**Nude Secretaries Day: Year One**

by Totzman

*Shari proposes new company tradition.*

Shari Kirshner always turned heads when she walked through the halls of the J.T. Levinson offices. Most of her coworkers considered the short, voluptuous redhead to be the most fetching of all the secretaries at the rising marketing firm. When they heard the familiar click of her high heels on the carpeted hallway, more often than not, they would find the time to poke their heads outside their offices to take a gander at her as she walked past.

Today she was in a black miniskirt that stopped four inches above her knees, gray stockings, and a black and white diamond-checkered blouse cut low enough to expose her cleavage. Her 38G breasts bounced with every step she took, much to the delight of her horny admirers.

When she entered her office, she could hear the sound of a football game coming from her boss' office, which was connected to hers though an open doorway. David Carter sat at his desk; his attention transfixed on the small television set he had set up in the corner next to his bowling trophy case.

"Come on!" David shouted at the screen, incensed at the image of seven burly men tumbling over each other.

Shari picked up a pot of coffee and carried it into his office to see if he needed a refill. She topped off his mug and glanced at the television screen that enraptured the 39-year-old executive.

"What's the score?" the busty secretary asked.

"Six to zip, Minnesota," David fumed, not looking up at her. "I swear, why the hell is Moritz keeping Harris on the bench?"

"He's saving him for the last quarter," Shari said. "Moritz knows that's when Harris shines. He'll sweep Minnesota after their Box-to-Box players are worn out."

David looked at Shari incredulously. "Bull," he said. "He benched Harris all last quarter last game."

"Only because Graham and Desiderio were having such a great game," Shari said. "Trust me, he'll break Harris out fourth quarter and he will clean shop!"

Shari carried the pot of coffee back to the burner, wiggling her butt teasingly as she walked. This wasn't the first time she had impressed David with her football knowledge. She'd been a longtime fan of the sport; having watched it with her father and brothers since before she could even sit up.

David stared at her ass until she turned back around to face him.

"San Amaury is still going to get killed. Fourth quarter will be too late."

"Ye of little faith," Shari tsked. "You just watch. My boy Harris will come through."

David snorted. "You want to bet?"

Shari rested her arm on the door frame and looked at her boss mockingly. "Sure. Say, loser buys lunch tomorrow?"

"Lunch? I'll give you an extra week of vacation if you're right!"

"You're on!" Shari said. She extended her hand to shake on it. David extended his hand, then stopped, and pulled it away.

"And if I'm right?" he asked.

"Not gonna happen," Shari snickered.

"But if I am?" David asked. "We need something to seal the bet. What will it be?"

Shari thought for a moment.

"Well, since you like looking at my ass so much... how about, if you're right, I'll work naked for an entire day?"

David nearly choked on the coffee he was sipping.

"Really?" he asked.

"Really," Shari said. "If, by some miracle, Ronny Harris doesn't pull though for me like he always does, I will work an entire day completely nude."

"You've got yourself a deal," David said, and extended his hand. Shari shook it, not breaking eye contact as she did.

"Well, I've got a vacation to plan," Shari said. "What do you think, Acapulco, or Maui?"

"You'll be eating those words when your bra and panties are in my desk drawer."

"I guess we'll see," Shari said, and sauntered out of his office.

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Shari was in the mail room when her fellow secretary Lori Peterson stepped in.

"Hey," Lori said.

"Hey," Shari chimed back.

Lori lowered her gaze, as if she were afraid to look Shari in the face.

"I didn't know you were a football fan," Lori muttered, sorting through the shelves.

"Oh yes. My whole life. I probably know more about football than most guys do."

Lori looked at Shari through the corner of her eye.

"David told me about your little bet."

Shari chuckled. "Yeah, another week of vacation will be awfully nice."

Lori cleared her throat.

"If you're right, that is."

Shari laughed. "Of course I'll be right! I wouldn't have made a silly bet like that if I wasn't going to win!"

The mail room door opened, and another secretary, Diane McClellan stepped in.

"What bet?" Diane asked.

Lori looked at Diane, and then at Shari. Shari simply shrugged, so Lori turned back to the newly arrived secretary.

"Shari made a football bet with David. If she loses, she has to work naked for a day," Lori said.

Diane gasped.

"Shari! Why would you take a bet like that?"

Shari just laughed again.

"Ladies! Don't worry! I'm not going to lose this bet! I'll be wining an extra vacation week because I know football!"

"Not as well as I do, I'm afraid!" David said, entering the room. "I'm looking forward to seeing this little minx in her birthday suit soon!" He pinched Shari's bottom.

"Dream on, David!" Shari said.

"I won't have to!" he said. "Everything you've been leaving to the imagination? I'm finally gonna get to see!"

He grabbed Shari's bottom and gave it a firm squeeze. She swayed her hips and turned towards him.

"Go ahead and squeeze all you want, buster. The only seat of mine you'll be seeing is my empty chair while I'm lying on a beach in the Caribbean."

"Only if it's a topless beach," David said.

Shari smirked.

"It might be. Not that you'll get to see any of it."

Lori and Diane laughed. David blushed.

"Look babe, can you meet me in my office? I got a favor to ask you."

"If it's to get a preview of what you'll see if I lose, you can forget it!"

David laughed. "No, hon, it's just a little assignment for you. Work-related, I promise."

"Well in that case, lead the way."

Shari followed David out of the mail room, leaving Lori and Diane behind to undoubtedly gossip about her. Shari bumped the mail room door shut with her hip and let them say what they pleased.

When they arrived back at David's office, he handed her a pen and notepad.

"I need you to get me a list of all the secretaries in this office," he said.

"What for?" Shari asked.

"We've got a project coming up and we need to delegate the responsibilities. It would help to have a list of the support staff so we can plan everything out."

"Really?" Shari asked. "Not just because you want a list of all the honeys in the office?"

"Well, maybe that too!" David chuckled.

"I'll go get those names," Shari said with a wink.

She smiled and headed into the hallway. The offices of J.T. Levinson occupied the entire fifth floor of the Williams building, with future plans to expand into other floors as the business grew. But for now, Shari needed only make her way around this hallway to brush shoulders with every secretary employed at J.T. Levinson.

The first few names on the list were easy. She added her name, Lori's and Diane's to begin. To complete the list, she would have to ask around.

She knew just whom to ask. Judy Sanders, the social butterfly of the office, could likely tell her the names of everyone she needed. Shari popped into the older brunette's office and said hello.

"Hey there! What's up?" Judy asked.

"I need the names of every secretary in the office. Besides you, me, Diane and Lori, do you know the others?" Shari asked.

Judy placed her hands on her desk.

"Yes! There's Genevieve, she works for Eric Harborne, but I don't know her last name. There's Katie Cooper, who works for Irvin. Albert's got a new girl, but I don't know her name yet. And there's also-"

"Hold on, hold on, let me write these down!" Shari said, scribbling the names onto a notepad. "Okay, go ahead."

Judy reiterated the names she'd just rattled off.

"And there's the twins," she concluded.

"Oh, yes, the twins," Shari repeated.

Shari did know the twins. Kent Biederman, one of the senior VP's, was known throughout the office for his propensity for hiring young attractive women in favor of women who were more qualified for their jobs. After his last secretary quit, twin sisters Tori and Tami Bakerfield applied for part-time positions. Rather than hire a full-time secretary, he'd hired both of the giggling sisters to be his personal assistants and eye candy. Together the two of them were able to cover the hours Kent required, and he got the pleasure of having two young sweeties taking his calls and preparing his coffee every day instead of one.

Shari scribbled down the twins' names. "Okay, thanks Judy!"

Grateful for the older secretary's help, Shari followed Judy's leads and made her way to Genevieve's office. It appeared to be empty at the moment, but just across the hall was Kent Biederman's office, which was not. Shari stepped inside.

As usual, Tami and Tori were inside, sharing one chair as they often did. Kent enjoyed the way they sat hip-to-hip, so he provided them with only one chair, but neither girl seemed to mind.

"Hi Tami, hi Tori," Shari said as she entered.

"Hi!" the twins said in unison. Both were in matching dresses, though Tami's was red and Tori's was blue. Both girls had their sandy blonde hair braided into pigtails tied with ribbons matching the color of their respective dresses. Shari admired their ensembles.

"Do you two wear matching clothes every day?" she asked.

"Sure do!" Tami said.

"We even wear matching underwear," Tori added.

Shari help up her open hand, knowing there was a good chance Tori was about to show her. Tori just giggled and ran her palms down her hips.

"You really live for the twins thing, huh?" Shari asked.

"Of course!" Tami said. "Kent really likes it."

Shari grinned. "I'll bet he does. So hey, I got a question for you. Do either of you ladies know the names of the secretaries in this office? I've already got me, Lori, Diane, Judy, Katie, and you two. Do you know any others?"

"Oh there's Jenny," Tori said.

"Her name's Genevieve!" Tami corrected. She shot her sister a look of disapproval.

"Is it? Are you sure?" Tori asked, defensively.

"It is Genevieve, but I need her last name," Shari said.

"Oh, it's something like Calcutta," Tami said dubiously.

"No it isn't!" Tori said. "It's like Capella, or wait, that was the name of my high school boyfriend, it's something like-"

Shari stopped her. "Do you know where she is so I can ask her myself?"

Tami looked at her sister, and then at Shari.

"I think she's in Eric's office. He usually gives her a spanking this time of day," she said.

"Oh, does he?" Shari asked. She wasn't surprised. It wasn't uncommon for the managers at J.T. Levinson to spank their secretaries. Shari had gotten plenty herself from David and a number of other managers. "I'll wait til he's done."

"Hey, that reminds me," Tori said. "Is it your turn to get spanked today, or mine?"

Tami looked at her sister pityingly. "You don't remember? You complained about your sore ass ALL day yesterday!"

"I thought that was Monday?" Tori retorted.

"Oh, you know what, I think it was. Maybe it IS my turn today!"

Tami hopped out of her chair and awkwardly hobbled in her 6-inch stilettos to the door to Kent's office. "Hey Kent, I think I'm supposed to get a spanking today!"

"I'll call you right back," Kent said into his phone, and hung up. "Well, get your jiggly ass in here, honey!"

Tami stepped into Kent's office and pulled her dress up to her hips, exposing the red g-string that matched her dress. She bent over Kent's desk and planted her hands on the desk's surface. Kent grinned and prepared his spanking hand.

"I'll give you some privacy," Shari said knowingly, and stepped out of the office.

She passed by Eric Harborne's office again, and this time noticed the plaque mounted next to the door. It read his name, with his job title listed underneath, reading, "Outreach Manager."

Beneath that plaque, was a second plaque that read, "Genevieve Calvetti" and underneath, the word, "Secretary." Shari could hear the sounds of spanking coming from within Eric's office. Shari scribbled down Genevieve's name and continued down the hallway.

It was when she'd passed the copier when she spotted who she suspected was the final person she needed for her list. The girl was young, slim, with dark hair and olive skin, wearing a black skirt and white blouse. She pressed one of the buttons on the copy machine and looked at the screen quizzically.

"Is this copy machine working? I'm so confused," the girl said.

Shari walked up beside her.

"You need to specify the number of copies," Shari said. "Here, I'll show you."

Shari entered the number "1" and pressed print. A xeroxed page spat out the side of the machine.

"Thank you SO much," the girl said, relieved. "I never would have figured this out! I'm brand new here, I'm Valia Kattan!"

"Hi Valia, I'm Shari," the redhead said, shaking Valia's hand. "What is your job title here?"

"Oh, I'm a secretary," Valia said. "I work for Albert. Only part time because I'm still in school."

"Ooh, perfect," Shari said. "Would you mind adding your name to this sheet? We need a list of all the secretaries in the office."

Valia took the notepad and added her name to the list.

"Thanks so much!" Shari said.

She returned to her boss's office to find it empty. Shari placed the notepad on his desk and returned to her own workstation to check her phone and email messages.

There was an email from Nancy Reed from Illingworth International requesting that David return her call. Shari scribbled the message onto a post-it note to let him know that.

When David didn't return to his office for another half hour, she stopped Diane as she passed down the hallway.

"Have you seen David?" Shari asked.

Diane's face went still.

"He's in the conference room with the other guys. They're um...." she trailed off.

"What?" Shari asked.

"They're watching the football game." Diane stepped away.

Realization hit her. Shari knew why all the guys had such an interest in this particular game, and since she had a vested interest in the outcome, she thought it pertinent to report to the conference room herself to watch it unfold.

She grabbed the post-it note intended for David from her desk and made her way to Conference Room A.

True to Diane's word, the game that David had been watching on his small TV set was now playing on the large conference room screen. Several heads turned to look at her as she entered. She could tell they were already undressing her with their eyes.

"Well," Shari began. "What's the score?"

"Six to three!" David said. The other managers chuckled and turned back to the screen.

Most of the conference room seats were filled, and even more of the men in the room were standing. Shari stood near Lori, who watched from the back of the room nervously.

"You were right," Lori whispered. "Moritz put Harris out as soon as the fourth quarter started. He already kicked a field goal."

"I told you," Shari said confidently. "My boy will not let me down. Just you wait."

Shari curled the post-it note in her hand into a roll and twirled it between her fingers nervously. It was then that Genevieve Calvetti rose from one of the seats and stood next to Shari.

"Want my seat? I can't sit anymore! My butt is too sore!" she whispered.

Shari chuckled.

"No thanks. I'm fine back here!" Shari wanted to be as far away from the men as possible and still have a view of the game.

Genevieve whispered into her ear, "you're not the only one with a stake in this game."

"Oh?" Shari asked.

"Eric said if Minnesota wins I'm getting a spank for every point they come out ahead!"

"Ouch! Well let's hope San Amaury wins! For both our sakes!"

Shari watched with folded arms as the game progressed. Play after play, neither team seemed to be able to score. As the game edged into the back half of the final quarter, she twirled the rolled-up note around her thumb and forefinger more and more.

Lori whispered, "it might not be too late renegotiate your bet."

Shari shook her head. "I'm getting that vacation. Harris will NOT let me down."

In spite of her words, doubt creeped into her voice. Occasionally, one of the men would peek back at her and wink. She faked a smile and kept her eyes locked onto the screen. She made a fist around the rolled-up note in her hand.

"That was a crappy call," Shari muttered. "He was totally past the thirty yard line."

Shari's heart skipped as Harris intercepted a pass. With the ball in his hands, he made a dash towards the end zone with six Vikings in pursuit. Cheers erupted in the room.

"Go go go go go!" the men urged.

"Go go go go go!" Shari whispered, certain that Ronny Harris himself heard her encouragement and complied.

"The man's a freight train," Barry Knapp, Judy's boss, remarked.

Indeed, Harris ran at a speed the Minnesota players couldn't match.

All but Dalton Jacobs.

The Minnesota linebacker was on top of Harris just ten yards short of the end zone, and within three seconds the champion of both San Amaury and Shari's Kirshner's pride found himself at the bottom of a pile of six Vikings.

The secretary's heart sunk. The end game buzzer sounded, and the conference room erupted in cheers. They turned to look at the open-jawed redhead.

She turned and stormed out of the conference room, saying a word to no one. Lori followed her out. Valia Kattan, who had just joined the game viewing party, looked at her bewildered.

"Why is she so upset about a football game? I'm so confused."

Shari arrived back in her office and Lori followed her inside.

"Just tell David you want to renegotiate your bet!" Lori urged. "He can't really make you work naked!"

Shari fumed as she stuffed her belongings into her purse. David stepped into the office and his smiling face dropped when he saw Shari's scowl. She slapped the crumpled post-it note with Nancy Reed's memo on it on her desk for David to see.

"You have a call to return," Shari snapped.

David help up his hands, defensively.

"Shari, Shari, relax."

She looked at David with fire in her eyes.

"That ref's call was bogus!" Shari exclaimed. "If he'd started him at the thirty yard line he would have made it!"

"Shari, baby! You don't HAVE to work naked, okay? How about, you wear a clown nose for day?"

Lori's eyes brightened.

"Yeah, that's a good idea!" the brunette secretary said. "How about that, Shari? A funny little clown nose, you can do that!"

Shari grabbed her coat off the wall-mounted hook and put it on. She picked up her purse.

"The call was bogus," she repeated, and stomped out of the office.

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David wasn't looking forward to facing Shari at work the next day. He knew she wasn't going to appreciate any jokes he made about football, bets, or nudity. Indeed, Shari ignored all the jeers she got from her coworkers when she walked down the hall while bundled up in her overcoat, and Shari was usually the most easygoing when it came to dealing with suggestive comments from coworkers.

When David walked into Shari's office, she was already at her desk, dutifully typing away at her computer.

"Morning, Shari," David greeted her cautiously.

"Morning, David," she replied, and continued typing. Her tone seemed pleasant enough, but he elected not to pursue any additional conversation.

He entered his office and booted up his computer. There was a memo from Katie Cooper, secretary for Irvin Halliwell, the CEO of J.T. Levinson. A 9 a.m. meeting concerning the company's involvement with the Nantel group was scheduled in Conference Room A.

David wasn't surprised. The lackluster sales the Nantel group had produced were a great disappointment to Halliwell, and David had been waiting for him to cut ties with the struggling subcontractor group for weeks. He knew Halliwell would request expense reports, so he was just about to ask Shari to print off copies when his printer kicked on. She was always on top of things, that girl.

The expense report came spitting out of his printer, prompting him to take the copy and bring it to his secretary.

"Just what I needed," David said, placing it on her desk. "Can you give this to Katie for the meeting?"

"It needs yours and Albert's signatures," Shari said. He could only see the top of her head peeking out over the top of her leather chair, so he couldn't read her tone as well as he would have liked. He grabbed a pen from the coffee mug filled with writing utensils on her desk, and signed his name at the bottom.

"Here you go," he said, sliding the paper to her.

Shari spun around in her chair and grabbed the paper, and David's jaw dropped.

Shari was completely naked.

She examined the signature on the expense report, nodded in approval, and looked up to meet his gaze.

"Surprised?" she asked.

"A- a little," David stammered. He couldn't see below her waist due to her desk being in the way, but he could see her bare 38G breasts just fine. He wanted nothing more than to nestle his penis between them at that moment, and fill her cleavage with semen. Her nipples were light pink and devastatingly suckable.

"Well, we had a bet. I lost. I'm holding up my end," Shari said.

"Shari, you didn't have to do this," David said.

"Of course I did. We had a deal." She rose to her feet and walked out from behind her desk, gifting David with a clear view of the light red patch of pubic hair that matched the hair on her head. She wore only her high heels, which today, appropriately, matched her hair as well.

"Well I applaud your sense of sportsmanship, Shari. Not many girls would be willing to do what you're doing."

"Sure they would. Some of them just need a little push." She winked. "Well, I've got to get Albert's signature on this. Be right back!"

She walked towards the wall hook where her coat hung, and David waited for her to grab it before she left the office. To his surprise, she passed it by, and made her way into the hall dressed just how she was.

He stood in stunned silence for a moment, before pinching his arm and slapping his face. Somehow, what he had just witnessed had really happened. He had seen his beautiful secretary naked.

He walked back to his office and took a seat at his desk, and realized he was now sporting the largest erection he'd had in years.

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Stunned silence overtook the halls when Shari stepped out of her office. Heads turned in her direction and conversations dropped mid-word when the employees of J.T. Levinson caught sight of the beautiful 23-year-old redhead walking down the office hallway completely nude. Even the standard whistles and jeers had gone silent in favor of dumbfounded stares.

Shari paid her gawkers no mind. She walked purposefully towards the office of Albert Hosdale, Regional Sales Manager. His secretary Valia's shift didn't begin until 10, so Shari stepped through her empty office and knocked on Albert's door.

"Come in," the manager said.

Shari stepped into Albert's office and a smile broke across the 52-year-old man's face.

"Well, I'll be. You made good on your bet."

"I'm a girl of my word," Shari said. She placed the expense report on his desk. "I need your signature before the meeting this morning."

"I'll sign any damn thing you want if it keeps you coming back to this office." Albert picked up his black fountain pen, and intentionally flicked it onto the floor. He grinned. "Whoops. I seem to have dropped my pen. Would you mind?"

Shari shot him a smile as if to tell him she would indeed give him what he wanted. Gracefully, she bent over, giving him an up-close view of her bare bottom. She wiggled her butt left and right as she scooped the fallen writing utensil off the floor. Albert placed his hand upon Shari's right cheek and gave her buttock a firm squeeze.

She stood up and placed the pen upon his desk. He shot her a look of gratitude and signed the report. She took the report and walked away, while Albert stared at her swaying hips as she made her way out of his office.

More gasps and shocked stares followed her through the hallway. Even the women were transfixed by Shari's bouncing breasts as she passed them by.

"Morning, Lori," Shari greeted as she walked past her fellow secretary. Lori was too stunned to reply.

The thin brunette retreated into the mail room, where Judy Sanders collected her boss' incoming mail.

"Did you see Shari?" Lori asked, gasping.

Judy nodded, admiringly. "That's the bravest girl I've ever seen."

"That's the most- I can't believe- she must be so EMBARRASSED!" Lori eeked out.

Judy shook her head. "Shari doesn't strike me as the type of girl who embarrasses easily."

Lori had to agree with her. Still, it didn't sit right with her that Shari would work the entire day nude. Judy may have admired Shari's dedication and honor to her word, but Lori felt something closer to pity.

"Still, she must feel sort of awkward. Being naked while everyone else walks around clothed?"

"I agree. Secretaries should show solidarity, don't you think?" Judy asked.

Lori's blood went cold. She knew exactly what Judy was suggesting.

The previous year, on Lori's first day at J.T. Levinson, Shari had managed to salvage the most humiliating day of Lori's life.

Lori had been told during her interview that dressing provocatively was encouraged in this office. Lori didn't have many what she considered "sexy" clothes, but she had a skirt that she hadn't worn since high school that she knew if she wore now would fit very tightly. It seemed a good choice to wear to work on her first day, and she did receive a number of compliments on how nice it made her ass look.

The problem was, it fit a bit too tight. During a meeting that was being overseen by Irvin Halliwell himself, she'd been asked to hand out meeting itineraries to everyone present. She'd been so nervous handing a sheet over to Mr. Halliwell, she'd accidentally dropped the entire stack she was holding right on the floor in front of him.

She was embarrassed enough to have done that, but it wasn't until she'd bent over to retrieve the dropped itineraries that her too-tight skirt split up the back, revealing her panties to the very surprised CEO.

If she could have died from embarrassment, she would have. But Shari, in a gesture of selflessness Lori had never witnessed in her life, ripped her own skirt up the back, and exposed her own panties to all of the surprised executives who'd attended the meeting as well. Shari had drawn quite a bit of attention away from the blushing newcomer, and Lori had never fully expressed the immeasurable gratitude she had to Shari for her selfless gesture.

Now Lori felt her heart race at Judy's suggestion.

"You- you don't think... you think we should work naked too?" Lori asked.

Judy shrugged and flipped through the pile of mail she was holding.

"It would be a nice thing to do," the older secretary said.

"I guess it would," Lori said. "Would you do it if I did?"

Now it was Judy's turn to blush.

"I don't have the body I used to have. I don't think anyone would want to see me in the nude."

"Don't be ridiculous!" Lori said. "You have a GREAT body! You have killer legs, perky tits, and that butt is just-"

Judy held up her had to stop Lori.

"Lori, you're too much! I appreciate the compliments, but I'm well past my prime. You though, you're young, you're cute, and you've got a tight little booty. I bet you look great naked. And you do owe Shari a favor."

"I know..." Lori began, and trailed off.

"Just think about it," Judy said, as she removed the mail for her boss from the stack she was holding. She placed the remainder of the mails back onto the shelf and walked out of the mail room.

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At nine o'clock the staff gathered in Conference Room A for Mr. Halliwell's meeting. While Lori was used to being ogled and sometimes groped by her male coworkers, today she felt practically invisible with every pair of eyes in the room locked on Shari as she made her was around the table. She placed a copy of the company's expense report in front of each man.

Lori circled the table as well, filling each man's mug with coffee and bracing herself for a pinch on her bottom or stray hand sliding up her skirt, but today it was as if she didn't exist. She watched with a pang of jealousy as Shari took a seat near the front of the table while she sat near the back.

Mr. Halliwell took a seat at the head of the table, and nodded in thanks at Shari as he picked up his copy of the expense report.

"I'll make this meeting quick," the CEO said. "Before we get started, I think I'll address the elephant in the room first. Miss Kirshner recently lost a bet with her boss, and as she agreed to beforehand, she will be working the entire day in the nude. Yes, I know she's quite fetching, but let's try to focus on the subject at hand."

Quite mumbling emanated from the meeting attendees.

"So, as I'm sure all of you have guessed, something has to be done about the Nantel group. Sales have been dwindling, our customers are unhappy, I think it's time we tried a new approach."

"What do you propose?" Albert asked.

"I'm glad you asked," Irvin said. "I've had Katie research some viable alternatives. Katie, would you mind passing around that list you put together?"

"Yes, sir," Katie said. The buxom secretary passed around a short list of subcontractor groups to the meeting attendees.

"Mind giving her a hand, Shari?" Kent Biederman said, winking at her.

"Sure thing, Kent," Shari responded with a wink of her own. She rose to her feet and assisted Katie in handing out her lists. Every pair of eyes in the room were on her until the lists were distributed and Shari had returned to her seat.

Mr. Halliwell cleared his throat.

"So as you can see, we have a number of options available. Here's some of the better rated subcontractors in the area and their references."

Shari raised her hand. The CEO looked at her.

"Uh, yes, Shari?" he asked.

"Mr. Halliwell, don't you think the time it takes to bring one of these new subcontractors on board and up to speed on our projects will just take up more time than simply communicating our needs to Nantel better?"

Irvin stopped. He pondered this for a moment.

"Shari, you're absolutely right," he said. "You know what? I change my mind. Shari, stand up please."

The busty redheaded secretary stood up and faced the conference table.

"I think we can learn something from this beautiful woman here," Mr. Halliwell said. "She made a bet with her boss. She thought it was a safe wager, but she was wrong. Did she back out of her agreement? No! Shari kept her word. She stuck it out even if it meant becoming the ridicule of the entire office, and I admire her for it."

Shari blushed, and nodded a thank you at the company president.

"Over the past decade, I've done my best to run this company the way our company founder would have wanted. Mr. Levinson expected the best from his employees, and when he held his standards high, they rose to meet them."

He looked to the wall, where J.T. Levinson's portrait hung, and looked back at the meeting attendees.

"I don't want to cut ties with Nantel yet. We signed a contract with them, let's fulfill that contract. If they aren't producing the results we need, then we make our expectations clearer to them until they deliver what we want. Let's... keep our word. Let's be more like Shari. Can we get this lady a round of applause?"

The conference room erupted in support of the young secretary, who sheepishly grinned and curtseyed for the room full of her admirers. Lori applauded as well, both out of admiration and subdued envy.

"Thank you all! Thank you so much!" Shari gushed.

When the meeting had finished, Lori hurried back to her office to check her messages. No one had called during the meeting. Lori took a seat at her desk and took a breath.

She glanced at her day calendar. It was Tuesday the 23rd. Melanie's birthday.

Lori's girlfriend had broken up with her not a week earlier, and her birthday was today. She'd left her to be with Lori's ex-boyfriend to boot. Lori had been heartbroken, and Shari had been both intuitive enough to know something was wrong and kind enough to take Lori out for a drink and a weekend at the spa after she'd told her.

Shari, I don't deserve you, Lori thought to herself. Both guilt and jealousy swam about in her mind. She'd felt humiliated for Shari, yet desirous of the attention she was getting. And Judy's words still echoed in her mind, Secretaries should show solidarity.

She could do it. She was sure John wouldn't mind; her boss always encouraged her to dress suggestively and he was among the many men who'd been ogling Shari all morning. He likely wouldn't object at all if Lori elected to undress as well.

"I tell you Dave, you're a lucky man."

Lori could hear John's voice just outside his office.

"Yeah, Shari sure is something else. Always surprising me," David replied.

Lori remained quiet. She didn't want them censoring this conversation for her ears and wished to hear what else the sales managers had to say.

"You think Lori would ever be down for something like that?" John asked.

Lori felt her blood freeze. Evidently, her boss had the same thought she had.

"I don't know," David said. "She's a shy one, but she might have a wild streak."

John shrugged. "She might," he said. He thought for a moment. "A girl with a tight little ass like hers, running around this office in the nude, can you imagine?"

David chuckled. "I don't have to imagine. I got Shari."

John shook his head. "Like I said, Dave. You're a lucky man."

"Well, why don't you ask her?" David asked. "She might be down. I heard Judy saying something about Lori wanting to show solidarity."

Lori gulped. There was no keeping secrets in this office, apparently.

"Did she?" John asked. "You know what? I think I will ask her. You never know. Sometime gals stick together like that."

He turned to enter his office, only to see Lori appear in the doorway wearing nothing but her shoes.

"You don't have to ask, John," Lori said. "I did it already."

John and David's mouth fell open. Lori smiled and basked in the attention the two men gave to her naked body.

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She had to admit, the attention was nice. Men were poking their heads out of their offices as she passed by, and then had to do double takes upon realizing it was Lori, not Shari, strolling down the hallways of J.T. Levinson in her birthday suit.

"Is that-" one man remarked, and had seemingly forgotten any other words in the English language to use.

"Well, there she goes- wait- that wasn't Shari," another man said. Lori paid him no mind as she continued down the hall. She passed Diane McClellan, who stopped where she was and gasped.

"Lori! What are you doing?" the older secretary asked.

"Getting ready for a meeting," Lori said.

"There are customers in the office! You and Shari need put put clothes on now!"

"I know," Lori said. "Shari and I are on our way to meet them now."

Diane was too flummoxed to respond. Lori continued on until she was in Shari's office.

"Hi Shari," Lori said, waiting for the busty redhead to look up at her. Shari did, only for her mouth to drop open in much the same way John and David's had.

"Lori!" Shari exclaimed. "Did you lose a bet too?"

Lori shook her head.

"Solidarity, baby. I'll never forget what you did for me my first day here. And this past weekend. Consider this me repaying the favor."

Shari set her phone on to the receiver.

"You did NOT have to do this!"

"I wanted to. For you."

Shari shook her head. "I don't know what to say. Thank you."

She rose from her chair walked over to the opposite side of the desk and embraced her fellow secretary. Lori hugged her back, and to her surprise, Shari kissed her on the lips.

"I really appreciate it," Shari said. "You look great."

Lori blushed.

"Thank you. You do too."

Shari checked her reflection in the mirror and looked back at her coworker.

"Anyway, John and David have a meeting with Harry Mieko from Moto Electronics," Lori said. "They want us there to bring a little charm to the presentation."

"And by charm, they mean they want a little bit of this," Shari said, and smacked Lori's behind.

"Exactly," Lori said, giggling. She felt her confidence rise already.

"Sounds fun," Shari said. "Let's do this."

Harry Mieko's eyes lit up when he saw the two nude beauties enter the conference room. The Japanese businessman adjusted the crotch of his pants as Shari and Lori proceeded to pour coffee and prepare the slideshow that David had prepared for him.

"My my my, what lovely ladies," he remarked. "Do secretaries at this company always dress this way?"

"No, just lost a bet," Shari said, laughing. She nodded towards Lori and added, "she's just along for the ride."

Harry nodded.

"I thought this might be one of those companies that observe Nude Secretaries Day. No?"

Shari and Lori looked at each other. David and John exchanged glances as well.

"Is that a real thing?" Lori asked.

"Oh yes," Harry said. "It's a bit more common in Japan. But I've heard some American companies have adopted the holiday as well."

John and David grinned.

"I think that's something we need to look into," John said, all the while looking into the space between Lori's legs.

"That could be fun. I'd be down," Shari said.

"Of course we'd have to see if the other girls would be into it as well," David added.

The managers and secretaries unanimously agreed. It would be tough to convince Diane or Katie to participate. The other girls- nobody was quite sure.

"Judy might," Shari mentioned. "I mean, she has before."

Harry's eyes lit up. "Has she? I'd love to meet this woman."

"That was a long time ago," Lori said. "She's a lot more self-conscious of her body now."

"Don't know why. The woman's a fox. Whoo!" John said. David nodded in agreement.

"If there are any other ladies without clothes today, I'd love to meet them," Harry said.

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Valia Kattan stepped off the elevator onto the fifth floor of the Williams building. The offices of J.T. Levinson were bustling with activity as they usually were at 10 a.m. when she arrived for her part time shift as Albert Hosdale's secretary.

She stopped in front of the mirrored elevator frame to check her reflection. Her pink lip gloss sparkled brightly, while her jet black hair was tied neatly back into a ponytail, revealing the gold hoop earrings dangling at the edges of her smile.

She ran her palms down the sides of her black miniskirt, making sure it fit nice and smooth before making her way down the hallway to her office. She was nearly there when Albert emerged, delighted to see her.

"Hi Albert!" she greeted. "What did I miss at the meeting?"

"Halliwell changed his mind," Albert said. "We're keeping the Nantel contract. We're all a bit surprised."

"Oh? Why the change of heart?" Valia asked.

"Halliwell had some thoughts about sticking to our guns and riding things out even when times get tough, and decided keeping them on was the smarter route to take," Albert explained.

Just then, the door to Conference Room B opened; the meeting with Harry Mieko having concluded. Albert leaned close to Valia so he wouldn't be overheard.

"But to be honest, I think the real reason is because Nantel is run by Carolyn Levinson. As in, widow of J.T. Levinson. She helped found our company and I think Halliwell feels some sort of obligation to her. But you didn't hear that from me," Albert whispered, but noticed Valia's attention had drifted to the two nude secretaries stepping out of the conference room.

"Um, Albert? Why are Shari and Lori- um..."

"Naked?" Albert said, finding the word she was searching for.

"Yeah," Valia said. "That was the last thing I expected to see today."

"Because it's Nude Secretaries Day," John said, as he exited the conference room. He winked at Albert, who grinned and chuckled quietly behind Valia's back.

Valia looked at John with her eyes wide.

"Is it really?" Valia asked disbelievingly.

"Absolutely," John said, keeping a straight face. "It's the dress code for secretaries today."

Valia looked down at her own ensemble and sighed.

"Why doesn't anybody TELL me these things?" she asked, exasperated. She turned to her boss. "I'm sorry Albert, give me JUST a minute for me to get changed."

"Valia," David began, but Albert and John cut him off with a quick "shh."

Valia quickly disappeared into her office and shut the door behind her. The three sales managers waited patiently while they listed to Valia's silent curses from behind the door. Soon after, Valia emerged, wearing nothing but her gold hoop earrings and her high heels.

Her body was beautiful. Her olive colored skin was soft and smooth. Her breasts were small, but delightfully perky, with dark brown nipples. Her belly was flat and toned, and her pubic hair had been trimmed into a neat patch. Her legs were long and thin, but firm enough that she likely kept fit running or swimming. Her buttocks were small, but round enough to fill a man's hand were he to grab either one. All three men admired her figure while she waited for one of them to speak.

"Boy, this is weird," she muttered. "Do I need to be like this all day?"

"That's what the other girls are doing," John said.

Valia folded her arms around her belly. She turned to Albert.

"So, what do you want me to do then? If we're still working with Nantel there's no need for me to research other subcontractors, right?"

"Right," Albert said, trying to keep his gaze on Valia's eyes and not her naked body. "But we're going to better convey our expectations to them. I want you to draft up a proposal with details about our customers' sales goals. Judy and Diane will be stopping by your office soon with notes from the meeting you can incorporate."

"Gotcha," Valia said. "I'll get working on that now. And again, sorry I came dressed. No one told me what today was!"

She scurried into her office, while Albert, David, John, and Harry admired her tight young behind as she walked away.

"Your secretaries are lovely," Harry said. "I'd love to visit this office again soon."

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"Knock knock," Lori said, as she rapped on Judy Sanders' open office door. The older secretary's eyes lit up when she saw the young nubile nude woman saunter up to her desk.

"You did it!" Judy exclaimed.

"I know," Lori blushed. "So embarrassing. But it's kinda fun."

"I'll bet it is," Judy said, jealously. She let her eyes wander down Lori's body. Her skin was soft, smooth, and pale. Although her breasts and butt weren't especially large, she still had very feminine curves to show. Lori squirmed under Judy's inspection but did not attempt to cover herself.

Lori stepped to the side so that she wasn't standing in the open doorway. She lowered her voice to a whisper and said, "the guys are saying they're hoping more secretaries will undress. They specifically mentioned you."

Judy sighed. "I know Lori, I'm just not the hottie I used to be."

"John and David both agreed... you are a FOX!"

"Did they really?" Judy asked, arching her eyebrows.

Lori nodded.

"And you've been nude in this office before. What happened to the confidence you used to have?"

Judy shrugged. It was true, she did once have a great deal of confidence in herself, and there was a bulletin board right outside her office with a decoration attesting to that.

Nearly six years earlier, J.T. Levinson had been working on an ad campaign with a lingerie company called Dollhouse that was looking to showcase several of their products at a convention. They requested a bust to be displayed that would sport many of their featured products, and as such, they needed a woman to provide a form to help make the bust a realistic imitation of the female figure.

Judy had volunteered to have a cast made of her breasts to be used to create the fake bosom. She'd stripped down to her panties while an artist applied plaster of Paris to her breasts to create the mold. Dozens of her male coworkers gathered outside the conference room where the casting was being done to gawk at the then-new secretary's nearly naked body- and take photos of her plaster-covered breasts.

Of course her coworkers were all too happy to help with the cleanup process, with no fewer than four men using papers towels and sponges to wipe the plaster from her body when the casting was finished. Her boss, Barry Knapp, had insisted on being the one to wash her breasts, with the other men assisting with wiping the plaster that had dribbled onto her belly and thighs.

Judy had been a sport throughout the entire process; never uttering a word of protest no matter how many pairs of hands came into contact with her body. She even agreed to lower her panties so that her cleaners could see if any plaster had dribbled inside.

The replication had been a success. The artist had used the mold to create a pair of rubber breasts that perfectly emulated the size, shape, and physical consistency of Judy's actual breasts. She had even hand-painted the nipples to be the exact color and shade of Judy's. Several days later, Judy even posed topless for a photo with the rubber breasts next to hers for comparison.

The rubber breasts had been the highlight feature of the convention in which they were presented. Numerous attendees complimented the way the false breasts realistically depicted the way the company's bras would fit real women.

Eventually Dollhouse discontinued their use of the rubber breasts in favor of live models, and the bust was returned to J.T. Levinson. Once back at the company in which they were created, somebody had hung the false tits on the bulletin board outside Judy's office, where they were frequently subject to honks and squeezes by male employees as they passed. All the while hoping of course, that one day they might be treated to another peek at the real ones behind the desk in the office inside.

Even Judy herself occasionally glanced at the false breasts and wondered if a day might come she might be nude in this office once again.

"I'll have to think about it," Judy said.

"If I can do it, you can do it," Lori said, and stepped out of the room. Before she headed back to her own office, she stopped to squeeze one of the rubber breasts on the bulletin board and walked away.

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Valia sat dutifully at her desk and typed away at her computer. Albert watched from the next room, amused and aroused at how relatively easily he and his fellow managers had convinced her to strip down to her birthday suit.

He felt guilt, a small amount, but an amount nonetheless, at having misled her. He could only see her upper back, shoulders, and the back of her head from where he was sitting, but the knowledge that she was fully nude made his penis throb in a way that his wife had never been able.

He watched as Valia rose from her chair and walked across her office to her filing cabinet. He admired her long legs and cute cheeks as she moved, and watched with interest as she bent over to access the bottom drawer. As she did, her cheeks parted, giving him a peek at her exposed anus and labia.

Albert stared. He didn't know how he'd gotten lucky enough to be treated to a view this divine, but he knew one thing for sure. He needed Valia to remain naked for the rest of the day.

He waited until she was finished rooting through the file cabinet before calling her name. He watched her stride into his room, one beautiful long leg in front of the other, until her naked body passed through the door frame into his office.

"How are you liking working in the nude, Valia?" he asked.

"It's a little strange," she replied. "Embarrassing, but kind of freeing."

"I thought it might. You'll get used to it."

"I think I will. As long as the other girls do it too, I don't mind."

No sooner did she say those words, when Diane McClellen entered her office.

"Hi Valia, here's my notes from the meeting this morning, and- oh no, you too?"

Valia spun around to face the fully-clothed Diane. Albert's heart sunk. He stared at Valia's body, making an effort to memorize every curve lest he never see it again.

"Diane? Why do you have clothes on? Isn't today Nude Secretaries Day?"

Diane rolled her eyes.

"No Valia, that's not until tomorrow," she said sarcastically.

"It is? But I thought it was today?" Valia turned around to look at Albert quizzically.

"There is no Nude Secretaries Day, Valia," Diane said. "Albert, what nonsense are you putting in this girl's head?"

"Wait, is it Nude Secretaries Day, or isn't it? I'm so confused," Valia said.

"It is, Valia," Albert said assuringly. "You're dressed just fine."

"Why isn't Diane naked?" she asked.

Diane shook her head. "Valia, did you happen to see Shari and Lori walking around nude and these guys told you all the secretaries were supposed to take their clothes off?

Valia's mouth dropped open.

"Is that true, Albert?" Valia asked accusingly. "Are the other secretaries wearing clothes today?"

Her eyebrows narrowed, and Albert shrunk back in his seat. Seconds from coming clean, someone came to his rescue.

"No Valia, you aren't the only one," Judy said, as she entered Valia's office. Diane and Valia turned to look at her, and both were equally surprised to see that Judy too, was now completely naked. "It's Nude Secretaries Day. All of us are supposed to be naked," before adding, "hello Albert!"and waving.

She bent over as low as she could to place her meeting notes on Valia's desk, giving Albert a great view of her large ass. It had gotten a bit bigger since the day he'd wiped some stray plaster of Paris from her cheeks, but it still looked as lovely and spankable as ever.

"Judy! You're looking fabulous! Come here!" he said.

Judy sauntered into Albert's office and let him check out her body. He held out his arms so he could wrap them around her waist and plant a kiss on her belly.

"I'm so glad you participated," he whispered. She looked down at him and winked.

Diane sighed and rolled her eyes again. "This is ridiculous. Valia, here's the notes from the meeting. I'm going back to my office where it's a little less- I don't know, weird."

She dropped her meeting notes onto Valia's desk on top of Judy's and walked out of the office. Once she'd left, she noted with interest that a pile of Judy's clothes lay on the floor just outside Valia's office.

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"Excuse me, Shari?" Judy asked, knocking on Shari's door. "Do you have a dress I can borrow for a date tonight? I don't have a THING to wear!"

Shari looked up from her computer screen and did a double take upon realizing her newly arrived guest was as naked as she was. Shari burst out laughing. Judy laughed with her.

"You. Are. Amazing!" Shari declared, rising from her chair and wrapping her arms around her fellow secretary. At the request of several managers, she'd moved her desk against the wall to give hallway passersby a better view of her body. "I can not believe you did this! First Lori, now you? You guys are the SWEETEST!"

"Valia is nude, too," Judy said.

"Valia TOO? Oh my God, she has the cutest little butt, too. I've got to go see her!"

Judy stopped her before she reached the door.

"Valia doesn't know it's just the four of us, though. Albert and John told her it was 'Nude Secretaries Day' and Valia, well, you know she's not the brightest crayon in the box, but I didn't want that poor girl humiliated. So I stripped naked when I heard Diane spilling the beans to her a few minutes ago."

"You're a saint, Judy, you truly are," Shari said. "But Valia's going to end up seeing Katie or Genevieve walking around with their clothes on at some point and she's going to know something's up."

"I know. That's when I got an idea. What are the chances you think, that we could get more secretaries to take their clothes off?"

Shari shrugged. It seemed unlikely, but she had never anticipated that not one, not two, but three of her coworkers would have undressed at work, so she could not be certain.

"I don't know. Diane would never go for it. Katie seems like a long shot. Genevieve, maybe."

"Those were my thoughts, too," Judy said. "But there's someone you forgot. Well, two someones, that I think would be MUCH easier to convince."

Shari smiled and looked Judy in the eye.

"The twins," they said in unison.

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When her panties slid down to her ankles, Tami Bakerfield kicked them aside onto the pile of the rest of her clothes. She looked up at Shari and Judy, who nodded approvingly at her naked body.

"You look good!" Judy exclaimed. "Thanks for participating!"

"You think so?" Tami asked shyly.

"Absolutely. You're gorgeous!" Shari said.

Tami glanced into her office mirror to look at her body. Her C-cup breasts were pleasantly firm, while her belly was smooth and toned. She had a beautiful bronze tan that covered every inch of her body- even her private areas. She flexed her long, slim legs before sliding her feet back into her high heels.

"You think your sister will want to undress too?" Judy asked.

The sound of squeals and smacks emanated from behind the door to Kent Biederman's office. He'd been spanking her continuously for the past ten minutes so he would likely be finished soon.

"I think so," Tami said.

"Well, tell her we'd really appreciate it!" Shari said. "We just don't want Valia to feel like she was tricked or anything."

"Oh yeah, of course!" Tami said. "Who's Valia?"

Judy jogged Tami's memory, until Tami remembered the multiple conversations she'd had with Valia over the past two months, including the drunken kiss she'd shared with her at the office Christmas party.

Judy and Shari bid Tami goodbye, and headed down the hall to find the next secretary to recruit into their campaign for office nudity.

The top candidate was Genevieve Calvetti. The mid-20s brunette was known throughout the J.T. Levinson offices for wearing the shortest skirts of all the secretaries in the workplace, so Shari and Judy figured she would be among the more likely to consider baring all.

They'd seen Genevieve in her office talking on the phone when they'd passed by on their way to talk to the twins, but now, the sultry voiced secretary's office appeared to be empty.

"Want to leave her a note?" Shari asked.

"Not a bad idea," Judy said.

She stepped into Genevieve's office and grabbed a pen and post-it note, only to notice the door to Eric Harborne's office was open, and Genevieve was inside. She was bent over his desk, resting her hands on the desk surface and presenting her skirt-clad bottom for them to see.

"Genevieve? Is that your butt I see?" Judy asked.

Genevieve turned to look at her visitors.

"Oh! Yes, it's me! I thought you were Eric. He wants to give me a spanking as soon as he's out of his meeting. He likes it when I'm already in position for him."

"He might like it more if you weren't wearing that skirt..." Shari said coyly.

Genevieve giggled. "He's actually never asked me to take off my skirt. I think it was a promise he made to his wife."

Shari strode up beside Genevieve and rested her hand on the small of her back.

"Well, do you think you might make an exception today?" she asked.

"Why?" Genevieve asked, giggling.

"I need to ask you for a little favor," Shari said. She bent over so her face was next to Genevieve's, and whispered her request into her ear.

Genevieve gasped.

"Oh my GOD! I could never!" she exclaimed.

"Pleeeeeeassse?" Shari asked. "I'm doing, it, Judy's doing it. So are Lori and the twins!"

Genevieve looked back at Judy. "I don't know..."

"Come on!" Judy said encouragingly. "Imagine the look on Eric's face when he walks in here and sees his beautiful secretary bent over his desk completely naked!"

"You might get a raise," Shari added.

"You might give HIM a raise, if you know what I mean!" Judy joked.

Genevieve bit her lip. "Well...okay. But one of you keep a lookout. I don't want him to walk in here before I'm ready."

Judy and Shari quietly cheered.

"I'll stand guard," Judy said. She walked out into the hallway and kept watch while Genevieve quickly discarded her clothes.

Shari assisted her in folding them and placing them into her desk drawer. As Genevieve was unclasping the fastener on her bra strap, Judy spoke up.

"He's coming!" she whispered.

He was speaking with Glenn Harlow, Diane's boss, as the two of them approached from down the hallway. Genevieve quickly removed her bra and stuffed it into the bottom drawer of her desk.

"Quick! Get back in to his office!" Shari urged, and Genevieve hurried back over to her boss' desk. "Give me your panties! I'll put them away for you."

Genevieve slid her silk thong down her legs and handed it to Shari, who carried it back to Genevieve's desk and dropped it into the drawer. She closed the drawer and stepped out of the office just as Eric Harborne arrived.

"Hey Eric! She's all ready for you!" Shari said.

"Is she?" Eric grinned, and walked past the two nude secretaries and into his office. Glenn took a peek into the office to attempt to see Genevieve in the spanking position. He was not disappointed.

"Woah!" Eric cried out as he stepped inside. "Someone's been naughty!" Shari and Judy giggled to each other and walked away, and the sounds of a spanking commenced.

"Shari!" Glenn said. "Wouldn't mind getting in on that spanking action myself, today! How about it?"

"Sure thing!" Shari said.

She had a special arrangement with Glenn and Diane regarding spankings. While Diane had accepted the position as Glenn's secretary knowing that getting frequent swats on her derriere was a requirement, it wasn't exactly her favorite part of the job. Shari on the other hand, was all too happy to offer up her own bottom in Diane's place. Every time she did, Diane would repay her for the favor with a platter of her home-baked fudge cookies that Shari and her landlady adored. It was an arrangement that had worked out nicely for the three of them every since Shari had begun working at J.T. Levinson.

"I've got an opening at 3 p.m." Glenn said. "Think you can get your bare butt over my desk then?"

"Any time you want!" She winked, and continued down the hallway with Judy.

As they turned the hallway corner, Judy caught sight of Neil Stader, one of the interns, touching the rubber breasts outside her office. He was using both hands, and he was squeezing them quite firmly.

"Excuse me, mister!" she said accusingly.

Neil jumped, and turned around to face the false mammaries' owner.

"Oh, sorry Miss Sanders! I was just..."

"Wanting to feel my breasts?" Judy asked.

Neil nodded shamefully.

"Well, you can feel mine if you want." She leaned towards him.

Neil looked at her, shocked. He turned to glance around him, afraid he was being set up for a prank. When it was clear it was a sincere offer, the young intern reached out and touched Judy's naked breasts.

"How do they compare?" she asked. She'd wondered for some time whether the men of the office preferred false versions of her breasts from six years earlier. or the real ones she carried now.

"Warmer," Neil said, and smiled.

"I hope you like them," she said.

Neil nodded enthusiastically. Shari looked on, proud of Judy's newfound confidence. She almost considered offering to let Neil touch her breasts as well, but decided not to risk stealing her fellow secretary's moment.

Neil thanked her and hurried away. He ran past Valia, who was struggling with the copy machine.

"Come on, print already!" she fumed. She tapped several of the buttons and the machine finally kicked on. Her eyes lit up, elated. "Yes! I did it! I got it to work!"

"I knew you'd get it!" Shari said. "I know it's tricky!"

She held up her palm to give her fellow secretary a high-five. Valia returned it.

"Only took me two months!"

As the secretaries laughed to themselves, John Burton strode down the hallway and caught sight of the trio of nude beauties and his eyes lit up. He walked up to Judy mischievously.

"Duck," he said playfully, and tapped Judy on her arm.

"Duck," he said again, and tapped Shari on her arm. He then crept up behind Valia just as she was bending over to retrieve her copies from the output tray.

"GOOSE!" he shouted, and slipped his index, middle finger, and thumb between Valia's butt cheeks and nuzzled her butthole. She squealed and jumped.

"John!" she yelled. She spun around to face him.

"Gotcha!" he said, laughing.

Lori emerged from her office just in time to see Valia's blushing face.

"Did he goose you?" she asked the new secretary.

"Yes!" Valia hissed.

"He's been goosing me all morning," Lori said. "You ought to grow up, John!"

John just laughed.

"The goose is on the prowl! Naked ladies beware!"

He returned to his office. Lori rolled her eyes. She looked to Valia and Judy.

"Well, I see you two decided to join in the fun! How are you liking it?"

"I think it's fun," Valia said. "I didn't know businesses did this. It seems kind of- what's the word?"

"Risque?" Shari suggested.

"Yeah! I feel like a lot of people would think this was inappropriate."

"There's a lot of things that happen in this company that most places would find inappropriate," Judy said knowingly. She eyed yet another male coworker giving the rubber breasts on the wall a squeeze.

"Ain't that the truth!" Lori said. She looked at the novelty clock on the wall, featuring a scantily dressed pinup girl lifting her dress and using her legs to point at the numbers on the clock's edge. At that moment, both of her feet were pointed at the 12.

"Hey, it's almost time for lunch. How about we all sit together today?"

The secretaries agreed that that was an excellent idea. When they'd gathered in the company lunchroom, the male employees were in for a lovely sight as they walked through the doorway.

"Wow! I think I'm in heaven!" Albert said as he entered. He watched as Shari, Judy, Lori and Valia grabbed their lunches from the refrigerator and took their places at one of the tables.

David entered and was equally awestruck.

"Pinch me, I'm dreaming," he said. Shari sneaked up behind him and pinched his butt.

"You're not dreaming!" she giggled.

He spun around to look at her.

"Hey! Aren't I supposed to be pinching YOUR butt, Miss Sweet Cheeks?"

"If you catch me!" she taunted.

She took her seat at the table as Genevieve and the twins entered, all three naked and all three sporting red hand prints on their delicate heinies.

"Hi girls! Come sit with us today!" Judy said invitingly. "This here is the nude table!"

All three were delighted to join them.

Tami and Tori first went the the refrigerator to retrieve their lunches. As they bent over to reach inside, John took the opportunity to strike again.

"Duck," he said, touching Genevieve's back.

"Duck," he said, tapping Tami's left cheek.

"GOOSE!" He pressed his thumb into Tori's butthole and gave her labia a light tug with his index and middle fingers.

Tori screamed and jumped.

"He strikes again," Lori muttered, rolling her eyes again.

"Think you'll get tired of that, Mr. Burton?" Judy asked.

"Never!" he snickered.

Valia sighed. "Oh, don't tell me this duck duck goose game is going to become a thing now?"

"You bet your ass, it is," Kent Biederman said, as he gave Valia her second goosing of the day. She yelped and spun around to face him and give him a glare.

Judy invited Valia to sit down before someone else helped himself to her bottom a third time, and she wisely took her seat.

"You know something? I think it's Judy's turn for a goosing!" John said. He stuck his fingers into his mouth to wet them, and crept up behind the brunette secretary.

"Don't you DARE put those fingers near me!" Judy commanded. She covered her bottom with her hands. John pointed at her.

"When you LEAST expect!" he said, grinning. Judy glared at him until he walked away.

Judy took her seat at the table with the other nude secretaries. Katie and Diane were the only two secretaries remaining who were clothed. The two of them elected to sit together at a neighboring table, despite being encouraged to join their nude coworkers.

"Tami, Tori are you two comfortable sharing a chair like that?" Shari asked.

They both nodded.

"Kent said it turns him on when our asses touch, so we always share a seat when we can," Tami said. She and her sister wiggled their bottoms so their cheeks rubbed.

"Loving it, ladies!" Kent called out from the neighboring table. Tori winked at him.

"So, how's everyone liking being naked at work?" Valia asked.

"I don't know about you ladies, but I'm having a blast!" Judy said.

Lori and Shari nodded in agreement.

"I didn't think I would like it this much, but being naked at work is fun!" Lori remarked. She shot a smile at the guys watching her from the next table.

"You like the attention, Lori?" Judy asked.

Lori nodded. The twins agreed as well. Genevieve shifted in her chair nervously.

"How about you, Genevieve?" Shari asked. "How'd you like being spanked in the nude?

Genevieve shrugged.

"It was a little nerve-wracking! I'm used to having a skirt for protection! When I'm naked, I feel so much more exposed!"

"That's the fun of it!" Lori exclaimed. For her, the fear, the nervousness, the vulnerability, all of it made the experience all the more exciting.

"Something tells me you're getting a little turned on by seeing all these naked women, Lori!" Judy exclaimed. She poked Lori in her side.

"Well, I think she deserves it. Lori hasn't had the best week," Shari said.

"Oh no, what happened, Lori?" Tami asked.

Lori stammered a moment, and answered.

"My girlfriend broke up with me last week. It's been rough. We were together three years."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" Valia said consolingly.

"And her birthday is today," Lori added.

The other secretaries went silent.

"That's awful, Lori," Judy said. "I'm so sorry."

"Well, I bet you feel better getting to see all these naked girls today, now that you're single," Tori offered.

"Tori! That's a horrible thing to say!" Tami snapped.

"What? I was just saying. Silver lining, you know. Sorry I said anything," Tori muttered.

"It's all right," Lori replied. "Today has helped get my spirits up about the whole thing, honestly."

Lori sneaked a quick peek at the other secretaries at the table. Shari leaned towards Lori affectionately.

"Well, if you're feeling down, I've got something that I bet would cheer you up," the busty redhead said.

Lori's eyes lit up.

"What could you possibly mean?" she asked coyly.

Shari rested her hands on Lori's shoulders and gave them a nice, loving squeeze. She leaned even closer, so that her face was just inches from Lori's.

"How about a sexy, seductive lap dance? Performed right here by yours truly?"

Lori smiled.

"I'd like that a lot."

Shari let her hands drift down and caressed Lori's breasts.

"Right after lunch, I'll see about putting some music on. Then we'll get started."

Lori shivered with delight and crossed her legs tightly.

When the ladies were done with their lunches, Lori moved her chair away from the table and took a seat near the center of the room. Tami put on a CD of some seductive music and let Shari pick a track.

Shari stood in front of Lori, with her back turned to her captive audience. The other secretaries and men gathered around, eager to witness Shari's sexy dance.

Shari nodded to Tami, who pressed the play button on the lunchroom stereo.

As the music began, Shari swayed her hips side to side. Lori's gaze was transfixed on the redhead's bare behind; watching every movement it made. Shari twirled in a circle, sending her hair flying while she wrapped her arms around her torso in a self-loving embrace. Lori giggled with delight.

Shari sauntered towards the waiting brunette, closer and closer, until she was standing directly between the secretary's legs. Shari leaned forward, so that her enormous breasts hung just inches in front of her face. Lori inhaled, feeling herself become intoxicated by Shari's scent.

Shari let Lori's hands wander up her body. She let her touch her belly, her hips, and even her breasts. She turned her back to her and let her hands drag across her skin until her hands were on her buttocks- and then she bent over.

Lori sighed upon feeling Shari's warm, round mounds in her hands. Shari wiggled her bottom, teasing the excited brunette with her curves. She was teasing most of the men watching as well, with no fewer than five of the men in the lunchroom sporting visible erections as they watched.

Shari rested her hands on Lori's thighs and spread the young secretary's legs apart. She could see her pussy was beginning to moisten, and licked her lips in excitement. Shari sat down between Lori's thighs, and pressed her buttocks against her groin. There, she wiggled her cheeks against the brunette's

body, making Lori purr with excitement. Lori placed her hands on Shari's hips and caressed them as the redhead continued to grind her posterior against Lori's pussy.

Lori's heart raced. Her nipples stiffened, and juices began to flow from her womanhood. Shari could feel the wetness against her behind as she rubbed against her, and that only encouraged her to rub even more. Lori moaned.

"Oh God, you're turning me on, Shari!" she said, almost as a complaint.

Shari turned to face her.

"I'll stop torturing you then," she said with a smile.

Lori's mouth opened, unsure if she understood what Shari was suggesting but having a strong idea as to what. Her suspicions were confirmed when Shari dropped to her knees and began sensually licking Lori's inner thighs.

Lori looked to the ceiling and let out a loud moan. The guys cheered, and even the women were excited and curious to see how far this would go.

Shari's mouth edged upwards, until she finally reached Lori's moistening pussy. She ran her tongue up across the brunette's labia, stopping just as her tongue reached her clitoris. Lori let out a long sigh.

Shari repeated the move; very slowly so as to let Lori savor the touch of her tongue on her womanhood. Lori's breathing grew increasingly heavier, prompting Shari to suck her index and middle fingers and slip them inside her.

As Lori let out a deep breath, Shari pumped her fingers in and out of her pussy, while flicking her tongue rapidly against her clit. Lori grabbed her own breasts and caressed them as she enjoyed Shari's loving licks.

It was then that John Burton got an idea. He crept up behind Tami and Tori and whispered into their ears. Liking his suggestion, the twins took their places on either side of Lori's chair. Working in unison, the twins took each of Lori's breasts into their mouths and sucked her hard and throbbing nipples, while Shari continued to tease Lori's clit with rapid tongue flicks.

Lori's breathing quickened, while her body writhed about on her chair. Tami and Tori both worked to keep her in place as they continued to suck her breasts.

"Oooh! Oh God, yes!" Lori shouted.

It was as if she and the three women pleasuring her were the only people in the world, and she wasn't in a room with dozens of her coworkers watching her. She closed her eyes and thought of nothing but how good these women were making her body feel.

Shari, Tami and Tori worked in tandem, each licking Lori's erogenous zones. She grabbed onto the twins' hips for support and squeezed hard as she edged closer and closer to climax. Shari flicked her tongue faster and faster, until Lori could withstand it no longer.

"OH GOD, YES!" she screamed, and her body broke into a full orgasm. All of the pent-up stress in her body released and her muscles went limp and relaxed. Shari and the twins released their mouths from Lori's body, and looked up to admire their work on the very satisfied secretary before them.

"Hopefully this makes you forget all about Melanie," Shari said.

"Who?" Lori asked.

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When Judy Sanders returned to her office after lunch, the first thing she noticed was the rubber breasts that usually hung outside her office were missing. She paid it no mind, figuring today of all days the men of J.T. Levinson had boobs on the brain more than usual.

When she stepped insider her office, she heard grunting coming from within the next room. Curious, she peeked inside to see Barry seated at his desk with his pants unzipped. He held the rubber breasts in his hands, and was vigorously rubbing his erect penis between them.

It made sense now why Barry had excused himself so quickly during Shari's lap dance He'd asked Judy to sit on his lap while they watched the dance begin, and before the twins had even started the boob sucking, Barry had left in quite a hurry. The poor man had likely gotten blue balls seeing so much erotic activity during the day and needed a release.

"Barry?" she asked.

Shocked, he stopped stroking and looked up at her.

"It's okay," she said. "I understand you guys are probably pretty horny today. I don't blame you. Even I got turned on watching Shari shake those tits of hers!"

Barry let out a sigh of relief.

"Oh, thank God. I was worried you'd be offended if you caught me."

Judy shook her head.

"Not offended at all. I just-" She stopped.

"What?" Barry asked.

"I just wondered if you think my actual tits look as good as those fake ones."

Barry set the rubber breasts on his desk and pushed them away.

"Judy, of course! I'll always prefer your real breasts over these!"

"I hope so. I just saw you having fun with those when my real boobs are right here for you."

Barry's mouth dropped open.

"Judy, are you saying..."

She nodded.

"Well, if I'd known you were down for some one-on-one fun I never would have bothered with these! Get over here, you hot little mama!"

Judy eagerly skipped over to Barry's side of the desk and knelt between his legs. She wrapped her breasts around his penis and gave them a warm squeeze.

"Ahh! That's how tits are supposed to feel!" he marveled.

"So much better than rubber, aren't they?" she said, rubbing his penis up and down.

Barry just nodded and enjoyed the feel of Judy's tits. She pumped them up and down, before grabbing a palmful of the lotion he already had on his desk to make her breasts extra smooth and slippery.

"What do you want to do to these tits?" Judy asked.

"Fuck them. Cum all over them," Barry said, sighing.

"You will, Barry. You will," she assured him, and continued pumping her breasts.

They felt sublime against Barry's aching hard cock. He watched as the head of his throbbing member emerged from between Judy's delightful mounds as she pumped them downwards, only to see his penis disappear into her cleavage once again as they came back up. She pumped and pumped, letting his penis grow harder and more desperate to explode into her cleavage.

Barry's desk phone rang. He exhaled, and reached for it without moving the lower half of his body so Judy could continue her work.

"Barry Knapp," he said into the receiver. He listened. "She's busy right now. What do you need?"

Judy paid the call no mind, and continued pumping her breasts up and down on Barry's cock.

"Okay, I'll put her on." He handed Judy the phone. She held the receiver between her shoulder and ear while she let Barry fuck her tits.

"Judy Sanders?" she greeted. "Oh hi, Albert.... yes, they are mine, I left them outside Valia's office....yes, if you could have her bring them here that would be great. There should be- ooh! My blouse, skirt, two nylons, a bra and panties...yes...they're not? Maybe one of the guys took them? Well, just have her bring what's there then."

Upon hearing Judy list the articles of clothing she was not currently wearing, Barry felt a stirring within his groin that resulted in an eruption of semen from his penis. The ejaculation struck Judy on the side of her face, and more dribbled onto her breasts and into her cleavage.

"Oh, Albert?" Judy added. "Could you also have her bring some paper towels? A whole bunch, please."

Judy rubbed Barry's cock with her tits until all of the semen had leaked out. Barry took the phone from her and laid it back onto the cradle. She looked up at him.

"Hope you enjoyed," she said with a wink.

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David couldn't take it anymore. Shari's body was driving him crazy, and his wife hadn't made love to him in over six months. With his erection taking up more space than his pants would accommodate, David did what any red-blooded man in his situation would do: he went to the restroom to masturbate.

As he walked past Shari's desk, the buxom redhead spun around her chair and stuck out her leg to block his path. He'd been in suck a hurry he ran into it, bumping his groin directly into her calve.

He turned to look at her, but she was on the phone and unable to explain herself. Instead, she simply pointed at the envelope on her desk and mouthed the words "address."

David looked at the envelope and saw it had the name Lanier Montgomery on the front. He remembered that was a firm that had recently changed their address, and he hadn't updated Shari's Rolodex. David grabbed a pen and wrote the address onto the envelope. When he was done, he watched Shari pick it up and lick the adhesive-lined ridge of the flap.

His cock throbbed even harder watching her tongue sensually glide along the flap's edge. She then handed him the envelope, and mouthed the words "mail room."

He nodded and took it. She mouthed, "thank you," and he hurried away.

He had to nearly sprint from the mail room to the restroom in the hopes his cock would not leak all over the inside of his work slacks. To his disappointment, the moment he entered the men's room, he found himself face-to-face with Irvin Halliwell.

"How's it going?" the CEO asked.

"Fine," he replied. Nervously, he went to the urinal. He didn't need to use it, but didn't want the boss knowing what he had really come to the restroom to do.

"I don't know how you do it," Irvin said. He took a spot at the urinal next to David's.

"What's that?"

"You got a cute piece of ass like Shari working in the nude. Been hoping Katie would play along, but she's not going for it."

David nodded.

"Yeah, it's been nice. Not that I can do anything about it. Wife wouldn't be too happy." David awkwardly stood at the urinal, wondering if his boss had noticed that he hadn't made a sound yet.

"How'd you get her to agree to that bet?" Irvin asked.

David shrugged. "It was her idea. I think she's just a wild spirit."

"A lot of wild spirits in this office, it seems."

It was then that David noticed that Irvin too, had also been at the urinal for some time without having made a sound.

"True. Maybe Katie just isn't that type of girl," David said. "Which is a shame. She's got great tits."

Irvin smiled. Katie's double D's had indeed played a role in his decision to hire her.

"Yeah, she does." He looked at David. "Can I tell you a secret?"

David nodded.

"I've slept with Katie," the CEO said.

"Really?" David said. "Congratulations."

"My wife doesn't know. No one knows but you. So, I don't think Katie 'isn't that type of girl.' She is. I just got to figure out how to get it out of her."

"Well, you could ask," David suggested. "Play up the camaraderie angle. It worked for Lori and Judy."

Irvin thought about this.

"Not a bad idea." He zipped up his fly. As he turned to the sink, he stopped, and turned back to David. "Some advice for you. You don't get many chances with girls like Shari. If you can get between her legs, do it. Your wife will never do for you what a girl like that will do."

David zipped up his pants as well. After washing his hands, he turned back to his boss. "Hope we get to see Katie naked today too."

Irvin nodded in agreement. "I'll see what I can do."

Irvin left the restroom and made his way back to his office. He took a look at his fully-clothed secretary and silently lamented.

"Katie?" he asked.

"Yes sir?" she asked, looking up from her screen.

"Have you heard back from Nantel yet?"

She shook her head.

Irvin had been apprehensive about what Nantel's reaction would be to the email Katie had sent them. She'd taken the proposal of expectations Valia had written up and emailed it to them just before lunch. Katie had specifically asked that they respond in the event they had any questions, and Irvin had been certain that they would. Now he had to worry that he'd offended the widow of his former boss, but he'd promised himself he would stand firm in his expectations.

"Do you think Mrs. Levinson is mad?" Katie asked.

"Couldn't say. But I want you to let me know the minute she replies," he said.

"I will." Katie returned her attention to her screen. Irvin moved towards his desk, but stopped, and turned back to his secretary.

"Oh Katie, one more thing."

She looked back up at him.

"Have you considered taking off your clothes like the other secretaries?" he asked.

Katie's face turned red. She'd spent the entire lunch hour feeling the pressure to expose her body, and fearing humiliation at the thought of actually doing it.

"Sir, I- I'd be really embarrassed to do that."

Irvin looked at her understandably.

"You have nothing to be embarrassed about, Katie. Most of the other girls are doing it. I hate for you to be the lone holdout, considering how much courage it took the other girls to undress."

She thought about this. For months she'd been reluctant to dress too sexy at work for fear of her coworkers suspecting her affair with Mr. Halliwell. Now that nearly every secretary but her was nude, it was now more suspicious that she was one of the more modest secretaries.

"That's true," she admitted. "I'm just afraid people here will suspect that this isn't the first time you've seen me naked."

"No one will ever know," Irvin said. "I've got more to lose than you do, Katie. I have a wife."

The phone on Katie's desk rang.

"Why don't you answer that call?" he asked. "When you're done, if you decide you want to join in, just go ahead and undress. If not, no worries. Okay?"

"Okay," Katie agreed.

She sat down at her desk and answered her phone.

"Irvin Halliwell's office," she greeted.

She heard furious screaming on the other end of the phone.

"I'm sorry, who is this?" she asked.

More angry yelling followed.

"I'll get him for you." She turned to her boss.

"Mrs. Levinson want to speak with you."

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Carolyn Levinson was scowling for the entire drive to the J.T. Levinson offices. Her 19-year-old son Toby had barely looked up from his laptop in that time, preferring instead to remain immersed in a video game with his headphones on blasting music. He sat across from her in the back of the company limousine in the hope of avoiding conversation.

"I still can't believe he sent me that email. The nerve of Halliwell!" she fumed. She looked at her son. "Toby! Will you look at me, please?"

He pulled his headphones from his ears. "What?"

"I need you to focus. This is an important meeting we're heading to!" she said.

"I don't get why I have to go too. I have stuff I could be doing back at the office."

"Toby, Halliwell just told us we basically have to redo all of the work we've been doing for them for the past year! We need to figure out what we're doing wrong or we could lose our biggest client!"

Carolyn fiddled with the three gold bracelets around her wrist, as she usually did when stressing out about something, be it work, her son's personal life, or the evening news.

"Most of the changes they requested were stuff I suggested we do from the beginning," Toby muttered, rolling his eyes.

"You watch your tone, young man. I'm the one with the marketing degree and I know what works and what doesn't. We just need to explain to them that if our approach isn't working, the problem is something on their end and not ours."

"Okay Mom, I'm sure we'll convince them," Toby said as earnestly as he could.

Carolyn looked out the window.

"Besides. There's a lot of pretty secretaries at this company and we need to find you a girlfriend."

Toby rolled his eyes.

"I HAD a girlfriend and you made me break up with her," he grumbled.

"She wasn't good for you! You don't want to date a girl who isn't a virgin. It's just not right. We'll find you a good girl one of these days. It's just like- now this is the kind of thing I'm talking about. Bruce, would you pull over please? Alongside those scandalously dressed ladies?"

Toby's face dropped and he looked up from his screen.

"Mom, what are you doing?" he asked, panicking.

The limo driver pulled over to the side of the road, and Carolyn rolled down her window. She looked out at two young women in tight black leggings, one with the word "juicy" printed on the ass, the other reading, "sexy," walking along the sidewalk.

"You two!" she shouted. "Come here please!"

"Mom! Leave them alone. Please!" Toby whispered.

The young women turned to look at the frowning businesswoman.

"Can I ask why you ladies feel the need to dress in such a provocative way? Have you considered the message that sends to the young men that see you?"

The women burst out laughing.

"Is something funny?" Carolyn asked, angrily.

"Mom, please! Can we just go?" Toby pleaded.

One of the women flipped Carolyn her middle finger and they both walked away laughing. Carolyn rolled up her window, fuming.

"Typical example of this generation! Disrespectful to adults. And disrespectful to themselves!"

Toby elected not to argue with her, having learned the futility of it enough times in the past. The driver continued driving down the road to the Williams Building. He pulled into a parking garage and Carolyn and Toby got out. The mother and son entered the building lobby, where a security guard was seated at a desk.

"We're here to see Irvin Halliwell of J.T. Levinson," Carolyn said.

The guard picked up a phone and pressed two numbers. The phone at the reception desk on the fifth floor rang.

Although J.T. Levinson had no formal receptionist, Diane McClellan, whose office was located closest to the elevator, was unofficially appointed as the office's front desk phone babe. When she heard the phone at the reception desk ring, she scurried out of her office to answer it.

"J.T. Levinson," she greeted.

"Carolyn Levinson, and her son Toby are here," the guard said.

Diane recognized the names. She was about to ask if they had an appointment, but the phone in her office began to ring. Being as both Carolyn and Toby had visited the J.T. Levinson offices in the past, Diane had no reason to deny them entry and elected to skip the formality so she could attend to her primary job.

"Of course, send them up," she said, and hung up the phone. She quickly returned to her office while the security guard admitted the duo into the building.

"Shouldn't we have called ahead?" Toby asked.

"I don't want to give them time to prepare a BS response. Let's go."

Carolyn and her son entered the elevator and took it up to the fifth floor. When the doors opened, she immediately stepped off and headed straight for Mr. Halliwell's office.

What she saw when she entered the hallway was the last thing she'd ever expected to see in this, or any office she'd ever been in. A buxom, redheaded woman was walking the halls wearing high heels and nothing else. She looked up at her and smiled.

"Oh hello, Mrs. Levinson!" Shari said. "Are you here to speak with Mr. Halliwell?"

Carolyn's eyes widened and a vein protruded from the side of her neck. She turned to her son and covered his eyes with her hands.

"Ow, Mom, stop!"

"You're damn right I want to talk to Irvin! Get him here NOW!"

"Um, alright. Let me call his secretary and see if he's busy..." Shari stepped into her office and picked up her phone to dial Katie.

"I don't care if he's busy, I want to talk to him NOW!" Carolyn screamed, and while keeping one hand over Toby's eyes, she used the other to snatch the phone from Shari's grasp.

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Nothing but Carolyn's furious screaming could be heard from Irvin Halliwell's office for the next twenty minutes. Every time someone passed by, the manager or secretary would hold his or her ear to the door to listen to what could be heard from inside.

There was little to be learned except that Mrs. Levinson was angry, and she was very unhappy to find naked women roaming the halls of her deceased husband's business. After twenty minutes of yelling, there was finally quiet, but to the dismay of nearly everyone in the office, an email was sent out directed to every employee in the office.

"Subject: CLOTHING IS REQUIRED"

"Message: All employees of J.T. Levinson are required to wear clothes at all times in our offices. Please put clothing on immediately if you are currently undressed. Any found in non-compliance will face immediate termination."

"I knew it was too good to be true," John Burton said upon reading.

"Well, it was fun while it lasted," Lori remarked.

Soon she, and all of the other secretaries were back in their work clothes as they would be on any other day.

Unable to find her panties, Judy zipped up her skirt around her bare abdomen. She would be going commando for the remainder of the day, it seemed.

"Why do we have to put clothes on now?" Valia asked, as she slid her legs into her nylon stockings. "Is it not Nude Secretaries Day then? I'm so confused."

Albert peeked down the hallway before he answered.

"I had a feeling this wouldn't go over too well with certain guests of this company," he said. He pulled a sexy photo of a centerfold model from his office wall and tucked it into his desk drawer.

Before long, a phone call summoned Shari into Irvin's office. She left moments later with her head low.

"It was nice working with you all," she said glumly as she passed Lori and Judy in the hallways.

Her fellow secretaries gasped as they watched Shari gather up her belongings and place them into a blue plastic tub.

"He FIRED you?" Lori exclaimed.

Shari nodded sadly.

"This isn't right," Judy said. "That woman doesn't run this company. Irvin has no backbone if he's going to let her call the shots."

Shari picked up a stuffed bear on her windowsill and dropped it into the tub.

"Irvin has a lot of respect for the Levinson family," Albert said, stepping into Shari's office. "Carolyn was here during the early days, and even though she and Irvin butted heads a lot, he won't forget her contribution to the company, even if she left to start her own."

Shari pulled a box of girl scout cookies from her desk drawer. She looked at them and held them out for Lori, Judy, and Albert to take.

"Thin Mints, anyone?" she offered.

No one accepted. Shari contemplated putting them into the tub, but dropped them into the trash can instead.

"This is crap," Lori muttered. "I'm so sorry, Shari."

"Don't sweat it. We'll be in touch," the redhead said.

Diane peeked into Shari's office and her face dropped.

"Shari, I'm so sorry. I should have warned everyone that Carolyn was coming up," Diane said guiltily. "I was busy with ten things at once and just wasn't thinking."

"It's not your fault Diane," Shari said. "We all should have known something like this could have happened."

Diane said nothing. Her coworkers were quiet as Shari carried her plastic tub of belongings out of her office and headed for the elevator. Lori, Judy, and Diane waved her goodbye.

Not long after, Irvin burst from his office, visibly shaking with rage. He passed the plastic breasts hanging on the wall outside Judy's office and pointed at them.

"Throw those out. I don't ever want to see those in this office again."

"I'll take care of it," Katie said. She took the breasts from the wall and carried them to the elevator to dispose of them in the dumpster on the first floor.

"I'll miss those," Judy said sadly, as she watched Katie walk off with the plastic boobs.

"Me too," John said, walking up behind her. He pinched her bottom and said, "goose."

"Not quite the same when I have a skirt on, is it?" she remarked.

John smirked but agreed.

"I don't think the twins have gotten dressed yet," Lori offered. "Maybe you can goose them one last time before they put their clothes back on?"

"That's not a bad idea," John said, and sucked his index and middle fingers on both hands. He took off down the hall towards Tami and Tori's office.

Lori looked to Judy.

"To be honest, I might miss that too."

Judy laughed and rolled her eyes. They heard two squeals come from the twins' office.

Lori looked at the empty coffee mug on Shari's former desk.

"You know, the guys weren't lying when they said Shari made the best coffee out of everyone in this office. What do you say we drink the rest of the last pot she made before it's gone?" she asked.

"Why not. Diane, care to join us?" Judy asked.

Diane shook her head and left down the hall. She disappeared into her office and shut the door. Lori looked at Judy.

"She's going to hate herself forever for this," Lori said.

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Shortly after 3 p.m., Glenn Harlow emerged from his office and looked at Diane.

"Can you send Shari in here? I have an appointment with her and she hasn't showed yet."

Diane's face sank.

"Oh. Shari just got fired. I'm sorry, Glenn."

"Fired? What the hell for?"

Diane realized Glenn had been on the phone so long he likely hadn't even read the company email that had been sent out.

"Carolyn Levinson stopped by with her son and they saw Shari naked and she completely flipped. She demanded Shari be fired and Irvin, well you know how he'll move the sun to any part of the sky she asks, so now she's gone and all the secretaries have to wear clothes now."

Diane twiddled a pen in her hand. Ever since she quit smoking she had to squeeze a pen between her fingers when she was stressed.

"Well damn. I was supposed to give her a spanking at three. I kept my schedule clear for her."

Diane stared at her calendar, and added, "it's all my fault. I knew I should have warned everyone when Carolyn was on her way up. I feel like such a bonehead."

"No, no, you're not," Glenn assured her. "I just wish I'd scheduled Shari's spanking earlier now. I was looking forward to smacking that hot little ass of hers.

Diane stirred in her seat. She cleared her throat.

"Maybe, I could fill in for her? I mean, it is my job after all. Shari shouldn't have been doing that for me anyway."

Glenn's eye twinkled.

"Miss McClellan? Are you telling me your hot little ass needs a spanking?" he asked.

Diane nodded. He lowered his glasses and looked at her with his bare eyes.

"Don't nod. I want to hear you say it," he said.

Diane rose from her chair and looked him in the eye.

"Mr. Harlow, my hot little ass needs a spanking," she said.

He said nothing. She fidgeted uncomfortably, unsure of what he wanted.

"Will you please give me a spanking now, sir?" she asked.

He smiled.

"Well, by all means. Come on into my office."

Diane's heart skipped as she accepted his invitation. It had been ages since she'd last been spanked. She prayed it would not be too painful- or humiliating.

Diane stepped into her boss' office and looked back at him. He nodded to her and encouraged her into position. She leaned over his desk and planted her hands on the desk's surface.

"Is this good?" she asked.

"Bend over a little further," he said. "And lock your knees."

She followed his instructions.

"Perfect," he said.

Her light gray skirt was now pulled taut against the curve of her bottom. He could even see her panty lines clearly through the skirt material, just how he liked.

He swung his hand and slapped it hard against her bottom. She let out a light yelp.

"Sorry," she said, embarrassed by her noise.

"It's okay," he assured her. He spanked her again.

She let out another yelp, but quieter this time. It hurt, but she found something positive in the pain. Something that felt oddly satisfying.

He spanked her again. She barely made a sound that time. She simply absorbed the pain and processed it in her mind.

He began to spank her at a slow and steady pace. She held complacently still, enduring the pain without feeling discomposed by it. Even Glenn noted how submissively she seemed to accept her predicament. He decided to try to push his luck.

He took the hem of her skirt, lifted it slightly, and asked, "may I?"

She agreed. He lifted her skirt up above her hips so that her bottom was left concealed only by her panties. He tucked the hem of the skirt into her waistband so that her bottom would remain unprotected. He ran his palm across her behind and felt her cheeks cringe under his touch.

"Hurt?" he asked.

"Just a little," she said.

"It won't be too much longer," he assured her.

He slapped his hand across her panty-clad bottom, and she squirmed a bit more with the reduced protection. Still, she made no attempt to stop a second swat.

He gave her a second, and a third, and a fourth and a fifth, but Diane seemed determined to accept each one with dignity.

"You're doing great, dear," he said.

"Thank you," Diane replied gratefully. "I- I know you were hoping to spank a naked lady today. I'm sorry I was too shy to do that for you."

He patted the small of her back understandably.

"I am- VERY happy you were brave enough to do this, Diane," he said. "Your ass looks amazing in those panties."

Diane blushed.

"Thank you. I wouldn't mind if you decided to pull them down," she said.

"I'd like that," he said. "In fact, I'm going to give you a choice about what happens next. Would you like to be spanked, or goosed?"

Diane thought for a moment.

"Goosed," she said. She'd been spanked plenty and a goosing might mean she could get by with a slightly less sore bottom when the session was done.

"Splendid," Glenn said. He walked to the opposite side of his desk, and held his fingers out in front of her lips. "Suck."

Diane wrapped her lips around his index and middle fingers and sucked them both. She ran her tongue up and down both digits until they were soaked in her saliva. He removed them from her mouth.

"Now pull down your panties," he commanded.

She obeyed. She slid them down to the tops of her thighs and left them there. He took his wet fingers and tucked them between her legs and gently rubbed her between her labia. She moaned softly.

"Actually, I want to do this another way. Will you excuse me?" he asked. He went to the door and looked back her. "When I come back, have your panties around your ankles."

He stepped out. He walked down the hall to Tami and Tori's office and peeked inside. Although he was disappointed to see the twins were now back in their clothes, he was still quite pleased to see them both bending over, with their boss' hands up their skirts.

"Hello ladies," he greeted. "Hi Kent."

"Hi, Glenn!" the twins responded. Kent grunted in response.

Glenn entered the office and shut the door behind him.

"I just stopped by to borrow some 'goose juice' but it looks like you're using it," Glenn said.

Kent turned around to look at Glenn. It was then that Glenn caught a better glimpse of what was going on in front of the executive. Kent's pants were unzipped, and he was rubbing his erect penis between the twin secretaries' hips while he fondled their pussies and asses with his hands.

"For Shari?" Kent asked.

"Nope. Diane," Glenn said.

Kent's eyebrows raised, impressed.

"No kidding," Kent said. "About time that tight ass got a good goosing. Sure, take the juice. You girls can finish me off with a blowjob, can't you?"

Tami and Tori giggled.

Kent removed his hands from the girls' skirts and took a seat in their chair. The girls then turned to him, bent over, and Tami took Kent's penis in her mouth, while Tori went to work on his balls. Glenn took a peek at the girls' bottoms for a moment, before remembering what he came for.

"Want to cop a feel before you go, Glenn?" Kent asked.

"Sure," he accepted. He slipped his hands up their skirts and noted that their panties had been inched down to the tops of their thighs- and the crotches of said panties were soaked with pussy juice. He was able to easily slide his hands between their legs to give their privates a good feeling up.

Their young pussies and assholes were tight; much tighter than Diane's or even Shari's, and quite slippery from the lubricant. Glenn gave both of sets of holes on each girl a good feel before nodding to Kent in thanks.

"All right Tami, when I cum in your mouth, make sure you share some with your sister. Don't swallow it all yourself," Kent said.

"I won't," Tami said. She removed her mouth from his penis and pressed her open lips against Tori's. She let Kent's pre-cum and some of her spit seep into her sister's mouth before the girls returned their mouths back to Kent's manhood.

Glenn shot his coworker a thumbs up before grabbing the bottle of KY Jelly on the desk.

He brought the bottle back to his office, and was pleased to see that Diane had followed his instructions to the letter. He panties were around her ankles and her bottom was quite bare. He hoped that she would be as into this as the twins were as he opened the bottle of lubricant.

"All right honey, this is a goosing that's very different from anything you've experienced before," he said. "Now spread your legs apart. As wide as you can."

Diane slipped her panties off her left leg and spread her legs apart. Her stance was quite impressive. Her cheeks had spread wide enough to give him a clear view of her open anus and her labia had slightly spread as well.

Glenn ran his palm softly up her inner thigh, higher and higher up, until his fingers were close enough to her labia to graze them. He knew then what he needed to do.

He took out the KY Jelly and lubed up his index finger. Gently he slid it inside Diane's anus, all the way in. She gasped, but did not protest.

"Just relax. This is going to feel very strange," he said calmly.

With his index finger completely inside his secretary, he used his middle finger to twiddle her labia. Rapidly he flicked it to the left and right, making her squirm with delight.

"John Burton sure doesn't goose like this, does he?" Glenn asked.

Diane agreed, even though she had yet to experience a goose from him that wasn't done through clothing.

Glenn wiggled his index finger inside her, making her grunt in both discomfort and pleasure. He began to flick his middle finger against her clitoris, causing her breathing to escalate.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" he asked.

Diane had to agree. She wasn't used to being touched like this by anyone, let alone her boss, but the fact that it felt so- personally violating- excited her.

He flicked her clitoris faster, and kept it at a steady pace. He could hear her softly moaning and heavily breathing. He placed his other hand onto the small of her back and held her bottom in place while he continued to flick her. She moaned harder and clutched the edges of his desk.

"Lift your left leg and rest it on my desk," he commanded.

Diane obeyed. Despite the immodest stance- he could see EVERYTHING between her legs now- she quietly reveled in the fact that he could now reach even deeper inside her than before. He rapidly wiggled his fingers, driving her further into erotic bliss.

She edged ever closer to breaking, when his teasing was interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" Glenn asked.

"Lori," the voice on other side said.

"Come in," Glenn said.

Lori opened Glenn's office door and had to do a double-take when she saw the naked-from-the-waist-down blonde woman inside with her legs spread on Glenn's desk. She looked behind her at Diane's empty desk and back at the blonde, still unsure of what she was seeing.

"Yes?" Glenn asked.

"Oh," Lori said, confused. "I'm just looking for Diane."

"She's here," Glenn said.

Diane sheepishly turned her head to face Lori.

"Yes?" she said, blushing.

"I- um- was wondering if you had any more post-it notes," Lori stammered.

"Top drawer of my desk," Diane sputtered, feeling as awkward at having Lori see her this way as Lori felt.

"Thanks." Lori quickly closed the door.

Glenn resumed pumping his finger in and out of Diane's rectum and rapidly flicking her clitoris and labia. Diane struggled to remain quiet. She was able to hear Lori going through her desk in the next room where she was likely hearing every moan Diane was making. But the way Glenn was goosing her was too intense, too exhilarating, and Diane's resolve broke and she let out a loud wail.

Her face went bright red; despite not being able to see Lori, she knew the brunette had heard her.

Glenn removed his fingers from Diane's body. He paused to look at her well-spanked and well-goosed bottom as he waited for her breathing to slow. She lowered her leg to the floor and awaited his next instruction, but kept her stance wide to let him know that he still had welcome access to anything between her legs or ass cheeks that he desired.

"Did you enjoy that, Diane?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," she said.

"Good. You may get dressed now," he said.

Diane quickly pulled her panties back up and let her skirt cover her bottom once again.

"Thanks, babe," Glenn said, slapping her bottom as she walked out of the office.

"You're welcome," she said.

She was relieved to see Lori was gone, but her top drawer was left open. Diane took a seat at her chair and felt her bottom sting slightly, while her heart was still racing.

She needed a moment to clear her head before she logged back into her computer. There was an email from Judy. "SECRETARY MEETING--- TOP SECRET".

Diane opened the email.

"Secretaries of J.T. Levinson: meet in the mail room at 3:30. Top secret matter to discuss. -Judy"

Diane checked her watch. It was 3:28. Quickly, she set up an away message on her computer and hurried down to the mail room.

Judy was there, along with Lori, Genevieve, Katie, and the twins. Diane didn't look at Lori. She knew there was no reason to feel awkward being as she'd already seen most of the women in the room naked that day, but it was humiliating nevertheless given how judgmental she'd felt towards the other women for their wardrobe choices earlier in the day.

"What's going on?" Diane asked.

Judy folded her arms.

"We have to make a stand," she said. "Shari has had all of our backs plenty of times since she started working here. Now she's been fired for no good reason. We have the power to make Irvin hire her back."

"What can we do?" Tori asked. "He can hire or fire whoever he wants. He's the boss."

"But he needs us," Lori said. "This place will fall apart without secretaries. Without us, these men will be standing around with their spam in their hand- um, figuratively speaking."

"And literally speaking," Genevieve added, with a chuckle.

"So what do you want us to do? A company walkout?" Diane asked.

"No," Judy said. We need to be present for this protest. We need to be able to voice our concerns so Irvin knows exactly how we feel about his hare-brained decision to bend to Carolyn Levinson's whims."

"Is she still here?" Tami asked.

"She's in the 'Executive Suite' talking with Irvin now," Katie said, making air quotes with her fingers. "Valia's looking after them. Judy and I already had a talk with her. She's on board with whatever we decide to do."

"So what are we going to do?" Diane asked.

Lori and Judy both looked at Diane. She shrunk under their gaze. She already suspected what they had in mind. She just didn't want to be the one to say it.

"We work naked," Lori said.

"ALL of us," Judy added.

Tami rubbed her foot into the floor.

"But what if he fires us too?" she asked.

"Then he'll have to fire all of us. We ALL have to be on board," Judy said.

Tori meekly rose her hand.

"You don't have to raise your hand to speak, Tori, this isn't kindergarten!" her sister said.

Tori put her hand down. "Okay, well, I had a really hard time getting this job," she said. "I don't want to lose it."

Genevieve agreed. "There aren't many office jobs that pay women this well."

"Then this is a huge risk we're taking," Judy said. "But if we're going to attempt it, I need to know that you ladies will have my back. Can I count on you?"

She looked around the room.

"I'm in," Lori said.

"I'm in," Genevieve said.

"Are you sure we can't just go on strike or something?" Diane asked. "Why do we need to be naked?"

"To show Carolyn she's not in charge of our company," Lori said.

"We don't want to have to scurry around putting on our clothes any time she decides to drop by here," Judy said. "We need to let her know right here, today, how things run here."

Diane sighed.

"Diane, there's no need for you to be afraid of being naked. We've all seen-"

Diane shot Lori a glance.

"Well, most of us have already seen each other naked already," Lori said. "Why don't we all show this office how little of a deal nudity is?"

"I'm in," Katie said.

Diane looked at her, surprised.

"Really?" she asked.

"Absolutely," Katie said. "Judy makes a good point. Solidarity is our game."

"I agree," Tami said. "I'm in."

"Me too," Tori said.

The secretaries turned to Diane.

"Well, Diane?" Judy asked. "What about you?"

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Carolyn didn't even look at Valia as she topped off her coffee mug. She sighed in annoyance when the svelte secretary set the mug down too close to the file folder on the table in front of her, and she slid the mug further away herself. Valia tiptoed away from her hoping to avoid being snapped at.

Valia walked towards Toby, whose mug was half-empty.

"More coffee, Toby?" she asked, shooting him a smile.

"Please!" he said, holding up his mug.

"He's had enough!" Carolyn said, putting her palm over the top of her son's mug. "I don't want him up all night and having to stop for pee breaks on the drive back!"

"Mom! Please!" he pleaded, burying his face in his hands.

Valia looked at him sympathetically before making her way around the table to where Irvin was sitting. She topped off his coffee mug before placing the pot back onto the warming plate.

"I do realize you have years of experience, Mrs. Levinson," Irvin said. "I'm just trying to say, that we require a few adjustments to your marketing strategy, that's all."

"But you want to change up everything we've been doing for the past six months! This list of 'business proposals' is complete malarkey!" she cried, crumpling the list in her hand.

Toby sighed. He'd been reluctant to voice his objections to his mother's ideas since the project began, but having heard Irvin agreeing with him made him reconsider his decision not to challenge her.

"Mom, it's not that unreasonable. Businesses today want to have a greater online presence and the ideas -I- had, that you shot down, incorporate exactly that," Toby said.

"Your ideas neglected the most basic fundamental understanding of marketing, Toby! Not everyone has the internet!" Carolyn snapped.

"I know that, but look, it's 2001, it's officially the 21st Century now. Marketing strategies need to evolve with the times and I think my ideas are doing exactly that!" Toby said.

Carolyn gave her son a pitying glance; the same expression she'd given him when he was four years old and told her he wanted to be a garbage collector when he grew up.

"I'd be interested in seeing those ideas you had, son," Irvin said.

Carolyn tsked.

"I don't think that's the right approach we need. I asked three of my best friends from my bridge club, and not one of them even has an email address! I think it's foolhardy to center our entire marketing strategy around an electronic fad! No one is going to be using the internet ten years from now. We need to focus our marketing on tried and true proven mediums! Radio, mail marketing, television. Things we know are here to stay!"

Toby rubbed his temples and sighed. Irvin paused while searching for the right words to say to her.

"Those are proven mediums yes, but my marketing team doesn't agree with your stance that online marketing should be sidelined, Mrs. Levinson," the CEO said. "I asked my secretary to put together a list of some examples of recent successful strategies."

He pushed the button on the intercom.

"Katie? Will you bring in that list I asked you for?" he called.

"Be right there," Katie's voice came in over the speaker.

"Now Carolyn, I'm not denying you have years of successful experience in marketing, but I think once you see this list, you'll start to agree that times are changing, and-"

The door to the Executive Suite opened, Katie Cooper walked in carrying the list Irvin requested. But shocked stares were all that met her when Irvin, Carolyn and Toby saw that Katie was completely naked.

"Here you are," Katie said, placing the list in front of her boss. She looked at him, and then Carolyn, and smirked.

Carolyn immediately covered her son's eyes with her hands and stared at Katie with her eyes blazing.

"Katie! What the hell are you doing?" Irvin demanded.

"A protest," Katie said. "Shari was unjustly fired. If she goes, we all go."

"I don't have time for this. Put your clothes on, now!"

"Not until Shari is offered her job back," she said, plainly.

"Get out. You're fired," Irvin said.

"You'll have to fire more than just me, then," Katie said. She turned to the open door. "Ladies! Come in!"

No sooner did she speak, when Judy, Lori, Genevieve, Tami, and Tori entered the Executive Suite, and not a single one of the gorgeous secretaries was wearing a stitch.

Irvin clutched his forehead. He turned to Valia.

"Valia, I'm sorry, I'm going to need you to work very late tonight," the CEO said.

Valia simply looked at the CEO, and without breaking eye contact, removed her clothing in front of him. The pen in his hand fell to the floor as he watched her blouse, skirt, nylons, bra and panties come off right before his eyes.

He stammered, before finally working up the courage to speak.

"Just- send Diane in here," he said. "I'll talk with the rest of you later."

Katie looked to the door.

"Diane?" she called out.

Meekly, the older blonde stepped into the suite as well, wearing nothing but the skin in which she was born. She was trembling. Her hands were shaking. But she didn't cover her breasts, or try to conceal her pubic hair. Instead, she shuffled to the front of the group of nude secretaries and looked the CEO in the eye.

"That's all of us," Diane said. "Are you ready to fire all of us, Irvin?"

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Shari sat on the bench opposite the security guard, where she'd been for the past hour. The plastic tub of her belongings rested at her side. She made small talk with the guard, making no indication she intended to leave her seat at any point in the near future.

When their conversation had waned, Shari sat back in her chair and let out a sigh. She peeked at the guard, who sat behind his desk, watching the monitors in front of him.. She winked at him. He winked back.

Shari lifted one leg off the floor, and stretched it out for the guard to see. Smooth and bare; there was no indication she was wearing anything under her coat. Slowly, she lowered her leg and raised the other.

The guard smiled, and held up his left hand to show her his wedding ring. She nodded in understanding and lowered her leg again.

The guard adjusted the front of his pants, and Shari chuckled to herself. She licked her lips, and lifted the hem of her coat a few inches higher to reveal a bit more of her bare thigh. The guard smiled, and after checking the monitors in front of him, slowly unzipped his pants. He worked his hand inside and gently fondled himself while he stared at Shari's exposed legs.

She lifted her coat even higher, and gave him a sweet come hither stare. He stroked himself faster, while she raised and lowered her legs again to give him a good peek.

Sweat leaked from his brow, and he felt a lump in his throat when Shari rose from the bench and reached into the plastic tub beside her. She removed a packet of tissues and sauntered towards him like a lioness approaching her prey. When she reached his desk, she removed one tissue from the packet and handed it to him. He took it, confused.

And then she opened her coat.

He saw her, every inch of her naked body, and he knew exactly what she intended for him to do with the tissue. He grabbed his penis and stroked it vigorously, firmly, as fast and as hard as he could while he tried to memorize every beautiful curve of her naked form.

She swayed her hips side-to-side, and cupped her hands to her breasts and squeezed them around and about. He pumped faster.

She let her coat drop to the floor, and turned around to wiggle her butt for him. It was too much. He erupted; semen burst from the tip of his penis and the single tissue she'd given him wasn't enough to contain it all.

She turned around to face him again and saw the mess he'd made, and responded by handing him another tissue. Awkwardly he struggled to clean up the dripping semen before it stained his pants. Shari made her way around his desk and knelt between his legs to assist in the cleanup. Meticulously, she wiped the cum that was leaking down his shaft and had covered his balls.

When his shaft had been wiped clean and his erection subsiding, Shari took the semen-soaked tissues to dispose of in the restroom, leaving the guard to remain at his post with her coat still lying on the floor. When she returned, she sauntered up to his side and bent over, so that her mouth was inches from his ear.

"Excuse me?" she asked softly. "Could you tell me the time?"

The guard had to tear his eyes away from Shari's body to look at his watch, but when he did, he responded, "it's a quarter to four."

It was then that the elevator doors opened, and Lori peeked out, dressed in her birthday suit. She smiled at Shari.

"Well," Shari said, looking at Lori. "It's about time."

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Shari was met with applause when she stepped off the elevator. All eight of her fellow secretaries were there, fully nude, accompanied by the many male employees of J.T. Levinson who were very happy to see the busty redhead grace the halls of their offices once again.

Shari opened her coat to reveal her naked body to her welcoming committee, and got an even bigger applause than before. It took the angry arrival of Carolyn Levinson pulling her struggling son by his arm to interrupt the celebration,

"Leaving so soon, Mrs. Levinson?" Shari asked teasingly.

Carolyn stared back at Shari in rage and pulled her son with her into the elevator.

"Wait, Mom, I need to tell Mr. Halliwell something!" Toby said.

"We're leaving, Toby! We are never working with this company again!" Carolyn barked.

Toby pulled his mother's hand from his arm.

"You can leave. I'll find my own way home," he said defiantly.

She stared at him, shocked, as he stepped off the elevator and made his way back to the Executive Suite, stomping as he went. Carolyn glared back at him, shocked and wide-eyed until the elevator doors closed in her face.

He found Irvin sitting inside alone, with an open bottle of scotch and a half empty glass on the table in front of him. He looked up at the 19-year-old as he walked in.

"I'm sorry your father's company turned out this way, Toby," Irvin said. He took a gulp of his scotch.

Toby looked at the framed portrait of his father on the suite wall, and sat down at the CEO's side.

"Actually, I came to tell you you might not be doing such a bad job," the young man said.

Irvin looked at him.

"Your mother seems to think he'd be turning in his grave."

Toby shook his head.

"I have something you should see."

Irvin looked at the young man curiously. Toby reached into his pocket and removed his wallet. Behind his driver's license, behind his voter's card, an old photograph had been tucked away. Toby drew it out.

"After my dad died, my mom and I went through some of his old belongings. We found a bunch of these photographs I don't think he wanted anyone to see. They're of his secretary. Patricia."

"Oh, yes. I remember Pat," the CEO said.

Toby slid the old photograph to him.

Irvin looked at the photo. It was dated February of 1971, and it featured Patricia, secretary to J.T. Levinson himself, working at her desk in the nude.

"My mom destroyed all the other photographs like this. I could only save this one." Toby said.

Irvin smiled.

"Well, well, well. It looks like Jim was just like the rest of us."

Toby shrugged.

"I just thought you should see that."

Irvin handed the photo back to him.

"Thank you," he said.

Toby rose from his chair..

"Well, shame I won't be working with you guys any more. My mom will see to that. But it was nice seeing this place again."

He walked to the door.

"Toby," Irvin said.

Toby stopped, and turned back.

"How'd you like to have a job here?" the CEO asked.

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The secretaries retreated to the employee lunchroom, where Albert got out a Polaroid camera and snapped photos of each of the lovely nude ladies. Even Diane, shy as she was, agreed to be photographed without her clothing, much to her male coworkers' delight.

Valia fished the plastic breasts out from the first floor dumpster, and brought them back as a trophy of their victory. Each of the secretaries took turns posing with the fake breasts, holding them in front of her real breasts while Albert snapped a photo.

Even Toby got in on the fun. Smiling from ear to ear, the nine nude secretaries gathered around the spry young designer to pose for a photo. Valia sat on his lap while the other secretaries rustled his hair and planted kisses on his face. They made him blush by doing one shot of him holding the plastic breasts in front of his chest, but the young man was happy to play along with the joke.

Yet Toby wasn't the only one subject to a prank. When Albert asked Judy to say "cheese," John took the opportunity to have his fingers pay a little visit between her butt cheeks, just as Albert snapped a photo of the distracted secretary.

"Goose!" John called out. He wiggled his wet fingers around inside her private parts, making the unsuspecting secretary squeal in surprise. "I finally got ya!"

Judy fumed, and playfully punched his arm.

Albert showed them the Polaroid. It depicted Judy wide-eyed and open mouthed; Albert had snapped it at the perfect moment. The photo found a place on the bulletin board outside her office, right above the plastic breasts once they'd been returned to their proper place.

There was another surprise addition to the bulletin board. Judy's panties, that had gone missing earlier in the day, had finally reappeared when someone had tacked them beneath the plastic breasts. Judy elected to leave them where they were, given that the undergarments were now soaked with semen.

Toby had a few questions regarding the act of goosing. John was pleased to provide the young man with detailed instruction and Valia was all too happy to offer her bottom up for Toby to practice upon. Although it was difficult to tell who blushed more, Toby or Valia, both 19-year-olds admitted to greatly enjoying the experience.

Irvin entered the lunchroom, and upon watching his employees grope, tease, and fondle the nude secretaries, he walked up to Katie and rested his hand on her hip.

"I don't think we need to keep it a secret anymore," he whispered into her ear.

She smiled and nodded to him.

"I want to send Shari a little note of apology. Brief, but meaningful," he said.

"I'll make sure it sounds sincere," the secretary said.

He kissed her forehead.

"And when you're done, I want to spread your legs and screw your brains out."

He gave her butt a firm squeeze.

"I'll get right on it" she said.

David watched as Irvin and Katie walked from the lunchroom with his hand planted firmly on her ass every step of the way. Irvin gave David a thumbs up and looked towards Shari and winked. David glanced at his busty secretary mingling with her coworkers and he felt his cock throb.

"So," Shari said, taking a seat at a lunch table and crossing her legs. "Nude Secretaries Day. It's a thing, is that right?"

"That's what Harry told us," John said.

"I think we ought to adopt that. Make this an annual event. What do you think?" Shari proposed.

"Heck yeah," Albert said.

The other secretaries agreed it would be a fun yearly tradition, and the men were very much excited about the prospect of seeing their lovely secretaries in the nude every year.

"So, how about we petition to have it put in effect?" Lori suggested.

"Would everyone here sign it?" Shari asked.

The response was overwhelmingly positive. Even Diane, reluctant as she was, agreed to participate if such a holiday were made into an annual tradition.

Shari retreated to her office, and got on her computer to type up the petition. Satisfied with the wording, she set the document to print.

The printer in David's office kicked on, so Shari hopped over to retrieve it, humming cheerfully as she went. As she bent over to pick up the freshly printed form from the output tray, she felt a pair of fingers slip between her butt cheeks.

"Goose!" David called.

She spun around to face him, and giggled when she saw his grinning face.

"Well, hello there," she said. "Fancy signing my petition?"

She held the paper up in front of her chest. He took it.

"Nude Secretaries Day? Debauchery like this in our office? Well, I never!" David said facetiously.

"That's right, you'll get to see these, all day, every single year!" she said, thrusting her breasts in her boss' face.

"Well hand me a pen cause I'm signing right up!"

Shari handed him a pen off his desk and he scribbled his signature at the top of the form. Shari added her name below his. As she signed, she felt his hands wander down the sides of her body.

"You're being awfully handsy today, mister," Shari said, not looking at him.

"It's been- difficult restraining myself," the manager said.

Shari turned around to face him.

"I can imagine. How long has it been since you and Linda had sex?"

David bit his lower lip.

"Six months."

Shari rested her hand on his arm.

"That's awful," she said.

"Yeah, but what can I do about it?"

Shari picked a piece of lint from his shirt.

"Well, I'd say there's two things you could do about it," she said. "One, is to go home, and hope that today will be the day the dry spell ends and she finally decides to spread her legs for you."

"And the other?" David asked.

Shari gave a delicious grin.

"The other- is you can stick it in me, right here, right now."

Her eyes twinkled. His cock swelled.

"You serious?" he asked.

"Hell yes."

"Well. Get your ass up on that desk then!"

Shari eagerly hopped up on her boss' desk and opened her legs wide. David looked at her like a famished man staring at a banquet.

"I've wanted to do this for a LONG time!" he said.

With that, he buried his face between Shari's G-cup breasts.

"BLBLBLBLBLBLBLBLBLBL!" he mumbled, while shaking his face like a wet dog drying off.

Shari let out a loud laugh. "Do you just want to motorboat my titties or do you want to fuck?"

David brought his face up for air.

"Um, yes?" he said thoughtfully.

"Okay then!"

David dropped his face back into Shari's cleavage and made love to her chest mounds with his face a second time.

"Sorry! It's just- I can't do this with Linda's B-cups!" he said, panting.

Shari burst out laughing.

"Don't worry! I totally understand!"

David placed his hands on Shari's breasts and squeezed them.

"That's exactly what I need. For you to understand."

Shari did understand. She understood that David needed to unzip his pants, and take out his rock hard cock. She understood that he needed to place the tip of his penis to her lips, so that she could taste the pre-cum that was seeping out. She understood that David needed his balls in her mouth, and his cock sucked and licked by a woman that would fellate him with unbridled passion. She understood that David needed his penis tightly squeezed between two large breasts. Shari understood that David had needs, and when his pants came down, she saw to it that all of his needs were met.

She treated David's penis to a menagerie of pleasure. She sucked it, she teased it, she stroked it. She took care of all of his needs. But Shari had needs too, and she reminded David of this by lying back onto his desk and raising her legs in the air- and spreading them.

David approached her, his body shaking. He held his penis inches from her waiting vulva, hesitating.

"It's okay," she assured him. "Your cock needs this."

He pressed his head into the folds of her labia. When he felt the welcoming kiss of her wet lips upon his swollen member, he knew his penis was exactly where it belonged. He pushed, and slid his shaft all the way inside her.

She was indeed correct. David's cock did need this, and judging by the sigh she emitted when he entered her, her pussy needed it just as badly. He grabbed hold of her hips and pushed his pelvis against hers, and the magnitude of his pleasure was unmatched by anything he'd ever experienced with his wife- or any woman for that matter.

She grabbed his necktie and pulled his face to hers, and effortlessly slipped her tongue into his mouth. He wasn't expecting it, but wasn't caught off guard. She made the gesture feel like the most natural motion in the world. He sucked her tongue, with slow deliberate strokes with his lips, while she did the same to his penis with the lips of her pussy.

He crawled up onto his desk while continuing to pump his cock in and out of her pussy. She kept her legs where they were- in the air, spread open, leaving him plenty of room to move between them. David made good use of the space; pounding her hard and fast while he enjoyed the sight of her breasts jiggling from the movement.

He slipped his tongue into her mouth, and let her return the favor of sucking and licking his tongue just as he'd done to hers. She did- she sucked it quickly and lovingly, spilling plenty of saliva into his mouth as she did. She let out a moan, a quiet one, but one clearly born out of rising pleasure. He could hear her breathing escalate, and she was clutching his shoulder harder than she had before.

He maintained his course, pumping, pounding, and caressing as Shari's moans got increasingly louder and more frequent. Her eyes were closed, her mouth was open, and whispers and moans were escaping from her lips.

"Oh David....oh David...."

He closed his eyes and delivered to her what she was asking.

"Ooohh!"

She wanted more. He gave her more.

"Oh David....oh David!" she cried louder.

He pumped inside her; thrusting fast and hard; maintaining the tempo of his thrusts and her moans. His cock pulsed and leaked from the tip inside her. His body grew more tense.

"Oh David! Oh David" she cried out even louder.

"I'm here baby, I'm here" he assured her, and squeezed her forearm assuringly.

"Oh David, I'm going to cum!" she called out.

"Do it baby! Do it!" he urged.

"I'm almost there I'm almost there I'm almost there!"

He grabbed her breast and squeezed it, and felt the tension in her body break. She let out a loud moan and wrapped her legs around his waist, squeezing him tightly. He felt his cock explode, shooting a white load of goo inside her, one after another. She gasped, and her body gently went limp.

Their pulses slowed. Their breathing returned to normal. They stared into each other's faces.

"Oh fuck," he said.

She laughed.

"Fuck is right," she said.

David withdrew from her vagina and zipped up his pants. Shari hopped off his desk and grabbed a tissue to wipe up the semen that was leaking from her labia. He glanced at the clock on his wall.

"It's almost five o'clock. Guess... I'll see you tomorrow?"

"I'll be here. Clothed," she said.

David chuckled. "Yes, you fulfilled your end of the deal. But just so you know- you didn't HAVE to be naked today."

"Of course I did! We had a deal!" Shari said. "If I'd won, I'd have expected that extra vacation week."

She opened the plastic tub on her desk and began returning her belongings inside to their proper places in her office. He leaned against the door frame between their offices and looked at her.

"Shari, you can have the extra vacation week!"

She looked up at him. "Don't be silly! You won the bet!"

David shook his head.

"You were right. That ref's call WAS bogus. But you were a sport about it anyway. And- you got eight other babes to lose their panties to boot. Hell, you earned this."

Shari gave a sheepish grin.

"You are too sweet." She gave him a kiss on the cheek. "Oh, I forgot my petition!" She grabbed the signed form from David's desk. "Time to get some signatures!"

With that, David watched Shari, petition and pen in hand, walk out of her office.

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Shari had no trouble acquiring signatures from her fellow secretaries and their respective bosses. Lori and John eagerly signed their names, as did Judy and Barry. She caught up with Valia and Toby as they were leaving the office together, and both of them added their names as well.

With a bit of goading from Shari and Lori, Diane signed as well. Glenn offered to sign on the condition that Shari let him give her the spanking she was scheduled to receive earlier. Shari walked out of his office with two very red butt cheeks and one additional name on her petition.

Genevieve and the twins were very enthusiastic about signing as were their bosses. Shari even got a few of the office interns to pad the list as well.

When the petition was filled out with over twenty signatures, Shari went to place the document on Irvin's desk, only to find the space was occupied by the writhing bodies of Irvin and Katie. She laughed and placed it on Katie's desk with a note to forward it to her boss.

It took several months, but after discussing the matter with his VP's, Irvin finally agreed to implement Shari's proposal and establish a new company holiday.

Over a year had passed since Shari's bet with David when they day finally arrived. Shari, Lori, Valia, Judy, Tami, Tori, Genevieve, Katie, and even Diane reported to work completely naked in honor of the company's first official Nude Secretaries Day.