**Abby and the CEO**

by Ike Man

*A young woman seeks a job in a large office where nudity among women is the norm and public sex is a stress-reliever.*

**CHAPTER 1: THE JOB INTERVIEW**

“How is it you are applying for this position?” He had identified himself as Dan, the Human Resources Director for the Executive staff floor. “The position wasn’t listed in any open position publication, website or generally available to job recruiters. We generally expect these positions to take some time to generate a candidate or two.”

I knew full well why he was asking. The position was definitely unique for an entry level Personal Assistant position. “A friend of mine … well, actually, a friend of my sister … told me about it. She sent it to me. The way you sent it to your … discrete recruiter. I had to agree, it sounded like what I needed at the moment.”

He was watching me intently. “This friend has a name?” He was probing on a new level, now.

I chuckled, “Tina Williams. She said someone would wonder because she signed a nondisclosure agreement. She only told me there was a personal assistant’s position open here and it had some responsibilities that would fit my interests. I’m really curious what those are.”

“Tina Williams. Okay. Yeah, she took a promotion to one of our subsidiaries in Florida, right ?” I nodded. “Okay. Well … your curiosity. This position is on the 5th floor which is the Executive Floor. The requirements up there are distinctly different there than anywhere else in the Corporation. Very different.”

I studied him for a beat, then pressed on. “As you described the job, it sounds interesting with challenge. I like that. I detest being bored with time on my hands or doing tasks that become rote. The pay and benefits … they’re amazing for the position. I know I only have a couple years experience but I got bored at the other job. I want that challenge.”

He smiled. I had the feeling the interview was going pretty well so far. He seemed to like my openness and desire for more. He continued, “To get into the other … what makes the position very different, I will need you to sign a NDA.” He opened the folder he had in front of him and slid it across the table to me. We were meeting in a conference room on the 2nd floor. Apparently, the 5th floor was different. “Nobody get onto the 5th floor without having one of these on record.” I pulled it in front of me and scanned it. Then, I read it. It spoke a lot to nothing in particular. What it basically said was that anything I was exposed to, heard, saw, was requested to do, or did in response to any request would be held in the strictest confidence under threat of significant and extensive legal action. Wow. I signed it. Tina said she enjoyed her time on the 5th floor and she knew I was created in the same mold as she was. Her only hint was ‘sex’. I didn’t mention that to this guy.

In the elevator going up to the 5th floor, he warned, “You’ll need to make your decision when we reach the doors to the office area if you want to continue or not. Regardless, though, the NDA will be binding.”

The elevator dinged, a second later the door parted, and we stepped out into a large vestibule area. I had noticed that he used a key card to activate the button for the 5th floor. This floor really was restricted and glancing through the large glass doors straight ahead indicated why. Naked people. He turned me to the right and we stepped just far enough to be beyond the doors. By doing so, I also was hit by the image I stepped into. I was like stepping into a wide locker room bay. But instead of actual lockers, there were slots in the wall with hangers and every one of them seemed to contain dresses, or skirts and blouses, or slacks and blouses with shoes and undergarments. I looked more deliberately but didn’t see any around me that indicated clothes that would be worn by a man. Further down the bay, or hall made into a changing area, were sinks and mirrors. There was an opening further down into a room that was dark but it seemed ….

“Are those showers,” I asked. I looked in the other direction past the doors and found the same thing but fewer stalls. A small stool stood before the shallow stalls just deep enough to hold a hanger or two. There were a couple sinks in that direction, too, but no larger room of what seemed to be showers.

“Yes,” he responded. He walked me down the hall to the darkened room. When we approached the sinks, the lights over the mirrors came on. When we stepped into the opening, subdued lighting flashed on. It was like an old-fashioned locker room. Not individual shower stalls that most modern facilities have but a large room with shower nozzles along the walls and a post with nozzles in the center.

“I don’t under … what does this mean?”

He smiled. “I said the position isn’t normal, that we couldn’t really advertise the exact requirements of the position. Your sister’s friend hinted to you that a job opening her was unique and different. Which still has mean wondering. What did she mean that you and she share the same interests?”

I looked down at my feet and caught a glimpse of the image I had decided to present because of her remark. My heels were 4” high, certainly higher than normal for an interview. My tight-fitting black skirt ended at mid-thigh just below the lace tops of dark thigh-high stockings. I wore a white sleeveless button blouse with buttons undone to my nipple line. The white lace bra underneath was apparent under neath and allowed for showing of the insides of my natural E-cup breasts. I felt a blush spread over me. My appearance was driven by what I believed Tina meant. Was I going to admit it to a man I had just met and who was in some way influential for a job I thought I was interested in?

“I …” I stumbled with the admission but what I saw around me seemed to indicate what I might admit was far from unusual to this man. “I enjoy exhibitionism, dressing in ways that often is at the edges of decent for the situation.”

He stepped back and looked me up and down. This wasn’t a quick glance hoping to be unnoticed, this was an inspection. My appearance invited being looked at but it was usually hidden, even if badly.

“Like you are dressed now. The heels, skirt length, stockings, and open blouse. Interview attire is generally more discrete, neutral.” He stepped up closer and looked down. I was sure he was unflinchingly looking down at my cleavage. “You have nice tits. They become very inviting with this look.” He raised his eyes and met mine. There was nothing subtle or hesitant about the comment. He wasn’t worried about harassment or being offensive. He smiled and walked back to the glass doors. As we left the sinks and shower room, the lights turned off.

He stood me in front of the closed glass doors. I mean he stood me in front of them. His hands on my shoulders he turned me directly in front of them and edged me closer. Beyond the door was a large open office layout of desks and computers and phones without the benefit of partitions. Glass walled offices lined the three wall around the open area. Three had shaded glass which might provide a bit of privacy depending the angle of looking. There was one, in the far left corner, that had darkened glass. I wondered if it was just that the lights were off inside but just then a naked woman in heels walked out running her hands through her short hair while licking her lips repeatedly.

“Only the women.” The voice came softly from next to my right ear. His hands now weren’t just on my shoulders, which alone would be unthinkable in any other office, but were sliding in a caressing manner up and down the bare skin of my arms. “The nudity you glimpsed before … only the women. You say you are an exhibitionist? In this office, no woman enters with clothes on.” It was true. The clothes hanging told me something but I hadn’t accepted the significance of how much. All the men were dressed. All the women were undressed ... everyone of them.

“Those are the rules of working on this floor. That’s the reason for the strictly required NDA’s for everyone. But there is a slight allowance in dress for women based on their position in the office. See the woman leaving the office on the right? She’s a Director, like me. Because of her position she is allowed the shelf bra and garter belt along with the stockings, if she wishes. See the woman walking down the aisle directly in front of us? She’s new. There is a three month probation period to see how everyone fits into this office. During that time, the women must be completely naked.” She was barefoot.

As I watched the ‘new’ woman, I was caught by how erotic it was to see that naked butt tilting back and forth as she passed other naked women and dressed men when suddenly, I man I hadn’t paid attention to came from the side, stopped her in the aisle, and pressed her down to her knees in front of him. She dropped the files she was carrying on the floor and calmly opened his slacks, took out his cock, and began licking and sucking it. Several people, men and women, looked at them before going about their business.

“So, besides exhibitionism, do you also share a healthy interest in sex with your friend Tina?” It was only when his voice pulled me from the public scene of the woman giving the man a blow job that I realized his caressing hands had moved from my arms to the sides of my encased breast on one side and the side of my butt on the other. “Was there maybe a hint that of it that brought you here? Surely, an office that might consider sexual dress like yours wouldn’t try to contain the result of it.” His right hand was now over my right breast firmly fondling it. A man walked past and smiled lustily at us. Was he thinking fresh meat? He pulled me back against him. I felt his hardening cock pressed into my butt. This place was way beyond my imaginings. I thought maybe this place might be open to office affairs and I was tired of the creeps I seemed to attract in the bar scenes. This … open sex in the office?

He stepped away from me and I groaned. I audibly groaned. The building feelings of being fondled and his cock grinding into my ass, standing in front of the glass door, the nakedness beyond it. He turned me to him and smiled. He could see it on me, my frustration, my desire had easily been brought to the surface.

He smiled. That confident smile as his finger rose and touched my expose skin of my gaped blouse. I looked down at the finger as it slid down between my breasts and back up. “The nudity was a surprise, wasn’t it? The sex, though … how do you get your head around that, huh?” He turned and led me down the hall opposite the shower direction until he came to an empty stall. “All your questions and ours will be addressed in the interview. If you want the interview, you know what you have to do.”

“The interview is in there?” It hit me hard enough that I almost staggered. To get details, I had to participate. Was I going to get fucked, too? Silly girl. From what happened to that girl, it’s apparently part of the job.

I turned to the shallow stall, dropped my case on the floor, and began unbuttoning my blouse. Of course I was going to do it. I had to. I might not forgive myself if I didn’t see what this was really about. I could always stop it at any time. I could refuse any job offer. I just had an NDA to honor. I was nearly done unbuttoning when hands on my shoulders turned me to the side. I smiled shyly as he leaned against the next stall wall. Of course, he wanted to watch. God, this was beyond stimulating, exciting, arousing. I came for an interview for a job I was very qualified for that offered an extravagant salary and benefits. This is probably why.

I finished unbuttoning and pulled the blouse off my shoulders and down my arms. I slowly hung it and turned back to him. His eyes were locked on my E-cup breasts. I purposely wore a bra that showed a lot of cleavage and didn’t provide nearly the support and control my size might normally be expected to have. In all honesty, I like the feel of my breasts jiggling and bouncing. If I could, I’d go braless all the time. Hmmm … I just might get more chance here.

I reached behind me and unclasped the bra. I leaned forward slightly to have the straps slide down my arms as I eased the cups away. In the process, my breasts swung out slightly once freed and he noticed it all. After hook the bra over a hanger, I cupped my breasts and lifted them slightly, a coy smile coming to my face as I watched his eyes follow my nipples.

When I was finally naked, completely naked as in barefoot, he commented, finally. “Good, you’re shaved. Don’t know if you noticed, but not only are all the women naked but so are their pussies.”

My own eyes tried to stay with him but they kept flicking to the glass door where an office of people were busy. An office of people I was about to enter naked, if I didn’t chicken out. I turned my gaze back to him and nodded. He smiled.

He led me into the office as I trailed along just behind him and to the side. I don’t care what I might have been prepared for, actually walking into a room full of people and being naked is unnerving and intimidating. It didn’t matter that many of the people in the room were women and also naked. I was naked. As we walked down the center aisle, I tried to estimate. There was the CEO’s office, three Executive offices, and four directors. I only spotted one woman who might be in that group based on the one shelf bra I had seen. Then, there were managers and the rest. I wasn’t sure of the status of the mass of workers but I only found the one other women who was completely naked. Of the mass of workers in the open area, I guess about 60% were men, maybe more. With them milling around, it was hard to keep track.

As we moved down the aisle, I woman wearing thigh-highs and heels marched commandingly to the desk of a man. Her back was to us as we approached and I heard her clearly.

“Brad, what the fuck?” She slapped a report on his desk and stabbed it with her finger. “I expect a lot better from you. What’s going on? I need you, brad. I need you to be the star you are. You know you’re the one I depend on for these assignments, to set the example for others.” She stepped to his side of the desk and sat her bare butt on the edge of his desk. “Talk to me, Brad. What’s going on?” Her voice was calm and concerned now. His eyes were only a couple feet from her bare breasts. The way she sat on one cheek to face him better, her pussy was right in front of him, too. But he didn’t seem to notice as his eyes rose to meet hers.

“I’m sorry, Joan. I really am but … but my dad called last night.” She didn’t push but shifted slightly to give him more physical attention and patiently waited. She was good, I thought. “My mom went into the hospital. They are running test. I haven’t heard anything more.”

She reached out and rested her hand on his shoulder. “Oh, Brad. I’m so sorry. Do you need some time off? What do you need?”

“I haven’t heard. Maybe … when I hear … depending.”

She stroked his shoulder. “Come and talk to me any time, okay? You know you can. Until then, though, what are we going to do?” He looked up at her. His look was amazing. Here a naked woman was sitting on his desk right next to him and his whole attention was only on her the concern she was giving. “In the mean time, I want you to slow down a bit. Take some time to review your work. These things are stressful, Brad. I get it. I’ll discretely move a couple things around to give you a bit more time. Okay?” She stood and leaned close to the side of his face. I thought she was about to give him a kiss but she whispered something instead, something he smiled softly to and patted her hand in reponse.

We were sitting in his office along the wall waiting on the other person for the interview. Then she came flying in. It was the same manager I had seen with the man.

“Sorry … very unprofessional of me, I know. I had a situation to deal with.” She reached a hand out to me and introduced herself as Sara James. I appraised her quickly. That was one advantage of seeing her naked. She was probably 35 years old, a trim 125 lbs, shoulder length brown hair, and gray eyes. She had a nice figure and C-cup breast still firm.

She took a chair at the side of his desk. He was sitting behind his desk, the naked manager sitting at the side and I, also naked, was sitting in front of them.

I volunteered, “We overheard, ma’am.”

She looked at me, then to the HR Director, then back to me. “Ahhh … well … good. Actually, that is good.” She opened the folder she carried in, scanned it, and continued. “Abby … right … well, it is good to have seen that. It must be very disconcerting to be naked among other people, especially clothed men, and be expected to act professionally. That’s the rub here, Abby. What happens here is very different … VERY different. But, we are still a professional organization with the same performance expectations as any other organization. Our CEO, Board of Directors, and shareholders all expect us to return a good profit, grow our business, and provide dividends. We expect chain of command and authority respect whether the authority figure is naked or clothed. Do you understand, Abby?”

“I do, ma’am. If I may say, I thought you handled that with amazing firmness and finished with caring tact. I suspect you are a good manager.”

He laughed, “Sucking up to the boss already?”

Sara looked at him quickly, then turned to me. She was red. She was blushing. Apparently, I wasn’t the only one who took that remark sexually rather than figuratively. She recovered and jumped into the interview. It was really weird and the feeling didn’t change quickly. Sitting in an office for a job interview answering very pointed and probing questions about my experience (such as it was in my young career), responses to ‘what if’ situations, searching questions about working with common business software and equipment, and interpersonal relations with co-workers and management.

Throughout it all, I was naked. I was very conscious of keeping my legs crossed but there was nothing I could do about my breasts. E-cup naturals don’t get hidden by trying to subtly cross your arms. So, I sat straight backed and professional. Looking directly at whomever asked the question when I answered. And, when I tried to pretend I wasn’t naked, seeing Sara James across from me just about as naked was a reminder.

At a pause in the questions and I sensed they were coming to an end, I asked her, “Ma’am, I wonder if I could ask a question.” She nodded. “How long have you worked in this office … this floor? I mean … how long did it take to become so comfortable like you appear?”

She laughed, glanced at Dan, and focused on me. “Comfortable? I doubt there’s a woman out there who is truly comfortable. I’ve been here two and a half years. I rose from an entry starting position like you’re applying for. Working naked, naked with clothed men, with clothed men who can and will want a blowjob or fuck from you … it’s always on my mind. There are certainly times when you lose yourself in the work, then someone appears at your desk and the immediate thought, reaction, impulse is, ‘who wants to fuck me?’. We are a deadly serious business, Abby. That part is like any other office. The other … the sex … it adds something … hard to explain really.” She looked to Dan but he apparently was interested in her answer, too. “The rest of it, the nudity, the open sex, seemingly directed subserviently to the women is always there. And, it provides an energy to the office. The sex is NOT used to subjugate or to push an attitude of subservience. I know it might look that way but it’s not. Mr. Cornell won’t stand for it. This was his idea and started it small five years ago. As he found men and women responded to it like he envisioned, it expanded. But, no … the women don’t get completely comfortable with it. Every woman out there is a professional with aspirations for success.”

She turned and asked what the average time is for women. He responded, “That’s a metric we watch closely. The average for the women on the floor is about two years. Some stay longer and some leave earlier. Men coming in at the entry level stay longer advancing in the office. We’ve talked about this, that we don’t have the number of women in the management ranks proportional to the office. I assure you, it is not sexism. Mr. Cornell reviews every promotion.”

Sara continued on the thought, “It really comes down to your private life a lot of times. Sometimes someone can’t handle the sex initially or after a time. It happens. Some men can’t avoid the sexist, dominant attitude this environment could encourage. But usually it is that someone wants to marry or start a family and doesn’t want to bring this home with them. There is a fair amount of divorce and broken personal relationships over this office. Spouses think it is exciting at first, shared wife or husband, increased excitement in their relationship at home, but like everything in marriage it simmers out. We have a very good program of promotions to other parts of the company for those who want to leave. Like you friend Tina.”

I was shocked when the questions stopped and we had been talking for over an hour and a half. I took that as a good sign. If it was a good sign, I’d have a decision to make so I may as well ask.

“The sex … I saw the blowjob but it isn’t like I see people fucking everywhere.”

Sara smiled. “It’s an open office and that decision was purposeful, too. It adds to the stimulation but also allows oversight to watch over the women.” She craned her head looking out into the open area. “There is blatant sex but there is a fair number of people out there.” She pointed, “Halfway across and towards the door.” I saw it. A woman in reverse cowgirl bouncing up and down on a guy in his chair. Then she pointed closer where a woman was on her knees sucking a guy at his desk as he talked on the phone. Another … a woman bent over a desk being fucked from behind. The activity of the office just provided a measure of public anonymity.

“Do you do anal?” Whoa … I wasn’t ready for that question. I shook my head and blushed. She smiled at seeing my skin turn red. “And that was just a question, Abby. Push your chair back and open your legs.” I looked at both of them but this was a naked office, a sexual office. Sara was right, my feeling of discomfort was the indicator of how real this would be. This was still the interview. If I had difficulty with the interview, I’d never survive here. I uncrossed my legs and parted them until I encountered the arms of the chair. They smiled at each other. “Put your knees over the arms of the chair.” I took a steadying breath and did as directed. “You’re wet, aren’t you? Damn, you might be embarrassed, but you are excited by this.” I didn’t say anything in response. I didn’t trust my voice at the moment.

“We’re entering into the next part of the interview, Abby. I don’t mind confessing that we are impressed by your references and your office skills. This office has other criteria, though. We try to schedule workload for a six hour day even though the work day is eight hours. Our distractions can eat up a couple hours.”

I nodded as I sat in front of them with my thighs spread wide, my pussy spread and obviously glistening with my arousal. I’d always been easily excited and that didn’t appear to be a negative here.

Sara continued and I realized she was easing me in quick steps through a trial of sorts. “Fondle your breast.” I started and she quickly commented, “God, look at those things. You guys are always talking about titty-fucks and most of us just can’t do it properly.” As I fondled and squeezed my breast meat and rolled and pulled my nipples for them, she turned to him, “Mr. C would love those.” She turned back to me, “Mr. Cornell has a thing for busty women but only when they are natural like yours so they hang, sag some, and bounce. You have an amazing rack.”

I was getting more turned on all the time. Her comments, the comment about the CEO liking big breasted women, sitting in front of them with my legs spread wide, and fondling my breasts. One hand dropped down slowly over my stomach and mound to my open, glistening pussy. I stroked the fingers over the slit, moved them to the clit, then down to my hole where I dipped a finger to the knuckle. Suddenly, it occurred to me I hadn’t been directed. Could I go too far? I paused, not removing my hand but stopping the motion. I looked up at Sara.

She smiled and nodded. “I like that, Abby. You’re turned on aren’t you? Keep going, I would really like to see you cum. Can you orgasm for us? Are you turned on enough to cum in front of two strangers who might be able to give you a job?”

OH GOD! I couldn’t believe how turned on I was and her taunting me added fuel to the fire I was already feeling. I drove three fingers into my now sopping pussy, my thumb regularly making glancing contact on my clit. My other hand was twisting and pulling one nipple, then the other, pulling my breasts up from my slouched body and letting them drop back down like sack of quivering jello. I moaned and whimper but didn’t dare cry out as I got nearer and nearer to that orgasm.

“Let it go, girl. Don’t hold it back. We’re used to the sounds of fucking. Let it go.”

“OHHHHH … FUUUUCCKKK!”

“That’s it, Abby … let it out, show us what a sexy, slutty co-worker you would be for us. Cum, girl, now!”

And I did. Three fingers buried in my pussy, the thumb rubbing my clit, I slouched further on the chair, my chest heaving, my legs trembling, my entire body tensed. “OOOOOO … FUCK … YESSSSSSS! OH GODDD … oooooooo.”

I was still panting, gasping for air when I found the nerve to open my eyes. Had I made a fool of myself? Were they teasing me, pranking the interviewee? But their eyes said not. Their eyes flashed from my gaping, drooling, reddened pussy to my eyes and back down. They looked amazed … even turned on.

Sara slid from her chair and was soon on her knees between my legs. She licked my pussy, then looked up at me. “That was truly beautiful, Abby. You’re beautiful anyway but when you came … can I lick up your juices?”

She was asking me? Of course. I wasn’t working for her yet. I nodded. Instantly, her tongue and lips went to work on my pussy area. I sighed at the delicious feel of her tongue as she licked up my open lips and flicked my clit. I closed my eyes, again, lost in another wonderful feeling. Instantly remembering where I was, I opened my eyes and check on the Director. He was leaning back in his chair, his slacks open, his cock out, and slowly stroking it. He didn’t notice me looking, his attention so fully locked on my body and Sara’s action in front of him.

I caressed Sara’s hair as she licked and sucked at my pussy. Then she looked up, smiled with a pussy wet face, and kissed her way up my body, kissing and sucking on each nipple before kissing me on the lips. She mumbled against my lips, “You taste good don’t you?” I nodded and gasped. I had never tried girl-girl but this was so erotic and exciting, so new and stimulating. So, when she followed that with another mumble against my lips, “Will you eat me, now? Will you make me cum like you did?” All I could do was nod. Could I? This new but I’m sure going to try.

She pulled away and cleared some papers on the desk, sat and leaned back, her legs raised and parted. Her shaved pussy showed its own wetness from her arousal and I felt a kind of pleasure that I had been the cause of that. I now put my focus on Sara. She shimmied back on the desk, her feet planted on the edge and her knees splayed to the sides. I followed her. When she stopped moving, I bent at the waist over the edge of the table. I kissed around her exposed pussy, flicking my tongue on her clit before covering her pussy with my mouth. I closed my mouth over her lips, sucking them between mine, grabbing onto one with my teeth and gently pulling. She sighed and that encouraged me. I tried to think of the things guys had done to me, what things I had especially enjoyed and focused on them. I kissed and sucked and probed with my tongue. I pulled her pussy open with my fingers for better depth into her hole. I sucked on her clit. I nipped at her clit with my teeth which brought a louder moan and gasp. I reached up along her body and grasped a breast, fingered a nipple, twisting and pulling on it. All the while I was bent over the desk, over Sara.

I had completely forgotten about anyone else until I felt hands on my hips, feet prodding my feet further apart. I dutifully spread my feet wider and felt the probing action of a cock along my pussy. I moaned into Sara’s pussy. When the cock sank into me, I gasped and groaned. I raised my head from her pussy. I licked my smeared lips as a found her smiling down at me, her chest rising and falling rapidly. I dropped my face back into her crotch as he slammed his cock deeper into my hole, pushing my mouth harder into Sara’s pussy. All three of us groaned. I had three fingers driving in and out of her hole, then curled them in search of her g-spot. When I found it, she jerk violently. At that signal, I moved my mouth to her clit as I worked the connected magic spots with fingers and teeth.

She erupted with a shout, her legs clamping around my head while her hand pressed my face down onto her. It seemed her entire body was trembling, though I was in no position to actually see anything.

Behind me, he was frantically slamming his cock into me. He used long but fast thrusts, our bodies smacking audibly against each other. I added my groans and grunts to his and shifted one hand down between my leg to strum my clit. My face rested in Sara’s pussy and the aroma of her orgasm wafted in with each heavy breath as I quickly rose to another orgasm.

Sara shifted out from under me and I soon found her face below mine. She pulled my face to hers and we kissed, passionately and intensely. I groaned and moaned into her mouth when I felt him spurt his cum, adding his semen to the juices of my previous orgasm. It was all I needed, that and Sara’s fingers twisting a nipple, for my second orgasm to crash over me. I cried out but it was muffled into her mouth. My legs felt weak but him pressing into me from behind sandwiched me between the two.

It took several moments before anyone could move. When movement started, it was him guiding me back to the chair where I collapsed, unashamedly sprawled. I found Sara still lying on the desk and him stumbling around his desk pulling his pants up, then collapsing into his own chair.

I straightened myself in the chair as Sara sat up but remained on the edge of the desk in front of me. She wore a very satisfied smile on her face. So did he for that matter. I gave an embarrassed smile back to them. I had no idea what to expect now. Was the interview over? How did I do? All I could do was wait.

Sara leaned forward, reached out with one hand and pulled on one of my nipples. “You’re quite the woman, aren’t you?” She just smiled and went to the door and called out for Mary.

In a moment, the young woman completely naked and barefoot stood in the door. I had forgotten the door was open. But then … hell, the wall is glass. I wondered how many people had wandered past by chance or plan to see what I was doing.

“Yes, ma’am?”

Sara introduced us. Mary was the current ‘new girl’. Sara asked her to show me around and take me to her desk to give me an impression of the work done. As we turned to the door, Dan called out, “Aren’t you going to clean that up?” I turned and he was pointing at the chair I had collapsed in. I had left a distinct cum smear on the faux-leather seat. I quickly glanced around the office for something to use to wipe it up with, then seeing nothing, I glanced at Sara who was watching. Not knowing what I should do but feeling some pressure, I stepped to the chair, turned my back to his desk and bent over to lick up the residual cum. After licking the area clean, I used my palm to smear the saliva. I turned, thanked him for his time, thanked Sara, then turned to Mary, again.

As we walked through the open office area, we drew attention from the others. I questioned her about that. She said it was mostly curiosity. There is always interest in a new entry level woman. For the other women it takes some of the attention away and for the men it’s kind of a ‘fresh meat’ kind of attraction. I understood the reaction from the men; I was curious about the reaction from the women.

“So, you’re suggesting the women here are looking to NOT be fucked as much?”

She paused, looked at me intently, then stopped after a couple more steps which apparently was her desk. She pulled a vacant chair from a nearby desk for me to use. She leaned closer, “Most of them, yes. I think most of them … us … felt the idea of some sex during the day with random guys would be a wildly erotic thing that would relieve stress and the mundane from the workday … and it is. The thing is, though, that after a while it can lose some of the erotic appeal. Don’t get me wrong, every woman out here loves sex. How could you think of this job if you didn’t, right? I think that is why women last about two before wanting a transfer.”

“Sounds like something you’ve talked about even being a newcomer.”

“Well, that’s the thing about this place. Everyone kind of works together. Hell, you could be fucking anyone the next minute. It’s not negative talk, more like awareness, like it’s good to pace yourself so you don’t burn out even quicker.”

I nodded. That fell in line with what I heard in the interview but put in a more personal perspective. Mary had about three weeks left in her three month probationary period. I asked her about it. She giggled, “Yeah, I have to admit I’m looking forward to that day. I never thought NOT wearing heels or stockings could make a difference in being nude.”

After being left outside the glass doors, I understood the shower area. The area was well supplied with shampoo and conditioner, hair driers, luxurious towels, and a basic variety of makeup, though I believed most women would probably bring their own. As I walked naked to the stall where my clothes were hanging, I passed both the glass doors and the elevator doors. Both gave me the feeling of risk even though I had just been naked inside the office and nobody would be coming to this floor if they didn’t belong. I wondered if being naked like this would affect the exhibitionist feeling in general or if being in the office naked would simply be like getting used to being naked in a women’s locker room.

While getting dressed, Sara came into the dressing area with my folio which I apparently left behind somewhere. I took the opportunity to ask something that had been on my mind since she mentioned it. “Ma’am, why did you ask earlier about anal?”

She studied me for a moment. Then, “Some of the guys have a real thing for anal. None of us want to do it, though. It’s up the woman. We’re expected to have sex, of course, but nothing we’re uncomfortable with.” She looked back at the door as if someone might have followed her out. “Here’s the thing, Abby. I don’t want you leaving with the impression this is just a female thing. That the men have this thing over the women. It’s not. I can expect the same from a guy as much as a guy can of me. The difference, of course, is the nudity which is Mr. Cornell’s thing. But … the sex goes both ways. It’s limited by authority, meaning at the same level or below but not up.” I nodded, that answered something else I wondered about. She surprised me by taking me in her arms for a hug. Then, “I hope you join us. Nobody has eaten me like that.” She stopped at the door and said, “There’s an interest in almost everything sexual out there by someone: anal, double penetration, air tight, even double vaginal. Most is probably just bravado talk because I don’t see it. Regardless, it’s up to you. If you do join us, remember that.”

“Is this part of the normal speech?”

She smiled and shook her head. “No, dear, it’s not. You’re different. We don’t fuck in the interviews.”

Hmmm … when I get that offer, I should invest in a butt-plug or two.

**CHAPTER 2: THE FIRST WEEK**

When I got back to my apartment from work the next day, I powered up my laptop and checked my personal mail account. Wow, there it was! Really? One day? I moved the cursor over the email from ‘S.James@Alliance.com’. What if it was a rejection, instead? Abby, calm. Remember what Sara confessed, they don’t fuck in the interview. Well, apparently not normally. I double tapped the touch pad and the mail popped open.

‘Dear Ms. Thomas.’ How formal. Of course it’s formal, this is business. Blah blah blah … YES! ‘Please reply to this email to verify your email address. Human Resources will then forward your formal offer including starting salary, benefits (vacation, personal days, medical, 401K program, etc.). Congratulations, Ms. Thomas, I look forward to having you in our office.’ Ohhhh, I bet you do, I thought as a warm flush washed over me.

It only took them a day to make their decision so I made an impression. They made an impression on me, too. I’ve never had an interview like that and may never, again. Stripping naked before a strange man, spending the entire interview and tour of the office naked, masturbating to orgasm in front of them, and eating the female while being fucked by male. The job appears interesting from a work perspective and Tina had described it that way, too. She also said the office was supportive in training in new applications and preparing you for advancement, if they saw it in you, as they did in her. The nudity and the sex, though. Was that what I wanted? I mean, yeah, I wanted it but … could it be too much. Even in listening to Mary’s expression of those types of concerns didn’t seem to cause her to question being there. She just recognized the potential. The office was good about transfers, though, so it was like they built in a backdoor.

I replied back to Sara that night and received the formal offer by the time I returned home the next night. It was everything Sara and Dan, the HR Director, had indicated. That day at work I had check the policy for resigning and found they preferred a two week notice. I figured I needed to provide that in case I need a positive reference from them in the future. I loaded the attachment offer into Adobe, entered the necessary initials and electronic signature, saved it, and attached it to my reply back indicating I could start as soon as two weeks from tomorrow.

Remembering what Sara said, I then opened Firefox to search the web. I found it quickly at Adam & Eve, an online adult toy store. Red hearts anal training kit. A set of three graduated sizes of plugs with a sparkling heart-shaped jewel at the end of each. I ordered it right away along with lubrication. Shipping was five days but that would work. Still enough time to work up to the largest one. Wouldn’t that cause a stir to wear that my first day? Girl, are you excited?

It was actually my last day at my old job that I wore a butt plug. Although I had worked my way to the largest size, I wore the middle one for work. I had to go the restroom several times through the day. It was recommended not to leave them in longer than two or three hours. Even without any vibration they were stimulating as I walked, sat, and moved in the chair. I had to go the restroom a couple times just to bring myself off as quietly as I could. Doing all that in a normal office was exciting but the thoughts throughout the day of what awaited me added to my risk taking.

I woke early on my first day. Truth … I had trouble sleeping. For two weeks this day had been niggling at me. My experience in the interview and my understanding of the office made the idea of day-to-day office work almost impossible to fathom. I took care in how I dressed despite the fact that I would be taking everything off. I chose a mini-dress, stockings, heels, thong, and lace bra. I was instructed to meet Dan, the HR Director, in the lobby.

When I arrived, parking in the lot in front, he very professionally greeted me with a handshake in the several story tall atrium lobby. He led me to the same conference room on the second floor. After spending several hours on paperwork, getting my badge, signing up for medical, payroll savings, 401K, blah, blah, blah, he pass across the table to me another non-disclosure agreement, this one extending to ‘all employees current and future’ who would also be working on the 5th floor.

He leaned forward, his elbows on the table, “What happened last time … Sara and I feel a bit exposed. The NDA last time specifically covered anything you might see, hear, or learn on the 5th floor. It didn’t anticipate the ‘doing’. That was wonderfully unplanned. Will there be a problem?”

“Not at all, sir. If you would like to add anything to this one covering the interview meeting, I will happily initial it.” He thanked me. Then, I added, “Now, if that concludes what we need to do here, I would like to stop at the restroom before going upstairs.” He reminded me there were restrooms up there. “Yes, sir, I want to do something … well, I think you’ll understand in a few moments.”

I took my purse with me and returned to him only a few minutes later and feeling a bit more wicked than when I left. At the elevator, he had me use my badge for access to the 5th floor to make sure it worked. When the doors opened, I stepped out into the area used as a changing room, glanced to the right toward the showers and turned to the left. I was right in thinking this direction might have an empty stall. I put my purse and bag with personal items for my new desk on the floor. Dan was standing a stall away leaning against it.

I smiled and turned my back to him, “Since you’re going to stand there and watch, again, do you mind?” I immediately felt his fingers at the clasp and zipper, it being lowered down my back. I turned back to the stall as I shimmied out of the dress and hung it in the stall. I slipped off my shoes, placing them on the low shelf. As I began rolling down the stockings on my left leg, I looked up at him. “You always watch the new girls?”

“No but you intrigue me. I just thought it might be worthwhile. I mean, it’s always worthwhile seeing a woman undress but …” I smile at him as I began on the right leg and he stopped trying to explain.

Down to thong and bra, I turned fully to him and reached behind to unclasp the bra. I made a bit of show out of it, holding the cups to my breast as I pulled my arms free of the straps. His attention was fully on me and that was what I wanted for the finale. I hung the bra by a strap on the same hanger as the dress, then turned away from him, hook my thumbs in the thong and wiggled it down over my hips and thighs. As I dropped it to my feet, I bent from the waist to retrieve it. That was when I heard it.

“Oh … my … God.”

I put the thong with my shoes and turned to him, stepping up close and rubbing my large breast against his shirt covered chest. “The rules say, ‘No clothes of any kind may be worn by women for the first three months probationary period.’ I don’t believe that could possibly considered clothing in any way, do you sir?”

“Ahhh … no …” he stammered. “You do realize that will draw attention … maybe even be considered an invitation?”

I stepped up on my toes and kissed him on the lips. How could you be too familiar with a superior when they have already fucked you? A kiss can’t be disrespectful. “You’re not going to regret bringing me onto the team, sir.”

As he cupped my breast, “The interview insure that.” He pinched the nipple and devoured my mouth, his other hand cupping an ass cheek and pulling me in hard against his hardness. He broke the kiss and stepped back. “I think I better get you over to Sara’s office before this becomes much more.” I giggled, then pouted. He laughed.

I padded alongside him barefooted as he led me down the main aisle of the open room, then cutting over to the right side where Sara had her cubicle. It was a lower partition cubicle but it still separated her office as different from all the desks of people reporting to her. I was carrying my purse and the bag of personal things. Sara stood from her desk as we approached and Dan handed me off to her but the look he gave me as he stepped away gave me the distinct impression I could be seeing him again soon.

Sara was again ‘dressed’ in stockings and heels. She gave me a copy of the company’s employee manual and a smaller manual exclusively for the 5th floor. I was to familiarize myself with both tonight. Today would be mostly getting my desk and computer personalized, a brief familiarization of the programs on the computer with Mary, the now second newest woman in the office.

“Abby, you will get a performance evaluation each month leading up to the end of the three month probationary period. I want to make sure you know where you stand in all aspects of the job and office. Any areas of concern, training that needs to be reinforced, etc. should be caught early. We don’t want anyone to fail or struggle here. Based on your references coming to us, I am not concerned. It’s a formality for your benefit.” I nodded and indicated my excitement to contribute. Then, “Now … so you know how serious all this …” she waved her hand up and down in front of us “this nudity and sex is … compliance to the dress code AND attitude toward AND performance in sexual contact IS included in the evaluations. We know this can be awkward at first but …” She looked at me exasperated, “Why are you fidgeting?”

“Sorry, ma’am, I’ guess I am still getting used to … to …” I stood and turned around and bent over, “… used to this.”

“Oh … my … God. Abby Thomas, you … you wicked girl.” I sat back down and she leaned in closer, her words softer, “You remembered what I said and did that? You said you hadn’t done anal.”

I smiled. “I brought lubrication, too.”

She led me to a desk next to Mary and I couldn’t help but notice everyone in the area rise from what they were doing and watch or come closer to watch. Watch why? Then, I saw it.

As Sara indicated my desk, she said in a not quiet voice, “You may need to take that plug out.”

A hard plastic disc about 12 inches round sat on the seat. Attached to it with a suction cup was a very real looking 7 inch cock dildo with the balls in the direction of the front of the swiveling, rolling chair. This was what had everyone’s attention. They had seen it and knew someone was starting today. I looked up at Mary who was standing next to me and she shrugged. I whisper, is this normal? She shook her head.

Sara then addressed the assembled group around the desk, “Everyone, this is Abby Thomas.. She is joining our group today. I won’t even begin to point out everyone by name,” she then said to me, “you won’t remember, anyway. You’ll learn their names by contact.” Sara smiled at me. She told me to bend over slightly, pull my ass cheeks apart and slowly turn in a circle. That action, of course, drew quite a reaction from them full of gasps and many lewd comments.

A chant rose from the group drawing even more people to rise from desks further away and offices and cubicles along the walls. “Sit … sit … sit … sit …”

I blushed deeply at the chant. The women naked, the men clothed and they were all encouraging and waiting for me to sit on a dildo, my first action at my new desk in my new job at my new company. Maybe Sara was right. Maybe I should take the plug out first. I’ve never had anal, just the plug, so I’ve never been doubly penetrated. But what a first impression ….

I turned the chair and turned my back to it, receiving a mix of cheers, exclamations, and encouragements as I did. With one hand on the arm of the chair to steady it, I used the other between my legs to guide the head of the toy to my pussy. I moved it over the slit. There was no question in my mind that I was drooling in anticipation of this day much less what I found on the chair and the entire team (and more) gathered to watch. I pressed down slightly and found my hole and stopped. I looked up at Sara and blocked everyone else out (as best I could) as they became very quiet. I eased down another inch and the head shaped top penetrated and squeezed into the tightened hole. I raised up a fraction and settled down an extra inch. With just a few inches of the dildo inside, I couldn’t believe how full I felt. The dildo was not especially large but the plug in my ass changed everything. I had no idea anal could be like this and I instantly understood this wasn’t even scratching the surface of what anal play could be.

My eyes were closed and my mouth loosely open as I settled and rose slowly, inch by inch, over the dildo, coating it with my natural lubrication as it sank deeper into my tightened pussy. I was lost in the sensation of of the dildo moving deeper while it pressed on the shape of the plug in the adjoining hole. The sounds around me were merely background noises until I realized that it was really quiet but for some murmurs. The real sounds were coming from me. I was gasping, moaning, groaning, and murmuring my own words of arousal and discovery. I settled down the last inch and was sitting on the seat, the dildo deep inside and little shifting of my position causing movement and sensation in both my pussy and asshole.

I opened my eyes and found men fondling naked breasts and bodies of their female counterparts. One woman was stroking an exposed cock. They were all watching as I began rising and dropping in a semi-conscious action. I heard Sara tell the group to leave me alone for an hour so I would time to organize my desk computer. An hour … then what? She set me up. Even before she knew about my own surprise, she had set me up for intense attention. If this wasn’t normal, if this wasn’t a normal hazing of sorts, why me? But I knew why … not exactly but … ooooooo, this felt sooooo gooooood … something about me … the interview … fucking in the interview wasn’t … normal, either …

Then my eyes shot open and my mouth dropped with a deep groaning escaping. Mary turned from her own desk and asked what was wrong. My head dropped forward, my chin resting on my heaving chest, my shoulder length blonde hair falling into my face. “Vibration,” I managed to mutter. The dildo vibrates. Someone … has … a remote. Sara … has … to … be … Sara. OH … FUCK … YESSSSSSS. I tried to remain a little composed and quiet but the dildo was jammed in my tight pussy and the vibration went through the thin membrane of separation and sent the plug vibrating in my asshole. It was so intense, the nerve ending in my pussy and asshole bouncing sensation back and forth with the vibration, the hard surface of the plug pulsing against the hard surface of the dildo. Even as I gasped and moaned and gripped the arm rests like I was trying to strangle them, I continued to rise and drop with increasing need as the feeling and stimulation shot through me. I leaned forward as a tremor exploded inside me, a major spike in arousal leading to a major orgasm. Leaning forward, though … I cried out. The ball shape at the base of the dildo pressed on my clit on the downward stroke and it too vibrated. Leaning forward put additional pressure and direct stimulation on the clit.

I opened my eyes and gasping, panting, my eyes wild with need, I looked down as my body shook with another tremor. My large breast were flopping and swaying. I was literally bouncing on the chair, jamming the vibrating demon into my pussy, jamming my clit against the vibration ball at the base, and jamming the base of the plug in my ass deeper inside. There was already a small puddle of my leaking juice on the chair and I hadn’t really orgasmed … not yet … but I was about to. With one hand mauling a breast and the other steadying myself in the chair, my breath caught in my throat as the urgency of my fucking on the toys increased to a frenzy. My body trembled and I sagged forward, the dildo fully seated inside, the knob vibrating against my clit, and the sounds escaping my gaping mouth distinctly primitive and guttural.

On trembling legs, I rose up and pushed the dildo off the chair, then collapsed back into it. One hand was still fondling a breast as the other cupped my pussy which was quivering and pulsing, the clit engorged and exposed, the hole opening and closing as if it now felt empty. Around me I was distantly aware of comments: FUCK … that was … fucking amazing … that was so hot. Men and women’s voices.

Sara leaned over me. She placed the remote on my desk, added her fingers to mine between my thighs, then said, “You better just rest for a bit, dear. The hour is half over.”

After Sara left, Mary rolled her chair over to me. “God, that was hot, girl!” she said in a hush voice. “Let me help you get logged in and get you some desktop shortcuts and, in the process, show you around the system quick. After that show, I have a feeling you’re going to have a long day.” She dropped a hand to my thigh and ran it up to my orgasm soaked pussy. I looked down as her fingers played over my lips, then looked up to find a shy smile. “Can I be your first?”

I reached across her and pulled her head to mine and kissed her on the lips. “Are you bi, Mary?”

She gave me another shy smile and softly answered, “I never thought so until now.”

It seemed like only moments and I felt a tug on my arm. Mary with a soft smile on her face. I smiled, knowing her intent. She was acting on her request, acting before any of the guys could. She led me the short distance to her desk and she sat on top, any area she must have just clear off of her work papers and files. She shifted herself back further onto the desk, raised her knees and fee, planting her feet on the desktop and spreading her knees. I looked down at a very inviting pussy that separately slightly as her knees did. There was a hint of moisture evident on the inside of the inner lips. Before Sara at the interview, I had never considered having sex with a woman. Now, looking at the naked Mary and her spread legs before me, knowing her similar interest in something that was foreign to her, I wondered if I might also be more bi than not.

I was focused on Mary. I didn’t give my surroundings any thought. I was naked in the office lowering my face into the crotch of another naked woman. The two of us the two newest in the office but sharing openly and eagerly. My tongue traced up her lips and flicked the hood clit. I sucked on the clit hood a moment, kissed and licked down the lips, then used my fingers to open her pussy to my gaze and my tongue. The moans and gasps coming from Mary filled me with desire to please her more. I wanted to bring her off, like a managed with Sara. I now knew I could and I pressed my tongue as deeply as I could manage into her hole, my fingers opening her as a thumb located her clit.

Lost in that moment was when I felt it. Hands on my hips. I was bent over to reach Mary as she lay on the desk and I became very aware of my surroundings, again. I felt fingers at my asshole and the plug slowly, carefully being pulled out. I gasped and moaned into Mary’s pussy as my sphincter slowly opened wide enough for the plug to be pulled out. It felt weird. My asshole felt empty and as though air easily passed in and out. It must be slowly closing. I looked up at Mary without take my mouth from her pussy.

“Brad,” she volunteer. “I’ll introduce you properly later.” She smiled, “You’ll like Brad.” That was curious but then I felt it. A cock pressing against my pussy. I had just fucked myself on a nicely sized dildo so I was surprised when I felt my hole stretching to take his pressure into me. I groaned, again into pussy. “Told you,” she responded to my groans. “Brad’s got a good cock on him, don’t you Brad?”

I didn’t hear a response from Brad but he thrust the rest of his cock deep inside me. It filled me like I couldn’t believe, thick and deep. Ohhhhh … I had to know … who Brad was.

I began using my fingers inside Mary’s pussy and on her clit. I curled my fingers inside to strum her g-spot and I felt her tense and jerk her hips off the desk. I sucked on her clit which was by now very engorged from my attention to it and gently bit down on it. Mary jerked and orgasmed, her juice leaking from her pussy and a small pool forming beneath her.

Brad, of course, kept fucking me the entire time. When Mary slinked out from under me, he pulled out, turned me around and assisted me onto the desktop in her place. He pulled my butt to the edge of the desk, slammed his cock back into me, and resumed a powerful fucking stroke. I was on Mary’s desk and I wondered, very briefly, where she was but I didn’t really care. I was enjoying this fuck far too much. Then, I felt something touching my cheek. I turned to find a cock inches away. I opened my mouth and turned my face to it. It entered my mouth and I began sucking. My hand was grasped and pulled behind my head to find another cock. Three cocks … suddenly, I was being fucked by one, sucking a second, and stroking a third. This was feeling like a gangbang and was not what I anticipated happening in the office, not that I every really considered EVER being in a gangbang.

I orgasmed on Brad’s cock and the spasming reaction of my pussy around his cock brought him off, too. His cum filled me as he jammed his cock deep inside. The cock in my mouth quickly came, then I was moved, probably to the relief of Mary. A man was sitting in my chair, his hard cock pointing up and a lusty glaze over his face. I turned and backed to him, parting my legs to go outside his, and lowered my ass to his lap as I reached between my legs to guide the cock into my open, cum-filled hole. As I settled down over him, he pulled me back against him and we were moved on the rolling chair to the center aisle. Apparently, someone desired to take this where there was more room. I was soon surrounded by more men with pants removed or lowered. I began rising and dropping on the cock and moving my mouth and hands from cock to cock, turning the chair in whichever direction I needed.

A cock came on my shoulder as I sucked another to climax in my mouth. As that cock slipped from my mouth, another came and immediately spurted cum on my face and breasts. The cock in my pussy came, adding more cum to my drenched hole. I was turned around and pushed to the chair. My arms and hands grasping the arm rests for support and I was penetrated, again. Another cock came to my face and my mouth dutifully opened to accept it.

I didn’t know how long it had gone on. Cock after cock came on or in my mouth or pussy. I was left sprawled on my chair in the center aisle of the office. Someone, a woman I didn’t yet know wearing heels, stockings, and a bra rolled me back between desks to my own. She patted my shoulder, cupped my breast, then held her palm up to my face. It was smeared with cum from my body. I moved my face slightly and licked the smeared fluid from her hand. It seemed to be what she intended. She turned me to my desk and computer, leaned over the side, turned my head and kissed me.

“You need a break, sweety, but I want you tongue in my pussy soon,” she whispered. Then, she was gone.

Mary rolled her chair over to me and put her hand on my arm, “My God, Abby, are you okay?” I responded with a slight nod. “I’ve never seen that happen. It certainly didn’t to me.”

“Another first for me, huh?” She looked questioningly. I replied, “Fucked in the interview, my chair has a dildo on it, and now a gangbang.”

She giggled, “Don’t forget the first to be wearing a but-plug on her first day.”

I sighed. I couldn’t remember feeling quite so used but so wonderfully and satisfyingly. Then, I remembered the woman. “Was that woman wearing a bra?”

“Yes, our director. Otherwise, it might have continued. There are more men who didn’t get the chance, yet.” She shook her head, then looked and asked, “Why? What was it she whispered to you?”

“She wants my tongue on her pussy.”

Mary giggled, “Another first, Abby. I’ve only seen her with men.”

My arms were outstretched in front of me, bracing me against the wall, the water from the shower nozzle above me cascading over my head and body.

“How are you doing?”

I turned my head but didn’t move out from under the soothing feel of the hot water flowing over me. It was Sara. She was standing nearby, barefoot but not moving to one of the other showers. “Wow.” It was all I could think as a response. Then, “I’m hoping that isn’t normal. I mean … WOW … but … work, too, right?”

She laughed. “I will say, you have made an impact on people right from the interview. Do you know there are a number of us that didn’t get approached today for a fuck or suck? I mean that’s okay … it isn’t like we are all sex-maniacs.”

I looked at her. She was smiling. She was teasing me. “I didn’t think I was, either,” I said. “Wow …”

The next morning I went into work early, a full hour early. I was the first, at least the first woman as I had my choice of changing stalls. I decided to stay on the far end regardless, maybe there was some kind of seniority. I stripped out of my dress, bra, and panties. Yes, I dressed more practically. The second day still felt strange to wall away from my clothes and enter the office area. I had the feeling of being in a normal office area on a naked dare and I could be discovered at any moment. I spent 40 minutes plowing through more orientation tasks than it seemed I had accomplished the previous day.

I was so engrossed in what I was doing that I jumped when someone behind me said, “I’ve been watching you for 20 minutes. What are doing doing here so early?”

I glanced behind me after recovering, then jump out of my chair and stammered, “Oh .. ma’am … I … I …”

“Relax, dear. Abby Thomas, isn’t it?” I nodded. She looked me up and down. “Well, you are a stunner like everyone has said. Such an innocent face to offset with such a lusty body.” It was Pam Benson, Director of Administration including Sara’s group which was me. I had heard she was 38 years old and like the day of the interview she was dressed in heels, dark stockings, garter belt, and shelf bra. Her nipples were on display and her shaved pussy looked framed by the garter belt. Her hair was black and just below her shoulders. She was about 5’ 5” tall with a trim body. It looked like she had C-cup breasts.

Then, it hit me. “Ma’am, I didn’t forget what you requested yesterday. I … I just … well, I figured you’d want me clean. Yesterday … well … it was a little …”

“Messy? Is that the word you were looking for? Cum soaked messy?” She smiled and I was relieved. “According to Sara you are bring out a lot of firsts for the office.” She took my hand, “Let’s go to my office.” I just nodded with a smile. I thought I knew what she wanted. She told me yesterday.

There are advantages to an office like this one. There are far fewer concerned situations of what is intended. She walked into her office and I followed behind her. I admit to paying more attention to her rotating ass that I thought I had interest in. But I was learning more about myself all the time since the interview. In the office, she turned at the front of her desk, hopped up onto it, scooted herself back and planted her feet on the desktop and spread her bent knees, spreading her pussy in the process. That suggestion is pretty blatant. No coy looks or hinting. Boom. Here’s my pussy, eat it.

She was watching the entire time she moved onto the desk and presented herself shamelessly to me. She was partially dressed. I was naked. She was an executive of the company, only two levels from the CEO. I was an entry person underneath her only the second day on the job.

Sure, all that came to my mind but my eyes were riveted to her pussy even before it was fully exposed me. I knew what this was about. It was about yesterday. It was about finding her newest employee ravaged by much of the office. It was about wanting the same thing without competing for the attention. I saw the power and control in this woman as she walked ahead of me to the office. Yes, she was nearly naked, and her butt moved tantalizingly, but she still carried herself like someone in control and I suspected every man and woman in the office recognized that … naked or not.

I allowed my eyes to flick up to hers for only a moment as I bent over on a direct course for her pussy. She was smiling, a soft smile, a welcoming smile and in an instant I felt different about it. I still felt her power and control but I also saw the woman who just wanted to experiencea and enjoy. This wasn’t about ego or power at all and in that look in her eyes I saw that. We were just two women. She was offering herself to me, not commanding me.

When my tongue stoked from the bottom of her pussy over her clit and I heard the sharp gasp and intake of breath, I sighed into her pussy. I raised myself and pushed her flat on the desk. One of my hands stroked her pussy and the other fondled a breast exposed over the bra. I slipped a finger into her pussy and found it wet and ready. I smiled and brought to the finger to my lips. I returned the finger to her pussy hole, then I reached it up to her own lips. Her lips opened and she accepted my finger with her juice on it.

I looked her in the eyes, “Are you bi, Ms. Benson?” She shook her head no. I smiled. “I’m going to make you cum, now. Then, we’ll decided.”

She gasped and muttered, “Oh … Goddddd …”

I sucked her nipples, bit them, kept them between my teeth and pulled, though gently. I kissed down her body to her shaved mound, then lower, bypassing her clit on purpose. I kissed down her slit, then used my tongue to press between her lips and force my tongue up her slit inside. I sucked and kissed and licked her pussy until I found her hole and pushed my inside inside. She gasped and moaned. I used my fingers to open her pussy to allow my tongue deeper. I took her lips between my lips, then between my teeth. I softly chewed on them. She gasped, moaned and groaned. I moved my lips and tongue up her slit, again. This time I didn’t avoid her clit. I took it between my lips and pressed, sucked, and used my tongue on the nub as I held it between my lips. I slipped two fingers into her pussy as my teeth gently took hold of her clit. I gently ground the nub between my teeth as my two fingers plunged in and out of her hole.

“OH … MY … GODDDD!! What are you … doing … to … me?”

I smiled into her pussy as my tongue joined my fingers at her hole. Her hips rose off the desk. I could feel her legs muscles quivering, closing around my head and opening like she didn’t know if she wanted it to stop or plead for it to continue. I moved the fingers of my other hand to her pussy and shifted the finger down to her asshole. When I circled her tight opening with my finger slick with her pussy juice, she tensed. When I press the finger into her asshole as finger curled to her g-spot and my lips closed on her clit … she arched her back and cried out as she orgasmed. I, of course, didn’t stop. I removed my finger from her ass but I bit down on her clit and sent three fingers now into her pussy to stroke her g-spot. She orgasmed and orgasmed until she finally pushed my head away, turned on her side, and curled into a fetal position gasping and panting, her muscles in spasm and quivering.

I rose and stroked her hip and back until she settled down, then I eased her off the desktop and pulled her into my lap as I took one of the visitor chairs in front of her desk. I wrapped my arms around her and stroked as I gently kissed her cheek and forehead.

After settling, she eased herself off my lap on shaky legs and used the desk to help her around to her own chair. She collapsed into it and looked at me with wide eyes. “Where did you learn to do that?”

I smiled embarrassed and responded truthfully, “I don’t know.” I shrugged. “It just happened.” She looked at me thoughtfully. I could see her pondering that answer but it was the truth. She was only the third woman I had pleasured.

My first anal fuck didn’t happen until the third day. I was wondering what was happening, even went to Sara to question her. She wasn’t sure, either. Maybe, she speculated, the men in the bull pen were just intimidated by the resounding refusal from the other women. The third day, though, I looked up from my the work I had on my desktop to find both Sara and Ms. Benson standing in front of my desk. I knew something was up. Had I already managed to do something wrong or failed to do something?

Sara leaned forward and quietly asked, “Still wondering about your virginity, Abby?” I knew she was referring to our conversation about anal. I nodded with a blush. Anal. I been wearing a plug as advertisement and now it not happening was driving me slightly crazy. Absurdly, anal had become a goal I needed to accomplish.

Ms. Benson leaned forward, then. I didn’t normally give my own body much thought. It was what I had lived with but seeing them and other women move and their bodies, especially their breasts, I was gathering a new appreciation for how others saw me and especially my breasts as they easily and freely swayed, jiggled, and bounced as I shifted or walked or got fucked. I found the exhibitionism of the office and the public fucking a huge turn on for me. Doing it in front of others and enjoying that aspect so much surprised me.

She said, “It’s time you have something other than that plug in your ass, then, dear.” She stood up but added with a wink, “Don’t forget your lube.”

Like throwing a switch, my body instantly jumped to a higher level of arousal. It seemed I was always moist while at work. At some level, I was always anticipating the possibility of sex. Anal. Finally and my body reflected it with a flush, hardened nipples and a flood of self-lubrication but the wrong hole. I leaned to the right side and opened the top drawer, very aware of others in the area having stopped to listen and watch. I caught a glimpse of Mary and her mouth was open in an ‘O’.

I grabbed the tube of lube from the drawer and flipped it into the air as I stood up, my breasts bouncing at the sudden move. They stood before me, glanced at each other, then, “This excites you.”

I smiled, another blush. “I guess it does, ma'am’s.” I lowered my voice. “I knew I enjoyed sex and a bit of display in short skirts and tops that showed cleavage, but I didn’t understand just how much I enjoyed all this. The exhibitionism, public fucking and sucking, the different men … and women.” I looked at them intently, “I keep wondering what else I might experience.”

“Well, then, follow us.”

I very quickly realized we were heading for one of the Executive’s office. Tube in my hand became damp and I realized I was still anxious nervously about this even though I felt excitement, too. The name plate next to the door read, Stanley Peterson. I made a point of learning the names of the executives in case I met them. Mr. Peterson was the VP over Ms. Benson, so over Sara and down to me.

Ms. Benson rapped on the door jam and entered without waiting for an invitation. Sara followed and I behind her more timidly. He looked up from his laptop, a smile forming on his face. I could only image what the initial thought might have been. Three exposed women standing in front of him in progressively less lingerie from Ms. Benson’s heels, thigh-high stockings (today) and shelf bra to my completely naked.

“Good morning, ladies. Pam, Sara … and you must be the new hire I’ve been hearing talk about.”

I put my right foot forward and reached across his desk, “Abby Thomas, sir.”

I was aware of his eyes falling from my face as we shook hands to my swaying breasts as I leaned forward. His eyes dropped further to my left hand where I was holding the tube of lubrication. He looked up at me, then shifted his gaze to Sara and settled on Ms. Benson.

She responded to the unasked inquiry. “Yes, Stan. She’s an anal virgin but she is eager not to be.” She looked over at me.

So did Mr. Peterson, “That so, Abby? What happens here in the office is consensual. You brought lube so I could assume so but our rule is that there is no feeling of pressure to do something you don’t want.” I remembered the same conversation with Sara. I nodded my response, then thought verbal was probably what he was seeking.

“Yes, sir.” I turned around and bent over. I heard his soft gasp at seeing the red sparkling base of the plug I had inserted in my ass. I turned back to him. “I really am certain. I want to be one of your best hires … in any way I can.”

“I have no doubt if you’re as dedicated in work as you are in this.” He looked to the other women but I maintained eye contact with him. This was it and he was a Vice President. “Thank you, ladies, I think Abby and I will do just fine.” I caught their movement out the office door. He rose from his chair and came around his desk to stand before me. He leaned onto the edge of the desk and reached out the thumb and forefinger of his right hand and captured one nipple, rolled it, then did the same to the other. Each time he lifted the breast by holding onto the nipple. He met my eyes. “I share Joe Cornell’s fascination with large breasts. I also have a fascination with anal. I’m not sure why that does fascinate me, but it does.” I wasn’t surprised about breast size. I had often wondered about men and breast size and found that only 11% of women have breasts larger than C and only 1% larger than D. No wonder my E-cups drew attention. I could only figure anal fed on a kind of perverse pleasure.

I nodded and smiled shyly. All this talk. I really wanted to get past the idea of it, the talk about it. I wanted it. I slowly dropped to my knees in front of him with my hand sliding down his stomach to his crotch. I felt his cock stir under my hand. I reached for his belt and looked up at him. His eyes were on my hands. I loosened the clasp and lowered the zipper to open his slacks. He wore dark slacks, white long-sleeved shirt and tie. I reached into his slacks, pulled the waist band of his underwear down far enough to take his semi-hard cock out. I glanced up at him, again. Was I wondering if he accepted? He wanted to fuck my ass. I held his cock up and licked from the base to the head. Reaching the head I parted my lips and took just the head between them and sucked. I released the head and licked down one side, up the other, and sucked the head while swirling my tongue around it inside my mouth. I heard his sigh as I did. I raised higher on my knees and pushed my mouth down his cock, sucking harder while pulling back up. His cock wasn’t particularly large which was a relief, actually, given that it would be my first in my ass.

When I had his cock rigid, I looked up to find his chest expanding in rapid intakes of air into his lungs. I left his cock and pulled his shoes off his feet, flipping them to the side, then pulling his slacks and underwear to his feet and off. I rose to my feet, purposefully rubbing my breasts up his body. He gasped as I pressed my naked crotch to his exposed and hard cock.

“Now, sir? Will you please be my first, to take that virginity from me, to awaken a new pleasure within me?”

He didn’t say anything in response. I didn’t need him to. I needed his action. Then, I saw it in his eyes and his face. I saw what I had seen in Ms. Benson’s attitude yesterday. Even while naked and expected to give out her body to a man for fucking or sucking, even with that apparent vulnerability, she had power and control. It was in her walk and her bearing. I felt it, too, in the moment. I was the lowest person in the office, completely naked and available to everyone else in the office, but he was taking nothing from me. I had taken control of his need, his desire, and was giving it to him. What could just as well be him in control and taking, instead was me with the power of myself in my offer. What he desired was what I was able and willing to offer.

I traded places with him. I leaned over the desk, separated my feet wide and bent over deeply presented my ass to him. “Take out the plug, sir, and reveal what you have desired and what I can give you.”

His fingers probed into my ass crack, grasped the sparkling end, and tugged. My sphincter seemed unwilling at first to release it but slowly I opened, spreading wider until the flattest part of the plug passed and it was out. My hand reached behind me holding the lubrication. There were no words from him. He took the tube and I soon felt his fingers applying it to my asshole, his fingers easily sliding inside. There was a moment of loss of his touch and I presumed he was applying the lubrication to his cock. Then, I felt it. I sucked in a deep breath and willed myself to relax as I had learned from inserting the plugs. His cock was at my asshole. I felt him align it at my hole which had to still be gaping as I felt it immediately slightly inside. He pressed and inches of it stretched my hole. I groaned. He pressed more with another inch going in and he moaned. I clamped my ass now. He was partially in, relaxing wasn’t the issue, anymore, the experience was. I clenched around his cock and his movements became constricted and he grunted as he pressed harder after pulling back an inch, feeling the tightness.

I looked back over my shoulder. His gaze was on my ass and, undoubtedly, his cock disappearing into it. I didn’t know how much of his cock was buried in me but I knew it was several inches, probably half his cock. He looked up and found me looking at him. He glanced back down at our union, then back up to me. The look on his face was of immense satisfaction, of pleasure at the experience.

“Now, sir … fuck me. Fuck my asshole like you have imagined it happening.”

He did just that. He pulled back slightly, grabbed my hips, and thrust powerfully into my ass. I cried out as he grunted. Our bodies smacked together and his cock was fully inside me. It was so … different. His cock was not as wide as the plug but longer and the deepness of penetration felt so entirely new and wonderful and exciting and wanton. I imagined people outside the office hearing our noise, hearing my cry, hearing his grunts.

I was again surprised by the sensations burst into me. Stimulation of the plug was arousing but I put that off to the feeling of something there. Stimulation with the vibrating dildo in my pussy with the plug in my ass I put off to the vibrator. This was different. This was entirely a cock thrusting into my ass. There was no other stimulation. Yet, the stimulation was unmistakable. Everything I had heard about anal was true. Why should it be surprising that the anus is packed with nerves, especially that nerve that connects from the base of the vulba to the anus and the clitoris. And, that’s not to mention the nerve endings connected between the anal and vaginal chambers.

Mr. Peterson pounded into me with increasing force and power with long strokes. I squeezed and released around his cock having far more effect than pussy muscles could ever have. He released my hips and leaned over me, one hand bracing himself on the desk as the other fumbled to capture my wildly swinging breasts. I could feel his cock pulsing inside my tight sleeve. He pulled me to a standing position and his other hand moved to my pussy as he continued to plunge his cock into me. His fingers moved over my clit and dripping pussy, a finger snaking into my hole and the heel of his hand pressing firmly against my clit as he pulled me against him to ram his cock like a conquering Viking.

The way he was fucking me and the way my body was responding, I wasn’t sure I needed the clitoral stimulation to orgasm but I wasn’t going to refuse it, either. I was already close and the question was if he or I orgasmed first. He pinched my nipple and clit at the same time he plunged deeply into me and I erupted. I thought he held me tight to secure me as my body quaked and convulsed but I felt his cock spurt repeatedly into my ass, my ass clamping around his cock as I orgasmed. I cried something out in the midst of it and he grunted like a rutting beast.

He guided us back and eased me down with him as he sat in one of the chairs. I sagged back against his chest, his cock still deeply buried in my ass. My ass was still occasionally involuntarily spasming against his cock. His hands softly, caringly even, caressing my front from the top of my pussy to my breasts which heaved with my gasping breath matched by a similar feel of his chest rising and falling against my back.

He whispered into my ear, “Abby, can you reach my smartphone without pulling off me?” I leaned forward, reached across the desk, then rose just inches, feeling his cock slide inside but I reached it with my finger tips and pulled it far enough to grab it. I held it in front and his hands took it, working the phone in front of me. I watched him navigate to his contacts, scroll to ‘Bob Sullivan’, and press call. I froze. Bob Sullivan was another of the VP’s.

“Bob, yeah, Stan … are you free to stop in my office? Great, thanks.”

Only a moment later a shadow filled the door way behind us and cast it effect into the office. A man stepped past us and stopped at the side of the desk, half sat there, and smiled. It wasn’t a warm greeting type smile. It was a very lecherous type smile as his eyes took in not only my nudity in Mr. Peterson’s lap but that we were still joined.

“Bob, I wanted to introduce our newest employee in the Admin Group. Abby Thomas, meet Bob Sullivan, VP of Domestic Operations.” He reached out to shake hands and two different … very different … thoughts crashed within my fussy mind. One: domestic operations would indicate there was non-domestic operations which would indicate we were an international operation. Two: how weird can it get to be introduced and shake hands with someone while having someone else’s cock stuck up your ass?

They were saying something. I focused and heard, “… her anal virginity, you say?”

I blushed. They were discussing our anal fuck? Mr. Peterson added, “I’m telling you, Bob, she’s going to be a star here. I’m just saying.”

Mr. Sullivan rose and held out his hand, “Abby, could you join me in my office?”

So, my third day wasn’t just my first anal. It was my second, too.