaspoons of sugar and two creams, just the way he liked it, and stirred.

Although Albert listened to his client's words, his attention was most definitely on Monica. He loved the way she tied her jet black hair back into a tight ponytail. Her attire was professional, but sexy, which Albert considered to be the ideal image for a workplace. Monica's blouse was form-fitting; so that the rounded shape of her breasts showed through, and was cut low enough to give just a hint of cleavage, but nothing more. Her skirt was short and tight, a good three inches above the knee to show plenty of leg and tight enough to complement the round shape of her behind.

In addition, Monica wore dark stockings and black high heels. In Albert's opinion, this was the perfect ensemble for a secretary. However, in a few short days, that uniform was going to change.

Albert took a peek at Monica's bottom as she walked out of his office. There was no denying she had a fabulous ass. Monica had grown used to the attention she got from Albert, as well as the other men in her office. She'd learned fairly quickly after she started that J.T. Levinson was not like most workplaces.

Monica took a seat at her desk, crossed her legs, and conducted her secretarial duties. Albert had an important project coming up; an ad for a new agency looking to branch out into six new locations. Monica was in charge of compiling miscellaneous files such as clip art and headers. The project had been consuming much of her time over the past few weeks so she had high hopes that the client would accept their proposal.

Monica flipped through her day calendar to see how much time she had until the project was due. She had the following day committed to another project, and she'd requested a Thursday morning off for a doctor's appointment, so her schedule would be tight. It wasn't until she flipped to Tuesday, February 6, that her heart skipped.

Listed under February 6, was the heading, "Nude Secretaries Day." It was less than a week from today.

Monica was all too familiar with her company's favorite holiday. Every year, the secretaries of J.T. Levinson were required to report to work totally nude. The previous year, Monica had been informed just the day before that she would be expected to work the following day without a stitch of clothing.

She'd been mortified arriving to work the next morning, praying that it was just a silly prank, but to her surprise, it was not. Even though she'd always been a quiet, reserved, church-going girl her entire life, Monica complied with the dress code for the entire day, much to the pleasure of Albert and every male in the office.

Whether she was taking phone calls, typing memos, or running to other offices within the building, Monica did it all of her normal secretarial duties in the buff for the entire work day.

Albert hung up the phone and strutted into Monica's office.

"Well, they're happy with what we've done so far, so things are looking good," Albert said.

"That's a relief," Monica said. "I think I got enough space filler for every project into the next millennium."

"Get more," Albert said. "And then take it to Mike. He'll want to review the draft before we pitch it."

"I'm on it," Monica said. She scribbled that into an already full notepad to make sure she didn't forget.

"Good, I'm meeting Steve Casssels for an early lunch, be back around one," Albert said, grabbing his coat.

"Oh, and Albert?" Monica said.

"Yes?" Albert said stopping just outside of Monica's office.

"Next Tuesday is Nude Secretaries Day," Monica said. "You asked me to remind you."

"I haven't forgotten," Albert grinned. "Do me a favor, though, send a memo out, and make sure all the new girls know about it."

Albert put on his coat and left out the door. Monica turned her attention to her computer screen and began typing out the memo.

As it was, there was only one new girl in the office since last year's Nude Secretaries Day. That was Heidi Thomas, a pretty young blonde who'd been hired just out of high school. In Monica's opinion, Heidi was a bit of an airhead; she'd forgotten her building key three times in her first two weeks, but she was no doubt a hard worker. Heidi had done double duty when another secretary had missed a week and Heidi picked up the slack without missing a beat. Plus, she had "great tits and legs" as Heidi's boss Rich had put it.

Monica wrote out an inter-office memo informing the other secretaries and their bosses about the impending "holiday" but decided she ought to inform Heidi personally. Monica had felt a bit blind-sided the previous year and thought Heidi deserved to hear about her attire expectations up front.

Monica sent out the memo and headed downstairs to Heidi's office, which was in the HR department. As she walked down the hallway, she passed Shari Kirshner, another secretary who'd coached Monica through Nude Secretaries Day the previous year. Shari's fiery red hair and busty figure made her a fetching sight for the men in her office.

"Hey," Shari smiled, setting several papers onto the copier.

"Hey Shari," Monica said. "It's that time of year again."

"I know, I just got your memo," Shari said. "So are you, you know, feeling more comfortable about it this year?"

Monica shifted nervously.

"Yeah, I think so," Monica said. "It's not that big of a deal anyway, we're just naked."

Shari nodded, and softly ran her index finger across the copier, while keeping her gaze on Monica.

"So you're going through with it again?" Shari asked, teasingly.

Monica blushed. Shari held her index finger tentatively over the copier button as she waited for Monica's reply.

"Yes," Monica said. "Yes, I'm going to do it."

"Good," Shari giggled, and pressed the copy button.

Monica shook her head. Shari was such a flirt. It really didn't come as a surprise to Monica that even in the office full of randy men, Shari was in fact the one who has first suggested instituting Nude Secretaries Day at the company. Shari had even gone so far as to send out nude photos of herself to several of the managers to convince them to institute the new "holiday." It turned out there was very little Shari could not accomplish by showing her breasts.

Monica stepped onto the elevator and rode it down one floor. When the doors opened Monica found Heidi carrying a large box and struggling to open her office door. Heidi awkwardly held the box with one arm while sorting through her keys with the other.

"What the eff! I thought it was this one!" Heidi cursed, jiggling the door handle.

"Do you need some help?" Monica asked.

Heidi peeked around the large box in her arms at Monica.

"Please?" Heidi asked hopefully, making an exasperated smile.

Monica sorted through Heidi's keys and selected the correct one, and unlocked Heidi's office door.

"Thank you so much!" Heidi said. "I can never get these keys straight!"

Heidi set the large box on her desk and took a breath.

"Now where'd my binder go?" Heidi exclaimed, and scurried around the office. Her large breasts jiggled about as she hastily rummaged through her filing cabinet and checked inside each drawer. She was dressed similarly to Monica, with a tight blouse and black skirt, although Heidi's skirt was about two inches shorter and her heels were about an inch higher, which did not make her maneuverability any easier.

"Oh that's right! I put it in the box!" Heidi said. She hurried over to her desk and removed the lid from the box, and took out a thick three ring binder.

"I swear if my head wasn't attached-" Heidi looked up at Monica, and Monica was unable to suppress her laughter.

Heidi sighed.

"Yeah, I know," Heidi said. "Rich put me in charge of getting all this stuff ready by tomorrow and I'm swamped."

She collapsed into her office chair, exhausted.

"I hear you," Monica said. "We're just as busy upstairs. Listen, I wanted to ask you something."

"Sure," Heidi said. She removed several folders from the box and placed them onto her desk.

Monica grabbed her wrists nervously.

"Did Rich tell you about next Tuesday?" Monica asked.

"No. What, did he move up a deadline or something?" Heidi asked.

"No, I sent an email explaining it," Monica said.

"Say no more," Heidi said, and spun around her chair. She immediately opened her inbox and looked at Monica's email. Her eyes went wide.

"Nude Secretaries Day?" Heidi asked. "What is this?"

"It's an- event- the company has every year," Monica said. "On Tuesday, all secretaries have to work the whole day totally naked."

Heidi laughed nervously.

"I- I can't do that!" Heidi said. "That's so humiliating!"

"It's not so bad," Monica said. "I did it last year."

Heidi looked up at Monica, shocked.

"Really? Like, naked-naked? I mean, no bra and panties naked?"

"No bra and panties," Monica affirmed. "I was NAKED. And so was Shari, and Lori, and every other secretary in the office."

"Oh my God," Heidi said to herself. "What will I tell my parents?"

"You're an adult now, you don't have to tell them anything," Monica said. "You can just undress after you get here."

"That's not the point!" Heidi said. She covered her face with her hands. "I like dressing sexy but this is just- so-"

"Hey, I understand," Monica said, patting Heidi's arm. "Don't worry, it'll be fine."

Heidi sighed.

"If you say so," Heidi said, complacently.

She paused, and looked up at Monica.

"Really? Naked?" Heidi asked.

Monica laughed, and gave Heidi a sympathetic nod.

"Yes. Naked."

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By two o'clock most of the office had read Monica's memo and Nude Secretaries Day was the subject on everyone's mind. Monica could tell by the way the men in the office looked at her that they had T&A on the brain, more than usual.

Monica was the recipient of more than a few slaps on the butt as she passed men in the hallway, all confident in the knowledge that they would be seeing her bare in just a few days. Monica was not upset by this, in fact she had grown quite accustomed to this behavior in the past year of working in a male-dominated workplace.

While using the copy machine, Monica bent over to peek inside to see if her copies had jammed. As she did, she felt a light pinch on her bottom. It was David Carter, Shari's boss.

"Hey Sweet Cheeks!" David said. "What color panties you wearing?"

"Hi, David," Monica said. "The copier's jammed, do you know how to fix it?"

"Sure," David said, opening the copier and looking inside. "You didn't answer my question, though."

Monica sighed.

"Pink," Monica said. "I'm wearing pink panties today."

"Mmm, sexy," David said. He pulled out a smudged piece of paper and reset the machine. "You know what day it is next Tuesday, right?"

"I sent the memo out, so yes I do," Monica said.

"I can't wait," David said, and walked away grinning.

"You and everyone else," Monica muttered.

There was, however, one person at J.T. Levinson that was looking froward to Nude Secretaries Day more than anyone else. That man was Mike Delaney. In an office full of sexist pigs, Mike managed to make a reputation for himself as being the sleazy womanizer.

To date, Mike had managed to bed every secretary in the department- except Monica. As far as Monica was concerned, he never would. Monica found Mike absolutely repulsive, and she thought she had a pretty high tolerance for uncouth men.

In spite of having laid every secretary on the fifth floor office of J.T. Levinson (including Shari, to Monica's disappointment) Mike had not been present at the previous year's Nude Secretaries Day as he had not been transferred in yet, so incidentally he had not yet seen Monica naked. At least not in person.

This led to even more apprehension on Monica's part for Nude Secretaries Day than she already had. Mike would undoubtedly make every excuse he could to stop by at Monica's office, or worse, summon her to his. Unfortunately for Monica, Albert had asked her to personally deliver her assignment for the day to Mike for him to review. Monica copied over the files onto a thumb drive, and sent the extraneous files to the recycle bin. It was now time to pay Mr. Delaney a visit.

Monica made her way down the hallway and stopped outside Mike's office. He was on the phone, but quickly ended his conversation when he saw Monica enter.

"Hey, good lookin'!" Mike greeted her.

"Here's the files I compiled for the Schwartzbauer project," Monica said, holding out the thumb drive for Mike to take. "Can you give me the pass code so I can view your changes electronically?"

Instead of taking the thumb drive, or answering Monica's question, Mike folded his arms behind his head.

"You look so sexy today, babe!" Mike said. Monica sighed.

"Thanks, Mike, but I'm not interested," Monica grumbled.

"I hear you're wearing pink panties today," Mike grinned. Word traveled fast in this job. Monica found that out quickly. "Let's have a look."

Monica rolled her eyes.

"Here's the project, will you tell me the code?" Monica asked, holding out the thumb drive for him to take and shaking it.

"Yeah," Mike said. "If you show me your pink panties."

"Mike, I really need-" Monica was interrupted when a male employee stepped into Mike's office and placed a folder on his desk.

"Panties," Mike said. The male worker looked at Mike and Monica.

Monica sighed again. She found there was really only one way to deal with people like Mike. Monica lifted her skirt up to her hips and revealed her pink panties. Mike grinned. The male employee watched curiously.

"Turn around," Mike said.

Monica turned her back to Mike so he could see her backside. Her pink panties had a sexy lace trim that hugged the contours of her bottom.

"What a nice ass. Can't wait to see you in the buff," Mike said.

"Can I have the code now?" Monica asked.

Mike slipped a small piece of paper into the waistband of Monica's panties.

"Here you go, toots," Mike said.

Monica pulled the paper from her panties and lowered her skirt. She slammed the thumb drive on Mike's desk and stormed out of his office.

"I'm gonna pork that broad," Mike said to the male employee. "You just wait."

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Monica was glad when the day was finally over. She stepped into Albert's office and tapped her fingers on his desk.

"I'm heading out now, see you tomorrow," Monica said. She noticed a revealing photo of herself on Albert's computer screen. She recognized it as one that had been taken at the previous year's Nude Secretaries Day and posted on the company newsletter. Albert stared at the photo before turning to face Monica.

"Okay, take care," Albert said. Monica glanced at the photo and blushed. Albert smiled. Monica paused, and turned to leave.

Albert watched from his office as Monica retrieved her purse from the cubby drawer at the bottom of her cabinet. He had specifically arranged her office so that many important items were stored down low, so Monica would have to bend over to retrieve them.

Albert believed that one of the duties of a secretary was to look sexy, and Monica's bottom looked stunningly sexy in a skirt, an even more so when she was bending over. It was a splendid view that Albert was treated to at the end of each and every workday, so he always took full advantage. Albert admired Monica's shapely posterior for several moments, enjoying the soft curves and subtle panty lines. He found himself becoming increasingly excited by the pleasant scene.

After retrieving her purse, Monica stood up and waved goodbye to Albert once again, and left.

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The next few days passed slowly, with the office in major crunch mode to prepare for their upcoming project deadline. For most of the workers, the upcoming Nude Secretaries Day would serve as a pleasant morale boost.

The weekend came and went, and Monica spent some time relaxing and spending time with her dog. Monday was work as usual, with the heightened anticipation of the following day.

And then came the morning of February 6.

"This is the day," Monica said as she awoke. "Nude Secretaries Day."

She took a few seconds to let that sink in before she pulled herself out of bed. She wore a t-shirt and panties, as she usually did to bed, and she promptly slipped off the garments and hopped into the shower.

The warm water relaxed both her muscles and her nerves, and she recalled back to the previous year how excited being nude at work had made her. She hoped she could recapture that confidence so she could work up the nerve to do it once again.

She grabbed her razor, and after gliding it across her legs, she pressed the blade to her labia and gave her groin a smooth shave as well. It seemed that having no pubic hair was the norm among the ladies at her office so she hoped the men would appreciate the view.

When her shower was done, Monica grabbed a towel, dried off, and realized she could skip the next step. There was no need for her to get dressed. This allowed her to spend extra time on her hair and makeup, and when she was done, Monica was ready to go.

She grabbed a power bar for breakfast; she was too conscious of her figure to want to eat much more. Monica then hurried to the front door, grabbed a long overcoat from her hall closet, and wrapped it around her nude body. The coat was long enough to cover her from neck to knees, so her neighbors and anyone else who might see her would not likely suspect how little she was wearing underneath.

Slipping her feet into a pair of black heels, Monica then grabbed her purse and headed out the door.

Her pulse raced the entire drive. It wouldn't be long before she was naked in front of all of her coworkers. She hoped they would like how she looked. She'd kept herself in shape; keeping her body tanned and toned.

The parking lot was about half full when Monica arrived to work. She slid into her usual spot and hopped out of the car.

As Monica walked towards the building, she spotted Heidi standing alone outside the front entrance. Heidi turned nervously towards Monica.

"Hey," Heidi said shyly.

"Hi. You ready for this?" Monica asked.

"I don't know," Heidi said. "Will they be mad I came to work with clothes on? My Dad drove me, and I didn't want him to know."

Monica shook her head.

"No, just take them off after you get to your office. Come on, let's go inside."

Heidi stopped.

"I was so nervous- I- forgot my key card again," Heidi said, blushing.

Monica smiled understandingly, and used her card to open the door. With the door opened, Monica and Heidi stepped inside the building.

Fortunately, Heidi remembered her office keys, so when she arrived at her office she was able to let herself inside. She took off her coat, revealing her normal blouse and skirt ensemble.

"I'm going to need a few minutes," Heidi said. "Just go ahead to your office, I got it from here."

"Okay," Monica said. "Page me if you need to talk."

The truth was, Monica needed to talk as well. She hoped to run into Shari soon. Shari helped Monica with her nervousness the previous year and Monica hoped she would again.

To her relief, Monica ran into Shari on the elevator. Unfortunately for Monica, Mike Delaney was on that same elevator.

"Well hello," Mike grinned. Monica sighed and stepped aboard. "How we doing today, ladies?"

"Doing great, Mike," Monica chirped in cheerful sarcasm.

Monica stood in the corner of the elevator as far from Mike as she could. After the elevator ascended one floor, the three passengers exited.

They were immediately treated to the sight of Lori Peterson, another secretary who worked down the hall, working the copy machine in her birthday suit.

"Hey Lori! Looking good!" Mike said, slapping Lori on the butt. Lori looked at Mike and smiled.

"Morning, Mike," Lori said. Mike stared at Lori's naked body while she pressed the buttons on the copier, and as she did, Monica and Shari slipped down the hall unnoticed.

"Hopefully we can avoid him for most of the day," Monica whispered.

"Why? Mike's a nice guy," Shari mused.

Monica looked at Shari incredulously.

They arrived at Shari's office to find a bouquet of flowers waiting on Shari's desk. As he'd done previous years, David made sure to show his secretary how much she was appreciated on this special day.

"Happy Nude Secretaries Day, Shari!" David said, entering the office behind her.

"Thank you, David!" Shari said, smiling.

"Well, let's lose the coats, ladies!" David said, looking at Monica and Shari both. The two secretaries looked at each other.

"You first," Monica said, shyly.

Shari complied. She opened her long furry coat, and unveiled her beautiful naked body. David and Monica both stared in awe at Shari's large and gorgeous breasts. Shari blushed and hung her coat up on the coat rack.

"Your turn," Shari said, looking at Monica.

Monica's heart raced.

"I- uh, maybe I should go to my office-"

"Oh come on, we want to see you!" Shari exclaimed.

"Yeah, come on babe, let's have a look at you," David said, taking a sip of his coffee.

Monica reached for the buttons on her coat, when Mike and Lori appeared in the doorway of Shari's office.

"What's going on in here- ooh, wow!" Mike remarked, as his eyes settled on Shari's body.

"Monica's about to show us her best assets, aren't you?" David said.

Mike grinned.

"Is that right, Monica?" Mike asked.

Monica blushed.

"This is so embarrassing."

Shari placed her hands on Monica's face.

"Hey. You have NOTHING to be embarrassed of. Okay?"

Monica nodded, more to satisfy Shari than from actually meaning it.

"Now, take off your coat," Shari said with a smile.

Monica looked at Shari, and David, and Mike, and Lori. They all looked back at her. It was time.

Monica unfastened the buttons on her coat while her spectators watched her apprehensively. She wondered briefly why this was such a big deal. It was just her body. Her beautiful, naked female body. There was no reason for them to get so excited. But of course, there was no reason for Monica not to expose it.

When she had all of the buttons undone, she took a deep breath. She took a glance at Shari's day calendar, to double check to see if today indeed was Nude Secretaries Day. It was.

With no more excuses to delay, Monica opened her coat, and stood before her coworkers completely nude.

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Heidi had taken off most of her clothes when her boss walked into her office. Her blouse and skirt were neatly folded and tucked away into her desk drawer, and she was in the process of unclasping her bra when Rich walked in.

"Hey, Sweetcakes," Rich said, smiling.

Heidi smiled back, but hesitated to undress. Rich paused to watch her.

"Well, come on, let me see them," Rich said.

Blushing, Heidi pulled the straps from her shoulders, and pulled the cups from her breasts. Rich's eyes went wide when he saw the two beautiful large mounds appear into view. Round, full, and all natural, Heidi's gorgeous tits, both adorned with light pink oval-shaped nipples, made for a splendid viewing experience for her male boss.

Heidi tucked her bra into her desk drawer, and turned to face Rich. Feeling his gaze upon her, Heidi slipped her finger into the waistband of her panties for their imminent removal.

"No, no," Rich said. "Turn around. Bend over."

Heidi giggled and did as he asked. She leaned forward, and stuck out her round, curvy, bubble butt. Rich was pleased to see she was wearing thong-style panties, which left both of her smooth cheeks mostly exposed already.

Heidi slipped her panties slowly downwards, bending over ever further as she did. She slipped them off her butt, exposing her anus and labia as she did, and slid them gently down her thighs. She was at eye level with her feet when her panties had finally settled around her ankles, and she elected to remain in that position for a few moments to give Rich plenty of time to enjoy the sight of her bent over bottom.

Heidi stepped out of her discarded panties, wiggling her butt a bit more than necessary as she did, for Rich's benefit. Finally, she rose to her feet to face her tantalized boss.

"Wow," was all he could say.

There was little to say. Heidi was by all means a total knockout. A busty blonde beauty with stunning long legs. Rich let his eyes pass across her delicate curves and soft skin. Her sweet-smelling golden blonde hair settled upon her strong, yet feminine shoulders. A thin layer of mascara lined her bright blue eyes. Ruby red lipstick coated her firm juicy lips. Her skin- all of it, was flawless.

Even her pussy had the cleanest, baby-smooth shave. Rich reached out with one hand, and rested it upon Heidi's hip. Her warm skin radiated against his palm.

"How old are you?" Rich asked.

"Eighteen," Heidi said softly.

"You a virgin?"

Heidi shook her head.

"How many guys?"

Heidi blushed.

"Eight," Heidi said, embarrassed.

"That's okay!" Rich said, reassuringly. "There's nothing wrong with that. You're a beautiful girl. You should be having lots of sex."

Heidi smiled.

"Good," she said. "I want to."

Rich laughed.

"That's my girl!" He patted Heidi on the hip. "Well, I'll be in my office. Don't hesitate to come in if you need anything.

With that, Rich disappeared through the doorway leading from Heidi's office to his. Heidi turned to her computer, sat down in her chair, and began her daily secretarial duties in the nude.

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Shari insisted that Monica leave her her coat in her office, so when Monica made her way back to her own work station, she had to walk there wearing nothing but her high heels.

She heard a few wolf whistles as she made her way down the hall, and numerous men stuck their heads out of their offices to ogle her naked rear end as she passed by.

When she arrived at her office, Albert was inside, and he greeted her with a cheerful "good morning!"

"Happy Nude Secretaries day, Albert," Monica said, taking a seat at her desk. The woolen office chair felt comfortable and familiar against her bare buttocks and thighs.

"Oh, is that what day it is today? I thought maybe you just forgot to get dressed this morning!"

Monica rolled her eyes and faked a laugh.

"You never cease to amuse, Albert," Monica chirped facetiously.

"Hey, it keeps you entertained," Albert said, resting his hand on Monica's shoulder.

"Just like I keep you entertained," Monica said, loading up the start menu on her computer.

Albert laughed.

"You sure do."

Albert stepped into his office, as Monica read through the emails in her inbox. There was an inter-office memo wishing the entire staff a happy Nude Secretaries Day, as well as several emails regarding the Schwartzbauer project. As Monica began typing a reply to one of them, Albert stepped back into her office.

"I need you to do me a favor," Albert said.

"What's up?" Monica asked, turning in her chair to face him.

"Mr. Schwartzbauer and his associates will be here in an hour. I want to provide him with some refreshments," Albert said. "Would you mind running to the bakery next door and picking up some bagels, danish, and some juice?"

Monica paused.

"Next door?" she asked.

"Yes. Downstairs, the building south of us. We're connected to them with a sky walk, so you won't need your coat."

Monica froze. She had never left the building in the nude before. She wondered how neighboring businesses would react to seeing a naked woman in public.

"You- you want me to leave the building- naked?" Monica stammered.

Albert nodded.

"I thought it might be good PR. Nude Secretaries Day is catching on in this city. I hope it will draw more attention to our business."

Albert placed a company credit card on Monica's desk. Monica looked at the card in shock.

"Well, hurry up. We want to have the conference room set up in time," Albert said.

He stepped back into his office.

Monica picked up the card. She imagined all of the faces she would get, walking through the lobby of the Loughridge Building, completely nude. Being naked here was one thing, everyone in this office was expecting to see her without her clothing. But out in public?

Monica scurried out of her office and fled down the hall into the ladies room. She stood at the sink and splashed cold water on her face.

Albert wasn't joking. It wasn't enough for the secretaries to be naked in the office, he wanted to expose them to the world.

And yet- the thought excited Monica at the same time. She'd grown somewhat used to walking around and being seen by her coworkers in the buff, so why not take it to the next level?

Monica grabbed a paper towel and dried off her face. No sense waiting this out any longer.

Grabbing the credit card from her office, Monica headed to the elevator, pushed the down button, and let it carry her down to the second floor lobby.

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Monica was correct in her assumption that she would draw attention. When she stepped off the elevator, a number of gasps echoed throughout the lobby. A male desk clerk did a double take as she walked past, casually striding through the crowded room towards the sky walk.

Her trek through the sky walk was no less awkward. As she strode across the bridge, looking down at the cars passing underneath her, she noticed traffic slowing while drivers looked up at her through the large glass windows, admiring the beautiful naked babe walking above.

Monica paid them no mind, and continued until she reached the neighboring building.

The lobby of the Loughridge building was even more crowded. Among the many stares she got, one was a policeman.

"Morning, officer," Monica said nervously as she passed. She paused, and turned to face the public official. "It's for my job- I'm a secretary."

The policeman nodded in understanding.

"It's no problem, ma'am. Our receptionist back at the station is dressed just like you today."

Monica nodded back. Somehow that reassured her.

When she got in line at the bakery, Monica soon realized she wasn't the only person in the establishment who was missing clothing.

A young African American woman got in line behind her, and Monica was surprised to see the woman was nude.

"First time?" the woman asked.

"Second," Monica said.

"Me too," the woman said. "But I'm an exotic dancer on weekends, so this is nothing new to me."

Monica chuckled.

"I didn't know they worked day jobs," Monica said. She was now second in line. The young male cashier looked up at Monica nervously as he waited on the female customer in front of her.

"Oh yes, it's great money. I work at the Booby Bunk on Friday and Saturday nights, and Spalding and Smith on weekdays," she said.

"Spalding and Smith, we've done business with you before," Monica said. She tried to remember if she'd ever heard this woman's voice on any of her calls to them. "Can't say I've heard of the 'Booby Bunk' though."

"It's an all-nude gentleman's club just off route nine by the fourteen. I've been working there three years; there's really nice people there."

The woman tossed her long hair behind her shoulder and smiled.

"All that dancing must keep you in good shape."

"Oh, it does," the woman said. "I had my first child six months ago and I danced that fat right off!"

Monica and the woman both laughed.

When it was her turn, Monica placed her order to the cashier.

"Uh, what?" the cashier said, staring at Monica with unbroken eye contact.

Monica repeated her order.

"Oh, okay," the cashier said. With his hands shaking, he tapped Monica's order into the keypad. "Sixty-seven fifty-five."

Monica handed him the company credit card. He quickly slid the card through the reader, and noticing it didn't scan, he slid it again. After three attempts he handed the card back to her.

"You know, the Booby Bunk is always hiring," the woman said. "A cute white girl with a tight little butt like yours could make serious cash working there. You want to apply? No experience necessary."

Monica shook her head.

"No thanks, this is all the nudity I need in my life," Monica laughed.

The woman shrugged.

"Can I give you my number? In case you change your mind?"

"Sure, why not?" Monica said.

The woman turned to the cashier.

"Can I borrow that pen for one second?" the woman asked.

The cashier handed the woman a black felt-tip pen. She wrote her name "Rochelle" and her number on Monica's breast.

"That's me. Call any time, day or night," Rochelle said. She handed the pen back to the cashier.

"I'm Monica. Thanks," Monica said, extending her hand. The two nude secretaries shook hands, and Monica stepped out of line so Rochelle could place her order.

As she waited for her order, Monica admired Rochelle's long legs and beautiful round bottom. She considered Rochelle's generous offer, and while she doubted she would ever pursue a career as an exotic dancer, she did consider keeping Rochelle's number, for the possibility of pursuing a friendship. Rochelle seemed like a very nice girl.

When Monica's order was ready, she waved goodbye to Rochelle, and made her way back to the office.

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"Just show it to Rich when you get a chance," Lori said.

Heidi nodded, first at her computer monitor, where the video feed of Lori was showing, and then to her web cam, when she realized she wasn't looking at Lori when she was nodding. Using a web cam took some getting used to.

"He should be off the phone in a couple minutes," Heidi said.

"Okay, it's no rush," Lori smiled.

Lori ended the session, leaving the corner of Heidi's screen blank. Heidi was just about to get back to the report Rich was having her type, when she got another web cam request to chat. She didn't recognize the sender, but clicked accept anyway.

"Well hello, little sister."

Heidi almost fell out of her chair when she saw the face of her older brother, who looked to be contacting her from his bedroom at their parents' house, on her computer screen.

"Andy! I'm at work! What are you doing at home?" Heidi hissed.

"I got fired," Andy said smugly. Heidi found it odd that Andy seemed to enjoy bragging about things that most people would consider to be negative.

"Andy, I'm very busy, so unless this is important-"

"Wow, what are you wearing?" Andy asked.

Heidi suddenly realized her bare shoulders were visible in her web cam feed. To her relief, she realized the camera showed nothing below her cleavage.

"A strapless dress! Now what do you want?"

Andy folded his arms behind his head.

"A strapless dress? To work? Huh." Andy said facetiously. "I didn't know you had a dress like that. Can I see it?"

"No!" Heidi snapped, moving papers on her desk around unnecessarily. "Now go away! I have a lot of work to do!"

Andy smirked.

"Heidi, Heidi, Heidi! Is that any way to talk to your beloved big brother?"

As he had since their childhood, Andy was thoroughly enjoying tormenting his sister.

"Yeah, Andy, I have to go, goodbye."

Heidi was about to end the call, when Andy interrupted.

"Wait, I have news. You know that modeling agency you mailed those bikini pictures to last month?"

Heidi stopped.

"What? They didn't write back, did they?"

"Well, they-"

Suddenly, Andy's video feed went black. Heidi tapped her mouse furiously. She'd been anxiously waiting the past five weeks for a reply from them.

"Hey, I can't see you," Andy said.

"I can't see you either," Heidi said, confused. She could hear Andy's voice, but the screen was black.

"This happens sometimes," Andy said. "Let's check our connections, maybe the cord came out."

Heidi stood up, and checked her web cam cord. It was hooked in securely.

"I'm fine," Heidi said. Suddenly, the feed returned.

"Yeah, I just shut mine off for a second. Sorry!"

Heidi looked at her screen, and realized that with her standing, her entire naked body was now visible on her cam feed. Heidi gasped, and quickly covered her breasts and labia with her arms as she returned to her seat. Andy broke out laughing.

"That was a dirty trick, Andy!" Heidi shouted.

"Yeah, nice strapless dress! Wow, I KNEW it! Nude Secretaries Day is real!"

"Do NOT tell Mom and Dad about this!"

Andy leaned back in his chair, relaxing.

"Well, that depends. How willing are you to negotiate?"

Heidi fumed.

"Andy I swear, if you tell Mom and Dad, my life is ruined! They'll stop paying for my college, not front me money for my new car-"

"Then you should be very much willing to negotiate then, I would hope," Andy said, tapping his fingers in his desk

Heidi looked around the room. Rich was still in his office with his door shut. Nobody was in the hallway. Heidi prayed she could keep her manipulative brother at bay without disrupting her work day much further.

No sooner was Heidi about to respond, when Shari popped in through her office door.

"Hey, Sweetie!" Shari said.

"I have to go!" Heidi quipped, and ended the call.

"What's up?" Heidi asked quickly, looking up at Shari. It was a bit surprising seeing Shari in the nude, but Heidi did feel a bit better that she was not the only person in the office without clothing.

"Albert was wondering if you could help Monica set up the conference room. Lay out refreshments, prepare the slides, you know?"

Heidi nodded enthusiastically.

"Sure. Be up in just a sec," Heidi said.

Shari turned to leave. Heidi quickly sent an email to her brother telling him she would return momentarily, with a desperate plea not to talk to their parents. After setting an out-of-office message on her desk phone, Heidi hurried upstairs.

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It seemed that wherever Monica went, there were men waiting to sneak peeks at he naked body. She'd taken the stairs hoping they would be mostly empty, but even there she found men looking at her breasts as she climbed the steps towards them, and then they would turn around to check out her butt as she passed them by.

She carried her purchases up to the fifth floor, where saw Shari stepping off the elevator.

"Hey!" Shari said. "Heidi's going to help set up the conference room."

Monica walked with Shari down the hall, constantly under the leering eyes of their randy coworkers.

When they were finally in the conference room, Mike Delaney followed them in and feasted his eyes on the two nude beauties.

"Wow!" Mike said. "What knockouts!"

"Thanks Mike," Shari said sweetly. She opened the paper bag and removed several bagels from inside. Monica laid out three paper plates, and placed a number of bagels on each one.

"You know Monica, you got a tight ass," Mike said.

"Thanks, Mike, but I'm not interested in you," Monica said. She continued to lay out the bagels while Shari opened a container of cream cheese.

"All the other girls were interested. Isn't that right, Shari?" Mike asked. He walked around the conference table so he had a clear view of both of their bodies.

"She's shy, Mike, you shouldn't push it," Shari said.

Mike strutted towards Monica.

"I think today's the day I get her to come out of her shell. What do you think, babe?" Mike asked. He slapped Monica on the butt.

"Maybe, but not with you," Monica said. Shari chuckled.

"Ouch, that hurts, baby," Mike whined. As he did, the conference room doors opened, and Heidi walked in. Mike turned to the newly arrived leggy blonde and his jaw fell to the floor.

"Hot damn! Does Ken know that Barbie left the Dream House dressed like that?" Mike exclaimed.

Heidi blushed. A few men in the hallway stuck their heads in the room to admire Heidi's figure. Even Monica and Shari had to stop what they were doing to admire Heidi's bombshell body.

"Come on guys, you're embarrassing me," Heidi said, squirming. She made her way around the table to where Monica and Shari were setting up.

Heidi laid out some pastries and Monica and Shari poured several cups of juice. Mike and several of the other men watching were all too eager to jump in and help arrange the cup placement on the table, frequently bumping into the girls as they did.

Noticing the writing on Monica's breast, Heidi asked her, "who's Rochelle?"

"She's another nude secretary I ran into at the bakery," Monica said. "She's an exotic dancer on weekends and asked me if I wanted to be one too."

"Really?" Heidi asked.

Monica nodded.

"I told her no, but she wrote her number down for me in case I changed my mind."

"You ought to do it," Mike said. "Those girls pull some mad cheddar for a few hours work."

"Not for me," Monica said.

"How about you, Dollface?" Mike asked Heidi. "Think you'd ever wrap those legs around a pole?"

She shook her head.

"My dad would KILL me," Heidi said.

"Not if you got him a VIP pass!" Mike laughed.

When the conference room was set up, Heidi quickly returned to her office, while Monica and Shari waited for Mr. Schwartzbauer to arrive.

As soon as she was back at her desk, Heidi sent a cam request to her brother. He immediately accepted.

"Oh, good, you're back," Andy said. "I was just about to send this little screen shot to Mom and Dad."

Andy forwarded Heidi a still shot he took of her bare torso.

"Look, just tell me what you want, Andy," Heidi pleaded in an angry whisper.

Andy smiled. Finally, he had his sister's cooperation.

"What do I want? Pictures of your coworkers. Your nude coworkers, of course."

Heidi sighed.

"How am I supposed to do that?" Heidi asked.

"You have a phone. Take some pictures. Then send them to me."

Heidi looked around her office nervously.

"I'll need some time," she said.

"You have until one o'clock," Andy said, smiling. He turned off his camera.

Heidi shut her eyes. This was really happening. Coming clean to her parents was not an option. If they found out she was doing any kind of erotic work, they would cut her off completely. She'd have to quit her job, get her job at Burger Bonanza back, and if they were angry enough, they might even forbid her from going to prom.

Heidi's father already blew his stack when he found out Heidi applied to a glamour modeling agency. They'd requested a full frontal nude photo, and Heidi would have sent it to them if her father hadn't walked in her bedroom as she was preparing to take it. He searched her computer for every unclothed photo of her and deleted them, and gave her a dire warning to never take another one.

She ended up sending some bikini photos instead, knowing full well that the agency was far less likely to respond to her if they didn't see her privates, or at the very least a boob or two.

While deciding how she was going to proceed, the inter-office email that had just arrived in her inbox gave her an idea.

"Attention Secretaries: As today is Nude Secretaries Day, we would like to request that all ladies keep their faces and breasts visible in all web cam calls. Please make any necessary adjustments to camera position and zoom functions so that both nipples are within the camera's sight at all times.

Thank you,

Management"

Heidi breathed a sigh of relief. This email might make fulfilling her brother's request a bit easier. She zoomed out her camera, and aimed it further downwards. Checking the view on her computer screen, Heidi confirmed that her breasts were properly exposed.

Once her camera was in place, Heidi sent a cam request to Lori. She promptly answered.

"Hey, what's up?" Lori said. Heidi was pleased to see both of Lori's breasts were clearly visible on her screen. Heidi took a screen shot and saved it to her hard drive.

"Oh hey," Heidi began. She wasn't sure how she would continue. "Did you- uh, get the email that just went out?"

Lori nodded.

"Yep, I adjusted my camera," Lori said. "I see you did too. Good job. I think the guys will approve."

Heidi rolled her shoulders back, confidently.

"Yeah, they will," Heidi said, tossing her hair. "Well, see you at lunch."

Heidi ended the call. That was almost too easy.

She sent another cam request, this time to Monica. She waited for a response. When Monica didn't reply, Heidi realized she was probably busy greeting Mr. Schwartzbauer, who had likely arrived by now.

Heidi canceled the request, and emailed the screen shot of Lori and her perky tits to her brother. She then sent him a cam request.

Andy responded right away.

"Nice job, sis!" Andy said. "She's got some nice ones!"

"Great, so are we done?" Heidi asked.

Andy shook his head.

"Not even close. I know you've got more coworkers than this," Andy said, grinning. "And anyway, I want to see some full body pictures. Ass, pussy, legs, I want to see it all. You're gonna have to be more creative."

Andy reached into his pants and squeezed his stiffening penis as he watched the desperation on his sister's face grow.

"Alright, but it's going to take some time," Heidi said, pleadingly.

Andy tapped the watch on his wrist.

"One o'clock," Andy said. "Then I tell the parents EVERYTHING. And I show them this."

Laughing wickedly, Andy took another screen shot of Heidi's cam feed, with her face and both breasts plain as day, and emailed the photo back to her.

"I'll have them for you!" Heidi hissed.

"You better," Andy said, leaning towards his camera and winking.

Heidi ended the call. She stared up at the ceiling.

"Fuck," she said.

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"It's a pleasure to have you here, Mr. Schwartzbauer!" Albert said, extending his hand.

Greg Schwartzbauer shook Albert's hand, but it was obvious that his attention was on the two lovely ladies standing just behind the sales manager greeting him.

"And it's a pleasure to be here, Mr. Hosdale!" Greg said. "And it's very much a pleasure to meet these beauties!"

"Of course! I'd like you to meet Monica and Shari! These babes have been working their tight little tails off for you this past week!" Albert said.

Greg shook Monica and Shari's hands. He shook Shari's hand especially hard, admiring the way her large natural breasts jiggled as he did.

"My, my, they are stunning! Do your secretaries always come to work so minimally dressed?" Greg asked.

"No, today is Nude Secretaries Day," Albert said. "I'm surprised you haven't heard of it. It's been growing in popularity the past few years."

"I can see why," Greg said. He turned to his two associates, both of whom seemed to be enjoying the company of the unclothed assistants as much as their boss. "We ought to get Nicole to start doing this."

Both men nodded in agreement.

"Well, let me show you to our conference room!" Albert said.

He led Greg and his two associates to the conference room, and invited him to have a seat at the head of the table. Shari came around with a platter of bagels, and offered it to each of the gentlemen, while Monica poured cups of coffee.

The secretaries stood very close to the visiting businessmen as Albert had requested. Shari stood with her breasts just inches from Greg's face as she lovingly spread warm butter on his bagel with a plastic knife. Greg admired Shari's natural mounds for several seconds, before turning his attention to Monica when she arrived with his coffee.

Albert watched the secretaries work, very pleased with their performance. Just prior to Greg's arrival, he instructed Monica and Shari to be very friendly and flirtatious with the potential clients. He asked that they not simply wait to have their bodies felt up but to instead initiate touch, to make the gentlemen feel welcome.

Monica let her breast graze Greg's face as she bent over to fill his coffee cup with cream, while wiggling her bottom sexily for the associate seated to Greg's right. As she turned to fill his cup, the man gently ran his palm up Monica's thigh, and gave her buttocks a firm squeeze. Monica smiled and stirred his coffee.

Not to be outdone, the man on Greg's left not only touched Shari's thigh, but he even ran his tongue sensually up the crack of her butt.

Shari was so startled, she accidentally dropped the cream cheese covered knife she was holding into Greg's lap.

"Oh! So sorry!" Shari exclaimed.

She grabbed a napkin, licked it, and vigorously rubbed the cream cheese from the crotch of Greg's pants. She paid no mind to the enlarging bulge forming in the front of his pants as she rubbed the smeared dairy from the material.

Shari continued to scrub, and wasn't taken by as much surprise the second time the man licked her butt, although she did wince a bit when his tongue slipped and inch or two into her anus.

When Monica and Shari were finished serving the guests the refreshments, they took seats at the table so Albert could begin his presentation.

He made his pitch, enthusiastically describing the project and all of the hard work his team put into it. Occasionally Monica or Shari chimed in to add their input, which excited Greg and his associates even more.

Albert played a slide show to accompany his presentation. In addition to charts, graphs, and testimonials of previous satisfied clients, Albert included sexy additions for comic effect. He displayed one slide explaining how his ad campaign would stay abreast of current marketing trends, and accompanied the words with a photograph of a very busty topless woman's breasts. Greg and his associates chuckled at the pun.

He soon followed this with a slide explaining that the campaign would give Greg's corporation a leg up over the competition, along with a photo of a short skirted woman lifting her leg high above her head. The woman was not wearing panties, so her pussy was visible. Greg and his associates laughed again.

Another slide explained "you don't want to make an ass of yourself!" with a photo of a woman's bare bottom with a goofy man's face drawn on it with a sharpie pen. By this point, Greg and his associates were howling with laughter.

When the presentation was finished, Albert asked Monica and Shari to step out of the room, so he could make "final negotiations" with Mr. Schwartzbauer. The two nude secretaries did as he asked, and met with each other back in Monica's office.

"I think that went well," Monica said.

Shari smiled enthusiastically.

"I think this deal is as good as closed!"

Monica and Shari exchanged high fives, and playfully bumped butts in celebration. As they did, Lori passed by Monica's office.

"Hey Monica, Heidi's looking for you," Lori said.

"What does she need?" Monica asked.

"Probably locked herself out of her office again." Shari smirked.

Shari and Lori giggled.

"You guys!" Monica said accusingly.

"She didn't say," Lori said. "But Rich also wants to see you, Shari. I didn't need to ask what he wanted."

Lori walked away smiling.

Shari looked at Monica.

"Guess I'd better get going. Poor guy's probably got blue balls waiting for me," Shari said.

Monica paused.

"Are you- going to have sex with him?" Monica asked, tentatively.

Shari shrugged.

"No- I mean probably not," Share said. "I promised him I'd give him a lap dance and a hand job, but you know how things can escalate."

Monica shook her head.

"I don't know how you can do these things. I mean, sleeping with Mike. And now, this?"

Shari looked at Monica endearingly.

"Oh, Monica, you're still so innocent," Shari said, planing her hand on Monica's arm. "I forgot you haven't put out for anybody in this office, besides me."

Monica blushed, thinking of her quick bisexual tryst with Shari in the ladies room on the previous year's Nude Secretaries Day. The memory made her nipples harden, which Shari noticed.

"But this is your second year doing Nude Secretaries day," Shari said. "It's time for you to be a little more adventurous. Start offering some of the guys hand jobs! Let them rub their dicks between your tits!"

"Shari, why would I do that?"

Shari cocked her head and pressed her lips together, as if Monica were asking a ridiculous question.

"Because that's how you get ahead in this kind of workplace," Shari exclaimed. "You want to be a secretary forever? You need to start spreading your legs. You could start with Mike. You know he's been clamoring to get in your panties for a year now, and he's a pretty heavy hitter in this company. Today would be the perfect day-"

"Shari, no!" Monica snapped. "Not Mike! He's a pig!"

Shari held her finger to her lips.

"Shh! That kind of talk isn't going to help you," Shari said. "Now, do me a favor, and think about it. Please?"

Monica sighed.

"Okay."

Shari smiled.

"That's my girl!" Shari scurried out of Monica's office and made her way back to her own. Monica folded her arms and stared at her wall calendar.

She knew Shari had a point. Shari was making at least twice what Monica was, and Monica was busting her tail for a decent raise. Maybe that was what the men here really wanted.

Monica stepped out of her office. She could hear a noise coming from a neighboring office. It was Brian Walker's office, which was right across the hall from Monica's. She peeked inside, only to see Brian sitting at his desk masturbating.

Monica had always been fond of Brian. He was a young, handsome guy, and he'd always been polite to Monica, even on Nude Secretaries Days. After giving some thought, Monica realized she wouldn't mind at all helping Brian relieve some of the pressure in his balls. She might even enjoy it.

Monica stepped into Brian's office and greeted him with a friendly "hello!"

Brian quickly zipped up his pants and faced her.

"Oh, hi Monica! What's going on?"

Monica squeezed her wrists nervously. It wasn't at all like her to offer something like this, and she didn't know quite how to word it.

"Listen, Brian, I was wondering if, possibly-"

"Monica!" Albert interrupted, coming down the hallway. "May I see you in my office?"

Monica stopped. She turned to Brian.

"Um, never mind."

Monica hurried out of Brian's office, feeling foolish. She followed Albert back into his office.

"Shut the door please," Albert said, taking a seat at his desk. Monica did as he asked.

"Is everything okay?" Monica asked. She braced herself, half expecting to be fired. Instead, Albert smiled.

"Greg LOVED it!" Albert said. "He said you and the other girls did a phenomenal job!"

"Well, that's great!" Monica said, relieved. The look on Albert's face said otherwise. "But, what's wrong?"

"The problem is, he got- well, he SAID he got, another, cheaper offer from another company," Albert said. "Now, it might just be a negotiating ploy, but I did a little negotiating of my own, so I thought I might 'sweeten the deal' for him."

Monica fidgeted nervously.

"What do you mean, 'sweeten the deal'?"

"Well, I wanted him to accept our project, at our price, so I implied that you might be willing to- show him a good time."

Monica dropped her hands to her sides.

"Absolutely not!" Monica said angrily. "Look, I came to work bare naked like you wanted, but this is out of line!"

Albert rose to his feet, raising his hand defensively.

"I know, I know," Albert said. "I'm not saying you HAVE to do this. But, if you would be willing to do this, it would really help us out. You'd be a team player, Monica."

Monica stared out the window, and sighed.

"Why me? Why not Shari? She'd do it, no problem."

"Mr. Schwartzbauer specifically asked for you. He really took a shine to you, Monica."

Monica held back a smile, not wanting Albert to know how flattered she felt.

"Well, take some time to think about it," Albert said. "I'm taking the office out to lunch. You can let Mr. Schwartzbauer know your decision then."

Monica stopped.

"OUT to lunch?" she asked.

"Yes, at Mizarro's," Albert said, smiling. "In the lobby of the Loughridge Building. So, no coats needed, of course."

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Heidi hurried up the stairs, with her phone in hand. She prayed she would get enough photos of her nude coworkers to satisfy her brother's wishes, but had no luck so far.

She stuck her head into Monica's office, and saw that it was still empty. The door to Albert's office was closed, and Heidi could hear Monica and Albert talking inside. Heidi passed Monica's office by and continued down the hallway. She could see the conference room door was open, so the presentation for Mr. Schwartzbauer must have been finished, but she couldn't see any secretaries around.

She peeked into Judy Sanders' office to find the late thirties brunette secretary sitting dutifully at her desk, typing away in the nude. Judy looked up at Heidi. Heidi smiled and continued walking.

Damn, Heidi thought to herself. It was going to be difficult to get photos of the girls without them knowing.

The next office with a secretary was Elizabeth Zediker's. Elizabeth looked to be very busy; typing on her computer while talking on the phone, and she didn't seem to notice Heidi standing outside her office. Heidi quickly took out her phone and snapped a picture of Elizabeth.

The picture showed Elizabeth seated, which didn't provide the best view of her body, but it did get most of her side. It would have to do for now.

Heidi continued down the hall, only to be greeted by a few passing male coworkers.

"What's cookin' good lookin'?" one of the men asked. Another grabbed her buttocks and gave it a firm squeeze. Heidi giggled and continued down the hall.

Shari Kirshner's office was empty, but Heidi could hear music emanating from inside her boss David's office. Poking her head inside, Heidi could see David's office door was a few inches ajar. Within the tiny crack in the door, Heidi could see Shari dancing to the music.

Shari placed her hands on David's shoulders, and sensually rubbed her large breasts in his face. Heidi readied her phone, and aligned the camera with the opening in David's door. As Shari teasingly wiggled her hips, Heidi took a quick snapshot of Shari's magnificent ass.

Not wanting to push her luck, Heidi sneaked out of the office before anyone spotted her. Two photos done.

As Heidi hurried back down the hall, she spotted Lori at the copy machine. Thinking quickly, Heidi turned on the video function on her phone and held it to her ear as she passed Lori by. Heidi held a fake conversation as she walked, picking up some explicit footage of Lori's nude body as she did.

When she arrived back at Monica's office, Heidi found her walking out white as a sheet. Monica looked at Heidi in surprise.

"Hey. Lori said you were looking for me?" Monica asked.

"Oh, I um- just need more printer ink," Heidi said. "You have any I can snatch?"

Monica swallowed.

"Let me see what I have."

Monica walked to her desk, and bent over, giving Heidi a clear view of her bare ass. Heidi grabber her phone to take a snapshot, but before she could, Monica turned around and handed Heidi the ink cartridge.

"Here you go," Monica said. Heidi accepted the cartridge, disenchanted.

"So, um, how'd the presentation go?" Heidi asked.

"Good," Monica said quickly. "Albert's taking the office out to lunch. Mizarro's downstairs."

Heidi froze.

"We're going OUT for lunch? Dressed like this?"

Monica nodded.

"What the eff? We'll be out in public!" Heidi exclaimed.

"Albert says we'll be fine," Monica said, coldly. She walked down the hallway, seemingly in a half sleep.

Heidi might have noticed Monica's melancholy mood if not for her own. She's planned to spend her lunch hour organizing the nude photos she'd taken so she could email them to Andy by one o'clock, but she'd have no privacy to do this if she was out in a restaurant.

But she did have an idea. One that wouldn't solve her problem per se, but was an opportunity nonetheless. Monica still had Rochelle's number written on her breast. Heidi took out her phone, and dialed the number.

"Hello?" Rochelle said.

Heidi ducked into the stairway.

"Hi, is this Rochelle?"

"Yes, who is this?"

Heidi thought for a moment.

"My name is Becky, I'm a coworker of Monica Kelly. You offered her a chance to be a stripper, right?"

There was a silence on the other end of the line.

"Um, yes, that's right," Rochelle said.

Heidi checked to make sure the stairway was empty before she continued.

"Well, I was thinking about becoming a stripper myself, and I was wondering if I could meet with you. To talk it over with you?"

"Sure, I'd be happy to," Rochelle said, happily.

Heidi clenched her fist in glee.

"Great, could you meet me in the lobby of the Loughridge Building. Say, around noon?"

Heidi heard some rustling of papers over the phone.

"Yeah I could do that," Rochelle said.

Heidi thanked Rochelle and hung up her phone. She hurried back down the stairs to her office. If her plan worked, she would have one more nude photo to send to Andy. All she would have to do was excuse herself from lunch early and be back in the office to mail him the photos.

She thought it might be a good idea to mail Andy what she'd taken so far, as a sign of good faith. Hurrying into her office, Heidi found her desk cleared off.

Her computer, and all of her office supplies, lay in a pile in the corner. Around her bare desk, was Rich, and five other male employees, looking at her and smiling.

"Well, there she is!" Rich said.

Heidi stopped.

"What's going on here?" Heidi asked.

Rich walked towards her confidently.

"The other guys and I- thought it might be fun- to have, well, a little fun with you."

Heidi nonchalantly set her phone on top of her computer monitor.

"Okay," Heidi said. "What do you want me to do?"

The men all smiled.

"Just lay on your desk," Rich said. "Any position you want. Tits up, tits down, doesn't matter."

Heidi stepped towards her empty desk trepidaciously. She looked at Rich, who nodded at her to encourage her to continue. Heidi slipped her feet out of her high heels and climbed onto the desk. She crawled across the surface on her hands and knees, gently wiggling her butt as she did for the guys' enjoyment. She opted to lay tits up so she could see what the men were planning to do. She rolled onto her side and lay flat on her back, keeping her legs straight and her arms at her side.

The men approached the table and surrounded her.

"What are you going to do?" Heidi asked.

Each of the men unzipped their pants, and took out their throbbing erect penises. Heidi gasped.

"Tell me, Heidi," Rich began. "Have you ever heard of bukkake?"

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Heidi had not in fact, heard of bukkake. She later looked it up on Google and read an explanation, though it was not tremendously informative as by that point Heidi was already intimately familiar with the act.

Each of the men rubbed their penises vigorously while Heidi lay complacently on her desk. She was familiar with the act of masturbation; she'd seen many men do it before and knew what to expect, but had never seen a group of men do it at once. She wondered if they wanted her to simply lay still or they wished her to do something.

Feeling awkward about being in the center of attention, Heidi reached between her legs, and rubbed her middle finger against her clitoris.

"Don't," Rich said, and Heidi pulled her hand away. As it happened, Rich was aiming directly for Heidi's pussy, and he didn't want her hand blocking his path.

"Sorry, I don't really know what I'm suppose-"

Heidi's words were cut short when a sudden burst of semen shot across her face. The stream of goo landed on her forehead, extending down between her eyes, across the side of her nose, and stopping directly over her mouth.

Her bright ruby red lips were puckered to pronounce the word "supposed" when the bulk of the initial ejaculate landed directly in her open mouth. Heidi cringed, tasting the sudden unexpected salty slime on the tip of her tongue.

"Great shot, John!" Mike Delaney said, and John nodded proudly.

Heidi's reaction to the mouthful seemed to excite the other men, and soon afterward another stream of jizz splattered across Heidi's breasts. It struck her just above her left nipple, and dribbled down the curve of her boob and settled in her cleavage.

The next release went across both of her thighs. Heidi squirmed at the touch of the cold goo on her skin. She spread her legs apart, and the semen dribbled from her thighs and onto the surface of her desk.

The fourth launch came from Mike, who aimed for her belly. She squealed when it hit her, and sighed as the cool liquid dribbled down into her belly button.

Rich was the last to fire his load. His aim was careful, and managed to hit Heidi directly on her cooch, just as he intended. His semen dripped between her labia and onto the desk below.

"That's a good little slut you got there," John said, zipping up his fly. The other men agreed, while Rich took a full body photo of the semen-covered Heidi with his digital camera.

After the other men left the room, Rich helped Heidi back to her feet.

"Go get yourself cleaned up, and bring back some paper towels and cleaning supplies to clean your desk," Rich said.

Heidi nodded, a bit fazed by what she'd just experienced. She could feel the cold goo dribbling down her skin.

"After that, I want you to upload the picture I took of you to the company server. I'll get you the user name and password after you have your office set back up."

Rich set his camera on top of Heidi's file cabinet. Heidi made her way slowly to the ladies restroom, being careful not to dribble too much semen onto the floor as she walked.

She smiled sheepishly as she passed her coworkers in the hall, who stared at her, smirking. Heidi held her head down low, feeling too self-conscious to make eye contact with anyone. When she made it to the restroom, she quickly wiped herself down with paper towels, scrubbing the sticky substance from her skin.

She was soon joined by Shari, who also had a significant amount of male ejaculate smeared between her breasts. Shari took one look at Heidi and gasped.

"Wow! Mike wasn't kidding! They really got you good!" Shari said in awe.

"You too?" Heidi asked, eyeing Shari's breasts.

"No, just a titty fuck here," Shari said. "You know how it is, you give a guy a lap dance, and he's gotta rub his dick between your boobs."

She wiped the semen from her cleavage, then grabbed several more paper towels to help Heidi clean herself up. Noticing how much semen Heidi had on her body piqued Shari's curiosity.

"How many guys?" Shari asked, kneeling to Heidi's side.

"Five," Heidi said, checking herself in the mirror.

"Well, you got off lucky," Shari said, wiping a paper towel across the back of Heidi's thigh. "Elizabeth is getting it from about eight guys in the supply room right now."

"Eight guys?" Heidi shook her head. "This place is so different from anywhere else I've worked."

"You said it," Shari said. She wiped the last of the semen from Heidi's thighs, then spread apart her butt cheeks to ensure she was clean inside. Heidi's anus was spotless.

"No anal?" Shari asked.

"No. Do they do that here?"

Shari nodded.

"Of course. It's not just point and shoot with these guys. I just saw what was happening to Elizabeth, and there was some penetration going on in there."

Heidi looked at Shari, shocked.

"It's okay!" Shari said, assuringly. "It's not like this is her first time or anything. Elizabeth was ready for it."

"Well, I've never had anal sex before," Heidi said meekly.

Shari smiled, understandingly.

"Well, when you do, take my advice. Make sure whichever guy is in your backdoor uses plenty of lube. Trust me, I know from experience."

"I will."

Shari tossed the sticky paper towels into the trash.

"Well, see ya at lunch," Shari said, and left as quickly as she came.

Heidi returned to her office with a handful of paper towels to clean up her desk. By the time her desk was clean and her workstation was back together, it was nearly lunchtime.

Heidi took the digital camera Rich left on her file cabinet, and hooked it up to her computer. Entering the user name and password Rich emailed to her, Heidi logged on to the company server.

As she scrolled through the various files, Rich popped into her office to let her know it was time to go.

"Oh, and I'm expecting a call from Ray Hiller within the hour, so I'll need all calls forwarded to my cell. Do that for me, Dollface?"

"Sure," Heidi replied, and returned to her task.

The server had a number of photos from the previous year's Nude Secretaries Day. She saw photos of Monica, Shari, and several other of her female coworkers posing in the lunchroom. It occurred to Heidi that some of these photos might actually be of interest to her brother. Heidi tried to download some of the photos to her computer, but there seemed to be a safeguard preventing her from doing so. The company likely didn't want anyone stealing sensitive information from their server.

Heidi uploaded the photo of her as Rich requested, checked her email to make sure she had no new demands from Andy, and seeing Rich leaving out the door, she hurried after him.

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A large group had gathered in the lobby of the Loughridge Building. Most of the department was present, including the nine nude secretaries, and Greg Schwartzbauer and his associates.

Heidi looked around. She didn't see Rochelle anywhere, though never having met her, she didn't know what she looked like.

Albert led the group towards Mizarro's, a tasteful Italian restaurant located on the first floor of the building. As the group made their way inside, Heidi caught a glimpse of an attractive nude African American woman waiting near the front entrance.

She knelt beside a trash can, and stealthily took a snapshot of the naked beauty from behind the receptacle. She got off three shots, of both Rochelle's front and backsides, without her noticing. Rochelle's attention was diverted by two young men who had approached her and began to flirt with her. Heidi took advantage of the distraction and sneaked into the restaurant without Rochelle seeing her.

The restaurant patrons looked on in shock at the nude women entering the establishment. Women gasped, while men looked on in gleeful amusement. Shari shot flirtatious glances at several of the men ogling her, while Monica and most of the other girls gave off modest smiles.

The hostess seated the group at a long table near the back of the restaurant. Greg Schwartzbauer sat at the end of the table, and Monica sat to his right. Albert encouraged all of the secretaries to sit near Greg, so Shari sat next to Monica while Heidi took a seat across from Monica.

"Nice to see you again," Greg said, smiling at Monica.

Monica smiled nervously. Greg reached under the table and touched Monica's thigh.

Heidi looked around the table. Everyone was seated, so it would be difficult for her to get any photos during the meal, especially without her being noticed. The exception being Monica. Heidi realized that with Monica seated directly across from her,it would be easy to sneak an under-the-table photo of Monica's lady bits- if her legs were open wide enough.

Stealthily, Heidi held her phone between her knees, and pressed the camera button on the side. The phone snapped a shot, with the shutter sound being drowned out by the chatter at the table. When she noticed she had a missed call from Rochelle, Heidi remembered she'd left the poor woman hanging back in the lobby. Heidi shot Rochelle a quick text: "sorry can't make it" and stuffed her phone between her thighs.

"May I have everyone's attention, please?" Albert said, standing up. "I'd like to thank each and every one of you people here for your hard work these past few weeks. Greg, I'd like to thank you for considering doing business with us. And most of all, I'd like to wish all of you a happy Nude Secretaries Day!"

Everyone applauded.

"And on that note, I have some sad news to report. This will be Judy Sanders' last Nude Secretaries Day with us. She will be leaving us for her new job at the end of the month," Albert said.

The diners looked towards Judy. She sat near the opposite end of the table, stroking her boss beneath the table.

"Judy, why don't you stand up for us?" Albert asked.

Judy smiled and rose to her feet. Everyone at the table, and the rest of the restaurant, directed their attention to the mature secretary's naked body.

"Take a good last look at that cute little fanny of hers," Albert said. "Judy, turn around, please."

Judy did as Albert asked. The diners looked at Judy's lovely round butt.

"Judy has been busting those buns of hers at this company for twelve years," Albert said. "When we first started our annual Nude Secretaries Day six years ago, Judy was thrilled to start participating. The bosses weren't going to even allow it at first- but Judy helped convince them it would boost worker morale. And so it has."

Everyone gave Judy a round of applause. Judy politely bowed and took a seat, where she resumed giving her boss a much-needed hand job.

"I'd also like to welcome the newest member of our assistant staff," Albert said. "This young beauty is a fast learner and eager-to-please. She does great work and looks SO good doing it- everyone give a hand for Miss Heidi Thomas!"

Heidi shyly took to her feet and smiled at the attention.

"Isn't she a doll?" Albert cooed. "Perfect young body. In fact, why don't we have all the secretaries stand up for us? Come on girls, show us your naughty bits."

Monica, Shari, and all of the other secretaries took a stand. The seated men marveled at the beautiful bodies standing before them.

"These gals have done a remarkable job this year. Let's hope all of them will be back again this time next year!"

The men applauded, and the nude ladies returned to their seats.

After the waiters took their orders, lunch was served. Monica and Heidi did not have tremendous appetites, feeling quite nervous from their respective situations, but the food was good nonetheless. During the meal, the male employees got the idea to assign nicknames for each of the secretaries.

Monica was dubbed "Miss Tightbuns," in reference to her firm posterior. She was asked to rise to her feet to show off her lovely derriere once again, and the diners agreed the name suited her well. Heidi was then named Dollface on account of her Barbie doll good looks. Shari was named Sugartits for her spectacular large breasts. Elizabeth, being the tallest secretary, was nicknamed Legs. And lastly, Lori was named Sweetcakes for her warm and friendly personality.

The lunch was going wonderfully and everyone was enjoying their meals, when Rich checked his watch and murmured to Heidi; "Hiller still hasn't called. You forwarded his number, right?"

Heidi froze.

"Oh my God! I completely forgot!"

"Heidi...." Rich moaned, exasperatedly resting his forehead in his palm.

"I'll go back right now! It might not be too late!"

With that, Heidi scurried out of the restaurant, and made her way back to the office.

Her plan had worked. She had ten minutes to spare before her deadline with Andy. She checked the photos on her phone, and was impressed with how well they'd turned out. She had some great shots of Rochelle's body, and to Heidi's good fortune, Monica had been sitting with her thighs parted just enough to give the camera a splendid view of her lovely shaved pussy. Heidi hoped Andy would be satisfied with what she'd gotten.

The offices of J.T. Levinson were mostly empty when Heidi returned. She could hear a couple having sex in one of the rooms. She wondered who it was since all of the female employees were at the restaurant. As she passed the office by, she saw through the window a young woman who clearly did not work there as she was wearing a tank top, with her jeans and panties pulled down to her ankles. She stood with her back to the window, while the man who had been porking her put on a new condom.

It was then that Heidi remembered that Jeremy Dorsey often sneaked his girlfriend into the office during lunchtime to have sex with her. Heidi took out her phone, sneaked a quick photo of the girl's bare ass through the window, and walked away.

Heidi hurried back to her office, with only five minutes to her deadline. All she needed to do was connect her phone to her computer, transfer the photos, and Andy would have what he desired. She rummaged through her office drawers, searching for her adapter cord.

She could have sworn she'd kept it in the top drawer, but she found only office supplies. It wasn't in the middle drawer; there was only spare paper there. The bottom drawer contained her clothes. Heidi fished them out so she could search the bottom drawer more thoroughly, but the cord was nowhere to be found.

"Rats!" Heidi cursed to herself. Her only option was to send the images individually by phone.

Heidi opened her phone, only to be greeted by a "low battery" signal.

"No no no no no!" Heidi moaned. "This is JUST what I need!"

She selected the photo of Monica's pussy and selected it to send, only for her screen to go black.

"No! Dang it!" Heidi cursed to herself.

Her office phone rang. Heidi ignored the call, and instead sent a cam request to Andy. With only one minute to spare, Andy responded.

"Well sis, one minute left, make with the pics!" Andy said.

Heidi bit her lip.

"I can't."

Andy shook his head.

"Well that's a damn shame. I was really hoping I wouldn't have to do this."

"NO!" Heidi screamed. "Andy look, I TRIED to get you the pictures, I took them, but my phone died! Look, wait til I get home, and I'll have them for you, I swear!"

"Sorry, sis. You know, I really didn't want you working there anyway. You kinda make me look bad, having a grown up job and all."

Andy turned his head to face his bedroom door.

"Hey, Dad! Dad! I have something I want to show you!"

"Andy PLEASE!" Heidi whined, holding her palms together. "Look, I'll give you the password to the company server, you can look at some pictures there, just PLEASE don't tell Dad!

Andy shrugged.

"Make with it. You got ten seconds. Nine. Eight."

Heidi didn't let Andy count any further before she read off the user name and password for the company server. Andy logged in, and grinned devilishly to himself.

"Not bad, sis, not bad," Andy said, approvingly. "I think you might have just bought yourself a-"

Andy was stopped when his bedroom door opened. Mr. Thomas stood in the door frame, looking directly at Andy's computer.

"What is it Andy, I'm really- HEIDI!"

Heidi shut off her camera, but she knew it was too late. She was totally naked on her brother's computer screen. Her father had walked in, and he'd seen her.

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When lunch was over, Monica returned to her office and found an email waiting for her. The subject line read "sex tips." The email was from Albert.

Monica opened the email to find a detailed description of how to perform oral sex, complete with explicit photographs and tips for getting a man to cum hard.

Monica found she was resentful of the email, for not one but two reasons. One, she was fairly confidant she knew how to suck a penis well enough to satisfy a man, and didn't need any special instruction. Secondly, she wasn't even certain she wanted to engage in any sort of sex act with Greg Schwartzbauer, which Albert seemed to be convinced was going to happen.

Even so, Monica had to admit Greg was an attractive man. During lunch, she'd enjoyed having him stroke her thigh during the meal, first across the top, and then he caressed her inner thigh. By dessert his hand had grazed her pussy lips so many times she was dripping wet, and she'd come close to climaxing more than once.

So the thought of intercourse with Greg was not an entirely unpleasant one. She might have even looked forward to it, if not for the fact that she was being put into the company spotlight by doing so. Rumors circulated around the office that Monica would soon be spreading her legs for Mr. Schwartzbauer, and she hadn't even made up her mind to do so yet.

Monica sat at her desk, talking on the phone, when Albert stepped into her office.

"So-" Albert began.

Monica wrapped up her phone call. She set the phone on the receiver and spun around in her chair to face her boss.

"Yes?" Monica asked.

Albert tapped his finger on his coffee mug expectantly.

"What's your answer?" Albert asked.

Monica sighed.

"I- don't know Albert. I mean, this is beyond my normal call of duty, you know?"

Albert nodded.

"It is. But you've always been an above-and-beyond kind of girl, haven't you?"

Monica had to agree.

"You don't HAVE to do this, Monica," Albert said. "All I'm saying is, it would really help us out if you did."

Monica bit her lip. Albert always knew just what buttons of hers to push. He knew she was ambitious, and a hard worker, and she prided herself on always doing more than what was expected of her. There was no way she could, in good conscience, refuse the favor now. Her own ego would not let her.

"I'll do it."

Albert's eyes went wide. It seemed like a long shot, but it worked.

"Really?" he asked.

"Yeah," Monica said. "Whatever he wants, I'll do."

Albert smiled.

"That's my girl!" He squeezed her shoulder assuringly. "I'll call him and let him know."

Monica felt her heart drop when she heard Albert pick up his phone and call Mr. Schwartzbauer. She wanted to refuse, to stop him, but she knew there was no backing out now. Albert hung up his phone.

"He'll be ready for you in ten minutes," Albert said.

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Heidi felt her world crashing down around her. It was over. Her job here was over, that was for certain. Heidi figured she might as well start packing up her office now. She was too distraught to even notice Shari entering her office, who cut through to speak to Rich. Rich sat at his desk speaking to Hiller, who finally returned his call.

Heidi was about to shoot an email to her brother asking what was going on at home, when Rich called her into his office.

"What's up?" Heidi asked, trying to hide her tension with her cheerful tone. Rich and Shari looked at Heidi.

"Shari here tells me somebody accessed the company server from the outside. Using my user name."

For a split second Heidi genuinely didn't know what Rich was talking about. Too consumed with her situation at home, she'd completely forgotten she'd given her brother that information.

"Who?" Heidi asked.

"That's what I'm trying to figure out," Rich said. "We've got an IP address, but that's it. You were the only person I gave that information to. Did you, possibly send it out in an email? Maybe a hacker could have intercepted it?"

"I-" Heidi began, but couldn't find the mental stamina to lie. "-Kind of sent it to my brother."

Rich slammed his palm on his desk.

"You WHAT???"

Heidi felt her heart drop. Suddenly, she thought of the perfect lie. Five seconds too late.

Instead, she told Rich everything. About her parents. About her brother. About how she'd been secretly taking pictures of the nude secretaries, and how her phone had died at the last minute. She left out no detail, and awaited her furious boss' reaction. Rich remained silent for several seconds.

"Please don't fire me," was all Heidi could say.

"You've made a big mistake here, Heidi," Rich finally said.

Heidi swallowed.

"I know."

"You understand, that what you've done is a terminable offense," Rich said.

Heidi nodded. It was all just as well. Her father would be demanding the same soon anyway.

"Rich, is firing her really necessary?" Shari asked. "This is a first time offense for her. I'd hate for her to lose her job, even after what she's done."

Rich rested his forehead in his hand.

"I can't just ignore this, or I could lose my job! She has to be disciplined, and we're not allowed to give pay cuts as disciplinary action anymore."

"It's okay, Shari," Heidi said. "I deserve it."

Heidi turned to leave.

"Wait! Heidi wait!" Shari said, grabbing Heidi's arm. "What about spanking? That's allowed, isn't it? Why don't you give her a spanking?"

Rich leaned forward in his chair.

"I could do that, if she were willing. But I'd have to give her a lot. It would hurt."

Shari looked at Heidi.

"Do it," Shari said. "It's better than losing your job, you know it is."

Heidi shook her head.

"I would, but my Dad is going to make me quit this job anyways," Heidi said.

Rich folded his hands on his desk.

"If that's the case, then Heidi, you are officially no longer employed at J.T. Levinson," Rich said. "As per company policy, you will be escorted to the door and your belongings will be mailed to you. In this case, that includes your clothes."

Heidi's jaw dropped.

"But- my Dad is picking me up!" Heidi pleaded.

"I'm sorry. You're welcome to give him a call to explain the situation." Rich handed Heidi the phone.

Heidi timidly took the phone.

"I- I have to go home in the nude?" Heidi asked.

Rich nodded. "I'm afraid so. Make your call."

Heidi paused. She considered just walking home. But in February, with no coat, not even clothes to wear for warmth?

Heidi dialed her father's number.

"Hi, Dad?" Heidi said.

"Heidi? I've been calling you, why the HELL haven't you picked up?" Heidi had never heard her father sound so livid.

"I'm sorry, my phone died on me," Heidi said, her voice shaking.

Before she could say another word, her father exploded. He yelled, screamed, and cursed at her, berating her for taking a job that required her to be nude. Heidi argued back, explaining how she was making better money than she had at the burger place she'd worked at previously, which seemed to infuriate Mr. Thomas even further.

Rich motioned for Heidi to wrap up the conversation, but Heidi was having trouble getting a word in edgewise. Before Heidi could even get to asking him for a ride, she exploded.

"Well I'll just leave home then!" Heidi screamed, and slammed the phone on the receiver.

She looked up at Rich while still panting with fury. When she finally calmed down, she spoke.

"I think I'm going to need that spanking after all," Heidi said

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Albert knocked on Monica's door.

"He's ready for you, Monica," Albert said.

Monica's heart skipped a beat. It was time.

"He's upstairs. In the Executive Suite," Albert said.

Monica nodded, and rose from her chair. She forwarded her calls to Albert's office phone, composed herself, and set off down the hall.

She could feel her heart pounding a mile a minute. She never imagined, even after the first Nude Secretaries Day, that she would ever do anything like this. And yet, five minutes later, Monica was knocking on the door to the Executive Suite.

"Come in," a voice said.

Monica opened the door and stepped inside.

The suite was nicely furnished with a minibar, leather bound chairs and a sofa, and a bed that had been set up just for today.

Greg Schwartzbauer stood by the bed, dressed in a pair of silk boxer shorts. He smiled at Monica and invited her to shut the door behind her. As she did, he checked out her tight ass, enjoying the lovely curve of her firm cheeks. Monica turned to face Greg again, leaving her arms at her sides to give him a better view of the body she had to offer him.

"Wine?" Greg asked, holding up a bottle.

"No thanks," Monica said. "I have to get back to work after this, so-"

"No problem," Greg said, setting the bottle on an end table.

Monica stepped towards him, unsure of how to proceed.

"This is usually the part where I tell the girl to take off her clothes, but in your case, you beat me to the punch," Greg said, chuckling.

Monica forced a smile.

"Glad I could save you a step," she said wryly.

Greg looked Monica up and down, admiring every part of her naked body. She was beautiful. Her legs were slender and smooth, with wonderfully soft thighs. Her round breasts, with deliciously pert nipples, were just begging to be squeezed and sucked. Her pussy, her most private and personal piece of her anatomy, was exposed and vulnerable.

She was all his. Greg was free to do as he liked. He took a deep breath as he determined what exactly he wanted to do to her.

"I- uh, I'm not big on foreplay, so I was hoping we could just skip to the sex," he said.

"Sure, that's fine," Monica said.

Greg folded a towel and laid it on the floor in front of him.

"Kneel here," Greg said, indicating to the towel. "You can start me off with a blow job."

Monica knelt onto the towel as Greg dropped his boxers to the floor. His penis stood tall and hard, so Monica took the male organ into her mouth and gently licked the shaft.

Greg sighed. Monica knew exactly what to do. She gently teased his scrotum with her fingers while sucking the shaft firmly with her lips. She lightly licked the head of his penis, running her tongue in circles around the opening of his urethra.

Greg rested his palm on the top of her head and ran his fingers through her hair. He could feel her breath emanating onto his penis between licks, and the warm air tantalized his senses.

Gently, Greg removed her hair tie, letting her hair out of her pony tail and fall freely around her shoulders. Monica shut her eyes and continued to suck the throbbing hard penis. She could taste the precum seeping from the tip and onto her tongue. She took that as a sign she was doing well and continued to lick and suck.

Greg's body shook. He was very pleased with Monica's fellatio. He could have ejaculated right her mouth, but he wanted to save it for one of her other two orifices. When he was ready to burst, he stopped her.

"Lie down on the bed. Spread your legs," he said.

Monica did as he asked. She lay flat on her back, and opened her legs as wide as she could. She grabbed her ankles for support as Greg climbed over her. With his penis moist from her saliva and his precum, it slid easily into her vagina. Greg lifted her legs upwards and penetrated her deeply. Monica moaned as he thrusted against her gently at first, then faster as her pussy moistened.

She loved how his penis felt inside her. She grunted with each thrust, as he pounded her repeatedly. He watched her breasts jiggle around and about, unrestrained. He grabbed her thighs and held them tightly for leverage as he thrust his throbbing hard cock faster.

"Oooooohhhhh!" Monica moaned. She could not deny that she was enjoying having her body be used for her company's profit. She loved to think that her pussy was now being used for its true intended purpose.

Greg thought of Monica's pussy much the same way. The wetness, the tightness; it had him overcome with pleasure. He wanted to let loose inside of her right then, but he wanted to save it. Monica had one more hole he needed to explore.

"All right babe, turn around," Greg said, withdrawing his penis. "I want to see if they don't call you Miss Tightbuns for nothing."

Monica swallowed. It had been a long time since she'd gotten a penis up her butt. She hoped it would not hurt as much as it had her first time. Monica wiped her palm across her dripping wet labia and rolled onto her belly.

"Please be gentle," Monica said. She lifted her bottom up to give Greg plenty of room to penetrate her. He poured some lubricant into his palm and spread it across his penis.

When he was lubed and ready, Greg spread apart Monica's cheeks and damn were they firm. He squeezed both of her cheeks just to enjoy their feel. He touched the head of his still-erect penis against Monica's anus, pressed firmly, and slid it inside.

Monica moaned. Time had been kind, as the penetration into her rear resulted in minimal pain. She adjusted herself for comfort and let him continue. Greg rubbed his penis inside her and relished the firm grasp her buttocks had on him.

"You can touch yourself if you want, babe," Greg said.

Monica did exactly that. She flicked her finger against her clitoris while Greg slammed his meat repeatedly into her backdoor.

"Oooooohh!" Monica moaned. She felt so submissive, so subservient, being fornicated in this position. Greg grabbed Monica's hips and thrusted faster and harder, exerting every ounce of energy he had into her.

Her clitoris pulsated with energy. The pleasure of having it rubbed, and having her anus penetrated, overwhelmed her. His penis seemed to slide father and farther up her butt with every thrust, and the combination of pain and pleasure brought her to the edge.

It was Monica who climaxed first. Her body trembled, and her hips wiggled and shook as orgasm overtook her body. Unable to withstand against her orgasmic wriggling and writhing, Greg erupted as well. He unloaded three strong bursts of semen into her rectum, one after another. He squeezed her hips firmly while he drained the entirety of his balls deep into Monica's ass.

He took his time withdrawing. He wanted to enjoy this. Monica exhaled while waiting for her pulse to slow. Hoping this would not be the last time he would have his penis somewhere inside Miss Kelly's body, Greg withdrew his fading erection, dripping a long stream of cum on her inner thigh as he did.

"Thanks, babe," Greg said, handing her a tissue. "You definitely earned your bonus this quarter."

Monica laughed, a true genuine laugh. She wiped the semen from her thigh and gave Greg a kiss on the cheek.

"You're welcome," she said.

Greg smiled as he watched Monica hobble from the room. Her ass was understandably sore, and her breasts ached from the vigorous bouncing and jiggling during the sex. She let herself out of the suite and made her way back to her office.

As she hurried down the hallway, trying to avoid the inevitable stares and jeers she would likely get for what she had just done, Monica overheard a significant amount of commotion coming from the conference room. Curious, she peeked inside.

Heidi was bent over the conference room table, where in front of dozens of onlookers, Rich smacked her across her bare bottom. Heidi's coworkers cheered with each smack of Rich's hand.

Monica wormed her way through the crowd of office workers next to Shari.

"What's going on?" Monica asked.

"Heidi gave her brother the password to the company server," Shari said. "She has to do this to keep her job."

Heidi squirmed and wriggled as Rich smacked her again and again. Her cheeks glowed bright red as Rich's hand came down swiftly against them, making them bounce with each swat.

"Ow! Please stop!" Heidi cried. Tears dripped down the sides of her face. Her palms and breasts rested on the table while she struggled to keep her legs straight and motionless.

"Hit her hard!" one of the office workers urged.

"Smack that ass!" another added.

Taking their advice, Rich smacked Heidi across both cheeks several times without pause. Monica gasped as she watched Heidi squeal and sob. Before long, Heidi's behind was as red as a fire engine.

"I think you've learned your lesson," Rich said, setting his sore arm to his side.

Heidi stood up and turned to face her boss.

"Thank you," she said in a tone just above a whisper. Humiliated, Heidi tromped out of the room as her onlookers admired her crimson bottom as she left.

As sorry as Monica felt for Heidi, she felt more relief that she was no longer the center of attention at her workplace. Monica returned to her office, where Albert waited for her with a bottle of champagne. He greeted her with a smile.

"Well done, Miss Tightbuns, well done," her boss said.

"What did he say?"

"Greg accepted our proposal," Albert cheered. "He also mentioned, he was VERY satisfied with your performance!"

"Yes!" Monica shouted for joy. She threw her arms in the air and wrapped them around her boss tightly. It was true, genuine relief. Her hard work, all of it, had paid off.

Albert returned the embrace, enjoying the feel of his secretary's breasts against him.

When Monica released him, Albert poured two glasses of champagne, and handed one to her.

"I insist," Albert said. "You earned this."

Monica took the glass and sipped it down. As she lowered the glass, she was treated to the sight of Mike Delaney entering the room.

"I just got the news! So Miss Tightbuns did the deed?" Mike asked. He straightened his tie and gave a cocky smirk.

"That's right, Mike," Albert said matter-of-factly. "Here, have a glass."

Albert poured a glass of champagne for Mike, who was more than happy to accept it. Gulping it down, he wrapped his arm around Monica's torso and squeezed her closely.

"So, the legs finally opened," Mike said. "I'm thinking it's time they opened for me. What do you say, Miss Tightbuns?"

Monica squirmed out of Mike's grasp.

"I'm thinking once was more than enough," Monica said, snidely.

"Aw, come on. Give old Mikey a piece of this."

Mike grabbed Monica's butt cheek and gave it a squeeze and a slap.

"Look Mike, the other girls in this office might have fallen for your charms, but I won't," Monica snapped. "Why don't you give it up?"

"I didn't get where I am in this job by giving up, sweet cakes," Mike said. "You're gonna have to put up with me every day until I get between those gams."

On that note, he walked out. Monica let out a sigh. Sensing her frustration, Albert poured her a second glass of champagne.

"Every office has one of him," Albert said consolingly. "He just wants what he can't have. Might be best to just give in. He's left the other girls alone since they put out for him."

Monica knew he was right. If there was one way to get Mike to leave her alone, that was it.

Albert retreated into his office to answer his phone. Monica took a seat at her desk and sipped her champagne. She thought about what Shari had said earlier. About being more adventurous with the men. And her nearly offering herself to Brian.

It was then that Monica had an idea. She didn't know if it would work out how she wanted, but she had to give it a try.

Monica stepped into the hallway and knocked on Brian's office door. Turning to face her, Brian stole a quick glimpse at Monica's breasts, before darting his gaze back to her face, guiltily.

"Hey Monica," Brian said. He was trying hard not to stare at her body. It took every ounce of willpower not to look down at her beautiful nude figure.

"Hey Brian, I wanted to ask you something," Monica began, feeling as nervous as he was.

"Sure," Brian nodded, a bit over-enthusiastically. He hoped it would be quick, and that he would not be faced with the temptation of staring at her much longer.

Monica paused.

"Would you like a blow job?" she asked.

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It was painful to sit. As soon as her reddened buttocks touched down on the chair, Heidi squirmed in discomfort. No matter what position she sat in, her bottom radiated pain. Rich had made sure to spank her thoroughly.

It wasn't fair. Nothing had gone the way she wanted today. Everything she'd done to keep herself out of trouble had instead gotten her into more trouble. Now she had a job she was on the verge of losing that she was going to have to do with a smarting behind, and she didn't even know if she would be welcome home after work got out today.

Unable to take the discomfort of sitting on her chair alone, Heidi fished thorough her desk drawer and retrieved her skirt. She noticed, to her dismay, that her panties were missing. She wondered if someone had taken them, possibly one of the guys who'd ejaculated on her.

Heidi folded her skirt and laid it upon her chair. It seemed to provide a bit of cushion, but not much. While reflecting on her burning hot behind, Heidi considered her options regarding her living situation.

She couldn't go back to her father groveling, that was out of the question. She was ready to live on her own in any case. That meant she would need a full time job. The twenty hours a week she was putting it at J.T. Levinson wasn't going to pay for an apartment.

Heidi tiptoed into Rich's office. She was glad to see he wasn't on the phone, so she quietly knocked on his door.

"What is it, Heidi?" Rich snapped.

Heidi lowered her head.

"Rich, I want to apologize again for what I did. It was a huge mistake that I promise I will never make again."

"I know you won't," Rich said. "Is there anything else?"

"Well," Heidi began. She looked at Rich's shoes, then realized she ought to look him in the face while asking this question. "Do you think I could get a few more hours a week here? Like maybe even full time?"

Rich narrowed his eyes, and Heidi immediately regretted asking that question.

"You're asking me this today of all days? After what you just pulled? I might lose my job because of you!"

"I know, I'm sorry," Heidi said, lowering her head again.

"Not a chance. Ask me again in a few months. I hired you because I didn't need a secretary full time."

Heidi sighed.

"Okay thanks," she said.

Heidi returned to her seat, wincing once again as she sat down. On the bright side, Rich's refusal had momentarily made Heidi forget just how much her bottom stung.

If more hours weren't available, Heidi was going to need a second job. But where? It had taken her months to find this one. Burger Bonanza was out of the question; Heidi had had her fill of that place.

She looked at the pile of notes across her desk, and crumpled them up in frustration. Her shift was over in ten minutes. When her dad picked her up- IF her dad picked her up- she would need to have a plan ready for how to deal with him.

And then she spotted the note. The one with the phone number she'd written down. The one Monica had displayed across her chest all morning.

Heidi thought about it. It would be good money. It would make her dad angry. Why not?

Heidi picked up her office phone and dialed.

"Hello?" Rochelle greeted.

"Hi, this is Heidi, Monica Kelly's coworker. I was wondering, is that stripper job still available?"

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"Hey Mike?" Heidi asked.

Mike Delaney looked up from his newspaper, which he read at his desk.

"Hey Dollface! Come on inside!"

Heidi stepped into Mike's office. Her suspicion was correct. Heidi could see her panties pinned to Mike's office wall, displayed like a trophy.

"I was, um, looking for my panties, and I see you took them, so I was wondering if I could, maybe have them back?"

Mike folded his newspaper.

"Look babe, I know those panties look a lot better on your cute little ass than on my wall," Mike said. "But you got to admit- my WALL looks a lot better with those panties on them."

Heidi nodded.

"Well, it's just- it's two o'clock, and my shift is over and its time for me to go, and, well I'd like my clothes back, if you don't mind."

Mike shook his head.

"Sorry babe. I got to have some kind of memento for the day. Besides, your cute little ass sure looks better without 'em, don't you think?"

Heidi shrugged. She would have agreed if it weren't for the red spank marks.

"So is that a no?" Heidi asked.

Mike smirked.

"Have a good day, babe."

He turned his attention back to his newspaper. Heidi sighed, and stepped out of the office. As she did, she nearly bumped into Monica, who was making her way inside.

"Hey, thanks for everything, Monica," Heidi said. "You really made the day easier for me."

Monica smiled.

"You're welcome. It'll be easier next year, I promise."

The two nude secretaries embraced. Monica squeezed Heidi's body against hers firmly, as their nipples gently pressed into each other.

"See ya," Heidi said.

"Bye."

Monica watched as Heidi left down the hallway; her well-spanked rosy cheeks swaying with every step. When Heidi was gone, Monica stepped into Mike's office.

"Hey Mike?"

Mike looked up from his newspaper again.

"What's up Miss Tightbuns?"

Monica shut the door behind her.

"I'm here to give you what you want," Monica said.

Mike's eyes lit up with glee.

"And what is that?" he said, intrigued.

"Whatever you want," Monica said. "You want a piece of ass, here it is."

Monica turned around and smacked herself on the butt.

"Well it's about damn time," Mike said. "Why don't you sit that ass right here?"

Mike rolled his chair back and Monica took a seat on Mike's lap. She wiggled her butt against Mike's groin, causing his excitement to grow. He cupped his hands to Monica's breasts and gently squeezed them while Monica gyrated her behind on his lap.

"God, what a tight body you got," Mike said.

Mike let his hands roam across her body. He ran his palms around her breasts, down her belly, around her hips and across the tops of her thighs. Monica opened her legs, and Mike reached between them to unzip his fly, letting his fingers graze her labia as he did. His penis poked out of his pants and the head rubbed against her inner thigh.

"Boy, that Heidi, what a piece of ass, huh?" Mike said.

"Mmm, hmm," Monica muttered.

Mike looked up at the wall.

"Do me a favor. Grab those panties for me, would you?"

Monica rose to her feet, pulled the tacks from the wall, and handed the panties to Mike. Mike sniffed the soft feminine fabric as Monica took a seat in the chair next to his. She rested her hand on his lap and gently tugged on his penis.

Mike touched his nose to one of the leg holes that Heidi's thighs had been inside some hours earlier. Monica stroked Mike's penis gently, softly squeezing it in her palm while she felt it throb.

With both hands, Mike held the inside of the crotch of the panties to his nose and inhaled deeply. The erotic scent of Heidi's pussy juices filled his nose, and made his penis throb even harder. Monica stroked his penis faster, and let the precum dribble onto her fingers.

Mike dropped the panties into his lap and grabbed Monica's wrist.

"Come here," he said.

Monica stood up and sat upon Mike's lap again, this time facing him. She wrapped her legs around his waist and pressed her breasts against his chest. She leaned towards him, placing her mouth closely to his.

Mike parted his lips, and Monica pressed hers against his. He slipped his tongue into her mouth, and stopped.

It was then that Monica let the puddle of semen she'd been storing in her mouth drip directly into his. Mike jerked his head back.

"What the FUCK?" Mike exclaimed.

Monica grinned.

"That's the cum from the blow job I just gave," Monica giggled.

Mike's face turned beet red. He spat the gooey blob onto his desk and went into a coughing fit.

"Why the FUCK would you do that?" Mike demanded angrily.

Monica climbed out of the seat.

"What's wrong? I thought guys liked being snowballed?"

"Get the fuck out of here!" Mike barked.

Monica shrugged her shoulders, and walked out of Mike's office. Her plan had worked. From that day forward, he never pestered her for sex again.

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When 5 o'clock rolled around, Monica was all too ready to head home. As she bent over to retrieve her purse from the cubby drawer, she felt a finger running up the crack of her butt. Monica whipped her head around to see a grinning Albert.

"Hey!" Monica said, playfully.

"Thought you might enjoy that," Albert said.

Monica blushed.

"Maybe..."

She stood up and grabbed her coat, which Shari had brought to her office.

"So I guess this is it for the year, huh?" Albert said. "I won't see those gorgeous breasts for another twelve months?"

Monica stood with her coat open for several seconds.

"Take a good last look!" Monica said.

"Mmm!" Albert replied. He grabbed Monica's breasts and gave each one a squeeze. He held her nipples between his middle fingers and thumbs and pinched them firmly until they stiffened.

"I don't think I can let these go!" he added.

Monica pulled his hands from her chest and shut her coat.

"Tell you what. Next June, at the company picnic, I'll wear a bikini. Just the bottoms," Monica said.

"I'll make it mandatory," Albert said.

Monica laughed, even though she knew he was not joking. Shari had worn a bikini to the previous years' picnic and had been asked to remove her top. It was starting to sound like a fun idea.

"See you tomorrow, Albert," Monica said.

"See you tomorrow, Miss Tightbuns."

Monica shot him a smile, and Albert kept his eyes on her ass as she walked out of the office.