Diane After Work

 Diane remained seated at her cubicle as her coworkers filed out of the

 building. Since she dreaded the time spent in her empty apartment, she often

 worked late. No one thought it odd that she was staying as they filed past her

 and mumbled their goodbyes. She continued attending to her job even after the

 janitorial staff finished their nightly tasks and it grew dark outside.

 At 9pm, she made her way to the break room. Nearly an hour passed while she

 slowly and meticulously ate her dinner, tidied up the break room, and went to

 the bathroom to wash up. Before leaving the restroom, she hesitated in front

 of the mirror.

 She saw very average looking woman. No, average didn’t quite fit. Plain. That

 was the word. Unremarkable. Another applicable description. The image had

 dark, flat hair and a face that obviously did not smile enough. The reflection

 showed unadorned, boring clothing that did nothing to accentuate the figure

 underneath it and covered, with the exception of the hands, nearly every

 square inch of flesh below the neck. Boring. Not happy, not stylish, not

 exciting. Boring. That had to be the way everyone thought of her.

 What would they think if they knew what she was about to do?

 She took a lap around the office looking for any sign of life, pausing at

 intervals to listen intently. The air conditioning kicking on startled her.

 What was that strange clicking sound? Did the beeping coming from the computer

 room mean anything? Even though she was positive that no one else in the

 company was dull enough to be at work after 10 o’clock on a Friday night,

 every sound, real or imagined, echoed loudly in her head as a possible

 indication that someone was still in the office.

 ‘Stop being so silly,’ she admonished herself. ‘There’s no one here. You’ve

 checked every room. There’s been no movement for over two hours. Stop stalling

 and get on with it.’

 Having decided that she was definitely going to go through with it, the only

 question was where. In her fantasies, she was in the conference room with

 everyone watching. Now, faced with the reality of the situation, her cubicle

 seemed much safer. Her fantasy would still work without an audience, right?

 Or, how about the women’s restroom? That’s a secluded spot. Private. Much,

 much safer than even her cubicle.

 She admonished herself once again.

 ‘Are you doing this to be safe, or to have an adventure? You need to break out

 of your routine. Live a little. Stop being such a chicken. Go for it.’

 Heartened by her little pep talk, she walked to the conference room. Giving in

 just a little bit to her more conservative side, however, she did choose to

 close and lock the door. At a steady, unhurried pace, she marched to the

 opposite end of the room to stand before the huge white board at the end of

 the room. She imagined the seats around the large table filled with her male

 coworkers. She could hear her boss telling her to start the meeting.

 “I’d like to thank you all for your attendance. I know that you all have busy

 schedules, so I’ll try not to take up any more of your time than is absolutely

 necessary.

 Her internal monologue stumbled a bit as the ludicrousness of the

 circumstances hit home. The idea of her having the confidence to get up in

 front of all these people to speak was unbelievable enough, but the thought of

 her carrying this thing through in actuality was completely ridiculous. Still,

 this was her fantasy; she could do whatever she wanted.

 “Today’s topic is me. I’ll be conducting a primarily visual presentation that,

 hopefully, will leave you with a full understanding and appreciation of the

 subject matter.

 “To begin with, I’ll remove my suit jacket. Notice that the shirt underneath

 still offers virtually full coverage of my body. The blouse is not sheer in

 any way and is loose enough that it does not emphasize the size or shape of my

 breasts. Even though only my arms have been exposed, and those only just past

 my elbows, you will note that you have never seen me without a jacket.

 “Now, I’ll remove my skirt,” she imagined herself telling the assembly as she

 unzipped the garment and let it slide to the floor. After reaching down to

 retrieve it and placing it on the chair next to her jacket, she continued in

 her mind, “You’ll notice that I am wearing a full white slip that reaches down

 well below my knees. All my slips are this length. You may recall that you

 have never seen me wear a skirt that would not fully cover this slip.

 “Next to go is the slip. You are unable to see my panties because the bottom

 of my blouse is covering them, but you can see the top of my stockings. I know

 what you’re thinking, what is a boring girl like you doing wearing stockings?

 Okay. I’ll confess. This is my only pair, and I wore them today especially for

 this event. Normally, I wear pantyhose that fits better with my plain Jane

 personality.”

 Diane slowly began unbuttoning her blouse, her hands trembling slightly as she

 realized that she was undressing at work in the conference room. A part of her

 mind was aghast at what she was doing. Another part of her was becoming so

 excited that she just didn’t care.

 As she removed the shirt and placed it on top of the growing pile on the

 chair, her pretend speech continued to play in her mind.

 “With the pesky top out of the way, you now have a good view of my

 undergarments and of a lot of my body. Since I wear such frumpy clothes, you

 probably did not realize that I am fairly fit for a 35 year old woman. Believe

 it or not, I do exercise regularly. My stomach isn’t as trim as when I was 18,

 but it’s not bad at all for my age. I will admit, though, that my thighs are a

 bit on the flabby side.

 “My bra and panties are probably exactly what you expected. The bra is huge

 and purely functional. No frill, no lace, no color. The panties are granny

 style and, again, white. Comfort over style. I would have worn something

 sexier today, but all my underwear is similar. There’s really no reason for me

 to have lingerie; no one but me would ever see it.

 “Continuing on, it seems logical to remove my stockings and shoes at this

 point. However, the stories that I have read on the Internet seem to indicate

 that a lot of men think that a woman dressed in just stockings and shoes is

 actually sexier than a completely naked lady. With a nod to that school of

 thought, I’ll now remove my bra.

 As she reached her hands behind her back, she heard a sound coming from the

 outer office. Her heart pounding in her chest, she hurried across the

 conference room. She cracked the door and peeked out, standing with the door

 blocking the view of her scantily clad body.

 ‘It’s that darn beeping from the computer room again,’ she thought.

 After a few seconds, the noise stopped. She stood there for a few moments

 listening intently, but no further sound followed. Satisfied that the

 interruption was purely electronic and no one was present, she closed the door

 and re-locked it.

 Relieved, she took stock of the situation. What a sight she must be standing

 in the conference room in just shoes, stockings, and underwear living out one

 of her masturbatory fantasies. She wondered for a second if she was mentally

 deranged and almost decided just to throw her clothes back on and leave.

 ‘Chicken!’ she mocked herself. ‘You’ve been thinking about doing this for a

 month, and, now that you’re halfway undressed, you’re going to back out. What

 kind of loser are you?’

 The inner speech and her growing arousal guaranteed that she would persist.

 Standing once again in front of the white board, she again reached her hand

 behind her back. Slowly, she undid each of the four catches holding her bra

 together. Even in front of an imaginary audience, she struggled to make

 herself do the next part. Shaking, Diane grabbed the front the bra from the

 front and pulled it away from her body revealing her 36D breasts with their

 small, and obviously hard, nipples.

 She was now standing topless in the conference room where she worked. Daring

 herself to continue, she began her fictional presentation once again.

 “Now, you’re seeing what no one has even glimpsed since before I hit puberty.

 I’ve had no boyfriends to enjoy these. No girlfriends, either, for those of

 you who are that dirty-minded.”

 She couldn’t believe that she went there, even with just her imagination.

 Those stories were really getting to her.

 “From what I’ve viewed on the Internet, my boobs are a decent size, and they

 don’t droop too badly yet. I hope that you are enjoying looking at them. Also,

 you’re probably aware that it’s not really that cold in here. Those nipples

 are standing up because I am quite aroused at the moment.

 “Finally… Well, not finally because I will still have on my shoes and

 stockings, but it is the most important piece of clothing that I have left.

 It’s time for the panties. We’re really going into uncharted territory here.

 No one has seen me bottomless since before grade school.”

 She hesitated for a moment deciding if she really should go through with it.

 In the end, Diane stuck her thumbs inside the waistband and pushed down

 quickly. She stepped out of the panties and placed them on the chair before

 her mind could process what happened.

 Now standing with all her important parts uncovered and probably appearing

 more nude than if she didn’t have on anything at all, she continued. Even her

 internal voice was unsteady.

 “You’ll notice that I have a nice, full bush. No reason for me to shave it or

 even trim as I don’t wear swimsuits and have no one to view it uncovered.

 You’re probably disappointed that it hides my slit so well, but there are,

 apparently, still a lot of guys who prefer a more mature look for their girls.

 “No need to put off the finale with so much already revealed. I’ll just whip

 off these stockings and shoes, and we can conclude today’s meeting.”

 Now standing completely unclothed, naked, nude, in front of her imaginary

 coworkers, she was incredibly turned on. She imagined a question coming from

 the audience.

 “Why, yes. You are correct. I did promise you a full understanding and

 appreciation of the subject matter, and I’ve left fully half of the topic

 completely unrevealed.”

 In her mind, she could hear clapping as she performed a slow, 360 degree turn

 for the men’s enjoyment. She could practically feel their eyes feasting on her

 breasts and her bush and her completely bare butt. Nothing was hidden from

 them.

 She considered bending over or sitting on a chair with her legs spread wide to

 provide even more entertainment for her spectators, but, even with an almost

 unbearable level of horniness, she wasn’t quite far enough gone to overcome

 totally her shyness by doing something so vulgar.

 End Part 1

Part 2

 ‘So, my show is over. What should I do now?’ she thought. ‘Get dressed and go

 home and pleasure myself? It would be nice to draw out the moment a little

 more. I wonder what it would feel like to walk around the office like this?’

 One the thought entered her mind, she couldn’t shake it. She had to experience

 being in her workplace nude.

 ‘What do I do about my clothes? If anyone would happen to come in, I should be

 able to hide, but they’d probably notice this huge pile of clothes with no one

 in them sitting here on this chair. It would be much safer to bring them back

 to my cubicle and hide them in my desk.’

 The thought of doing the safe thing did not bring much satisfaction. She was

 trying to break out of doing the safe thing, the boring thing. She decided

 that they would be perfectly fine sitting at the far end of the conference

 room in a chair mostly pushed under the table.

 ‘Besides,’ she thought, ‘I’ll close the conference room door behind me.’

 It felt strange to her to walk across the room naked. The texture of the

 carpet on her bare feet and the air moving across her bare, well, other areas

 really emphasized just how nude she was. Diane’s heart rate accelerated as she

 drew close to the door.

 ‘Here goes nothing,’ she thought as she opened it.

 She stepped through the room exit carefully, listening intently for any sound

 that seemed out of place, ready to bolt back to safety if anything went bump

 in the night. All the same sounds were present - the AC was on; that weird

 clicking was still audible occasionally, and more beeps come periodically from

 the computer room. There were no sounds that seemed to indicate anyone besides

 she were there, though.

 Tingling with excitement while at the same time trembling with nervousness,

 she made sure that the conference room door was not locked and walked out into

 the cube farm. Strange turned into surreal as she traversed the area back and

 forth. She imagined that it was noon instead of closer to midnight and that

 her coworkers were all present. She could see heads turn as they gave their

 attention to the nude figure amongst them. Instead of demurring shyly as she

 normally would do, she drank in the attention. She welcomed the staring, the

 open appreciation of her exposed body.

 Diane took a circuitous route as she strolled to her cubicle, taking her time

 so that everyone would have plenty of opportunity to see her. She sat down at

 her desk and pondered turning on her computer.

 ‘Man, what a turn on it would be to go to a chat room and tell the men that

 I’m completely naked at work right now.’

 The thought surprised her as she had never really participated in chat rooms.

 As much as it aroused her, though, she just couldn’t risk that her computer

 was being monitored. She figured that the IT department probably didn’t check

 on every one in that great of detail, but there was always the possibility.

 Part of her was ready to call it a night. She had done what she had planned,

 had even went further than just stripping in the conference room. She had done

 something decidedly not boring. If she stopped now, she could go home and,

 probably, have the best orgasm of her life.

 On the other hand, another part of her was enjoying the fantasy and wanted it

 to continue. What more could she do? She had already gotten naked. She had

 walked around pretty much everywhere interesting inside. What more risk could

 she take?

 Then the thought came to her, ‘What about outside?’

 Sure, it was risky, but how risky? After all, it was late on a Friday night.

 The building was located in an industrial park that didn’t connect any major

 thoroughfares. There was no reason for anyone to drive through the area unless

 they were going to work, and who would be coming to work at this hour?

 Whenever she had left a night in the past, she couldn’t remember ever seeing

 any cars. In fact, she sometimes worried about the lack of people and

security.

 With her arousal overriding her common sense, she made her decision. She went

 to the back door of the office and unlocked it. Since the front door locked

 automatically behind her after hours and she didn’t want to carry the keys

 that she left in her jacket pocket, Diane figured that her best bet was to

 exit through the front and enter through the back.

 Entering the front lobby, she stopped.

 ‘Wow, I didn’t think about all the glass up here.’

 She could see the parking lot with a lone vehicle, hers, in it and beyond to

 the street. Though there was no movement, she couldn’t help but think about

 how exposed she would be in front of the building, about how exposed she was

 at that moment in the front lobby.

 ‘If I can see out, anyone else can see in.’

 Her arousal overcame her thinking once again as she decided to simply exit the

 back.

 ‘It’s a lot more secluded. There are no other buildings or windows facing it.’

 She padded once again to the back door and slowly opened it. Since it opened

 outward, she wasn’t able to shield herself as she had in the conference room.

 She stuck her head out and looked all around.

 ‘Nothing in sight. So far so good.’

 She listened for sounds but heard only the wind. Her racing heart really

 started pounding as she placed her first foot on the rough concrete pavement.

 Just a few steps more and she was fully outside. She double-checked that the

 door wasn’t locked before closing it. She then went just a short distance

 before doubling back to make sure that the door hadn’t locked behind her.

 ‘You’re being silly,’ she thought. ‘It’s unlocked. Just go on.’

 Timidly, she walked to the edge of the building, the concrete and pebbles

 digging into her feet, and peeked around the side. All appeared to be quiet.

 She stepped out from behind the building and started toward the front. Each

 new step taking her further from her clothes and from safety.

 Even with the coarse driveway and the cool wind hitting her exposed body, the

 thrill her actions outweighed her nervousness.

 ‘I shouldn’t be doing this,’ she thought as she proceeded to distance herself

 from the sole unlocked entrance. ‘I REALLY shouldn’t be doing this.’

 When she reached the front, she had to make a decision.

 ‘How far do I go? What’s my goal? Do I walk around the building? How about I

 dare myself to walk all the way out to my car in the parking lot and then

 around to the opposite side of the building before returning to the back

door?’

 To her adrenaline hyped mind, that goal seemed reasonable. Even though the

 parking lot was completely bare of trees and vegetation, completely out in the

 open, and well lit, she decided to do it. If she had been a guy, an observer

 would have pointed out that the little head was controlling the big head.

 She forced her feet to take her past the entrance into the parking lot. She

 left the shadows that had provided her only protection from any prying eyes.

 With a slow, measured pace, she maintained her movement into the exposed area.

 She paused when she reached her car.

 ‘Look at all those buildings and all those windows. Some of the parking lots

 have cars!’

 Instead of running back for cover, she had to fight the urge to masturbate

 right there, in the open, on her hood. She conquered her unseemly impulse and

 completed her dare. Upon her safe arrival at the back door, she once again

 considered her options.

 ‘That was such a rush!’ she thought. ‘I don’t want it to end yet. I dare

 myself to go all the way to the road.’

 With her heart still hammering but with greater determination and confidence,

 she once again walked to the front entrance. Still seeing no signs of

 activity, she once again exited the relative cover of the shadow of the

 building and headed out into the open. It was almost fifty yards to the road,

 all without all but the sparest of shrubs for cover if needed. For once in her

 life, she didn’t even stop to consider the risk.

 When she crossed from the sidewalk onto the road itself, she discovered that

 she needed a new goal. Diane could not stop herself; she had to go to the

 center of the street.

 ‘What now?’ she thought.

 An image of the movie “The Program” flashed through her mind. On an impulse,

 she laid down on her back. She imagined a car driving by, its occupants seeing

 her uncovered in all her glory. She almost, almost began pleasuring herself.

 She knew, however, that, once she started, she wouldn’t be able to stop. Her

 brain, though relegated to the background at the moment, wasn’t completely

 turned off, and she also realized just how dangerous the action could be.

 Though she resisted her urge for sexual satisfaction, her arousal grew. She

 had to go further. She’d walk the quarter mile to the stop sign with the main

 road. When she had touched the stop sign, she’d turn around and go back.

 She was less than halfway to her goal when disaster struck. A car turned onto

 the street, its headlights catching her fully.

 Diane threw herself facedown into a shallow ditch running beside the sidewalk.

 Did the car hesitate before moving on? Had anyone seen her?

 End Part 2

Part 3

 She cautiously raised her head looked for the car. It traveled down past the

 entrance to her building and turned in the next driveway before disappearing

 from sight. There was no indication that whoever was in it had noticed her.

 ‘Surely they would have stopped if they had witnessed a naked lady walking

 down the street. Was I ever lucky that time!’

 The shock of almost being caught brought her to her senses. The big head took

 over for the little one.

 ‘I can’t believe I’m doing this. I’m naked beside a public street. I’ve got to

 get back to my clothes!’

 With the utmost attention to her surroundings, she carefully got up. Instead

 of continuing back along the sidewalk without cover, she walked across another

 parking lot to a neighboring building. Feeling safer in the shadows, she moved

 as quickly as she could while stopping frequently to listen for any signs that

 anyone else was moving about in the night.

 Reaching and opening the back door of her office was the best moment of her

 life. She was safe. Not even bothering to be careful any longer, she

 practically ran to the conference room. Entering, she received her second huge

 shock of the night. Her clothes weren’t there!

 ‘I distinctly remember leaving them in here. Am I going crazy? Did I move them

 to my cubicle instead?’

 Her mind refused to grasp the obvious answer regarding what happened to her

 clothes. Instead, she headed directly to her desk.

 She nearly jumped out of her skin when a voice behind her said “Nice to see

 you, Diane.”

 “Eek!” she cried and ducked behind her cubicle wall.

 She crouched down and covered herself as best she could. What should she do

 now? Should she call out? She couldn’t think of anything to say.

 Hearing no response from Diane, Eric continued toward her saying “I was

 surprised that anyone was at the office this late…”

 Realizing that the man was about to enter her work space, she finally found

 her voice “Stop! Don’t enter! I’m naked.”

 She had just admitted to a coworker that she was naked! What was she thinking?

 Then, she realized that he had to have seen her naked behind. He was right

 behind her when he first spoke up. A man had seen her naked butt!

 “Okay, sorry. I’ll stay back.”

 “Who are you and what are you doing here?”

 “I’m Eric. We’ve met a couple of times. Remember a couple of weeks ago when I

 had to upgrade your software? We spoke briefly?”

 Diane didn’t respond, but she was able to remember the man. If she had the

 right mental picture, Eric was in his late twenties, a bit geeky looking with

 a hair that was a bit longer than she liked on a guy but overall fairly

 attractive. She couldn’t believe that he had caught her doing this.

 “Anyway,” Eric continued, “I got an email on my Blackberry from the system

 alerting me that the UPS was acting up. You might have heard some beeping

 coming from the computer room? It wasn’t an emergency or anything, but, I had

 just finished playing Magic at a friend’s house that’s not too far from here.

 I thought I’d go ahead and swing by and fix the problem.

 “I was sort of shocked when I turned onto the road to see you out walking

 without any clothes on. I didn’t want to spook you, so I continued on and

 parked around back of the next building over. At first, I was surprised when I

 found the back door unlocked, but it actually made sense because you probably

 didn’t have any place to put your keys.

 “On my way to the computer room, I noticed that the conference room door was

 closed. I thought it odd because it’s usually open. I knocked, and, when no

 one responded, I poked my head in. I was about to close it again when I saw

 some fabric on one of the chairs in the back of the room. Investigating

 further, I discovered your clothes. I really do apologize, but I just couldn’t

 resist playing a little prank.”

 “You have my clothes? You stole them? Why?”

 “I didn’t steal them. I just played a little prank. I was curious to see how

 you would react.”

 “How would you react if someone took all your clothes leaving you naked in the

 office!” she shouted.

 “Well, I probably wouldn’t ever be naked in the office in the first place,” he

 replied snippily. “Sorry to mess with you, but what are you doing?”

 “Look, I’m sorry that I shouted. Can’t you just give me my clothes and let me

 go home?”

 “I’m not stopping you from going home. You can leave anytime you want.”

 “And do what, walk? My house key and car keys are in my jacket pocket, which

 you have!”

 “I tell you what, why don’t you just explain what you were doing here tonight,

 and, then, I’ll give you your stuff back.”

 “I can’t,” she said firmly.

 “Why not?”

 “It’s too embarrassing!”

 “More embarrassing than being caught streaking on the street and in the

 office?”

 He had a good point. Besides, she didn’t think he’d give her the clothes

 unless she complied. She thought about making up a story, but she was really

 terrible at lying. What would he do if he caught her telling a fib?

 She blushed as she began telling him about reading stories on the Internet

 about women who enjoyed being naked in public. Once she started, it all poured

 out. She told him about her fantasy of stripping in the conference room and

 about how shy and boring she was, how she wanted to do something, anything,

 that was exciting. She related how she had lived out an imaginary striptease

 in front of the company executives while actually taking off all her clothes

 and how one thing had led to another and she found herself outside daring

 herself to go further and further. She concluded with the panic she had felt

 at not finding her clothes and then at being discovered.

 “Wow! That was some story. You certainly don’t sound boring or shy to me,”

 Eric said. “So, tell me something. It seems that your main fantasy is about

 being seen naked. If you’re interested, I’d volunteer.”

 “What do you mean?” she asked, confused.

 “Well, if you want to show off a little, come on out.”

 “There’s no way that I could do that!” she replied emphatically.

 “Come on. Just walk out here and let me see you. I’m not a big wig or

 anything, but I am a guy. Do one last dare.”

 Her arousal had vanished instantly when Eric’s car had passed her on the

 street. The walk back and finding her clothes gone had done nothing to return

 it. Telling him about her fantasies and actions of the night, however, had

 made her almost unbearably horny once again. She began to seriously consider

 his proposal.

 ‘A boring person would continue to stay crouched here,’ she told herself.

 ‘Isn’t that what you really want anyway, to be seen?’

 Resolutely, she stood up and exited the cubicle. With her hands clenched at

 her sides, she exhibited herself to him. She let him drink in the every detail

 of her body from the swell of her breasts to her hard nipples to the drops of

 moisture starting to cause her pubic hair to mat together.

 “Would you like me to turn around now?” she asked.

 “Yes, please,” he muttered, nervously.

 Even with her back to him, she could still feel his eyes devouring every

 square inch of her exposed flesh. She stood there for a few minutes allowing

 him a good, long view. Smiling, she finally turned back around to face him.

 “You sure don’t seem boring or shy to me!”

 True to his word, Eric retrieved her clothes from the computer room.

 Surprisingly, however, Diane did not get dressed immediately. The two struck

 up a conversation and talked for a good half hour, with her still naked,

 before she finally put her clothes back on. Ever the gentleman, he escorted

 her to her car.

 “So,” he began apprehensively as she got into the vehicle, “is there any

 chance that you’d like to go out with me sometime?”

 The End