**Cathy's New Job**

**By Cathy**

This is a fictional story based on some facts but unconnected to reality.  I do not personally know any of the individuals that I may write about and I have never met them.  This is pure fantasy and I have no intention of making this story a reality.  But it would be a lot of fun!  I hope you enjoy it.  Cathy   
   
I recently finished my graduate studies and now I needed to get a job in my chosen field: accounting and finance.  The ink on my diploma was still drying when I closed the trunk of my car and headed back to the Midwest after spending the last few years in New York City.  Yep, I graduated from New York University’s business school – one of the best in the country, and I was ready to tackle the world!   
   
A few days before leaving I arranged to have several interviews with prospective employers over the next three weeks.  My first task was to find a place to live in or near Cedar Rapids, Iowa.  I called a few real estate agents who work with rentals so I was not worried about finding something that I could afford.  After working for a few months, maybe a year, I should be in a position to find something better, or perhaps even buy something.   
   
It was a long drive to Iowa and I was alone so I took my time, stopping for meals, potty breaks and sleep when I was too tired to drive safely.  I arrived in my new home town early Monday afternoon and stopped directly at the real estate agents office to look at potential rentals.  We viewed a few and I really liked one that was on the top floor with a balcony overlooking the outskirts of town.  The rent was on the high end of affordable, but if I was careful, meaning frugal, I could swing it.  Since it was nearly the end of the month and the apartment was vacant, the owner said I could move in immediately and start paying rent as of the first of the next month a few days away.  She didn’t realize that to me that meant I could move in this evening.  She laughed when I told her and she held the door while I carried my bags into the elevator.  I would have to arrange for some basic furniture pretty quickly, but at least I had my sleeping bag with me – I camp a lot, as some of you already know.  (Wink, wink.)   
   
My first interview was the next morning at a company located in the middle of town and I had several more interviews later that day and the next.  Each of the interviews went very well, except one where the interviewer told me that there would be a lot of overtime required.  He said that they even provide cots for their employees to catch quick naps on during the heaviest overtime periods.  He told me later that he was joking.  I wasn’t impressed.   Neither was he so we parted ways rather amicably.   
   
The best interview was the next day with a company that had its own three storey building in an office park nearby my new home. There was a bike path behind the property that eventually ran alongside my apartment building.  This would be perfect if the job interview went well and I was hired.  I could ride my bike (after I purchased said bike) to and from work if I wanted to.  The building was in the back of the office park and kind of secluded and surrounded by trees and a huge parking lot on all sides.  They encouraged their employees to exercise and provided bike racks so those who could bike to work would have a place to lock their bikes.   
   
I interviewed with an older man who asked intelligent questions and seemed like a really fair person with whom to work.  The job was advertised as a Management Trainee and I would start working in the accounting department as a staff accountant and work my way through the various departments in the Controller’s office.  Of course my ultimate goal was to become the Controller, but that will be a few years away.  I need quite a lot of experience before I land in that corner office.   
   
There was one odd event that took place during the interview.  When I arrived for the interview to talk with the personnel officer before meeting the Controller and the person I would initially be working for, I was met by a young woman, who appeared to be my age.  She was quite lovely too.  She led me to the personnel director’s office, waited and then took me to the Controller’s office.  Afterward she came back to fetch me and take me to the President’s office so I could meet him meet him.  Wow, this usually doesn’t happen until the second or third interview.  This was really going well!      
   
Well, while I was talking with the company president, this same young woman walked in to fetch some papers.  As she turned around to leave the office she looked at me, right into my eyes and winked!  She walked straight out the door and I didn’t see her until the president called her to lead me back to the personnel director’s office.  “That was odd,” I said to myself, wondering what that was all about.  She has quite a lot of chutzpah (a Yiddish word I picked up while living in New York City that means, well, balls, as in “that person has a lot of balls.”     
   
I was wondering how she and I would interact if I was actually hired by this company.  It is very unusual, to say the least, for someone to walk into an office to grab some papers during a job interview.  I made a mental note to find out who this woman is if I am hired.     
   
While I was chatting with the personnel director, she received a telephone call.  I really couldn’t tell what the brief conversation was about because I only heard one side and I heard only a few words before the conversation was over.   
   
The human resources director cleared her throat, smiled and said that the person who just called was the Controller and he authorized her to offer me the job.  When could I start?   
Well, to say that I was shocked would be a major understatement.  I must have looked like a deer in the headlights for a few moments before forcing myself out of a momentary paralysis.  I blurted, “How about next Monday?”  She smiled again and said that would be fine.  She asked me to wait a few minutes in the reception area while she prepared the formal offer and I would be back on Monday to start my new job!   
   
I was so happy!  Within a few weeks of graduating from NYU I had a new job in a new city, a new apartment and now I needed some new clothes.  Since I saved enough money to pay the bills for a few months while I thought I would be unemployed, I had plenty of money to buy some new clothes for my new job.  I even had enough left over to buy a used bicycle, a Trek mountain bike. I’ve always owned Treks, they are very sturdy bicycles and they last a long time even if not properly cared for.   
   
I was in heaven.  At the end of a very successful day I was exhausted.  I went home, removed all of my clothes, took a shower and poured myself a glass of wine (Merlot) and sat outside, naked, on the balcony.

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My balcony faces north on the edge of town. There are three streets off in the distance, one parallel to the street my building sits on and two that are perpendicular.  The east perpendicular road ends at the intersection of the parallel street and the west road continues off in the distance, through some farmland and continues north toward the Minnesota border many miles up the road.  There are no other buildings back here.   
   
The landlady lent me a card table and some chairs until I could acquire some basic furniture.  Sitting out there in the darkening sky, not a soul around, was so refreshing after, by all accounts, a very successful day.   
   
I reflected on the events of the day, trying to figure out who that woman was who had the chutzpah to walk in, unannounced, during my job interview.   
   
The sun was almost finished setting on my left, the shadows of the trees were getting longer and the warmish breeze ticked the fine hairs on my skin.  The puzzle of the young woman aside, this was truly a sacred moment.  At that moment I felt so completely at one with the world, naked, unencumbered, as if destiny and I had made an agreement and we were at peace.  The wine was doing its work and I was feeling so relaxed.   
   
Feeling the gentle breeze on my feet, my legs, between my legs, (oh my!) and on my naked little breasts was rather stimulating.  The nipples on my little B-Cups must have been feeling particularly proud as they were so erect and hard.  I remembered what my piggy brother once said about a picture of a naked woman he saw in some “men’s” magazine, “…she has nipples so hard they can cut glass.”  Well, that’s how mine were getting.  They puckered up and stood so tall, just like hard little diamonds on the top of my small, but nicely shaped womanly mounds.   
   
My hand strayed to my tummy, down where my pubic hairs used to be. While in the New York University dorm my roommate Bethany and I had been, well, drinking a bit and… at one point she asked if I trimmed my bush.  Horrified, I replied that no, I had not.  Not ever.  She giggled, pulled down her panties after raising her very short skirt, and showed me her neatly trimmed landing strip.   Bethany explained that it helps guide her partners “home.” She thought it would be fun if we trimmed mine as well.  I was not as, shall we say, as prolific as Bethany and the number of partners I have had was not large, in fact rather small, so I questioned the need for a guidance system to help someone find something useful down there.     
   
At this point I should tell you that I am a PK, a preacher’s kid.  PKs are always expected to be on their best behavior and never do anything to embarrass or bring shame to our parents.  We are the examples of how other people’s children should behave to all those lucky kids who are not PKs.  Parents are always using us to illustrate how their kids should behave.  Uhhh huh!   
   
Let me tell you about the reality.  PKs are generally notorious for being naughty.   The pressure of being perfect in the minds of all those adults and parents out there and the guilt that would ensue from being caught doing something naughty is often too much to endure.  And so we are sometimes so naughty!  Often, even the best of us do things because no one would ever think we would do that.   
   
Now, having said all of that, I was a pretty good kid; and I still am.  My grades in school were always very good and my behavior was fairly conformist.  I suspect that my rebellious years were spent being the good girl while my brother’s rebellious years were spend being the bad boy. Meanwhile, being much smarter than he, I got him into trouble whenever possible and it was so easy!   
   
Well, back to the little side-story.  When I saw Bethany’s “trim” and Bethany saw my full bush she decided right then and there that we were going to rectify this problem right away.  Twenty minutes later after much giggling and playing around my lovely blondish pubic hairs were floating in the Hudson River.   
   
Bethany became my first female lover that night too.   
   
Back on the balcony, feeling the glow caused by a glass of wine and my own euphoria my hand started to find its way to my secret place.  I was thinking of Bethany and my shaved pubis and the feel of the light breeze on the slight protrusion of my moist inner lips.  I was getting quite aroused.  Independent of any conscious thought, my hand had a mind of its own and continued to gently play with my folds of wrinkly skin, teasing, probing until it discovered something very special nestled within. Ripples of pleasure washed over me like ocean waves with one slight brush of my little pearl.   
   
I wanted more.  I plunged my fingers deeper and harder into my opening, in and out repeatedly.  At one point I whimpered then moaned audibly, not caring if my neighbors could hear my self-lovemaking.  And then, it happened.  It happened with such force I was sure that I was going to scream at the top of my lungs.  I was so disconnected from anything outside of my own skin I didn’t realize that I didn’t scream until afterward.  I came! Oh my god, I came and came and came.  I was limp when my body finally stopped its convulsions.  I was drenched with sweat and my own love juices.     
   
It was all I could do to rinse off in the shower, wobbly knees and all, and crawl into my sleeping bag.  Tomorrow I will go out and acquire some inexpensive furniture to last for a while.  But, that was for tomorrow.  Tomorrow…

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Tomorrow came (after I did, several times I might add) and the next day and the next.  The days turned into weeks, the weeks turned into months and the months turned into a year.  I was thriving at my new job and loving every minute of it.  The opportunity to learn and grow as a professional was there and I took full advantage of it.   
   
It wasn’t too long before I learned the identity of the “ballsy” woman I encountered during my interview with the President of the company where I am employed.  I met her during my orientation so settle down and let me tell you the story.   
   
Shortly after I was installed  in my cubicle and was given a week-long orientation by the human resources department and the Controller’s office, department in which I worked, I was given a tour of the entire company.  I met everyone in the whole company.  If someone was not at work one day, I met them the next.  After being born and raised in the Midwest and living in New York City, the most impersonal town in the world, this was a breath of fresh air.  I knew I was going to be very happy here.  And it was nice to met the President of the company in much less stressful circumstances.  He is a nice man for whom I have quite a lot of respect.  He is a taskmaster, but, thoughtful, kind and fair.   
   
As my HR escort and I left the President’s office, his assistant had just returned from an errand so we headed down the hall to her office.  From a distance, the first thing I noticed about her was her almost regal bearing and her stature.  She was not tall, she appeared to be about my height (5’2”), topped by about my color hair, (usually a natural, very light brown or blondish) and nicely dressed in an attractive business dress and matching flat shoes.  But she had almost a royal air about her, as if to say, “I know who I am and I very comfortable with myself and my place in the world.”   
   
When we approached her I was struck by the proverbial two-by-four.  This woman was beautiful!  The air around her seemed electrified and she moved around with perfect grace. Her eyes were so bright with an amazing intelligence.  I was almost in a trance and it was all I could do to keep my mouth from dropping open in wonder.  We shook hands and her hand was so warm and it fit right into mine as if they were made for each other.  I felt a shock but I strongly resisted the impulse to pull away.  This captivating creature held my hand for a little longer than I thought was normal; in fact, I had the distinct impression that we were going to hug.  Honestly, I would have given in to this feral animal and hugged her for as long as she wanted.  That might have shocked the HR person I’d wager.   
   
I think she noticed that my breath was taken away, so she smiled as if to reassure me and I felt instantly welcomed by her.  I really was in a mild trance and somewhat only vaguely remember the HR escort telling me her name is Abby, the President’s niece.  Oh boy!  That caught me by surprise, to say the least.  My heart was pounding faster all day after that encounter and I found it difficult to focus on my work.  Luckily it was the end of my week of orientation and next week the real work would begin.  I spent the entire weekend thinking of that beautiful creature.  She was the subject of some really nice fantasies out on my balcony, let me tell you!

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Okay, about a year has passed since I was hired to work in the controller’s office and with hard work, some overtime hours, and some luck I was given some nice reviews by my supervisors.  Of course, along with the promotions come more hard work and more overtime hours.   
   
Last month, at the end of June, I was responsible for preparing the second quarter financial statements for the company.  Unfortunately, we had purchased some new computer hardware and software and things didn’t quite mesh the way they were supposed to initially.  I ended up coming into the office on Saturday to make sure the required reports were finished, printed and collated.     
   
As usual, on the weekend there was only one guard on duty during the day and only a sporadic security check by a “drive-by” security guard during the evening hours.  When I arrived at the building on Saturday, late morning, parked in the President’s parking spot since I knew that I would be the only employee in the building that day.  With my key card I entered the building and made my way to the elevator for the ride up to the third floor.  The Controller’s office was on the fourth floor.  My office was on the side opposite the elevators and I was in the practice of walking around the perimeter of the floor, just to get a little bit more exercise in my day.   
   
It was hot!  The air conditioning seemed to be off, so I reported that fact to the security guard, who promised me he would pass the message on to the building maintenance team.  I started my work, checking the reports, reviewing the numbers against my field reports just to make sure the numbers were reasonable.  Did I say that it was hot?  Wow, it was getting very uncomfortable in there with no air circulating.  Too bad I couldn’t open the windows to let some fresh air in.   
   
I looked around and realized that since I was the only one there, I could dress the way I wanted to.  Hell, I could even be naked here and no one would even know!  I laughed at myself for thinking such a silly thought and went back to work.  If I continued for another hour or two, I could be out of here and on my way home.   
   
Of course, once that thought was in my head, that’s all I thought about.  The more I thought about it, the more I wanted to do it.  I walk around naked in my own apartment.  I am here almost as much as I am home so that I practically live here.  I was fixed on the notion of being naked here in the office, precisely where I shouldn’t be nude.  Oh boy!  If I was caught, I’d never hear the end of it.   
   
I looked around carefully, confirming that, indeed, I was completely alone.  The security guard was in his box at the entrance to the parking lot.  It was almost time for him to go off duty and the drive-by security to begin their sporadic patrols of the buildings in the office park.   
   
I had long since kicked off my shoes and I am not a panty hose kinda girl anyway, especially on Saturday.  I removed my shirt and since I have the smallest breasts in the world (almost), I was topless.  I folded my blouse and placed in on the corner of my desk.  Next I removed my shorts, folded them and placed them underneath my blouse.  Now I was only wearing my light pink panties.  I debated with my self whether or not I should take them off too.  Should I, shouldn’t I?  Oh well, what the heck!  And off they came too and they too were placed in the small pile of my clothes on my desk.   
   
I was naked! And I felt so naughty!  I rubbed my breasts and my hands moved down over my skin to my crotch, spreading my lips and then back to my sweet ass, spreading my cheeks.  OMG this was so hot, and I don’t mean the temperature in the office!   
   
Once my clothes came off, I was instantly horny.  I wanted to enjoy every minute of my nakedness in the office.  I walked around the entire floor looking around, being careful if by some chance someone else had entered the building. Oh but this was exhilarating!  I was feeling particularly brave when I reached the elevator so I pushed the up button.  I was going to go up to the fourth floor, where my boss’ office was located.  I wanted to secretly smile when I was in his office during normal business hours.  I wanted to know that I was in his office totally naked, without a stitch covering any portion of my sweet, lithe, little body.  I wonder what he would say to that, if he only knew?   
   
The elevator arrived and of course it was empty so I hopped on and pushed the button for the top floor.  The lift slowly crept up the one flight and the door opened into the executive reception area.     
   
I stepped out of the elevator and playfully assumed the ENF position, just barely covering all of my naughty bits with my hands and arms.  I laughed at my little joke and headed down the hall to my boss’ corner office.  It was so quite there!  Still, I was careful and listened intently for any sounds of human activity.   
   
I boldly walked into his office and pranced around being careful not to touch anything and leave any trace of my weekend visit.  At one point, I faced his chair behind his desk and stood spread-eagled in front of where he would be sitting, imaging him with his mouth agape, staring at my naked body with all of its charms.  Then, I did a sharp about-face and bent over completely and touched the floor with my finger tips, my pussy and anus vulgarly displayed to his hungry eyes.     
   
I refrained from toughing myself there in his office.  That would have been too much, I thought.  My office would be a welcome shelter for anything I wanted to do to myself.  I almost ran to the elevator, pushed the down button and hopped on board when the door opened one second later.  I made a bee-line for my office, and entered as swiftly as I could, not noticing that my neat little pile of clothes was missing.   
   
All I wanted to do was touch myself.  I sat on my desk, my legs spread wide and plunged my fingers in and out of my pussy, over and over again.  For many minutes I was oblivious to anything and everything around me, focusing only on my own self gratification.  When it came, my orgasm came with such force I thought my windows would shatter.  I felt wave after pleasurable wave wash over me leaving me limp and exhausted in its wake.   
   
When I finally opened my eyes, Abby, the president’s niece was standing in my doorway with a curious smile on her face.

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I was paralyzed.  Sitting on my desk, I was naked with my legs were spread wide apart, my hand was inside my pussy, my honey was all over the place, and I just had a screaming orgasm.  You might say that I was caught red-handed, so-to-speak.     
   
I was in a state of shock, to say the least.  I had the most intimate experience I could ever have and apparently in full view of someone I barely knew.  Not to mention the fact that one word from her and I could be instantly unemployed.     
Visions of trying to explain to a potential new employer why I was no longer working at my previous job flashed before my mind’s eye.   
   
Abby just stood there for a moment, looking at me, not saying a word. Meanwhile, I tried to assume a more normal position on the top of my desk.  I must have been a sight!  I looked for my clothes and just then noticed that they were not where I left them.  Oh my God, I am in big trouble was my only thought at that point.   
   
After a long, pregnant silence she cleared her throat, paused for another few seconds and said, “Come to my office, please.”   
   
Even in my confused and naked state I thought I heard a slight emphasis on the word, “come.”  Nawww, just my imagination playing tricks on me.    
   
Naked as a jaybird, I followed her to the elevator, entered while she pushed the button for the fourth floor and followed her to her office next to the corner office on the other side of the building.  If this had been any day other than during the weekend I can only imagine how this scene would have looked, my fellow employees staring at my naked body following Abby past their offices and cubicles.   
   
We finally arrived at her office and we entered the nicely appointed room.  She reached into the credenza behind her desk and pulled out a roll of paper towels.  Now, I’ve heard through the grapevine that this young woman is very resourceful and definitely not just another pretty face.  Actually she is quite stunning and smart as well.  Even if she were not the president’s niece she would easily have earned a management position with any company for which she chose to work.     
   
She handed me the roll of paper towels and suggested that I clean myself up a bit.  I asked where the ladies room was and she looked at me sternly and said, “Clean yourself right here.”   
   
What could I do?  I knew that I was in for trouble and the mound between my legs was dripping wet with my own love juices.  I followed her instructions and cleaned myself as best I could.  What I really needed was a good shower and a nap!   
   
She pointed to her waste can and I threw away the very damp towelettes. From the same cabinet she produced a terrycloth towel which she handed to me, pointed to the chair in front of her desk and she sat in her chair behind the desk.  I placed the towel on the offered chair and sat on it, facing her.   
   
We sat staring at each other for a few long minutes, neither of us saying a word.  I was clearly at a disadvantage here.  Abby was fully dressed and I was totally naked.  I still had no idea where my clothes were.  I was sweating bullets!   
   
At length, Abby stood up and straightened her skirt with her hands.  She walked around her desk with her hands on her hips and stood directly in front of me all the time looking me straight in the eyes, never even flinching.  You better believe that I was flinching inside!   
   
Abby lowered her body so that her face was level with mine and slowly inched her face closer and closer to mine.  I expected any moment that she would suddenly bite my head off and I would be out of my misery, forever.   
   
When her face was inches from mine and we looked into each other’s eyes, she opened her mouth, as if to speak and she…   
   
She kissed me, full on my mouth!  I was in shock!  My mouth opened to register my surprise and instantly her tongue filled my mouth and seemed to be reaching down my throat.  My head was reeling with relief and lust.  In an instant my fire was turned back on and I wanted hot, unadulterated, steamy sex and I wanted it now.   
   
So did Abby.     
   
Her hands were on my tiny breasts and my slightly puffy nipples became as hard as stones.  My nether lips were engorged with blood and my pearl was pounding like a miniature jackhammer inside my cunt.      
   
Tentatively I reached up to her, placing my hands squarely on her firm breasts, squeezing ever so slightly and feeling her hard nipples through her blouse and bra.  Her tongue was circling my tongue as we exchanged saliva.     
   
I started to unbutton her shirt, my fingers fumbling a bit as I was a little distracted.  I finally had all of the buttons undone and I pulled the shirt down from her shoulders as she lowered her arms to ease its removal.  Thankfully, her bra opened in front, else I would have ripped it from her beautiful tits to more quickly expose them to my hungry hands and mouth.   
   
Abby must have realized that I would have destroyed the clasp on her skirt and unbuttoned it herself while I devoured her breasts.  It slid silently to the floor so that all that remained were her panties – my only obstacle to her womanhood that I so desperately wanted in my mouth.   
   
I slid my hands into her panties, cupping her lovely cheeks in my hands and slowly inched her panties to the floor where she kicked them off to who knows where.   
   
Now we were both naked!  In her office.  On the floor.  Having our way with each other with nothing to stop us.  Two wild and feral animals tearing at each other’s bodies and enjoying every inch of them.   
   
I was intoxicated with her musky aroma, filling my nostrils with each breath.  Her honey filling my mouth and wanted her all the more.  My tongue reaching past her outer lips to her soft smooth and wrinkly skin, past the folds of her inner lips to her essence further inside.  My tongue found her pearl and started circling it around and around and around.  My only goal was to suck it deeper inside my mouth.  Then I found her pee-hole and I blew warm air into it, knowing that would drive her wild, and it did!   
   
When we climaxed it was if the earth opened up beneath us and a great and powerful geyser of wonderful, warm water lifted us up, up higher then either of us had been before.  In unison we each screamed at the top of our lungs as wave after wave of heavenly pleasure washed over us, bathing us in love juice.  Our bodies were close to the temperature of the sun as we collapsed in two heaps of woman-flesh on the floor of Abby’s office.  Our eyes were closed as we panted, our chests heaving and gasping for air.     
   
As I lay there basking in the afterglow of our lovemaking I smiled; I knew that I was no longer in trouble as I thought I was.  There were other issues to consider, but they would have to be considered another time. Right now I was in love, or lust, or something.   
   
I looked at Abby and Abby looked at me and we smiled at each other; warm, loving smiles that spoke volumes.

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My business relationship with Abby blossomed from that point onward.  I began working on some interesting projects for my boss, the Controller that seemed to help the company grow into more markets and expand our business with more products that our clients wanted.  Of course, anything the president of the company was interested in, you can be sure that Abby was involved as well.   
   
We also seemed to be developing a more intimate relationship, as you might expect given what we did on the floor of her office that fateful Saturday a while back.   
   
More often than not we would enjoy lunch together in the company cafeteria.  Sometimes we would go to a movie or a dinner.  Sometimes we would end up in each other’s apartment for a “night cap.”  You might guess that is another way of saying that we slept together those nights.   
   
One morning in the office, Abby came over to my desk with a special project that her uncle needed by tomorrow morning.  After looking over the data required I told her that I thought that it would take me at least two days of hard work just to get to a management review of the numbers.  She told me that the thought so too when she was given the project by her uncle.   
   
She offered me a proposition; she said that if I can finish this project and have it on the president’s desk by tomorrow morning, there would be a promotion in my future.  She even said that she would help me.   
   
Well, needless to say, I was on it in a heartbeat.  The two of us worked our little tushes off all day long, barely taking time to eat lunch and only picking at dinner at our desks.  By 3 AM we each read though the completed report one last time as we ceremoniously placed it on the big boss’ desk.   
   
We were exhausted, as you might imagine.  The two of us fell asleep on the couch in Abby’s office and woke in time to go to the cafeteria for a quick breakfast and lot of coffee.  We made sure that her uncle had the report in his hand, we answered his questions, and we left to get some real sleep.  Abby came over to my place since I live closer to the office. We showered and without putting on any pajamas, fell into bed together, too tired to do anything more than drift swiftly into dreamland.   
   
When we awoke, we knew that our sleep-cycles were royally toasted, but Abby said that she had an idea.  She had a plan that would make us so tired that we would be able to easily fall asleep at a more-or-less reasonable time so we could get back on a normal sleep schedule. Remembering the fun we had in her office, and the nights we spent together in more romantic circumstances, I was not about to argue with her.   
   
We spent the remainder of the day talking and being playful with each other.  After a lovely dinner we drove back to the office but we didn’t go into the building.  We parked in the lot as far away from the guards as possible and because of the way the building was laid out they couldn’t see us parked there.  Curious, I asked Abby what she had in mind.  Her only response was to smile and say, “you’ll see.”   
   
I really became intrigued when she pulled a small gym bag and a blanket out of the back seat.  I thought, “Hmmm, I wonder what we would do with a blanket out here?”    
   
Next to our office building was an old cemetery that belonged to the church behind our building which faced the next block over.  Their property included the church and a cemetery.  On the other side of the street facing the church was the back end of a good sized shopping center which boasted a national chain, upper-end, department store as an anchor.   
   
Abby led me into the cemetery and over to a small clearing in the middle of a stand of trees.  She placed the blanket and gym bag in the ground and turned to me and embraced me, wrapping her arms around me.  She looked at me and smiled and gently kissed my lips.  It was a sweetand tender kiss and I was in heaven.  Her hands moved down to my sweet little tushie and she pulled me closer to her own body.   We stood there embracing and kissing for a few minutes and I was getting a bit, shall we say, aroused.   
   
Abby smiled at me and brought her hands up in front of my blouse and began unbuttoning it.  I received a sweet, wet kiss for each button she loosened and I was not about to stop her, even though we were outside in a public place.  It was a cemetery and I expected very few visitors as it became darker, but still…   
   
As soon as the last button was open, my lover removed my shirt and placed it on the ground, on top of the blanket.  My curiosity was peaked and I couldn’t wait to find out what she had in mind.  For the moment I was content to receive her kisses while she slowly stripped me naked.  My skirt and panties followed and I was finally in my birthday suit in front of her admiring eyes and exploring hands.   
   
I know that I can be pretty aggressive when I am with someone with whom I want to be romantically involved.  But being submissive to Abby was such a complete turn-on for me.  Complying with her e very wish and command was exciting and sometimes daring – just like tonight!  There have been and will be will be times when I take the lead and do the driving, but right now I was so curious to see what she had in mind for our pleasure.   
   
That seems to be the difference for me between girls and boys.  Girls seem to try harder to make lovemaking interesting, whereas guys mostly just want to get laid.  I am sure that there are lots of exceptions, but I haven’t seen too much variation from that.  Maybe that is because of my tender age; we’ll see as I get older.  For now, let’s get back to the story, okay?   
   
Now it was my turn to take Abby’s clothes off.  I unbuttoned her blouse very slowly, placing a kiss on the newly bared skin.  Once her shirt was completely unbuttoned I cupper her breasts in my hands and applied lavishly wet kissed on each tip, rolling my tongue around each nipple and areola.  I am in love with the taste of her skin!  For that matter, all of her tastes pretty good!   
   
I unzipped the small zipper on her skirt and unbuttoned the waistband. Her skirt fell to the ground before I could hold it and slowly let it descend down her lovely legs.  With my hands I caressed her legs and applied kisses very liberally wherever I thought a kiss was needed, and there were plenty of places too!   
   
Abby seemed to take particular delight when I kissed the creases behind her knees.  I made a mental note of that little fact.   
   
Her panties took so long for me to remove – there were so many places for me to kiss, it seemed to take forever.  But, Abby didn’t seem to mind and neither did I; we both were having a lot of fun and I was in no rush to end this intense pleasure for either of us.  Eventually she was a naked as I was.   
   
Picture this, two young women, outside in the middle of a cemetery, totally naked on a blanket and making love.  Every nerve ending was alive and tingling.  I was so turned on I thought that I was glowing – I probably was!   
   
Abby lifted her arm and reached into her little gym bag and retrieved a very curious item: it appeared to be a necklace – a string of pearls.  Now what was she going to do with that, I wondered?   
   
I soon found out!  She gently rolled me over onto my tummy, prodding with her hands and fingers all the while.  She indicated that my fanny should be a little higher, higher, and still a bit higher.  Finally my most private parts were vulgarly exposed to the air, open and visible for anyone to see.  Fortunately for me it was Abby who was there to enjoy that wanton sight.   
   
Slowly, very slowly Abby began to insert each of the pearls into my anus! OMG!  This was different!  I felt intense pleasure each time a new pearl was pushed inside me.  I had no idea how intense that pleasure was going to be when the pearls were pulled out, but, that will come soon…   
   
As she was pushing the pearls inside my asshole, she kissed me and nibbled me and licked me.  The pleasure was building and so intense.  I thought I was going to set the blanket on fire and the surrounding trees as well.    
   
After they were all inside me, except for the little ring at the end, Abby rubbed my whole body with her hands and tongue and lavished me with kisses, everywhere.  She pulled the sting of pearls and I instantly felt the most intense pleasure I have ever felt in my anus!  It was wild!  She pulled one more out.  Oh. My. God.  I was sure that I was going to spontaneously combust!  One more came out.  My body was on fire!   
   
Suddenly we heard the sound of a twig breaking.   
   
It sounded like a rifle shot.   
   
To be continued…

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We froze!     
   
For what seemed like many minutes neither of us moved a muscle and we stopped breathing.  We knew that it would take a very large squirrel to break a twig like that – it had to be a human.  At the sound, our heads whipped around to the direction of the noise.  We saw nothing.     
   
I thought that this would be THE most embarrassing moment of my life if someone I knew saw me like this.  Naked, in heat, with a string of “pearls” hanging from my tail with another equally naked woman standing over me.  I would never in a million years be able to explain this adequately to escape total humiliation.     
   
If this made the newspapers I could kiss my life goodbye.  No job, no money; I would be totally ruined.     
   
Since Abby was almost standing she could see further than I could.  She whispered very softly in my ear, “shhh, I think I see someone over there.”  And she pointed in the direction to my right, toward the side of the cemetery where the shopping center was located.   
   
Slowly I stood up, oblivious to the pearls.  I must have been quite a sight! Luckily it was nighttime and there was no moon in the sky to shine off of our bodies.     
   
As my eyes focused in the direction Abby was pointing, I could barely make out the silhouette of someone crouched down hear a headstone. But there was something a bit wrong with this picture.  If my eyes weren’t deceiving me, I would swear that the person I was looking at about thirty yards away was, well, was naked!   
   
There was another naked woman in that cemetery!  What?  I looked at Abby and Abby looked at me; we both looked at the other naked woman and we noticeably relaxed a bit, knowing that the threat level had just been lowered significantly.  Simultaneously we stood up and looked at each other again and then looked back at the other naked woman.  Abby was the first to walk toward her, followed by me, both of us were in utter shock at this interesting development.   
   
As we approached her, she stood stock still.  I bet she was just as amazed to find two other naked women in that cemetery that night.  It was quite a coincidence for each of us.   
   
The other woman was a bit taller than Abby and I and very pretty.  Her breasts were larger and she had, I noticed, a killer ass!  Long, lovely legs flowed from her heiny to the ground and I would say that this woman was really quite beautiful.  And naked.  Outside.  Just like us!   
   
I know that squirrels and bunnies often live in cemeteries, but rarely do grown naked women.  I was intensely curious about how she came to be nude here this evening?   
   
For a few moments we stared at each other, no one saying anything.  I guess we are all in a mild state of shock.  I spoke up first, saying, “Well, hello!  Welcome to the Naked Lady Cemetery.”  That kind of loosened everyone up a little bit and we all smiled at each other.     
   
Our new arrival spoke up and said, “Hi, my name is Budgie, who are you girls and why are you naked here?”  I guess we were all thinking the same thing.  I was a tad relieved to learn that she didn’t see us making love.  That would have been so embarrassing.     
   
Abby explained that she and I often come over to the cemetery from our nearby office building to relax and cool off after a long day’s work.  Since it was very warm and no one was around, we decided to remove all of our clothing.  Abby then followed up with asking her why she was naked.   
   
Budgie hesitated before speaking, as if she was embarrassed to tell us what she was up to.  Finally she took a deep breath and said that she loves to be naked where no one would expect to see a naked woman. She went further and told us that she drove to the nearby shopping mall and parked her car in the remote parking lot, which is barely visible from the cemetery, if you stand over by the fence, and she started to explore the area behind the shopping mall.   
   
I asked if she had done this before and she replied that yes, she had, but had never been to this cemetery and wanted to check it out while naked. That’s when she ran into us.     
   
At this point we were all feeling a lot more comfortable about this surprise convocation so we all moved over to the blanket where Abby and I were making love and we made ourselves more comfortable.   
   
I told the girls about my naked forays during my camping trips and in my school library.  Not to be outdone, Abby told us about some of her naked walks, which were even more daring than mine.  I must admit, Abby’s stories were a complete surprise to me; I didn’t know about that interesting side of her.  She smiled at me and winked.   
   
We spent a couple of hours sitting on the blanket telling our stories and laughing and having a really nice time.  After several hours had passed we all agreed we needed to go to bed, and we agreed that we should meet again, just like this and maybe even have a naked adventure together.   
   
Still naked, Budgie retraced her steps back to her car, as Abby and I watched a lovely naked woman meander her way back to the parking lot and her car.  I wondered what interesting obstacles she would face during her walk back?   
   
At that point, Abby looked at me, directly in my eyes, and smiled.  She reached around my tush and in one swift motion, finished pulling out the string of pearls.  The rush of pleasure was so intense my knees started to buckle.  Luckily Abby was there to hold me up, wrapping her arms around me to make sure that I didn’t fall down.  I spent the next fifteen or twenty minutes expressing my appreciation.   
   
As we gathered up our things, I suggested to Abby that she sleep at my place and she readily agreed.  Since it was about one o’clock in the morning we didn’t bother to dress and stealthily made our way up to my apartment.  About a half an hour later, after a quick shower together to rinse off, we were fast asleep in each other’s arms.   
   
I love my job!

Okay...I thought it might be interesting to tell the latter part of Cathy's story from a completely different perspective...mine!  Please remember that this story is totally fictitious...I'm not claiming that my descriptions of the participants are accurate.  I've never met them in real life, though I admit it'd be a hoot if we all DID meet!  Anyroad...here goes...   
   
   
     I pulled my car behind the huge shopping mall, and parked it as far away from the lights as was possible.  It was doubtful that anyone knew I was back there, plus the fact that my vehicle was a deep forest green color, which made it almost invisible in the darkness, made me feel relatively safe. I doused the headlights, and sat there for a moment while my eyes adjusted to the darkness.   
   
     I had scoped this area out a few days ago...a habit I had gotten into as my adventures took me further and further away from home.  I had never been to this part of town before...many miles from where I lived...and I knew that I had to be even more cautious than usual.  I needed to know the lay of the land...what businesses and residences were around...and where I could hide in case of emergency.  You see...I was planning to get naked, and it was imperative that I was at least somewhat familiar with my surroundings.  Surprises can be fun things...but, being a woman alone, caught naked roaming around outside at night with no logical explanation, is not one of them.  So I checked new places out rather thoroughly, this one being no exception.  I had spent the better part of a day exploring, making sure I wasn't getting myself into an untenable situation, and had satisfied myself that this place had maximum potential.  And so it was, that three days later...or, should I say, three NIGHTS later, I was parked here behind a mall, waiting to begin another nude walk.   
   
     Directly in front of me, up a slight embankment, was a cemetery, with a high wrought-iron fence protecting it in all directions.  From my earlier investigation, I knew that, on the other side of the cemetery, was a church, and that this graveyard was part of the church property.  I initially thought I could park my car in the church parking lot...but the lot itself was fully visible from the rather busy road that ran in front of it.  I didn't want my car to attract undue attention...no telling when and if there was a police patrol scheduled in the area, so I searched around and found this shopping mall, which was located clear on the other side of the cemetery itself.  I felt pretty safe parking here...it was very dark. and as I mentioned, my car was practically invisible.   
   
     I waited a few more minutes, and then it was time to begin.  I had decided NOT to undress here at the car, but to wait until I was safely out of sight of the parking lot...in the event I had to beat a hasty retreat, I didn't want to have to worry about jumping into my car and flying out of there completely naked...so I decided to wait, and strip somewhere closer to my destination, which, of course, was the cemetery itself.   
   
     I got out of my car, and proceeded to climb the small embankment in front of me.  I reached the fence, and turned to my left to follow the fenceline.  I knew that by following the fence, I would eventually come to the church building, where I could gain access to the cemetery.  And I did...although the walk seemed a lot longer than I had originally estimated.  Perhaps it was due to my being overly cautious...senses on high alert...but I was surprised at the distance I had to travel before the church came into view.  Once there, I was able to enter the cemetery from the courtyard...after descending two sets of cement stairways, each with six steps.  At last I was in the cemetery proper, and my anticipation began to rise.  All around me were gravestones, and I chose a rather large one...almost an obelisk, really...as my reference point.  Knowing I would be able to spot it rather easily if I had to, I began to undress and place my discarded clothing at its base.  In less than a minute, I was totally naked.   
   
     Once again, the outside air caressing my naked flesh invigorated me, and I stood there for a moment, soaking it in.  I absolutely LOVED this feeling, especially initially when I first doffed my clothing.  It was indescribeable!  And, since it had been quite awhile since my last nude adventure...almost a month...the feeling was intensified.  Why didn't I do this more often? I wondered.  How could I forget this unforgettable feeling?   
   
     I basked in that feeling for several moments, and then began my trek.  Senses now in overdrive, I crept forward, enjoying the feel of cool grass between my toes.  Shadows surrounded me even in the darkness...trees outlined against the night sky.  I felt no uneasiness though...cemeteries never creeped me out as they do some people, especially at night.  The dead never bothered me...it was the living that bothered me.  And here I was...naked as can be in the middle of a cemetery...and I'm waxing philosophically.  Sheesh!   
   
     I don't know how long I wandered around enjoying myself...and I don't know EXACTLY what caused my scalp to start tingling...but I stopped in my tracks and listened even more intently than I had been.  Did I just hear someone gasp?  I knew in the back of my mind that cemeteries are often used by young couples as a place to "make out"...was this what I heard?  I strained to hear more...   
   
     There! I heard it again, off to my left...a bit louder this time.  It was definitely a gasp.   
   
     Narrowing my eyes, I directed my gaze in the direction I thought I heard the sound coming from.  Crouching ever so slightly, I took a step forward, then another.  I couldn't make out any unusual shapes in the darkness, but I was sure there was something...or someone...there.  I paused for a moment, body stiff, listening...listening...   
   
     I took another cautious step forward, and suddenly...SNAP!...I stepped on a twig or something.  It sounded like a gunshot, and I instinctively ducked down into a crouch...right next to a headstone.   
   
     'Shit!' I said under my breath, 'What a time to get careless!'   
   
     Unknowingly, I had closed my eyes when I ducked down, and now I opened them and stared ahead of me, trying to see what, if anything, my stupidity had wrought.  Again, I squinted, and a second or two later, I could make out the shape of a person in the darkness, slightly stooped and standing stock still.  I held my breath, and willed myself to become invisible.  It was futile, however, as I saw the person haltingly point in my direction.   
   
     'Damn!  They know I'm here!' I told myself rather stupidly.   
   
     It got worse.  A second person arose from the feet of the first, and was also looking in my direction.  I was doomed!   
   
     But wait!  As I stared back at them staring at me, could it be that my eyes were deceiving me?  They BOTH appeared to be women, and BOTH appeared to be as naked as I was!  What a turn of events this was!  Perhaps I was not doomed at all!  Perhaps I had met kindred spirits!   
   
     Feeling the tension in my body dissipate a bit, I slowly raised myself to my full height, still staring at the two of them.  Hesitantly, one of them began moving in my direction, followed closely by the other one.  I braced myself for some sort of confrontation, but I had no idea what I was going to say, or do.  I had never run into a situation like this, and I was totally clueless.  I decided to let them dictate my next move.   
   
     They got to within a few feet of me, and stopped.  I was now able to see both of them somewhat clearly, and I found myself looking them up and down.     
   
     They were about the same height, about 5'2", which made them a good six inches shorter than I, and both had very nice shapes.  The one on the right, whose name I later found  out was Abby, was actually quite striking.  Despite the fact that she was totally naked, she held herself rather regally, as if she were expecting to be admired, and revelling in it.  Her breasts were the perfect size and shape for her height, and they were pointed at me rather proudly.  Her hips had a well-roundedness to them,  and her legs, though not long, were shaped almost to perfection.     
   
     The other woman (Cathy, I was soon to find out), had a slightly smaller build than her counterpart, but she was no less attractive.  Her breasts, though a bit smaller than Abby's, were actually quite perky. She also pointed them directly at me, welcoming me to enjoy them at my leisure, and she seemed to relish the thought of my looking.  Her hips and legs were also curvaceous, as if an artist had created them, and she oozed self-confidence.  Both ladies had brownish-blonde hair...the same color as mine...and both looked like they needed a hairbrush.  To say they were disshevelled would be an understatement...but that just added to their appeal.   
   
      I knew they were checking out my body as well. so I tried to stay as still as I could to aid in their appraisal.  Both seemed satisfied, and Cathy even gave me a rather disarming little grin.  It was she who finally broke the silence, which cleared the air of any remaining tension.   
   
     "Well, hello!  Welcome to the Naked Lady Cemetery!" she beamed, and I found myself smiling at the absurdity of the situation.   
   
     "Hi." I replied,  "My name is Budgie.  Who are you girls, and why are you naked here?" I asked rather boldly, surprising myself.   
   
     Abby spoke up, introducing herself and her friend, and explained that the two of them worked at the office building over yonder, and that they often came to this cemetery to relax after the intensity of the work day...sort of a "cool-down time".  Today, they had worked very late completing a project, came over here, and since it was so hot and humid, decided that taking off their clothes was a good way to beat the heat, so here they were!   
   
     "And what, may I ask, are YOU doing here in the altogether?" she asked, raising her eyebrows and placing her hand on her right hip.   
   
     'How do I answer that?' I asked myself. 'Do I tell her the truth...or do I make up something?'   
   
     The two of them looked at me expectantly, and I decided I better answer.   
   
     "Well...you may not believe this...or even understand it...but I do this kind of stuff all the time." I began, deciding to tell them the truth.  "I don't know...maybe it's a kind of addiction...but I LOVE being naked where I'm not supposed to be...especially outside.  It's such a rush!  I really can't describe it, but it's so great!  I hope you don't think I'm a sicko, or anything...it's just that..."   
   
     My explanation was cut short when the two of them burst out laughing, Abby actually doubling over and clutching her waist.   
   
     "What?" I gulped, thinking they thought I WAS a sicko, and were laughing about it.   
   
     "Oh, Budgie!  That is SO-O-O funny!"  Cathy said between giggles. "Welcome to the club!"   
   
     "Club?" I said, confused. "What club?"   
   
     "Let's go sit down on the blanket, and we'll explain." Abby said, and turned away.  Cathy followed, as did I, and a few seconds later, we were at the blanket.   
   
     It's not easy being ladylike when you're asked to sit down on the ground when you're wearing nothing but a smile, but I made the attempt nonetheless.  I knelt down and sat back, resting my butt on my heels, and folded my hands on my lap in front of me.  Cathy took much the same posture, her right knee almost touching my left, while Abby sort of lounged on her right side, legs fully extended, much of her weight resting on her right elbow.   
   
     Cathy cleared her throat, and looked at me with a knowing smile.   
   
     "Just so you know, Budgie dear...you are NOT alone in your...what did you call it?...your 'addiction'? Yeah, that's the word...'addiction'.  I'm an addict, too."   
   
     My eyes widened as I looked at her. THIS was certainly a jaw-dropper!   
   
     "Care to hear a few of my adventures?" she inquired with a wink and a sly smile.   
   
     "Please!"  I answered enthusiastically.   
   
     Cathy then proceeded to mesmerize us with her tales of public nudity, including a hair-raiser in the school library.  Abby's reactions were much the same as mine, so I surmised she too was hearing them for the first time.   
   
     After Cathy finished, Abby spoke up.   
   
     "Wait'll you hear MY stories!" she laughed, and launched into a few tales of her own.  Cathy watched wide-eyed, as if she were surprised that Abby would DO such things, and when Abby was done, Cathy actually applauded her friend!  I joined in, and Abby gave a little nod of her head in appreciation.   
   
     "And what about YOU, Budgie?  Surely you have a few stories to tell?"  Cathy inquired, reaching out and gently touching my right thigh. I looked at her, slightly taken aback, and smiled nervously.   
   
     "Well, they're not as explicit as some of yours, but, yeah...I got a few." I told them.   
   
     "Tell us."   
   
      So, I told them my stories, from the beginning.  They thought my being busted by my brother Mitch was hilarious (why does everyone think that is so funny?)...and were suitably impressed with my high school auditorium adventure.  During my narration, Cathy would sometimes reach over and touch me on the thigh, which on one occasion caused me to lose my train of thought.  I looked at her, but she just smiled sweetly and said nothing.     
   
     I told them a few more stories, some of them quite scary, and when I was done, they gave me a round of applause as well.  I was touched...I had never told these stories to anyone before (my BFF Darcy being the exception), and I must admit it was a nice feeling to be appreciated.   
   
     Although it seemed like only about ten minutes had passed since I had unceremoniusly met Abby and Cathy, the reality was that it had been several hours.  We were all getting very sleepy, so we decided to call it a night.  It was suggested by Abby that we all get together again, as tonight was such a good night, and perhaps the three of us could embark on a naked adventure together.  Cathy enthusiastcally agreed, and I found myself memorizing Cathy's phone number...which she made me repeat over and over in a sort of sing-song voice.   
   
     "It'll help you remember better if you sing it." she told me.   
   
     I promised I would write it down as soon as I got back to my car and had access to a pen.  She thanked me, and made me promise to call her soon.  I said I would, and the three of us said our good-byes.   
   
     As I was walking away, for some reason I felt really self-conscious.  I knew they were staring at my butt as I walked, which was confirmed when I heard Cathy blurt out, "Hey Budgie!  Did you know you've got a GREAT ass?!?"   
   
     I just shook my head, and raised my arm to wave a final good-bye.  Much as I hated to admit it, I actually WAS looking forward to seeing them again.    
   
     And getting naked....