**A Secretarial Mistake**

by mp\_kd

**Intro**

**Lottie**

Lottie was happy. Only a year ago she’d been down on her luck. At the age of nineteen, benefits were extremely low. Finding a job with Mark Chambers had been a godsend. It may have been only three days a week, but it was a reasonable hourly rate and she worked from his house most of the time, rather than his office. He job entailed filing his mail, typing up his correspondence, and organising and logging his expenditure. Mark ran a travel agency which he started from home and had now opened his first High St office. Business was brisk and having been his first employee, she was the most trusted.  
As the business grew he offered her the chance to work at the main office – an offer she declined. Lottie was extremely shy. She didn’t converse easily with strangers and always dressed very conservatively to avoid attention. Although she had a beautifully slim figure, with small but pert breasts, she hid it all with baggy clothes and trousers. She’d even wear a hat to work to cover her flame-red hair, which hung down her back in natural ringlets. Mark could also never understand why she never accepted his offer of a full time position, even though he knew she lived alone.  
Thinking that she must live very frugally he accepted that she just lacked a little ambition. Until the day she arrived to work in a car. Actually not quite at work! He’d nipped out for a paper and had seen her getting out of it, having parked two streets away. Not a new one admittedly, but a car nonetheless! It piqued his curiosity somewhat. For once he decided to have a look back through his old bank statements and expenditure files. How could he have been so stupid? For the past 6 months at least he’d been paying her rent and now it seemed he’d bought her a car too! Even the petty cash vouchers had been tampered with. What should he do with this thieving meek little mouse of a secretary?  
It was quite a problem. She was a very efficient worker, very respectful and he had to admit her hair was stunning. He could only imagine the figure that was hidden away. At the same time, he couldn’t just her get away with this. Another contract was needed!  
When she arrived on Tuesday morning, Lottie was surprised to see Mark at his desk. “Take your coat off and come and join me” he said. Sat demurely in a long grey jumper and black trousers, she wondered what he wanted,  
“Lottie, I’ve been thinking about your contract” he said. “I know you’ve turned me down before, but this time I have an offer you won’t be able to refuse. Client & Office Manager, it’s a five day week and double your current salary.”  
“I couldn’t do it” Lottie replied, “I wouldn’t want to work at the main office anyway.”. Lottie pictured the staff there in their smart suits. There were three sales girls there and all wore the same uniforms – smart blue blazer and black thigh length skirt.  
“I couldn’t be comfortable in the uniform.”  
“I prefer to be quiet when I work”  
“The office is further for me to travel”  
Excuse after excuse poured out and Mark listened quietly, smiling to himself, knowing he had the upper hand. Finally she’d finished and he could reply.  
“You’ll do it because I’m telling you. It’s a very good offer. You’ll have to learn how to please all my biggest customers and keep them happy. You’ll wear what I say from now on, and you’ll not complain again. If you do I’ll take these to the police!”  
She looked in horror at the bank statements in his hand. How could he have known? The car, he must have seen it! Oh how could she be so stupid?  
“I’ve drafted up a new contract.” He continued. “Take it home, read it, and sign it. Bring it to me in the morning and I’ll lock these statements away where they won’t be seen.”  
It was an unexpected day off for Lottie. One that she really didn’t want! Apart from anything else she had her eye on a new blouse and hadn’t been able to dip into the petty cash to fund it. She spent the day remonstrating with herself for being so foolish and reading the contract. Mostly it concentrated on her new and extended duties. She would now have to meet major clients face to face in her own office. At least it was better than sitting out in the open office! Dress code was deemed to be “standard issue uniform only, unless otherwise instructed” and there was a bit about “Dressing according to the needs of the business”. There was also a new bit about “Foreign travel may be required” All in all it could have been worse. And there was the pay rise too! She decided that the new job with its inconveniences would be better than the possibility of serving time for fraud.  
Wednesday morning took a long while to arrive, but eventually she let herself in at Mark’s and went to hang her coat up. “Come in” he called.  
“So what is your decision?” he asked. Gingerly she pushed the signed contract over to him. Expecting a lecture, she got one, and was in no doubt of the consequences if it reoccurred. She was crying by the end.   
“Take this and put it on” Mark said firmly, passing her a pack with a uniform in. She took it and went to the changing room, all fight out of her now. She slipped out of her jumper and trousers and put on the smart blazer and skirt. The skirt looked terrible with the flat shoes she had on, and she knew she’d have to buy some tights, but she said nothing, not wanting to upset Mark even more.  
“Do they fit?” he called. She went back to his office and stood straight before his desk.   
“Would you rather I called the Police now?” he said. She could not understand what he meant.  
“The contract says ‘Only uniform!’, and I can tell you still have a bra on. Go and remove anything that isn’t uniform”  
“But.........”, she started to say.  
“Decide now” Mark demanded. “That’s the deal. I’m going to see a lot more of you and you’re going to stay out of prison!” There was nothing she could do. She went back to the changing room and removed her bra and knickers. It was going to be embarrassing but there was no choice in the matter.  
Once back in Mark’s office, he looked at her again. The blazer showed quite a bit of flesh. Lottie had a small chest, so it was not a cleavage as such and he knew she was legally decent. The skirt was mid thigh and again, perfectly respectable. He bade her sat down.  
Mark proceeded to explain what she had agreed to. In work hours, she would dress exactly as he asked. The other girls at the office would get to know she wore nothing under her uniform. It would be down to her to explain that one. There would be no touching of her, but she should prepare herself for the embarrassment that would become her punishment. He also told her that it would be a punishment for twelve months, if she obeyed all instructions. Any disobedience would mean that the current week would be added back on. He also added that there would be several trips to holiday locations and that she would be expected to promote the business however she could. Lottie nodded serenely as she accepted her fate.

**A Secretarial Mistake 2**

“Right” said Mark. “Firstly today we need to get last year’s bookwork into the attic. I’m going to give you three days of work here at the house so you get used to your new attire before I move you to the shop. No-one can see you here apart from me, but if you’d rather start at the shop straight away................?”  
Lottie looked nervous but shook her head. Mark had always been a gentleman at work and she had no reason to expect any different. If she was going to spend 52 weeks in some state of undress, then at least this one would be a little more private.  
“Well, you’d better get undressed then. You don’t want to be climbing into an attic in your smart jacket.”  
Saying nothing, Lottie turned for the changing room. Hanging up her blazer and neatly laying her skirt on a chair, she braced herself for the inevitable. She supposed it was good of him to at least give her the chance. After a couple of deep breaths, she drew herself up to her full height, 5’1”, and walked back to Mark’s office.  
For the first time since his discovery, Mark thought that all the thousands he had lost were worth it. She was stunning! High, perky breasts, with delicate puffy pink nipples topped a slim convex stomach and then a flame red bush of pubic hair. Collar and cuffs definitely matched! Her legs were shapely and her feet tiny. It almost took his breath away. This was going to be a fun year!  
As they went up the stairs, Lottie sort of guessed she was going to be the one going up the ladder. She knew he was going to be right underneath her getting a worm’s eye view of her pussy. She also knew there was absolutely nothing she could do about it. The private places on her body were not going to be private any more. At least it was only Mark who would see her, but at the same time wondered how far she’d have to go to pay this debt. She was going to have to develop an immunity to embarrassment very quickly!  
There were about twenty boxes to pass up into the attic. Lottie passed the first couple before she realised she was not going to be able to stay on the ladder. She was going to have to climb into the attic with each one. Every time she climbed up, her pussy was going to be wide open and on display to anyone below. Judging by the grin on Mark’s face, he was following her train of thought closely.  
This was Mark’s idea of work. All he had to do was pass a box halfway up a ladder and the gorgeous little redhead would do the rest. Every time she got into the attic, he got to see her delicate pink pussy lips, and the blush on her face was a deeper red by far than her hair! Eventually they finished and Mark offered his hand to help her down.   
Declining the hand offered to her, Lottie hustled back to the changing room and dressed as fast as she could. Mark disappeared into his office for a while so she busied herself typing some letters up that he had dictated earlier. It was a lot less comfortable typing in her blazer than the jumpers and tops she normally wore and the skirt rode up so it was only just decent. She decided that she was ok with the skirt problems, but the uncomfortable blazer was bugging her. It was all right for the girls in the office, they had merely to meet and greet customers and any typing was minimal. Mark should really have considered the uniform better! Just as she was working her way into a right state, Mark popped his head round the door.  
“Is everything ok? He asked.  
“This blazer was not designed to be worn to do office work” she complained.   
“I couldn’t agree more!” Mark replied. “If you take it off, I’ll hang it up for you!”  
“But.......” she started.  
“As agreed, the needs of the business are that you do your work as fast as possible. The blazer impedes that, so needs to go. From now on, you will hang your blazer up when you are doing any typing or correspondence”  
She stared at Mark, partly in an effort to think of something to use as an argument back, and partly in disbelief at her own stupidity. How could she not have seen this coming? Yet there was no valid reason not to take off the blazer apart from her own embarrassment, and that didn’t count! Reluctantly, she unbuttoned the blazer and for the second time that day, Mark was treated to the sight of her puffy nipples. This time, however, they were going to stay on view, albeit in her office.  
As the day wore on, Lottie started to become a little less self conscious about the fact that she was naked from the waist up. Mark stayed in his own office most of the time and she got her head down to work, really clearing some of the backlog caused by her unexpected day off. One of the letters was to the bank to cancel a direct debit. It was the one to her landlord that was paying her rent. Mentally she cursed herself again for being so naive to think that she’d never get caught! Another caught her eye. It was a letter confirming a meeting Mark had with a hotelier. The hotel was in Spain and the letter referred to Mark and his “personal assistant”. Was this going to be a free holiday she wondered?  
Halfway through the afternoon, Mark popped his head round the door. “Lottie, would you mind making me a cup of coffee please? Two sugars!” He’d only had the briefest glance at her breasts, so rather than going to the changing room to pick up her blazer, she went as she was to the kitchenette that served their offices. She did wonder about the extra sugar, he normally only had one, but then again drank tea not coffee.   
It was only when she opened Mark’s office door that she realised her mistake. There, opposite Mark, was his brother Paul! Trying to cover her breasts with one arm and find a surface to put the coffee down, Lottie blushed deeply. This was going to be a very difficult year! She also knew she only had two more days at Mark’s house before she was transferred to the much busier office.  
“I think she’s got a lot of potential.” She heard Mark saying as she fled his office.

**A Secretarial Mistake 3**

A little over an hour later, Lottie heard the door go, with the sounds of Mark saying goodbye to his brother. He stuck his head in her office.  
“Thanks for that! My brother was a bit down yesterday, so stayed here the night. You’ve cheered him up no end!  
“You could have told me” she chided.  
“Actually, no! The whole point is that there are going to be a lot of little incidents like that. I do love the way you blush. I hope you don’t get too blasé about this before the year is out! However, since you did a great job with Paul, you can finish early today.  
“Really? Thanks!” Lottie beamed.  
“Yes” he said,” and you can leave the blazer at home tomorrow. You won’t need it. You can work in just your skirt tomorrow as you’ll be typing all day. You can park your car, sorry my car, on the drive any time you are ever here. I want you to travel in just your coat, skirt and shoes.”  
Once again, Lottie blushed. She wished she could control it but her cheeks seemed to have a mind of their own. It was going to be a daunting day staying topless, without even anything to put on in an emergency. She wondered what else Mark had planned, then shuddered and tried to think of something else. The reference to whose car it was just deepened her shame.  
That evening, Lottie couldn’t get her mind off the thought of the following day. Somehow she knew that Mark was not going to be the only one at the house. Who would it be?  
After a fitful night’s sleep, Lottie got ready for work. She had a shower, a bite of breakfast, and made some sandwiches for her lunch. There had been times when she had sent out for lunch and just put it through the petty cash. That was no longer an option and if she was ever going to get through this horrible year, she was going to have to get used to more austere ways. Finally, she was ready to get dressed. She slipped her shoes on – 4” black heels – shimmied her skirt over her hips and reached for her black coat. It wasn’t the longest one she had, but it was very full in the chest area, Lottie was all too aware that her breasts were bouncing freely beneath it!  
The journey to work was uneventful, but Lottie couldn’t help but consider the possibilities of what would happen if she were involved in a car crash or something. Whatever would the hospital staff think? Pulling onto the drive, she remembered that the insurance instalment for her car was due out of Mark’s bank account any day soon. How was she going to pay that? She may have had a pay rise but that didn’t come into effect until the end of the month. She determined to be very conscientious that day as she knew she’d have to ask him about it soon.  
Hanging her coat in the changing room was quite stressful. Just the thought of having her blazer hanging up the day before had been a kind of safety net. Today she was bare breasted all day in another man’s house. There was no sign of Mark so she busied herself with the pile of work he had laid out for her. Before all her troubles had started she often used to work alone, with Mark appearing mid-morning sometimes. It was that level of trust that she’d abused, and that which had got her into this mess.  
Out of the blue, the doorbell went. There was still no sign of Mark, so she padded over to the door and peered thru the spy hole. Horror! A UPS delivery! What could she do? Mark had specifically said for her to be topless all day. The bell rang a second time. Not long now to make a decision. Quickly she grabbed a towel out of the kitchenette. It was only a hand towel but it would have to do. As she opened the front door the delivery driver was headed back down the drive.  
“Hey” she called, “Sorry, but I was just getting ready.” It was sort of believable and the towel she had covering her breasts was added ”evidence”.   
“Ok love, hang on” called the driver, disappearing into his van and returning with three boxes of computer paper. “Sign here” and passed her a clipboard. The driver couldn’t take his eyes off this petite little redhead who was obviously topless barring a small towel.  
Lottie really thought she had the towel wedged right. She used her elbows to trap the towel to her body to free up her hands so she could hold the clipboard and sign her name, but the towel just wasn’t big enough for the job and fluttered to the floor. Lottie was sure it wasn’t just her face that blushed. She was pretty sure her boobs blushed too! What was worse? Was it the driver whose eyes were on stalks, or the camera flash that went off? She looked over and saw Mark laughing with a camera in his hand. He’d been watching all along. He knew she’d have to answer the door!  
“Actually, I didn’t know if you would or not!” he protested after they had managed to get the boxes of paper indoors.  
“What would you have done if I’d not answered it? Lottie asked.  
“Easy” he said. “I’d have added another week on!”  
Now she knew more than ever that her obedience was going to be vital if she was ever going to finish her ordeal!  
“What are you going to do with that picture you took?”  
Mark smiled. “That’s a little insurance policy. Just one more reason you will do as you’re told.”  
“Talking of insurance policies......” she began.  
“Yes, I know” he replied, cutting her off sharply. “I will pay it. But in return, I need you to do a little job for me on Saturday morning.”  
Try as she might, there was nothing Lottie could do to get Mark to tell her any more. A couple of hours on Saturday morning in order to pay a hefty insurance premium seemed to be a good deal on the face of it. Somehow she suspected she’d not finish the morning wearing too many clothes!

**A Secretarial Mistake 4**

After an uneventful night, Lottie was getting ready for work. It was Friday morning and was to be the last day working at the house, before transferring to the main office in town. She didn’t want to move. The house had a converted garage that housed the business. A small cubby hole that doubled as a changing room, two offices, one each for her and Mark, a small kitchenette and access to the main house bathroom. What more could anyone want? The business, however, was growing and she supposed that as Mark was probably paying a lot of money for the new premises, he’d want to get maximum use out of it.  
Mark had said otherwise, so this morning she put her blazer on. It was a warmer morning so she didn’t bother with a coat and wore just her blazer and skirt. Starting the car up, she noticed that the tank was less than a quarter full. More problems, especially as she had no money to pay for any. Her wages were gone and she was only ten days into the month. Pay day was a long way off! Still, it was not too far to Mark’s and it would last a few days yet.  
Once inside, she obediently removed her blazer and sat typing, topless, for most of the morning. Just gone eleven, Mark stuck his head in the door.  
“Bring me a tea will you, Lottie, and do yourself one. I need a word.”   
Not knowing if he had company or not, Lottie put her blazer on then took the two mugs through to his office. She had been caught out once – it was not happening again!  
“Sit down.” Mark invited.  
She sat.  
“I’ve had an idea”, he continued. “A friend of mine has a 16-seater minibus and we are pooling resources to get a trip together to the South of France. At the moment it’s only an idea, but I’ve got someone coming over later who may be interested in taking a party over. I’ll need you to bring tea and biscuits in when he gets here. He owns a club and some of his members fancy a trip abroad.”  
“No problem” Lottie replied, eager to please him.  
“Just one thing though!” Mark continued, “Terry’s club is a naturist spa and he is unsure about our credentials to run this sort of trip. So I told him you were a naturist, too, and often worked in the nude!”  
Lottie’s heart sank. She was starting to get used to Mark seeing her breasts, and two others had seen them too, but to be fully naked....!   
“Needs of the business, Lottie!” said Mark, reading her thoughts well. “We need this deal, I’ve some ground to catch up after your misdemeanours.” Lottie hung her head. She was all too well aware that she had done some considerable damage to Mark’s business. Terry was due at 12.30, so it was agreed she’d strip and work naked from midday till after he’d gone. The rest of the morning dragged!  
Just before twelve, Lottie duly got up and placed her skirt over a chair in the changing room. There were two, one for her, the other for any guests. Walking back to her desk felt really strange and was not helped by Mark standing in the corridor, watching her every move. In time, the doorbell rang. Mark rushed through and checked the spy hole. Lottie was relieved he had gone to the door.  
“Get the door,” he suddenly said “and no covering up. Then bring him into my office. Lottie’s lungs tightened. How could he? It took all her nerve to force herself to the door. Opening it, she saw a silver haired man. Tall, tanned and lean, Terry looked her studiously up and down before entering the house. From her hair to her breasts and then fixed on her bushy pussy. Her blush was off again. It was as if she could feel the heat from her own cheeks. Still, it’d save on the heating bills!  
“Come this way, sir” she managed, with air forced from frozen lungs. She could feel Terry’s eyes burning her ass cheeks as she led him through.  
“Thanks Lottie” Mark said when she led him through. “I’ll call if we want tea.”  
She was mortified thinking of the way she had just been looked at. She’d had to clench her fists tight to stop herself from the natural instinct of covering herself. She was not at all certain that Terry would consider her a naturist, but at least she had done it! She had opened the door naked. The blush subsided slowly as she felt a bit of pride in her achievements.  
“Lottie, two teas please!” called Mark, dragging her back to reality. She made her way to the kitchenette and put the kettle on. Just as she was about to pour the drinks, the doorbell went again. Glancing round, she noticed the door to Mark’s office was open and she could see him and Terry negotiating details of the trip. There was nothing for it. She was going to have to get the door again.  
Peeping through the spy hole she saw it was a pizza delivery man. She ran to Mark’s doorway and asked “Did you dial a pizza?” “Oh yes,” he replied “here’s a tenner and pay him would you? Tell him to keep the change”  
The bastard! He had planned this all along! Lottie was so annoyed she almost forgot her embarrassment and stormed to the door. She handed the delivery driver the money and snatched the pizza off him so quickly that not a single word came out of his mouth before she had shut the door again. Mind you, it would have been difficult to speak with his chin being that close to the floor.  
Inside the door, Lottie paused for breath. Disbelief rushed through her veins. The anger went and the embarrassment returned – and the blush! Finishing the drinks off, she used the pizza box as a tray and, with as much composure as she could manage, delivered their working lunch.  
The meeting with Terry went smoothly after that. Terry stuck his head inside the door and said goodbye and Mark let him out.  
“You were great” he enthused. “It wasn’t going too well to start with. Terry is a real stickler for dealing with other naturists as far as possible. He wasn’t certain about you until you got the pizza in, but that really did the trick. We got the deal!”  
Lottie was not entirely sure she liked Terry. It had put her off when he had looked her up and down in the doorway, but seeing Mark pleased made her relax somewhat. After all, he needed the business to replace all the money she had stolen off him.  
“He’s going to let us put some posters up in his club so that the members can sign up to the trip. It’s a week-long trip and I can charge premium prices with it being a specialist thing. I’ve told him you’ll take them over tomorrow”  
“So that’s what my job is for Saturday morning” Lottie thought as she settled back to her computer. She didn’t bother putting her skirt back on that afternoon. Was it really worth it?

**A Secretarial Mistake 5**

Dressed in her uniform, having not been told any different, Lottie felt a little strange working on a Saturday morning. As arranged, she let herself in the converted office suite around 10am, Saturday morning. After leaving her blazer in the changing room, she entered her office. On her desk she found some drawings Mark had done, showing the way he wanted the posters designed. Lottie quickly transformed the rough hand written sketches into a tempting poster for the “escorted holiday” that Mark and Terry had agreed on. She had a good idea who one of the escorts would be and the fact it was a naturist trip filled her with dread.  
Once done, she picked up the phone and called Mark, letting him know she was ready for him to check the design. Several minutes later, he appeared, seemingly still buttoning his shirt. If she’d have had the choice, she’d have had a lie in too!  
“Right then, Lottie,” he said “These are good! Now we need some in both A4 and A3 ready to go to the club.”  
As Lottie did the required printing, Mark just followed her tits round the room. Small yet perfectly formed, they defied gravity and the delicate pink nipples were a joy to look at. Had this been worth all the losses? Not nearly, he decided, but it was a good start!  
“What do I wear?” asked Lottie, once done.  
“Uniform” replied Mark, “until we get to the club. Once we’re there, you’ll strip as you’ll be putting posters in all the naturist areas. I’ll be waiting in reception. There’s a cafe area, a indoor pool, the saunas and a notice board in the garden. We’ll need a couple of posters in each are. Bring some Blu-tac.”  
Lottie sighed quietly. She had expected something like this, yet actually hearing it made her nervous. She was going to be naked and alone for quite a while. Mark decided to drive and in the car she thought of rolling out the little balls of blu-tac ready, but Mark wouldn’t let her open the pack.  
“It will look more professional if you take a brand new pack in!” he declared.  
“Yes, and take longer!” replied Lottie.  
Mark just smiled.  
They were soon at the club entrance. Mark pulled into the car park, which Lottie noticed was only about half full. Once in reception, they greeted Terry who showed Lottie a chair. “You can put your stuff on the chair.” He said helpfully. Lottie couldn’t help noticing the cctv cameras. That was why Mark was staying in reception. They were going to watch her every move. The blush followed that thought. Not too bad a one this time, embarrassing just the same.  
Lottie’s plan was to attack the busier areas first, in case more people arrived at the club. She went straight for the pool, which she thought would be popular. Not a soul was in it. The sauna area was nearest, so she did that next. Into the cafe, that was when she found out where all the members were. The room went quiet as she walked in. She was the only one in the room naked! All the members had towels! Not a single woman was in the room, just a couple of dozen older men and none with anything showing. The blush that hit her matched her flame red pubes. Her hands twitched in an instinct to cover herself up. As she walked through the middle of the room towards the notice board, she clenched her fists to stop herself from covering up – and dropped the posters! Now she had to bend down and pick them up and whichever way she faced someone would get a great view of her bum and pussy. This was not getting any easier!  
Still feeling the heat from the massive blush, she gritted her teeth and squatted, thinking that would be less revealing, then realised her mistake as her pussy lips opened up to show their pink contents. Inside her something snapped and, like with the pizza man, anger took over and she strode to the board and got the poster up without further problems. Only when she had turned round did she notice the way the cafe overlook the gardens. It seemed as if she would be playing to the gallery again!  
Following the signs to the garden, she rolled the blu-tac into place on the last remaining posters, in an effort to speed the task up. She entered the garden and managed to get the posters up without any further problems. Looking up, she saw the windows to the cafe were absolutely crowded with men watching her every move. With her confidence growing, she turned towards them and gave a little bow.  
Back in the sanctuary of reception, she hurriedly dressed. Turning round, she caught sight of Mark putting a memory stick in his pocket.  
“More insurance?” she asked.  
Again, no reply, just that assured smile.  
In the car, on the way back, Mark said “Well that should cover the insurance!”  
Lottie cringed at the thought of all those old men ogling her in the cafe, then a second wave hit her as she realised that some of them would be the ones going on the trip. She’d have their attentions for a whole week! Inwardly, she groaned.  
“I’ll pick you up at half eight, Monday” he continued. “I’ll come with you to introduce you to the girls in the office.”  
Back in the safety of her own flat, Lottie had a root through her own paperwork. She spent a frantic hour on her internet banking site, trying to cancel all the direct debits that she had set up. From magazine subscriptions to health spa membership, she’d joined them all. Now there was nothing in her bank to pay them and no way of accessing any more money. It was still over a fortnight to payday. She dreaded asking Mark again. Who knows what it would cost her next time?  
As she put a bra on for the first time in three days, the thought did cross her mind how strange it felt. A lot had changed that week!

**A Secretarial Mistake 6**

Monday morning came all too soon for Lottie. She’d spent most of Sunday worrying about how she was going to pay her bills. She’d now stopped most of her outgoings but her account was overdrawn and her bank charges were about to make it even worse. If she stayed in the red it would take months and months to catch up. Every month she strayed into the red would incur even more charges. Oh how could she have been so stupid to let this happen? Now she was being punished for her stealing but apart from the car had nothing to show for it. Idiot! Fool! She was so annoyed with herself!  
As she put on her uniform, she wondered how long it would be staying on for this time. Who would end up seeing her embarrassed today? The door rang and she let Mark in.  
“Right,” he said have you worked out what you are going to say to the girls when they find out you wear very little?”  
Lottie hadn’t really thought about it, having been pre-occupied with other things over the weekend. With the events of Saturday morning in her mind, all she could come out with was “a-a-a n-naturist?”.   
“Excellent!” said Mark, smiling again. “Now it will be easy to introduce you. It also means that your new uniform rule is to be naked whenever there are not customers who could be upset. Off the shop floor I want you naked at all times.” Once again she had let herself in for worse!  
“Oh Mark, please! This is going too far. What can I do to make amends? I’ve seen the staff there and they don’t look like they’d understand!”  
“They will be fine!” Mark replied. “Naturism is a growing force and I’d be a terrible boss if I didn’t allow it!”  
Lottie sighed. There was no way out, so she thought she’d better tell him of her latest money troubles. She had an idea what he’d want even if he was able to help.  
“I’ll give you an advance on your expected overtime.” he said. “When the trip leaves, you and I will be with them. But in return I’ll expect complete co-operation. I need this trip to be a success!”  
It was a relief for Lottie in some ways. That she was going on the trip was not unexpected and she’d had an idea she’d end up naked on it. If it sorted some of her other problems as a result then it had to be for the best. At least she’d not be stripping in front of people who were likely to see her again.  
Once all the financial details had been agreed Lottie and Mark set out towards the office. Arriving just after 8.45am, Mark called all the staff together. Barbara, or Barb, was the senior. Aged about 40, she was a very slim woman, with a harsh stressed face, framed with greying mousey brown hair, that only seemed to look calm when it was attached to a cigarette. Teresa, or Teri, was a buxom brunette with a freckly face and a huge bust. Finally there was Tracey, a waif like blonde. In the queue for breasts, Teri had most definitely had Tracey’s share as well. Both Teri and Tracey had left school in the last year and were lifelong friends.  
Mark spent a little time with them, outlining the role he had in mind for Lottie. He explained how they were all important to the business and that by Lottie taking all the admin on, it would free up some of the time that the girls spent on paperwork. All holiday bookings taken from now on should be taken straight to Lottie in her office where she would process them and get all the paperwork in motion. Then, the bombshell!  
“You will all be seeing a lot of Lottie!” he continued. “Lottie is a naturist and I’ve decided to allow her to practise her beliefs in her office. The only time she’ll be in uniform is when she could be seen by the customers. Obviously that would not be sensible.”  
Barb looked quite shocked, whereas Teri and Tracey just looked at each other and suppressed giggles. Lottie got the impression that unique thoughts were probably beyond them. Mark sent the girls down on to the shop floor, ready to open the doors, then leaned back in his chair. It was fairly obvious he had no intention of going anywhere until she had stripped.   
As she hung up her blazer, Lottie could feel herself blushing again. Mark seeing her breasts was something she was starting to get used to, but she did not think she would ever get used to him seeing her “down there”. Still, she had landed herself in this situation, so off went the skirt, and she set to work at her desk, wearing just her shoes.  
Mark drank in her nudity. If he could just recoup the money it had cost him, he may yet come to regard this sequence of events as one of his best ever deals. From her pert breasts down to her well hidden pussy, lost behind a forest of deep ginger curls, and then her slim shapely legs, she was gorgeous. He just could not get enough of her.  
Lottie, on the other hand, felt nothing but embarrassment at the way Mark ogled her. She was thankful for the modesty panel on her desk that left only her breasts on show. Being seen by Mark was one thing, but sometime soon one of the girls would sell a holiday and have to bring her the paperwork. Now THAT was going to be embarrassing!

**A Secretarial Mistake 7**

Lottie sat in her office wondering just how she had got into the mess she was in. Stark naked in an office with three strangers working downstairs, she knew they would soon start coming up for one reason or another. As the clock reached ten o’clock, she decided that a cup of tea was in order. With her new naturist status, she knew she was not even allowed to dress to go to the kitchen/staff room. So she reasoned that going early might avoid one of the other girls there. She opened her office door, giving a longing look at the uniform hung up on the back of it, and padded out to the kitchen. She filled the kettle, and readied her cup with teabag, sugar and milk, then.......  
“So, it’s true then?”  
She spun round to see Barb standing in the doorway, looking her up and down. Her face flushed, but she did not cover herself as she had no idea how much Barb knew about the deal she had struck with Mark.  
“What is?” she replied  
“Mark told me you were a naturist. I didn’t know how accurate it was. Now I can see.”  
Lottie froze as Barb continued. “Ok, I’ll accept it. I wasn’t too happy when Mark first told me you were coming. I thought it would upset harmony in the office, but if you’re genuine I’ll go along with it.”  
“Ok” Lottie said tentatively.  
“I take it you don’t wear clothes whenever you don’t have to?”  
“That’s right!” Lottie replied, getting a little more confident. “I just don’t see the need if no one is offended.”  
“Good” said Barb, “I’ll be on hand to help you with that.” And with a last look at the little redhead before her, she turned and went back downstairs.  
Lottie finished making her tea and retreated to her office. What had Barb meant by saying she’d help? She did not seem particularly friendly, though she had said nothing out of place.  
The door was knocked a little later. She always knew it would happen. “Come in” she called out. It was Teri. Teri blushed at the same time as Lottie. It was very questionable which of them was more embarrassed.   
“I-I-I have a holiday booking for you” she stammered. Lottie felt sorry for her. Even though she was the one that was naked it was Teri who was taking it worst. She placed the forms on Lottie’s desk and retreated slowly, not turning round.   
“Grab a chair, Teri.” Lottie offered and the shy girl pulled one up near the desk. “I’ll just have a check through these.”  
The girls had a good chat which eased the tension between them. Teri started to accept the situation a bit better. It seemed strange to her talking to someone whose tits she could see, whilst knowing that Lottie had nothing on her lower half either. Teri thought to herself she would never find the courage necessary to do it herself.  
The conversation was interrupted by Barb, who burst in to the room. “We have a few customers in and I’m needed behind the Bureau de Change. Teri, get to your desk, Lottie, get dressed and follow me. I need to show you how this bit works..”  
They all departed downstairs. Lottie followed barb into the Bureau. It was a secure room with a glass panel looking out into the shop. It was nice for Lottie to feel clothed again and she watched attentively as Barb changed hundreds of pounds into euros. She watched carefully as Barb worked out the exchange rate and then deducted the commission charges. After a few different transactions they changed places, with Lottie sat on the stool behind the desk doing the transactions and Barb standing behind her watching that all procedures were done properly. They spent a good hour like that until Barb was 100% happy that Lottie knew what she was doing. It was all relatively simple. The computer in front of her worked all the transactions out for her, the safe to her left held various quantities of money of all denominations and the one to her right was for depositing the sterling collected. One quarter turn of her chair was all it took to access everything she needed.  
“Confident now?” asked Barb.  
“Yes, I think so”  
“Good, then I can get back to my sales desk and give the girls a hand. Take off your skirt!”  
Lottie’s mouth gaped. Surely she could not be serious? “But Barb?” she started to say.  
Barbara was in no mood for arguing. “Firstly, as a naturist, you’ll be glad to take it off. No one can see your bottom half under the desk so you only need the blazer. Secondly, there are pockets in that skirt, and I don’t want anything falling into them whilst you’re in here.”  
She knew! How could Mark have embarrassed her like that? There was no argument she could use. Barb had worked it out perfectly. She slipped the skirt off and handed it to her, vowing to take Mark to task next time she saw him. Barb promised to put the skirt behind the cash office door, but it did not really matter where she put it. Until she came back with it Lottie was trapped in the Bureau. She couldn’t leave because that would have meant getting up off the stool and showing anyone on the shop floor she was bottomless.  
As the first customer approached, she noticed Mark walk back into the shop with his brother, Paul. Paul still looked miserable. She wondered what was the matter with him. By the time she had finished wondering, she realised she had served the first customer. A rush of adrenaline hit her and a bush spread all over her upper body. She could have sworn her pussy lips opened just a little at the thrill it gave her. It was so embarrassing sitting there with nothing on below the waist. Knowing Barb had been told about her misdemeanours made it even worse. On the other hand, it made her feel almost powerful, knowing that she had served an innocent customer that way. Whatever would he have said if he could have seen her bottom half?

**A Secretarial Mistake 8**

Lottie desperately wanted to talk to Mark, but there was no way she could leave the Bureau de Change. Another customer approached the window, a grey haired lady this time, and started asking about the benefits of American Express Travellers Cheques. Thinking again about her predicament, Lottie felt the flush on her cheeks deepen. She glanced over to where Barb was sitting and could have sworn she could see a smirk on the older lady’s face. She was enjoying this rather more than Lottie!  
Mark was talking in earnest to Paul and it was becoming obvious that she was the topic of conversation. She tried to busy herself in her work and blot them out, but dealing with the elderly lady was tedious and her pussy was definitely awake! Subconsciously she opened her legs wider, feeling the power she had over the situation. Her customer knew nothing about the developing situation beneath the counter. Waffling on about the merits of cash versus travellers cheques, she was in fact turning Lottie on!  
Finally! She saw Paul smile and after shaking Mark’s hand, he left the shop floor. Mark was in conversation with Barb and the old lady was still debating. Lottie let her left hand stray down to her pussy. It would not take much to tip her over the edge.  
“You could always take half cash and half cheques, Madam” Barb interjected.  
Lottie’s mind jolted back to the job it was supposed to have been on. How had Barb got from one side of the shop to the other so quickly? Or had she been daydreaming more than she thought?  
“Teri, can you take over in the bureau, please,” Barb called out. “Lottie’s finished her shift!” Lottie’s eyes widened. How was she supposed to get out of the bureau whilst the old lady was still there? The door was about eight feet behind her and she would be seen by the customer if she moved away from the desk! Teri came in and had a sly look at her bum. Finally Barb came to her rescue.   
“If you look at the offer in the window madam.........”  
The old lady looked round and Lottie suspected this was the only chance Barb was going to give her so she bolted for the door at the back of the Bureau. Almost slamming it behind her, she looked round for her skirt. It was nowhere to be seen so she ran up the stairs for her office. Still there was no skirt! In fretting about her skirt, she forgot that she still had her blazer on in her office and within minutes the door opened and Barb walked in with Mark.  
“Forget the rules did you?” Barb’s face was a picture. One complete evil grin!   
“So what do we do?” asked Mark. “Do we take this back a week or do you want to do a little job for me on Saturday morning again?”  
“I just forgot!” Lottie pleaded.  
“Take it off!” Barb commanded.  
Lottie obediently took off her blazer and walked, naked once more, to her desk.   
“I’ll do Saturday morning for you!” She sighed.  
Despite her best efforts she just could not live up to this demanding set of rules. However much she tried it just did not come naturally to walk around naked. She had got used to being in the office naked but every time Barb changed her routine it confused her and she got out of the mindset. It was as if Barb knew. She could see she was going to have a lot of problems staying on the right side of this harsh woman.  
“Barb and I both have things we need to discuss with you.” Mark started. “I’ll let Barb go first.”  
“Ok, Lottie, I’ll be straight with you.” Barb began. “I hated the fact that you tried to rip Mark off, but your first impressions on me have been better. I have seen the way you are trying to make amends and I like that. If you keep being as obedient, we’ll be fine, but don’t think I’ll go easy on you! I’ve ordered in a new blazer design for all of us. Rather than the old three buttoned ones the new ones have only two, so they’re a lot lower and will show more cleavage. We’ve been getting a lot of male customers lately and this should only help that trend increase. Of course, we’ll be ok as we wear blouses and bras underneath! You’ll have to be very careful when you bend down to the safes!!!”  
Lottie groaned inwardly. She had to be careful in the old jacket and if this one was going to be even lower......! She didn’t have the strength to argue.  
“The new blazers will be delivered on Thursday, so you’ll have a little time to get used to the idea.” Barb added before leaving Lottie’s office.  
“Great idea, don’t you think?” said Mark, grinning.  
“Wonderful!” replied Lottie, defeated.  
“Terry is going to let us have the booking orders on Saturday!” Mark continued. “I thought you’d like to go and collect the booking forms. There will be money and cheques to collect too. Make sure they all get back to me. I’ll let you go alone, you have a car!  
Lottie was in a panic. “But I don’t have the petrol to go out of town, Mark. I’m out of money until the month ends.”  
Lottie finally found the courage to tell Mark the full state of her finances; the bouncing cheques, the returned direct debits, incurred bank charges, increased charges on various accounts she held – it was a sorry picture. Mark listened and when she had finished almost felt sorry for the girl. Ok, some of it she had caused herself, but in stopping stealing from him, her situation had got steadily worse.  
“Let me have all the details in writing tomorrow morning, when I get here and I’ll have a look at what we can do.” He said calmly, making no promises. “And here’s twenty quid for the petrol.”  
They both knew that was more than was needed and Lottie was profuse in her thanks.  
“Save your thanks, Lottie, you’ll have to earn it!” Mark grinned. “Oh and one more thing, Barb pointed out you don’t actually need a uniform skirt. You can’t be seen behind the bureau desk, you don’t work the front desks and you’re naked up here. I might as well have it back since it’s been hardly worn.” With that, he stood, and bade her good afternoon.  
Once again, Barb was pushing her. 50 weeks and 4 days to go! Lottie groaned.

**A Secretarial Mistake 9**

Five o’clock soon came and Lottie was grateful to be heading home. Suddenly it occurred to her that she had hardly anything to wear. Mark had taken her skirt back and she had only her blazer. Teri and Tracey had already left and Barb was starting the rounds of “locking up”. Knowing she was highly unlikely to get any help from the older woman, she weighed up her situation. She had not even got her car. There was no way she could get home.  
“Stuck aren’t you?” came Barb’s voice from behind her. The supervisor had a more serene look on her face now she was puffing on a cigarette. Out of office hours to Barb meant she could light up indoors and she didn’t waste a moment. She took a moment and looked Lottie up and down. She did give some consideration to throwing her out in just her blazer, but it was dark and cold outside and possibly a little too far to walk bottomless!  
“I’ll take you home, but I’m going for a takeaway first.” Barb offered. Lottie was wary of the takeaway idea but had few options.  
“Thanks!”  
They went out the back door where there was a small yard with enough space for about four cars. Apart from Barb’s sedate Ford, there was just one other car in the yard. One she did not recognise. Barb opened her car using the remote and Lottie ran full pelt across the yard and got in the passenger seat. They set off and Lottie started to relax. Other car drivers could not see her bottomless state and there were very few trucks in the town centre at this time of night. Lottie slid down in the seat and almost dozed off. What awoke her was the bright neon “M”. Surely not, no, Barb was taking her through the McDonald’s Drive Thru!  
“But Barb, I’ll be seen!?” exclaimed Lottie.  
“I know.” said Barb simply. “But it’s either that or you have to walk. Mark said not to have you seen by customers. There are no customers here!”  
With that she turned sharply into the first area and started ordering her food. Ordering was not a problem since it was just a case of talking into a speakerphone. She knew there were two more windows to negotiate though, one to pay and the other to collect. What sort of pimply college kids would be manning them?  
The first was a young lad of about 19. He looked as disinterested in his work as it was possible. Had he known it, it was a grave mistake that night and the young lady with the thick red pubes passed by him and off to the last window without him even looking across from the hand that Barb proffered for her change. He only realised his mistake when the girl at the servery window further down burst into a fit of nervous giggles a few seconds later. By then, another car had pulled up to his station and he had to serve them rather than run over to see what he had missed.  
Lottie was so embarrassed. The girl who handed Barb her food can’t have been more than sixteen. She had tied back greasy hair, spots, and her teeth were in a brace. For all her faults though, at least she had a skirt and panties on! At the age of twenty, she had no excuse for it. If there was one consolation, it was that the girl was unlikely to recognise her face. For one thing, the light was poor in the car and for another, once she had passed the food over she just gawped at Lottie’s pubes. She didn’t take her eyes off them until the car pulled away.  
“That will keep them in gossip for a day or two” Barb laughed.  
It was easy for Barb to laugh, she was fully dressed. Lottie, on the other hand, was mortified and silently blushed for the rest of the journey.  
As they pulled up outside Lottie’s flat, she realised her problems were not over yet. Lottie’s flat was on the first floor and although it was dark outside, the stairwell was well lit.  
“Best run quickly” Barb suggested after correctly reading her mind.  
Lottie couldn’t actually see anyone, but it WAS dark and there might be people she could not see. She knew also that the car light was going to come on as soon as she opened the passenger door. With limited options and knowing Barb wasn’t going to wait for long, she said goodnight and opening the door, rolled to the ground and shut the door behind her in one smooth movement. Readying the key that was in her blazer pocket, she started to run for the bottom door to her block. Reaching it, she quickly opened it and stated up the two flights of stairs to her flat.  
“BBEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEPPPPP!!!!!!”  
The witch! How could she? Barb just held her hand on the horn of the car., alerting anyone in the area and making sure they all looked that way. As she turned the corner at the top of the first flight Lottie could see Barb’s grinning face in a car all lit up. Worse, she could see three boys on bikes who had been alerted to the spectacle! Now, at least three boys, in her own neighbourhood, had seen her bare arse running up that flight of steps. She wondered who they were or whether they would see her again. Would they pester her or laugh at her in the local shop? As she let herself in through the door she realised life was not going to be the same again!