

Naked Secretary: Undressed in the Office

"Hello? Anybody here?" Ashley called out as she scanned the rows of cubicles for any sign of movement. Other than the ticking clock on the wall and the faint rumblings of the ventilation system, it seemed like she was the only person still left in the building. That was good. It made her a little bit more confident. It was well past midnight, and the last thing Ashley needed was one of her annoying co-workers showing up unannounced.

"Perfect. Everyone's gone," she said to herself as she undid the first button on her blazer. Next came the second, then the third all the way down her chest until there was nothing stopping her from removing the outer garment entirely. She hesitated for a moment, checking the cubicles again, before she bit her lip. It wasn't long before she built up to courage to take the jacket off and leave it by the carpet floor, right in front of the elevator doors.

Ashley didn't exactly know many other women who liked to get naked in office buildings. Especially at their own job, where they came into work every day serving some hotshot millionaire CEO.

But she did. She really liked getting naked at her office

And she liked it a lot.

It had gotten to the point that it was almost second nature. Each day Ashley had been asked to do overtime, she'd stay in a little bit longer after work to have the whole entire place to herself, usually under the pretense of her being the one to lock up the building for the night. Ignoring the cleaning crew that usually dropped by just before midnight, on most nights she was alone in a building meant for almost two hundred people. Ashley found it funny how innocent she was at the start: at the beginning she just watched hentai on her work computer.

Now she was walking through the cubicles stripping off her clothes, as if it was the most natural thing in the world to do for a businesswoman in her early thirties. She undid her long, brown hair and let it flow down her back, placing the hair tie on the keyboard of one of her co-worker's stations before leaving for another cubicle. Ashley had explored the office so well that she knew it better than her own house. Although she didn't know all her co-worker's names, she recognized most of their faces. She imagined them watching her, each of them sticking their head up just above the walls of their respective cubicle, gossiping between themselves about the timid little secretary who secretly ran around naked at night.

She smiled at that thought. She undid the first two buttons on her work shirt and pushed up her breasts through her bra, pointing her wonderful cleavage at the coffee machine where she imagined her male co-workers would be. Here you go boys, she thought, giggling,

before undoing another button. I'm putting on a show just for you.

She left the shirt draped over one of the cubicles before removing her skirt next. Tonight, Ashley was going to do something different. Something that took a lot of planning and courage to do. She was going to strip off her clothes, scatter each article of clothing somewhere in the building, and then, when she was completely and totally naked, masturbate on top of her boss's desk, right inside his office.

The plan was more than risky: making it difficult to quickly retrieve her clothes in case someone showed up was always going to be. But Ashley wanted it to be risky. She was tired of masturbating at her desk with her clothes right next to her, bored of playing it safe by walking

around the office with her clothes bundled in a ball under her arm. Ashley found it funny how she could possibly be bored of being naked at work, but somehow that was a case. Her exhibitionism was now routine, by-the-book, somehow as monotonous as the paperwork she was supposed to be doing. Tonight was going to be different. Leaving her first piece of clothing by the elevator was the start of that.

Her skirt was down to her ankles when she heard her phone ring. She froze, her body stiff as a board until she realized it was ringing by her desk, right where she had left it. Ashley laughed as she pulled her high heeled feet through her skirt and left the dainty thing on the ground in the rows of cubicles. Sans clothing, she didn't exactly have a place to put her phone, so leaving it by her desk made sense. Still, the surprise phone call nearly fried her nerves. Calm down, Ash, she thought to herself as she picked her phone up and checked the caller ID. It's just your best friend. As usual.

"Hey, what's up?" she said, standing in her office wearing nothing but her underwear and her tall black heels. It felt weird speaking at normal volume, given what she was doing. She knew nobody was in the building except her, but it still made her nervous. "I'm still at work."

"God, figures," Lola said. "They're working you to death in there. Have you eaten anything?"

"No, I'm fine, Lola, really!" she said as she unhooked her bra, letting the straps slip down her shoulders until a hint of her pink nipples was exposed. Lola was a good friend, if a bit protective. If only she knew what I was actually doing in here! Ashley thought, smiling. "It's good money working this late. I don't think I could hangout with you at Starbucks all the time if it wasn't!"

Lola giggled at that, although she still sounded concerned. "I am an expensive friend. You sure you're okay though? It's late but I can

drop by and get something healthy for you if you need it."

Her bra was left dangling over one of the office chairs before Ashley replied back. "It's okay! Really, I'm fine. I'm just finishing up some paperwork," she said as she kicked off her heels and left them behind her. Next stop: her boss's office. "It won't take long. Promise."

"Okay, okay," Lola said. "I'm going to get some shut eye then. Good night, Ash."

"Night, Lola," Ashley said before ending the call. She giggled, adrenaline pumping in her veins from how fucking naughty she was being. God, Lola, I'm so sorry, Ashley thought as she opened the glass door to her boss's office and stepped inside, her bare feet feeling comfy against the cold carpet floor. I'm such a fucking whore, you don't even know.

All that was left now was her nude stockings, garter belt, and black cotton panties, and even that was beginning to come off. She unhooked her garter belt from her stockings and let it drop to the ground. Next, she bent over and rolled her stockings down her thighs, kicking each leg off her bare feet until the thin fabric was off her entirely. With just her panties left, she had a special place in mind for them: she slipped them off, spinning them around and around with her index finger before tossing them on top of her boss's desk in the middle of the room. Ashley giggled as she saw her underwear land above a cup of pencils, draping over them like a blanket. God, I'm such a dork, she thought, grinning.

There. She had done it. She was completely butt naked inside her boss's office. Ashley giggled as she ran her hands over her smooth, petite body, rubbing her ass cheeks and spanking them

with her hand, before turning her attention to her needy, impatient sex. She couldn't believe how wet she was. If only her boss could see her now, naked and finger fucking herself right in the middle of his office, the glass walls allowing everyone else in the building to watch her from afar. Ashley had been in her boss's office hundreds of times, but never like this. His room was off-limits. Out of the whole wide office space, this was the only place she was too scared to play around in.

Until now

Ashley smiled as she moved around the big desk in the center of the room and sat on the chair behind it, propping her naked legs over the surface and reclining back until her eyes stared at the ceiling. The cool, soft leather sent a shiver down her spine, but she had grown used to it, the feeling of her bare skin against inviting fabric. Ashley found it funny how normalized her nudity was at this point. She might as well have been a nudist with how comfortable she was in her office building. If it wasn't for her wet panties on her boss's desk waiting at the corner of her eye, she might've forgotten that she actually was supposed to be dressed, working silently at her station until the paperwork she was assigned to do was finished. I better be careful, Ashley thought as she rubbed her clit. One day I'm going to show up to work naked and not realize it. Hehe, one day.

She must've looked ridiculous sitting there, petting her kitty in her birthday suit in full view of the rest of the office floor. She wondered what her boss would think the next morning when he found a puddle of her juices waiting in his chair, the smell of her sex and her perfume filling the room. Her fingers went further inside her cunt, testing her arousal as they slid in and out of her. "Mmm fuck..." she said to herself. "I'm such a whore..."

She giggled as she imagined him walking into his office right now, catching her as she masturbated at his desk. "Oh, why hello, Mr.

Cohen," she said, grinning. "Like my new outfit? I know H.R. would definitely approve."

God, I'm such a dork, Ashley thought, giggling. She wondered what made her weirder: the getting naked part or the fact that she was talking to herself, but she didn't care either way. Every time she spoke up, it made her pussy throb, knowing that any sound could possibly expose her and have someone in the building hear her. That fact only made her more vocal. She moaned, nearly screaming at the top of her lungs as her cunt dripped juices over her seat. Her thighs shook as her first climax hit her like a train, cum squirting out of her until it stained the carpet floor. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!" she roared, rubbing her clit faster and faster as liquid spilled between her fingers. "Mmmmmm fuck!"

Fuck... she thought, exhausted. Ashley closed her eyes, slowly rubbing her throbbing pussy lips as euphoria filled inside of her. She'd

need to clean up her mess before she locked up for the night, obviously. There were cleaning supplies in the storage closet she'd use whenever she squirted. Still, she wished she didn't care. She wished she had the courage to leave her mess and her clothes behind for her co-workers to find the next day. She wished she could just show up to work naked and masturbate for everyone just like she was doing now. She wished, she wished, she wished. Why did real life have to be so much more boring than fantasy?

Ashley stood up, her knees weak, as she inspected the damage. She had squirted so far that the liquid stains went past her boss's desk entirely, as if someone had turned on a water hose

inside the building. She bit her lip. "Sorry, Mr. Cohen!" she said, giggling. "I was just having a little bit of fun, sir I'll clean that right up for you."

Still completely naked, Ashley walked across the office and went for the supply closet, taking from it a bottle of carpet cleaner and a stack of hand towels before coming back to her Mr. Cohen's office. The hand towels she'd wash and dry off later; for now, fixing up her mess took priority. As she walked around the office, she turned her attention to the elevator and the door to the stairwell, neither of which had been opened as far as she could tell. She tried to remember where she left her clothes in case of an emergency. She knew she left her jacket by the elevator door... but where was everything else?

Oh God, I should've thought this through, Ashley thought, blushing. The post-orgasm high was just beginning to wear off. Oh well, 200 late for that now.

She was just about on her knees to clean up the mess before her smartphone rang again. God, Lola again, Ashley said as she got back on her feet. She walked back to her desk and picked up her phone, ready to turn off it completely before she heard a sound that definitely did not come from her phone. She froze and turned her head, trying to identify where the noise was coming from. Shit!

The stairwell. She was hearing footsteps and masculine voices. Two of them. Shit shit shit shit

Thinking quickly, Ashley smacked her phone silent and ducked down between the cubicles, sneaking as far away from the stairwell as possible until she could watch it from a safe distance. There was no way she could get to her clothes. Even if she could get to her boss's office, it only had her panties and stockings in a room with glass walls, meaning that she couldn't possibly cover herself there. Where was her blouse and skirt? They had to be in the cubicles somewhere, but if they were, they were closer to the elevator and the stairwell than they were to her.

Ashley froze, her cunt throbbing Holy shit. I'm naked. In the office. And I don't have my clothes.

I'm soooo going to get fired.

She watched the two men open the door to the stairwell and enter the office. Maintenance workers, it seemed, but without the ceiling lights on it was difficult to tell for sure. Her best bet was to slip past them and get to her car by taking the stairwell, but that meant abandoning her only source of clothing. She bit her lip as she absent mindedly rubbed her cunt again. Ashley was an exhibitionist, but was she really brave enough to drive back home naked? To walk outside from her car and unlock her front door naked?

And that was ignoring the fact that leaving her clothes would mean her co-workers would find them the next day. That her boss would find the evidence of her sex waiting for him in his office. There wasn't a name tag on her clothes for them to find, but they'd know. They'd know a girl stripped naked and fucked herself silly. The question was... would they think it was her?

I hope so... Ashley thought, grinning softly, but then shook her head to try and knock some sense back into her. How am I going more turned on? she thought, struggling to take her hand away from her demanding sex. The fact that she was this close to being caught naked only made her more eager to expose herself, not less.

She slowly stood up on her feet, watching the two men walk through the cubicles. They hadn't spotted her clothes yet, even the jacket she left by the elevator. With the dim lighting, they probably thought it was just a shadow. When they turned her backs to her, she quickly darted to the next cubicle wall, hiding behind it for a second before taking another peek. Ashley continued to rub her clit as she watched the two men talk between themselves. What are they even doing? she thought. They don't have tools. What are they looking for?

"You see anything?" one of them said. She couldn't place the voice to anyone in particular.

"Mind's playing tricks on you, man. There was nothing on the screen."

The other man shrugged. "Alright alright. I'm the idiot, then. But seriously, I'm telling you: the cameras have to be busted"

Fuck, she thought. Cameras. When did they install those? She did remember a meeting a few weeks ago about theft in the workplace, but she never heard about any particular incident. But then again, she had been getting naked at work for weeks now. Did they think she was a thief?

"Busted?" the other man laughed to him. "Come on. They just got installed. No way you saw a naked woman prancing around."

Ashley blushed. So they did see her. Not much of her, since they didn't know who she was, but enough to tip them off. She turned her attention to her boss's office. Fuck, if they find my clothes, then they'll definitely know I was here.

She crawled on four legs to the next cubicle wall, but it was too late to snatch up any of her clothes: they already found one of them. her bra.

"Oh! Are you still sure about that? Look at this!"

Ashley watched as the man lifted her bra up into the air, dangling it in front of his companion like a trophy he had just won.

"Holy shit," the other man said. "Okay, you won. Girl must've been in a hurry if she left her bra behind."

"I don't think she just left her bra..." his friend said. He picked one of her heels and showed it to him, grinning. "Can you believe it?"

Ashley bit her lip, her fingers still deep inside her cunt as her second orgasm came and went. She had a straight shot to the stairwell from where she was. She could get out and run to her car in the parking lot, clothes or no clothes.

But she didn't want to leave. Even with how dangerous her predicament was, her hand still petted her swollen pink pussy lips as the

other groped her breasts. I'm such a fucking whore, she thought to herself, stifling a moan. Such a naked slutty fucking whore!

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Hearing them talk about her clothes and the prospect of a naked woman running around only made her more eager to cum again. She cupped her mouth with her hand and clenched her teeth, desperately trying to stay silent as her fingers endlessly teased her sopping wet cunt. She could hear them walk into Mr. Cohen's office, where they would no doubt smell her sex

and find the puddle of juices she left for him. They'd find her nude stockings and garter belt left by the door way, and her wet little panties draped over his desk

It was too much. Ashley let out a quiet, but audible moan, as her third orgasm surged throughout her body and made her squirt on the carpet between her feet. There was no way they didn't hear her. "Fuck..." she whispered, more out of teening lust than out of humiliation. "I'm so dirty..."

Ashley was just about to dart to the stairwell before her phone lit up. It was on silent, but the bright light of her screen was hard to ignore. She quickly picked it up so the light wouldn't alert the two men to her hiding spot... but then she read what was on the screen.

'Stay there,' the text said. It was from her boss, Mr. Cohen. 'I'll handle it'

Ashley froze, still hidden behind one of the cubicle walls as she heard another pair of footsteps enter the office. What was happening right now? What did her boss know... did he know about her naked escapades this whole time?

Still in a crouching position, Ashley peeked her head over the cubicle wall and tried to spot her boss from a distance. It was him, alright, and he was carrying her jacket in his arm. "Sorry for the false alarm, boys," he said. "Just the aftermath of a bachelor party here. Nothing to worry about."

Ashley rolled her eyes, although she doubted she could think of a better cover story herself. The two men however believed it: "Shit, we've been missing out then," one of them said, laughing "What a fucking stripper."

Mr. Cohen laughed. "I spared no expense. You two take the night off. I'll lock up after you."

"You sure? We could've sworn we saw someone in the building," one of them said.

Ashley blushed, even as her fingers tested her swollen pussy lips. What was wrong with her? Even after all that just happened, she wanted to keep masturbating. God... she thought as she heard footsteps leave the office. I'm such a slut it's not even funny at this point.

Ashley heard the stairwell door open and close as her heartbeat pounded in her chest. There was no use hiding now. Mr. Cohen obviously knew about her little adventures, and most of all, he knew she was naked in the building. She stood up, carefully raising her body until she was back on her feet. She saw Mr. Cohen watching her as he waited next to his office. Ashley knew one thing for sure: she never felt as naked as she did now.

"You're a little cock tease, aren't you?" he said, laughing. He lifted up her jacket and formed it into a ball before tossing it in her direction. "Where are your clothes?" he asked softly

"Uhm... I don't know," she said. "They're... kind of scattered at the moment." When he turned around, she dashed to the jacket and quickly threw it on, buttoning it until it covered her breasts. The blazer wasn't long enough to cover her mound, but Ashley figured being half-decent was better than nothing, considering she was standing in front of her boss

She turned her head to the stairwell and watched it for a moment, half-expecting it to open. Once she knew the coast was clear, Ashley walked to Mr. Cohen and blushed. "I'm so sorry!! I know I'm naked right now but I wasn't trying to... I didn't mean to... I mean I wasn't actually... Ugh!"

"It's okay!" he said, laughing. "I already know. In fact, I've known for awhile now."

"But they said they installed the cameras last night!" she said.

"You're not as discreet as you think you are," he said. "Ash, relax. I'm not firing you. In fact, you might just be my best employee. When you're not running around naked, obviously."

Ashley relaxed at that, although his teasing and her lack of clothes made her embarrassed, too. She pulled the sides of the jacket closer to her chest and came up to him. He was a tall man, almost a foot taller than her, which she suspected made it easy for him to look down her blazer and see her bare breasts inside of them.

"Thank you," she said softly. "You must think I'm crazy. Your secretary just waltzing around the office like her own bedroom."

"Crazy?" he asked, laughing. He came closer to her, his tight pants just barely touching her bare thighs. She could feel his hard, throbbing cock inside of it, so close to her needy pussy. "No. Hot."

She smiled. "I never knew you liked me, sir. I thought I was just a busy body to you."

"Never," he said. "Not at all."

He leaned forward, his breath roaming past her neck, as his hands undid her jacket. She let him slip it past her shoulders, letting it drop to the ground just behind her bare feet. Once again, for the second time this night, she was standing naked in the office.

But this time, with someone right in front of her. Her boss: Mr. Cohen.

"Do you like what you see?" Ashley asked him. His eyes gazed over her soft, petite body. After hundreds of days in tight work shirts and skirts, she thought he must've been enjoying her body with nothing left to the imagination.

He said nothing, choosing instead to glide his hand over her sensitive nipples. She shivered at that, moaning softly as his touch tested more of her body. "The outfit suits you," he said, smirking. "We should have you wearing it all the time"

She blushed. "I don't think my co-workers would like that. Me working for you in the nude."

"Maybe. Or I'll call up H.R. and have them help me draft a new dress code, just for you. A clothing optional dress code."

"You wouldn't," she said, embarrassed.

He laughed softly before taking her hand. "For an exhibitionist, you're quite easy to embarrass. Come with me."

"To your office?" she asked, blushing even harder now. My panes are still in there, Ashley thought as she bit her lip. My panties, my stockings... my cum all over his chair.

Mr. Cohen looked to her. "Is there a problem?"

She giggled. "I might've... fucked myself silly at your desk for a little bit."

He smiled. "You sat at my desk? What a naughty little whore you are."

Ashley giggled as he picked her up and bent her over the desk, propping up her ass so that his hard cock could fuck her senseless. His hands grappled onto her waist as she pushed away his desk supplies, leaving room for her soft breasts to lay bare on the surface. She looked up and saw the midnight skyline through the building's glass windows, another office building directly in front of them. I hope someone is watching us... she thought as her boss's cock slid inside her wet, quivering sex. Watching me get fucked.

"Mmm fuck," she cooed, the tip of his cock testing her wetness. He started slowly at first, gently, his hands roaming over her bare back, until his speed increased. She could feel her ass cheeks slap against the base of his waist as his cock pounded her. "Fuck me," Ashley said again, raising her voice until she was nearly screaming. She hoped that, wherever the two men were inside the building, they could hear her moans. The moans of the naked girl they were so close to fucking for themselves. "Fuck me! Fucking fuck me harder!"

Mr. Cohen grunted, his hands doing most of the work to keep her steady on the slippery glass desk. "Beg more," he said between breaths. "Fucking slut. Beg."

She giggled as her tits slid back and forth on the glass surface. She could feel his hard cock throb inside of her as his hands groped her ass cheeks. "I just want to be your whore," she said, biting her lip. "Your naked, submissive whore."

"Fuck," he grunted, before pulling out and flipping Ashley on her back. Then he spread her legs, letting each foot dangle over the edge of his desk, leaving more than enough room for his cock and her needy swollen pussy. "Good girl," he said as he slapped her pussy softly with his hand. He rubbed her lips before slapping it again, readying more and more it for his cock.

Ashley squirmed, her legs shaking from each slap over her wet, sopping cunt. After having cum several times tonight, her pussy lips were sensitive to the touch. "Fuck!" she yelled, her cunt begging to be filled again. "Cum inside me, please!"

He reached forward and pulled her hair, tugging her head back as his cock slid back into it. "Beg," he commanded.

Ashley couldn't speak. The hard cock ramming her made it difficult to form words. "Fuck fuck fuck fuck..." she said between breaths, her breasts heaving up and down on her chest, her next climax of the night quickly approaching. She closed her legs around Mr. Cohen's waist, trapping him and his cock inside her so that he could feel her her throbbing cunt. "I'm cumming... I'm cumming"

Her boss grunted, his climax not far behind hers. Ashley held her breasts in her hands as he started pounding her harder, and faster. "Please cum for me," she begged. She toyed with her nipples, pulling on each of them and letting her breasts fall as she let go. "Cum inside your dirty little secretary!"

She opened her mouth wide and pulled her arms away, watching as Mr. Cohen's pace slowed down to a halt. He quickly pulled out, setting her cock on her pussy mound before holding it in his hand, aimed directly over her body. Ashley giggled, his cock erupting hot thick cum that spurted all over her naked sweaty body. Most shot onto her breasts, the rest of the cum falling down over her bare stomach, her waist, before settling into a pool of cum just above her pussy and directly below her boss's cock.

"Thank you, sir," Ashley said, giggling. She ran a finger over her cum-stained breasts and tasted it with her tongue. "I feel so good"

Her boss smiled, panting for a few seconds before gathering up the energy to speak. "It's your new outfit," he said. "You're welcome."

Ashley bit her lip as she pulled herself up and sat on Mr. Cohen's desk. "If only I could wear it to work sometime," she said, giggling. There was so much cum over her body that she was surprised his balls didn't explode earlier when he caught her.

"Knowing you, I believe it," he said, leaning in close. He kissed her softly before running a hand down to her cunt. "Just you, your high heels, and my cum all over your body. We can make it happen."

She blushed instinctively, but then imagined the entire office staring at her, her naked body marked with their boss's cum. Could she really do it? Stand bare and exposed in front of so many people?

"But how?" she asked him. She wasn't seriously considering it... was she?

He smiled, kissing her again, as his hand rubbed her testy clit. "I think I have an idea."

Ashley didn't exactly know many other women who worked naked for their boss.

She did, however. And she liked it a lot.

She marched through the office, her tall high heels clicking and clacking on the floor as she passed by her co-workers' cubicles, warm morning sunlight caressing her smooth, shaven skin through the large glass windows. Except for the tie fixing her hair into a ponytail and the heel straps around her ankles, she had nothing on above her sales. She brushed her ponytail past her back, letting her entire naked body be exposed to the radiant sun as it beamed over her form. Her soft, goose-bumped skin was almost glowing white. Her nipples were harder than diamonds, and right between her thighs, she could feel wetness leaking down her pussy lips.

I feel like a fucking goddess, Ashley thought. A beautiful, naked goddess.

There wasn't anyone in the office, of course, except Mr. Cohen. They were all given the day off paid, leaving just the two of them to play out her exhibitionist fantasies. Still, it was easy for Ashley imagine her co-workers there gawking at her, watching her sweet curves strut across the office without a skirt hiding them. Her breasts bounced gently with each step without a bra constraining them, and

her soft pussy lips were easy to see without her panties to protect them.

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She was vulnerable, right there in the office, naked and free and exposed to the sun, as if it was just any other boring day in the workplace. She half-expected to turn around and find all her co-workers behind her to surprise her: that was how 'normal' it felt. She had spent so much time naked at night that it had gotten boring, but now? It was wonderful. Exciting. Bold

It really made her wonder why she couldn't work naked. She bit her lip, thinking of the possibility. No, it'd be too risky. If it didn't get her fired, it'd absolutely get Mr. Cohen fired. And she wondered if she really wanted everyone in the office to think she was just doing it to get a

promotion or a raise. She shook her head as she walked past the cubicles and opened the door to his office, carrying with her a stack of papers. No, this was just for fun. Sexy, nared fun.

"Good morning, Mr. Cohen," she said, smiling, as she opened the door holding the folder firmly against her bare breasts. "I brought you the files that you wanted."

He was sitting at his desk, his attention focused on his computer monitor rather than her nudity. He turned to her, looked her up and down, and nodded softly. Something about his patient confidence made her want to jump him right there.

"Thank you, Ashley. You can set them by my desk."

She walked forward, putting the folder to her side so he could watch her tits jiggle. She bent over, propping her ass as far up as possible so that her breasts would hang over his desk. She imagined her co-workers looking behind her, seeing her spread asshole and pussy lips right there in Mr. Cohen's office. "Here you go, sir," she said ss she put the folder down. "Is there anything else you need me to do, كيكة."

He smirked. "Just one. Are you trying to tease me, Ashley?"

She stood back up, pressed her hand against her mouth, and gasped. "Why, what possibly could be giving you that impression, sir?" "I think you know exactly what you're doing," he said, sternly. He rolled his chair out from behind his desk and put a hand on his lap. "Get over here.

"But sir" she said, close to giggling.

"Now," he said.

With that, she obeyed, getting on his lap and spreading her legs so that his erection could pop up between her thighs. His warm, rough hands roamed her body, groping her breasts and pressing them together. "Mmn fuck..." she said, moaning. "Thank you for the new dress code, sir..."

His hand then went between her legs, testing her wetness with his finger. "You're such a slut. Working naked for her boss. Such a good obedient secretary."

His fingers slid in and out of her, sach time making Ashley moan. "Tjust want to please you sir... I want to be good eye-candy for you."

"That you are," he said, flicking her nipple. "Such a good whore."

Ashley spread her legs further, straddling him in his lap as his hands teased her clit and played with her breasts. She didn't hear the door open just in front of her until Mr. Cohen's hands suddenly slipped away from her body. She opened her eyes

"Oh!" the woman yelled. It was one of her co-workers who clearly didn't get the memo of her day off work. "I was just, uhm... I didn't mean to..."

"Oh, hi!" Ashley said, not missing a beat. "We're a little busy here."

The woman's eyes rested on Ashley's naked form for a second before turning to her boss. "Mr. Cohen, I didn't know you and Ash had..... uhm... I'll just be going."

"That would be wise," he said simply as she watched her leave. His hands returned to pleasuring her body

"Oh God..." she whispered, barely able to process what just happened. "Do you think she'll tell anyone?" she asked Mr. Cohen. "Oh God, everyone is going to know about this!"

He laughed. "Everyone is going to know you're my naked pet."

Ashley was about to respond, but his hand deep inside her cunt made her pause. She moaned again, louder this time, not even caring if her co-worker could hear her. In fact, she wanted her to hear. For the whole empty office to hear. "Mmm fuck. They're going to think I'm a whore."

"A naughty, naked whore," he replied, taking out his cock. "Let's get you dressed up."

Ashley giggled. "In your cum? But sir! Everyone will see me! They'll know how much of a dirty whore I am... dressed up in nothing but your hot, sticky cum..."

THE END