**Carol Is Talked Into It**

**Part 1**

I had had a few drinks earlier in the evening, wine coolers, but I wasn’t drunk. Crap, I wasn’t even tipsy, so I can’t really use that as an excuse for what I did.  
  
It was an office function, though not an official one. A group of us had a big presentation due soon and had stayed late to work on it that Friday night. We ordered dinner from a Chinese delivery place and worked straight through until after nine, at which point the meeting turned much more social.  
  
There were seven of us total: Jim, Steve, Rob, Ann, Britney, Rebecca, and myself. Jim and Steve were married men with salt and pepper hair while Rob was maybe a couple of years older than my twenty four. Ann was the grand dame of the office, and the other two girls were younger than me. In fact, Britney had just graduated high school last spring.  
  
Though I had been with the firm a couple of years, I didn’t usually socialize with the group. I tended to be shy and reserved, competent in my job performance but in no way gregarious. After the meeting turned into a party, though, I felt uncomfortable leaving because I sensed that the first person to go home would create a like effect on the others calling it a night.   
  
We had worked hard on the project, and I think we needed to blow off some steam.  
  
The conversation quickly devolved, however, into flirting between the girls and the guys. I half expected Ann to put a stop to it, especially after some highly inappropriate exchanges between Britney and Rob, but she laughed it off instead.  
  
I sat mostly in silence trying not to blush.  
  
Suddenly, Rob pulls out his wallet and takes out a $100 bill.  
  
“Jim, Steve, give me a hundred each,” Rob said.  
  
“Why?”   
  
“I’ve got an idea. Just do it.”  
  
Rob collected the money and put it down on the conference table.  
  
“Each lady is going to tell us the most adventurous thing she’s ever done, from an exhibitionist standpoint, and the best story takes the money.”  
  
I objected immediately, but Britney and Rebecca really wanted to do it. They were administrative support personnel and didn’t have the high salaries that the rest of us did.  
  
I looked imploringly at Ann.  
  
Instead of stopping it, though, she got things started.  
  
“Soon after our wedding, back in the early 70’s, my husband and I took a trip to the coast. Along the way, we passed a sign advertising a nude beach. I looked at him. He looked at me. We decided to do it.”  
  
Ann had went naked in public? I couldn’t believe it.  
  
“We grabbed our picnic basket and beach towels out of the trunk and headed out to the sand. There weren’t a lot of people, three or four couples, but they were all stark nude.  
  
“I kind of shrugged my shoulders and pulled my shirt over my head. Soon, we had both shucked all our clothes.   
  
“It was weird at first; I wasn’t used to being naked where anyone but Albert could see me. It wasn’t bad though. Liberating, I guess you’d say. We never did it again, but, to this day, talking about it still gets us in the mood.”  
  
The guys all hooted and hollered at that. Then Rebecca started talking.  
  
“A couple of years ago, a bunch of my old high school friends were on spring break from college and invited me to drive down with them to Daytona. There were four of us, all girls, and we got kind of wild.  
  
“One night, we went to this bar, and they were having a wet t-shirt contest. I know. I know. How cliché can you get, right?”  
  
The guys nodded but smiled.  
  
“Anyway, we were all like I’ll do it if you do it, so we all ended up entering. They took us back stage and had us remove our tops completely and replaced them with these tiny thin white t-shirts. You could see my nipples through mine before any water ever got near it.  
  
“So, we’re dancing around on stage, and the crowd is going wild every time you move. Then, this guy walks up to you and dumps gallons of freezing water on you, turning the shirt completely transparent which is, obviously, the point. I might as well have been totally topless up there.  
  
“After we were all good and soaked, he moved back to the first girl. As he pointed at her, she began dancing while the crowd cheered. The idea was that the loudest cheers won the prize. So she flashes her tits and tweaks her nipples a little, acts all sexy, and the guys go bonkers!  
  
“By the time the contest got to me, my competitive juices were flowing. I strutted forward and unzipped my shorts. I teased them for a while, flashing my thong covered butt, before taking them off completely. Then I start raising my shirt. Soon, I take it off as well, and I’m dancing in front of hundreds of horny guys wearing only a tiny thong! It was so hot. One of the other girls took off even that scant covering, though, and she ended up winning.”  
  
Britney raises her hand.  
  
“That would be me.”  
  
Rebecca, and the rest of us, were confused.  
  
“It couldn’t have been you. I knew this girl.”  
  
“No, I meant that that is very similar to my story. I’m on a bar stage down in Destin doing a wet t-shirt contest and got seriously carried away. I stripped completely.   
  
“All these guys are staring at my bare pussy while I grind away. Man, that was something!”  
  
Then everyone turned to me.  
  
“What?” I asked.  
  
“How about you, Carol? What’s your story?”  
  
“I don’t have one. I’ve never done anything like that.”  
  
“Never? Streaked the campus? Lost a public game of strip poker? Anything?”  
  
“No. Sorry.”  
  
“I guess I win,” Britney said, reaching for the money.  
  
“Wait a minute, we should give Carol the opportunity to do something now,” Rob said.  
  
“Like what?” Jim asked.  
  
“A striptease. We’ll bring in a radio, and she can dance for us.”  
  
The group, all but Britney and myself, erupted with cheers and telling me to do it.  
  
“I don’t know…” I said.  
  
A more strident denial was surely called for. I hate that I’m so weak; it’s so hard for me to resist people.  
  
Steve had already left the room to get a CD player, and Rob was fiddling with the video camera that we had been using earlier to practice our presentation. The next thing you know there’s music playing, and everyone is looking at me expectantly.  
  
“Just dance for us,” Ann said, “you don’t have take anything off if you don’t want.”  
  
Such a seemingly reasonable request and so hard to refuse.  
  
I began moving my feet and body in time with the music.  
  
“Take off your jacket. Get comfortable,” Jim called out.  
  
The suggestion sounded rational.   
  
I unbuttoned the three catches, pulled it off, and placed it over the back of a nearby chair before I gave much thought to what I was doing.  
  
My blouse covered my entire torso, even my arms, but it was much more sheer than I would have ever considered wearing without something over it. The jacket covered all but my neck, and I didn’t have to worry about anyone seeing my bra through my shirt with it on. Without it, I knew they could see my bra.  
  
“Raise up your skirt.”  
  
I don’t even know who said it, but I was helpless to resist the command. I gathered the stiff material and raised it to reveal the tops of my lacy black stockings before letting it fall again.  
  
I continued dancing until I heard the next order.  
  
“Take off the skirt.”  
  
I balked then. I just stopped.  
  
All six of them began chanting “take off the skirt, take off the skirt.”  
  
The CD had reached the end of the first song, and the start of the next one broke me out of my reverie.  
  
I started swaying again and reached behind me. With my mind screaming at me not to, I slowly lowered the zipper. As it separated, the skirt became looser and looser until it fell down my legs.   
  
I blushed as I stepped out of it.  
  
My blouse didn’t extend much further down than my waist, so my black bikini cut panties and creamy upper thighs were now on display to my coworkers.  
  
They told me to turn around, and I did, revealing my scantily clad butt to them before facing them again.  
  
I was mortified at what I was doing but, also, strangely excited.   
  
I’m not an outgoing or an impulsive person. Giving in to something deep inside me felt, somehow, so wrong and, yet, so right.  
  
They began chanting for me to remove my top.  
  
My fingers trembling, I undid each button one by one as I continued swaying. As more and more of my bra came into view, I couldn’t help but look down. While my panties were quite solid and didn’t show anything, the bra was a different story. It’s gossamer fabric left very little to the imagination as it strained to hold in my 36D breasts with their engorged nipples.  
  
I couldn’t look at them as I let the top fall to the floor.  
  
I was now dancing for them wearing only my underwear. Six of my coworkers were looking at me in my underwear!  
  
I wanted desperately to end the show right there, but, somehow, I couldn’t.  
  
Without even waiting for them to tell me to, I reached back and released each of the four catches holding my huge foundation garment together. Then, with the slightest shrug of my shoulders, I let the garment fall forward, revealing my naked breasts to them.  
  
I stopped, stunned at what I was doing.  
  
They started chanting immediately.  
  
“Take off the panties. Take off the panties.”  
  
Numbly, not even bothering to pretend to move with the music anymore, I hooked my thumbs in the waistband and pushed.   
  
Inch after inch of trimmed brown curls were exposed to there view. Inch after inch of my most private place opened up for their pleasure.  
  
Soon, the panties cleared my thighs, and all the friction ceased. I let go of them, and they dropped. I stepped out of them and stood before these six colleagues with no important part of me covered.  
  
I don’t know how long I stood there stunned, but a new song started. I began swaying again, and I turned around, perversely wanting them to see me from behind.  
  
Then, I gyrated. That’s the only word that I can come up with to describe it. I jumped and wiggled, showing myself to them.  
  
I don’t know how I looked to them, naked from the thighs up, trimmed brown bush, engorged clit, and huge tits flopping around, but suddenly I decided that I needed to be completely nude.  
  
I slipped off my shoes and put my right foot on a chair. Not even bothering to try to keep my legs clamped together even though my wet pussy was facing my audience, I rolled my right stocking off. I then did the same thing with the other one.  
  
They clapped and hooted and hollered for me. Then the song ended.  
  
It’s like I snapped out of trance.  
  
What the crap was I doing? I just stripped naked in front of my coworkers.  
  
I froze.  
  
“Well, I think that Carol wins the $300,” Rob said.  
  
“What!” Britney said, “I stripped in front of hundreds of guys in public. She did a strip tease for six of us.”  
  
I could barely even figure out what they were talking about, and the money was the last thing in the world that concerned me.  
  
“Britney has a point,” Jim said. “Carol needs to go further to win it.”  
  
“What did you have in mind?” Steve asked.  
  
“I think that, if she leaves here naked and drives home, it will top Britney’s exhibition. Everyone agree.”  
  
Britney didn’t, but the rest did.  
  
“I am a little concerned that that is a bit dangerous,” Ann said.  
  
“Rob can follow her and keep her out of trouble.”  
  
Before I knew what was happening, my clothes had disappeared, and I was walking into the parking garage wearing only my high heels, three one hundred dollar bills clutched in the hand holding my purse.  
Rob had to dig in my purse to get my keys for me because I didn’t break out of my stupor until I sat down in the driver’s side seat of my car.  
  
The feel of the vinyl on my bare backside brought home the reality of the situation quickly. I just wanted to get to my house and get covered.  
  
I took off before Rob had a chance to get to his car and drove as quickly as possible while still obeying all traffic laws. Getting pulled over was something I didn’t even want to contemplate.  
  
Luckily, it was dark, and the roads were pretty much deserted. I kept one hand over my breasts anyway and my legs clamped tightly together.  
  
Then, I arrived at my house.   
  
I didn’t have a garage, so I had to park in my driveway. I noticed that Rob had caught up with me, and he waited as I sat in my car.  
  
It wasn’t going to get any easier. No matter how long I waited, at some point I would have to get out and walk naked to my front door, and I was pretty sure that Rob wasn’t going to leave until I did so.  
  
I rolled down my windows and listened. There didn’t seem to be anybody about.  
  
Taking a deep breath and getting my house key ready, I threw open the door and stood up. Keeping myself hunched over and covering with my arms as much as possible, I sprinted to my door.   
  
I fumbled with the key a second before getting it.   
  
Finally, the door opened, and I was able to step inside to safety.

**Part 2**

I dreaded work on Monday. I seriously thought about calling in sick. How could I face them?  
  
As I walked into the office, I tensed, waiting for the knowing looks and the teasing to start.   
  
There were no harassing emails waiting in my inbox, and, when I saw Rebecca, she acted as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. Did I hallucinate the whole thing?  
  
Andrew noted that I seemed quiet even for me, but he always seemed to be concerned about me. Other than that, no one said or did anything out of the ordinary.  
  
By the end of the day, I had started to relax, and, by Friday, I had actually begun to forget that it happened. Then I got an email from Rob.  
  
The message said:  
  
Check out the attached then come see me in my office.  
  
I double clicked on the file, and a video opened. It was compressed and autofastforwarded, but it clearly showed me standing in the conference room stripping off my jacket and skirt.  
  
With my heart pounding, I walked around the corner to Rob’s office and went in. I closed the door behind me.  
  
“No one but the six of us have seen that video,” he said, “but I’m not sure it’s always going to stay that way.”  
  
“What do you want?” I asked.  
  
“Your panties, for a start.”  
  
I was sure that I hadn’t heard him correctly.  
  
“Now!”  
  
Numbly, I reached under my skirt, grabbed my panties, and pulled them down. He held out his hand, and I gave them to him.  
  
“Raise your skirt.”  
  
I lifted the bottom of it above my stocking tops.   
  
“All the way.”  
  
Blushing, I raised it further until he could see my exposed bush.  
  
“Turn in a circle.”  
  
This was so humiliating, standing in front of his desk with my skirt held up to just underneath my boobs letting him see me like this. I didn’t have much of a choice, though, so I did it.  
  
“That will be all for now.”  
  
Stunned, I staggered out of the room and back to my office. I hadn’t been seated for long when I received another email. This one from Steve, and it, too, had an attachment. That video showed my taking off my top.  
  
Trembling, I walked to his office.  
  
“Your skirt, please,” is all he said.  
  
I undid the buttons and let it fall to the floor.   
  
“Step forward.”  
  
I did as I was told, though it put my naked bush mere feet from his face.  
  
“Turn around, bend at the waist, and pick up the skirt.”  
  
With my bare butt facing him, I bent over.  
  
“Stay like that, but widen your legs. Wider.”  
  
I heard something metallic and some cloth being moved.  
  
I don’t know how long he kept me in that position, but I couldn’t help but wonder what he was doing. I knew that there wasn’t much of my private places that he couldn’t see, and it was all so close to him.  
  
I just about died of embarrassment.  
  
Soon, I heard him grunt, and then the cloth and metallic sound again.  
  
“Okay. You can stand now. Give me the skirt and leave.”  
  
“I can’t give you the skirt. I’m not wearing anything below the waist.”  
  
“You’re wearing stocking and shoes. Those will have to do.”  
  
He obviously wasn’t going to give in.  
  
I walked to the door and peeked out. There was no one in the corridor.  
  
I couldn’t believe that I was now walking around my office bottomless. Anyone at all could walk out of an office and see my bare ass, my pussy, anything.   
  
As quickly as I could, I ran to my office and slammed the door. At least here I was protected somewhat.  
  
A half hour later, I received another email, this one from Rebecca and showing me removing my bra. There were no instructions for me to come see her, though, which I understood a few minutes later when she barged into my office without knocking.  
  
She didn’t bother to close the door behind her either.  
  
“Your jacket, please.”  
  
Though I should have expected it, I stared at her like she was speaking gibberish.  
  
“Now, please.”  
  
I unbuttoned it and gave it to her. As she left, I couldn’t help but notice that my bra showed through the fabric of the blouse.   
  
I almost laughed. I was sitting there with my bare ass touching my chair, and I was worried about the bra being visible?  
  
Another half hour saw another email, this one showing me removing my panties. Britney entered my office a short while later.  
  
“Give me your bra.”  
  
I just stared at her.  
  
“Hurry, or I’ll have you remove your shirt first.”  
  
That got my hand’s moving. I reached under my shirt in back and undid the garment before pulling it off my arms and out the hole for my sleeve.  
  
She left, leaving my door open again, as I took stock of my situation. All I had left were my stockings, shoes, and a sheer blouse. My breasts with their rock hard nipples were clearly visible through the shirt, and there was nothing that I could do about it.  
  
Worse yet, my body started to betray me.  
  
I’m not very sexually active. I don’t date much, and I very rarely take care of things myself. Most of the time, I try to ignore those kinds of feelings and not think of things that get me aroused.  
  
Walking around the office with my bare butt, and more, hanging out and sitting there knowing that anyone could walk in and see my all too exposed breasts had an involuntary effect on me. I could actually smell how excited I was.  
  
Though I try my best to avoid those kind of situations, once things get to a certain point, it’s oh so hard not to do something about it.  
  
That’s how I found myself with my fingers massaging my clit when Andrew walked in.  
  
“Hey, I’ve got that report you needed,” he said, laying a folder down.  
  
I jerked my hand up to the top of the desk, noticing with a grimace that it was shiny with fluid.  
  
“Are you okay? You look a little flushed.”  
  
Then his eyes left mine briefly and darted down. Then he looked uncomfortable.  
  
Apparently, my shirt being quite see through wasn’t just my imagination.  
  
I was so embarrassed, and I didn’t know what to do. It seemed like crossing my arms over my breasts would have made the situation worse. I convinced myself that pretending that nothing was wrong would be the best bet.  
  
He obviously could see that I wasn’t wearing a bra, though, but didn’t appear to know what to say or do about it.  
  
“I’m fine. Just got a little hot is all. Had to take off my jacket. Thanks for the report.”  
  
I hoped that I wasn’t babbling too much.  
  
Could he tell what I had just been doing? Could he smell me?  
  
I wouldn’t be able to live with myself if he found out.  
  
Of all the people in the office, he was the only one that I considered to be a friend. Divorced and about ten years older than me, he had always treated me with such kindness.  
  
“Oh. Okay. You might want to put the jacket back on, though.”  
  
He stammered and blushed as he said it.  
  
“I got to go. See you later.”  
  
He practically fled out of the office, and I didn’t have the presence of mind to ask him to shut my door on his way out. Plainly, I didn’t want to risk the exposure of getting up and doing it myself.  
  
You would think that almost getting caught would have made me able to resist the temptation to keep going, but, if anything, his interruption seemed to make me even more excited. I had my finger inside me when I received the next email.  
  
This attachment showed me wearing only my stockings and heels dancing in the conference room and instructed me to go see Ann.  
  
The thought of leaving the safety of my desk put a damper on my masturbatory activities. For all I knew, I would be penalized if I didn’t report to Ann’s office immediately, and I didn’t want to look like I had just cum.   
  
I did my best to compose myself, using tissues to wipe the leaking fluid from my hole and to clean my fingers.  
  
I had been so close, though!  
  
My legs were shaky as I got up, and I lived in mortal fear that someone would pass by my office before I had a chance to hide. I reached the doorway without seeing anyone, though, and looked both ways down the corridor before starting out.  
  
It was such a surreal experience walking through the office that way. I could feel the air on my butt and on my girl parts, emphasizing how exposed I was, and my unfettered breasts bounced uncontrollably with each step.  
  
I blushed at the thought of what I must look like, face flushed, my cunnie exposed between my bright blue blouse and black stockings. Anyone seeing me would think me a total slut.  
  
When I reached the break room, I heard voices inside. I peeked around the door and saw the water delivery guy flirting with Angie, the receptionist. Their backs were to me.  
  
I didn’t want to do it, but the only way to where I was going was to pass right by the open doorway.   
  
I darted across and fled into Ann’s office. I didn’t hear a commotion behind me, so I must have made it undetected.  
  
Both Jim and Ann were in the room, and they looked at me as I entered and shut the door.  
  
“It’s time to surrender your top,” Ann said.  
  
I don’t know why, but I didn’t really think about what I was doing. What would be worse, your coworkers seeing you naked in the office or seeing that video? If I had been in my right mind, I probably would have demanded my clothes back.  
  
Instead, I meekly complied, pulling off the garment and handing it over to her.  
  
I stood there, arms by my side, as they looked at me.  
  
“What now?” I finally asked.  
  
“Go back to your desk and wait for further instructions. Leave your door open.”  
  
“But anyone walking by will see that I’m at least topless. What do I do?”  
  
“Tell them you lost a bet,” Jim said, “and tell whoever it is to see me.”  
  
I couldn’t believe that I was doing this, walking though my place of work not wearing anything except high heels and stockings where literally any of my colleagues could see me.   
  
I had been lucky on my previous trips in not encountering anyone. My good fortune ran out this time.  
  
Angie and the delivery guy were still talking in the break room when I reached it. This time, she spotted me when I peeked in.  
  
“Hey Carol, what’s up?”  
  
Only my head was visible around the doorjamb.  
  
“Oh nothing. See you.”  
  
I tried to pull away, but she kept talking.  
  
“You look like you’re hiding. Is something wrong?”  
  
“No. I’m okay.”  
  
“Step into the doorway, then.”  
  
She knew something was up.   
  
I didn’t have a lot of options. I could run past her and sprint to my office, but she’d then likely raise a fuss. I couldn’t afford to keep standing there like that, though. Someone was bound to appear in the corridor at some point.  
  
It was the hardest thing that I ever did, but I moved to stand in front of them.  
  
“Carol! You’re naked!”  
  
“I lost a bet with Jim,” I said, looking down at the floor.  
  
“Wow, must have been some bet. You’re not even covering yourself up.”  
  
Somehow, it hadn’t occurred to me.  
  
“I’m not allowed,” I said, thinking quickly.  
  
“So, you have to show yourself off to whoever asks?”  
  
I nodded. Whatever, I just wanted out of this situation.  
  
Instead of letting me go about my business, she turned to the guy standing next to her.  
  
“Anything in particular you want to see, Manuel?”  
  
“I’ve always been an ass man, myself,” he said.  
  
Angie giggled.  
  
I turned around before they could order me to.  
  
The exposure, humiliation, and frustration was starting to have an effect on me again. I could smell my arousal again.   
  
“Wow, baby got back,” he said. “Bend it over for me. Let me see that pussy.”  
  
There was a part of me that had never been more ashamed in my life, but the part control the actions of my body at this time wanted only to show it off.  
  
I spread my legs and, when my fingers reached the floor, I stood on my tip toes.  
  
“Look at how wet she is. Let me take care of you, honey.”  
  
I looked back through my legs and saw him taking out his penis. That’s when what I was doing sunk in.  
  
“Uh, no touching. Sorry.”  
  
I straightened up and left, heart pounding.  
  
I passed by two other coworkers, both male, and left them standing with jaws slack as I darted into my office and sank into my chair.  
  
I was so horny, but a small crowd soon gathered outside my door. I wasn’t so far gone by then that I was willing to let them see me get myself off, no matter how great my need.  
  
Jim appeared a few minutes later.  
  
“Okay, show’s over for the moment, folks. Please disperse.”  
  
A lot of people passed by in the next twenty minutes or so, and their eyes inevitably went right to my exposed breasts. No one stopped in, however, and I was able to compose myself somewhat during that time.  
  
At 4pm exactly, I received the last email. The video showed me taking off my stockings, and it zoomed in at the show I was giving between my legs. There wasn’t much left to the imagination.  
  
The message consisted of two words: Conference Room.

**Conclusion**

My attitude was pretty much let’s just get this over with. They’ve taken my clothes and my dignity. What more can they do?  
  
The office was strangely quiet, and I didn’t encounter a single soul on the long walk to the other side of the building. I discovered why when I entered the room. At least two thirds of the firm’s thirty employees were gathered right here.  
  
“All,” Jim said, “Carol lost a bet to me, and it’s time for her to pay up.”  
  
He winked at me. Going along with his story actually seemed to be best. Anything other than a wager, no matter how embarrassing it might be, would be even more humiliating.  
  
I just nodded my head; I was at his mercy.  
  
“First, give us a good look at you. Stand in front of the room and put your arms behind your head.”  
  
As some twenty of my coworkers watched, I walked past them to take a position in front of the dry erase board. With my feet shoulder’s width apart, I raised my hands and locked them behind my neck and let them look at me.  
  
I was fully exposed. My chest with its two exclamation points thrust out in front of me, my slender stomach that showed the barest hint of the outline of my ribs, the soft curls of my trimmed v-shape pubic hair, the slightly parted opening of my clit, and my long, toned legs obscenely emphasizing my nakedness with their lacy coverage were all displayed before them.   
  
I stood like that for quite a while as the crowd drank me in. They had me turn around and stand with my back toward them for a while, too, so that they could get a good, long look at my ass. One of the guys suggested seeing my profile, which led to me having to turn my side to them and eventually lean forward so that my breasts hung down.  
  
It was the single most humiliating experience of my life. I wanted to crawl in a hole and die. Yet even in such extreme mortification, my body betrayed me. I could feel the dampness creeping down my leg, and I had to restrain my hands from touching myself even with all the people watching.  
  
“Okay folks, I have one final task for our naked subject, but I need your opinion first. Should we have her leave the stockings on or take them off?” Jim said.  
  
The debate raged for a while. A lot of the guys really liked the contrast between the covered legs and the rest of me being naked, but, in the end, they decided that completely nude was best.  
  
This time, I didn’t put my foot up in a chair. Instead, I opted to remove the leg coverings as demurely as possible. I slipped off the shoes, and bending at the waist, far the best way since no one was behind me, rolled off first one and then the other.  
  
I now stood one hundred percent completely naked in front of people I work with.  
  
I shuddered.  
  
The next thing that I knew, Jim took me by the arm and led me to the conference table.   
  
“Lay down on the table,” he said.  
  
Doing my best to keep my legs from splaying open, I did as I was told. The cold, hard wood was not comfortable in the least.  
  
“Open up your legs.”  
  
I knew he wanted to see all of me, and I was in no position to resist. I brought my feet back to my thighs and spread my legs.  
  
One by one, they took turns, even the women, looking at my formerly most private place. Now the whole office knew exactly what I looked like between my legs.  
  
Several of them commented on the liquid that was gushing out, making snide remarks about how much of a slut I was to be turned on by this.  
  
Then Jim dropped the final bombshell.  
  
“Okay, Carol, all you have to do now is reach orgasm, and you’re done.”  
  
I couldn’t believe that he would ask that. It’s the single most personal, private thing that a person can do, and he wanted me to debase myself by doing it in front of all of them.   
  
I almost balked.  
  
I had already done so much, though. Every single person in the room had already gotten a complete gynecological view of me. I had no more secrets from them.  
  
Besides, I was so, so horny. The idea began to sound like a good one.  
  
I reached down tentatively with my right hand. When my fingers brushed the sensitive folds of skin of my slit, I gasped. I soon lost all reservation.  
  
I massaged myself. Hard.  
  
My breathing increased, and I lost all ability to stifle my moans.   
  
I knew I could bring myself off by just stimulating myself there, but I wanted more.  
  
I spread my legs even further apart and thrust my fingers inside myself. In and out, in and out, I stroked in rhythm.  
  
I was so, so close to finishing when I heard a commotion, and Andrew appeared in my field of view.  
  
“What in the hell is going on in here?”  
  
No one said a word, and, even though I didn’t want them to, my fingers stopped moving.  
  
Suddenly, I realize what I must look like to him. I’m lying butt naked on a table with my fingers up my pussy while twenty people watch me. He must think I’m a whore.  
  
I removed my fingers, and the tears started falling.  
  
The next thing I know, I feel two strong arms under me, and I’m being carried out of the room. When I open my eyes, he’s putting me down in a chair in his office.  
  
He hugs me, and I use his chest to muffle my sobs. We stay like that for a while until I can get myself under control.  
  
“Carol, I know you’re upset, but I really need you to tell me what happened. Everything.”  
  
The story comes out in fits and starts, punctuated with new bouts of crying, but he’s patient and listens to the whole thing. How they convinced me to strip for them and then the blackmail. Once I finished, he told me to hang on while he took care of something.  
  
He was gone a long time, and he didn’t seem to be in a good mood when he got back.  
  
“Okay,” he said, “They shouldn’t bother you anymore.”  
  
Later, I heard what he had done. Everyone except the six people who had started all this had cleared out by the time he got back to the room. He told them that they could be arrested for the stunt they pulled, and he threatened to call the police. They, of course, agreed to do anything to prevent him from doing so.  
  
By the time Andrew was finished with them, he had pictures of all six of them naked, and let them know that their careers, and for half of them, their marriages would be over if any sign of that video ever surfaced.  
  
All I could think when he entered the room was that he must think I’m the biggest idiot, and the biggest slut, in the world.  
  
“Do you hate me?”  
  
“Of course not. Why would you say that?”  
  
“I put myself in that position. I masturbated in front of my coworkers. I got turned on by all this.”  
  
“Carol, being sexual isn’t a bad thing. Granted, maybe at the office isn’t the best place to explore your feelings in that regard, but there are a lot of people in this world what are exhibitionists. I don’t think poorly of you at all.”  
  
He spent quite a bit of time reassuring me, and, gradually, I began to feel better about myself. As my worries and fears abated, however, I became more and more aware of the facts that I was still naked and that I was still seriously frustrated.  
  
The longer we talked, the more I kept glancing at his crotch. It was obvious that he was aroused as well, but I didn’t know how to broach the subject.  
  
Finally, I decided, screw it, just go for it.  
  
“Andrew, thank you so much for saving me, but there’s one more thing I really need from you.”  
  
“Anything. What is it?”  
  
I smiled and got up.  
  
“This,” I said, and I unzipped his pants.  
  
The End