**Dressed to Kill**

by[volescamper](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1426436&page=submissions)©

Derek Waters fiddled nervously with his tie as he waited in the foyer of Pampered Pussy to be called in for his interview as a senior salesperson. He looked again at his watch growing more nervous by the minute. The male receptionist smiled as he looked up, "I'm sure they won't be long," he spoke quietly, before returning to his work.

"No worries," Derek replied returning to his thoughts.

It was all a bit of a rush, the job agency where he was registered had only phoned him just yesterday asking for him to present himself for an interview, apologizing for the short notice. Apparently the position had become available due to a sudden illness. He had registered with the agency as he had been in retail sales for a few years and was looking to move up the corporate ladder.

The interview was for 10 am and he had arrived a little early. The agency had little information to provide, saying the company would fill him in on the details at the interview; all they knew was the name, Pampered Pussy, and the address and phone number. The job description was for a senior salesperson and that was it.

As a cat lover he was interested in the name Pampered Pussy, it certainly sounded interesting, though businesses like this could be fairly dull behind the scenes no matter what their name or the product. His computer was broken so he had been unable to go online, so he really had no idea what Pampered Pussy actually sold.

The double opaque glass entrance doors slid open slowly and a man walked out carrying a briefcase and after speaking briefly with the receptionist walked over the lifts and pressed the call button.

Derek watched him go and returned to musing on the job and what it might entail. The door through which the man had appeared, which up to now had been closed now stayed open revealing a foyer with a wall on which were some large colorful prints. Three people walked into view and stopped in the center of the foyer and Derek almost gasped out loud. Two were men in shirts sleeves and ties and they were talking to a black haired woman with a bob cut with her back to him turned slightly to one side. Derek couldn't believe his eyes as the nakedness of her body was only broken by the thin straps of her suspenders around the top of her hips attached to a pair of white stockings. Her only other item of clothing was a pair of high heeled red shoes. Derek's jaw dropped as he watched the threesome, or rather stared at the woman. She stood with her hands by her side, exposing her full nakedness to the two men, both who were staring at her breasts. She must have said something as they all laughed. They talked for a good minute or two before the men nodded and left, walking away from view. To Derek's delight she turned and walked towards the open door displaying herself fully to him as he sat staring, his mouth open, her breasts were large with small nipples and as she walked they swung from side to side, further down the dark triangle of her pubic hair contrasted strongly with her pale skin. She smiled at Derek and addressed the receptionist.

She walked out into the foyer. "Hi John, looks like the doors are on the blink again, can you phone maintenance to get it sorted, we don't want them jamming shut do we?"

"OK Angela I'll get onto it now."

She then walked over to Derek...

A week earlier...

It was a bright sunny day as Angela drove the red Mini Cooper into the car park of Pampered Pussy where she worked. Choosing a spot as near to the entrance as she could find she stopped, backed in and turned off the motor. She checked herself in the driving mirror and, satisfied, picked up her handbag, removed the keys with a jangle and got out.

The car beeped as she used the remote to lock it and slipping the bag over her shoulder made for the entrance. She was happy, life looked good. She had just moved into a new flat after signing a 12 months lease, which was expensive, but it was the only one available in the area. The bond was a bit steep, and the conditions meant she could lose the lot if she did not keep up with the rent, but she was getting good pay and knew she could cover the costs.

She had now been at Pampered Pussy for three months and was lucky to have got the job as it paid twice any other secretarial position. She had seen the advert in the local paper requiring well-presented model secretaries for a forward looking young company. It asked applicants to send in a recent photo of themselves in a swimsuit, which she thought a bit odd but who knew what employers wanted these days. So she did a bit of research and discovered Pampered Pussy made and sold quality lingerie for fashion conscious ladies. They had offices in a heart of the city not out in the suburbs and their website looked very professional and not sleazy at all so she thought what the hell; why not give it a go. She dug out her fairly small red bikini which certainly showed off her curves, especially her 38 D breasts, took a digital shot and attached it to the email specified in the advert and sent it off.

She had been one of several women being interviewed that morning, and as she sat in the waiting room, she looked at the others applying for the position. They were all were young, attractive and curvaceous. Angela with her slim body and generous bust certainly didn't feel out of place. Dressed in a white blouse undone to the third button, there was nothing wrong with showing a bit of cleavage when applying for a job she mused, and a black short skirt, she felt she looked the part.

To her surprise and pleasure she had been offered a job on the spot as secretary to Mr. Chambers in sales.

And here she was three months later entering the building with barely a care in the world, though her boss Mr. Chambers was a little bit of a problem. Unlike many of the men at Pampered Pussy who we young and in their twenties, he was in his mid-fifties balding with a paunch and wandering palms. Several times Angela had to remove his hands when they wandered too far. And his eyes seemed fixed upon her breasts. She had often caught him looking down over her shoulder when her top was a bit low, but as he was friends with the owner Angela knew she would just have to put up with him patting her bottom every now and again. She knew she would not achieve anything by complaining and could possibly lose her job if it came to her word against his.

She entered the lift and rode it to floor 10 where she worked along with another dozen or so secretaries. Pampered Pussy took up two floors of the twenty story building and many of the rooms looked out over the city. The area Angela worked in was internal, one of several in a row that abutted their bosses' rooms, who of course had the window views. Semi opaque glass walls separated the two areas and a general hum of activity filled the air.

Angela placed her bag in her desk drawer and after picking up her pad knocked on Mr. Chamber's door before entering.

"Come in," came a faint voice and she entered.

"Oh hello dear, how are you today, lovely as ever," he smiled as he looked her over, and as always especially her breasts.

"Fine sir, anything you need done before I complete the Carters order?"

"Not at the moment though the big cheese is in this morning and wants all the staff to gather in the break room at ten."

"Any idea why, sir?"

'Not a clue, probably some blurb about productivity or something." He smiled. "You know what they are like when they get a bee in their bonnet about something. He did say it was important and would change the direction the firm was heading by presenting us in a new light, whatever that means." He smiled.

"Right sir, I'll wait and see what it is all about, anything more you want to add to the Carter submission?"

"No, just make sure the figures are right you know what they are like."

Angela nodded and left and wondered about the meeting and hoped it was good news; she certainly didn't want to hear that the business had failed.

She returned to her desk and started to work. Carters were a big buyer of their products and were very fussy about getting exactly the right quality product for the right price.

She returned to the submission and continued to number and copied the descriptions. She was so engrossed making sure the information was accurate, that the time just flew by, until with a start she looked up to see the time was almost 10 o'clock. Mr. Chambers came out of his den and pointed at his watch.

"Time to go my dear, we mustn't miss the show."

He waited whilst she stood and came round her desk, predictably patting on her bottom as he shooed her along.

The break room was bright and stark with windows down one side, a café section with a small kitchenette and sink. Several tables were surrounded by modern plastic chairs. Angela nodded at a few of the girls she knew and found a spot to sit away from Mr. Chambers. A screen and projector had been set up at the front.

The door open and Mr. Adams, the boss, entered with a group of men in shirt and ties. He was a commanding figure of a man in his fifties, and went to the front of the room with his entourage trailing behind him, none whom Angela had ever seen. They held cartons and cases which they put down on empty tables at the side. Mr. Adams looked around the room waiting as the room filled whilst talking quietly to one of the men standing next to him, until everyone appeared to be there. He held up his hand and the room grew quiet.

"Hi everyone," he said

"Hi," they dutifully replied.

"We at Pampered Pussy are pleased that last year saw a large increase in our sales and you should all congratulate yourselves on your part in this achievement."

There were some pleased murmurs from the crowd, even Angela was pleased that there was no talk reducing staff.

"We have however seen a change in the buying choices of our customers; they are looking for more interesting items and to this end have been putting together a new catalogue to reflect that choice. We will drop many of the more conservative items whilst moving into a range of more exciting lines we have been designing. Let's take a look at what I am talking about." He turned to a screen behind him where a presentation started.

The presentation showed models displaying the range of lingerie. Mr. Adams flicked through the selection using a hand piece.

It was certainly less conservative to put it mildly. Gone were most of the small two pieces, covering a woman's charms. Nearly every item now was either open at the bust allowing the woman's nipples to be seen, or open at the crotch to show her sex. Many were both. The thongs had literally become strings. Many of the bras now merely presented the breasts rather than supporting them.

Angela watched with the rest as he flicked on through the other selections, micro bikinis bottoms, open bikinis were mere straps framing the vulva, or cutting into it, separating the labia. Nightgowns were more transparent allowing a clear view of the models breasts and genitals and many were displayed with no panties at all, some even stopped just below the waist. There were many images of models in suspender belts and stockings alone, the lingerie had certainly changed, as had the presentation.

Then came upon a new section of body jewelry, with women adorned like Christmas trees with items dangling either from their nipples or their labia. Some even inserted inside their vaginas or anuses, Angela squirmed at the sight of one girl with a substantial plug up her anus with a bunny tail on it.

The display came to a stop and the screen went dark.

There was a stunned silence, before the group started to mutter quietly.

Mr. Adams once again addressed the room, "Some might think this range is getting too risqué and not suitable for us to produce, but there you are wrong, as the customer is always right. In fact we should embrace their choice.

"The new range reflects the tastes of the modern woman to satisfy her and her partner's desires and fantasies, and none of you ladies should be reluctant to wear anything we sell. A member of the Pampered Pussy team should feel proud to wear our range." He said looking around the room.

He continued, "We are also changing some of our sales methods, and will be inviting many of our distributors to our premises to view the articles; in fact there will be some here this afternoon. This will show them they are not only sexy but can be worn by anyone anywhere."

There was a slight murmur from the girls as they wondered where this talk was going."

"To keep in line with this thinking I have decide to give all you girls a significant pay rise, as an incentive and reward to reflect the importance of the part you will be playing in this project."

There was a murmur of approving sounds around the room as the women took in this information. Though there were also a few raised eyebrows wondering what role they were expected to take in this new enterprise.

"I look around and see an attractive team of fine women, who I believe are ready to take part in the next stage of our project. Of course if you feel are not capable of committing to this then of course you may leave of course with no severance pay, nor reference. But I am sure you will agree to my proposal." He smiled.

"Please Sir, what are you proposing?" One of the girls piped up.

"Ah good, to the point, I like that." He smiled. "Please bear with me and all will be revealed as it were."

"From today, in fact from this very meeting all the women in Pampered Pussy will wear an article chosen randomly each day to wear from our new range whilst at work. This way if a buyer arrives we are always ready to show our range. You were chosen not just for your office skills but also for your figures and charms. Now you will put those good looks to work."

There were gasps and a few giggles as the girls took this in, but wear these erotic articles around the men they worked with? Still it didn't seem too bad thought Angela, after all underwear was just that underwear. Even though some of the items seemed a bit extreme she was sure she could put up with them for a day. They would hardly expect the women to wear nightgowns, would they?

"Just in case I didn't totally make myself clear, what I mean." emphasized Mr. Adams, "You'll wear only the items in our range, no other clothes and every day.

There was a gasp.

'But sir we'll be next to naked or worse."

"No! You'll be wearing Pampered Pussy clothing and proudly!" he stressed, with a smile.

The murmur rose as the girls contemplated what he had said; work in underwear if one could call it that. From the men there were laughs and chuckles, as they also took in the news.

Angela turned to see Mr. Chambers with a huge smile on his face, give her the thumbs up. She was horrified, to work and be on display like the girls in the presentation? She felt herself blushing at the thought.

Mr. Adams held up his hand once more to silence the hubbub that had now erupted in the room. "I think now the men can return to work, whilst I talk to the ladies."

Dutifully the men filed out all chatting and sniggering until the room contained just the women and the boss's entourage.

"Anyone not happy with what we are doing, please feel free to leave now, you can collect your effects and go. Remember there will be neither severance nor a reference."

One girl stood up and stormed out shouting that it was disgusting, and that they were not cattle to be paraded naked at work in front of the leering men. Angela also wanted to leave but the thought of losing her job was too awful to contemplate and so she stayed along with the rest, who also must have be in the same boat. Some murmured that they also could do with the extra money. The other girls looked at each other, all a little stunned; some whispered to their friends whilst others were quiet whilst they tried to take it all in.

"Are there any more who are unhappy with our proposal, no," he looked around, "Good, well let's get on," he said as he rubbed his hands together.

"My colleague here will be filming this historic occasion, for our company records."

One of the men opened a case and took out a video camera and a small tripod. After fiddling with the controls, he turned it towards the waiting women.

"Now if all you lovely ladies would strip naked, we can start. You can just leave your clothes on the tables for the moment. Please keep wearing your shoes, as of course they will be needed for work." He chuckled.

There was a moment's hesitation when suddenly the girls realized that this was really happening and they were truly expected to take off their clothes by their boss and in front of the men standing before them. It was either that or lose their jobs. One by one they slowly stood and started to undo buttons and zips. Sliding blouses off shoulders and slipping skirts down their legs. Those wearing them, removing their tights or slips until finally, there was a display of various panties and bras. Many like Angela's were modest affairs, whilst others were very scanty, barely covering their sex or buttocks, some even had bras that just cupped their breasts leaving their nipples exposed.

Then the final moment arrived and arms went behind backs or to the front, to unclip bras and panties were slid down legs and within a minute or two the girls stood naked. The bare stark room was now filled with the lovely sight of warm bodies, bare breasts and nipples of all shapes and sizes and of course, naked pussies.

Some covered themselves whilst others stood arms by their sides or crossed, some had sat down whilst others stood. Angela blushing like many of the women had crossed her arm across her breasts, probably the largest in the room, though all the women we well endowed, there were no tiny tits amongst this group. Of course Angela didn't realize that the selection of women to work at Pampered Pussy had only included attractive slim young women with generous breasts hence the bikini photo.

There was a murmur as the women reassured each other that it was not really so bad after all, there were even a couple of giggles. All the while the event was videoed.

Mr. Adams and his assistants smiled at the women as they looked around.

"Now if you would all stand," he said raising his hands in a gesture and they did as commanded. "We need to assess you individually for the most suitable items to wear. We'll start by getting you all go to the back of the room and then one by one walk up this aisle towards us, and please ladies hands by your sides, we do want to see your charms." He motioned with his hands indicating their breasts. "Keep going until I tell you to stop, my assistant will of course be filming you for us to use later for information."

"More like masturbation," one of the women whispered quietly to Angela with a chuckle.

The women walked to the back of the room and then one by one walked naked towards the men, their breasts swaying delightfully with every step. Their sex exposed, whether covered with hair or shaved as some were.

This display went on for some time as the man filming the women started at the front and then filmed from the side before standing at the back and repeating the process. Mr. Adams talked to a man beside him, who had produced a small note, and jotted down notes.

Finally Mr. Adams had the women stop and told them to sit down.

"Beautiful, you should all be proud of your bodies; at Pampered Pussy we honor every woman and of course every woman's pussy, I notice some of you ladies could do with a trim," he towards his crotch, "and we will be piercing all your nipples, and labia."

There was a shocked response from the women, and they all started complaining that this was going too far. Again he held up his hand.

"Please, please, the procedure is completely painless and totally harmless. We are using the latest laser freeze technique; you will feel nothing and will not have to wear rings. The piercings will not close, and will be barely noticeable."

There were still murmurings but Mr. Adams held up his hand again.

"We will get them done now as all these gentlemen are licensed to use the equipment so let's get started, then we'll get dressed and get out there and kill 'em. Grab a coffee while you wait."

Angela's mind was in a daze, along with the other girls who walked out of the coffee room that morning. She was following a girl in a completely transparent night gown that stopped at her hips, leaving her buttocks and of course pussy totally exposed.

Behind her another girl followed with a red sling bikini, open at the crotch and barely covering her nipples, her breasts swayed as she walked along. However they were positively over dressed as Angela wore a red leather collar with a fine chain lead hanging from it between her breasts, red leather cuffs, two large pearls that hung on short silver chains from the nipples, and another large pearl hanging from the ring in her clitoris hood and that was all. She had tried to get Mr. Adams to change her "clothes" to something else, but he insisted that it had to be a random selection.

"You look delightful Angela, I'm sure Mr. Chambers will approve. Now get along with you, we really must be ready for the visitors this afternoon," he said as he looked at his watch.

So here she was walking in front of all her male co-workers naked and adorned.

She could feel the pearl at her crotch patting her pussy as she walked along. She certainly got stares from her co-workers, all who stopped working as she walked by on the way to her desk.

All around she could see the other women showing their charms and wondered whether they were as embarrassed as she felt. She had to really concentrate to stop covering herself. As she walked down the open aisle she could see Mr. Chambers, standing staring at her has she approached, this was the moment she was most worried about, she knew he couldn't keep his hands to himself when she was dressed, what would he be like now? As she drew closer he stared fixedly at her breasts, seeing them for the first time uncovered.

"Ah Angela, you look delightful and there is so much of you to see." his grinned reached from ear to ear, as he looked her up and down. "Those pearls just add to the delight of your body, they certainly draw the eye."

He looked down at her crotch, "I see you are also sporting one between your legs, show me."

Her bent down and stared at Angela's crotch, and before Angela could stop him he gave the pearl a small tug making her gasp as it pulled her clitoral hood..

"Stop it, sir." she said slapping his hand away.

"Ah, what have we here?" he said as he grasped the lead between Angela's breasts and started to lead Angela around the room, "You'd certainly make a nice pet eh Angela."

He turned and pulled her towards him, when his eyes suddenly went fixed and clasping his chest he gave a gasp and fell forward burying his face in her breasts, as he slumped forward. Tracey grasped him going down with him as he slid to his knees.

"Mr. Chambers? Are you alright?"

Angela squeaked as she tried to prevent him from falling onto the ground her breasts rubbing against him as she held him. He looked at them and slurred, "I'm in heaven," as he finally slumped down to the floor.

There was a flurry of activity as people flocked around, the safety officer appeared and told everyone to move away as he assessed Mr. Chambers condition.

"Phone for an ambulance, I think he has had a heart attack. Stay with him Angela, I think he'll be OK but we just need to make sure."

Mr. Chambers was taken away, and much to his regret was informed he should not return to work as the stress was just too much for his heart.

That was just a week ago, now Angela was on her way to fetch a candidate for an interview for his position, she was at least grateful her uniform for the day did not have nipple or labial jewelry, she had found them odd to wear around her male colleagues, though they didn't seem to complain.

She walked to reception and bumped into Rogers and Davis who had some minor thing they wished to talk about, though she felt it was just an excuse to stand and stare at her breasts.

She talked for a while until she noticed the door to reception was stuck open and a young man was sitting staring at them.

"Oh well I'd better fetch the new possible for Mr. Chambers job, I hope his palms are more under control." They all laughed and after a couple of comments they nodded and left.

She walked out into the foyer. "Hi John, looks like the doors are on the blink again, can you phone maintenance to get it sorted, we don't want them jamming shut do we?"

"OK Angela I'll get onto it now."

She then walked over to Derek...

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...Angela walked to reception and bumped into Dave Rogers and Pete Davis who had some minor thing they wished to talk about, though she felt it was just an excuse to stand and stare at her breasts.

She talked for a while until she noticed the frosted door leading to reception was stuck open and a young man sitting in the foyer was staring at them.

"Oh well, I'd better fetch the new possible for Mr. Chambers job, I hope he doesn't suffer from Desert's disease."

"Desert's disease?" Pete inquired with raised eyebrows.

"Yes, wandering palms!" They all laughed and after a couple more comments they nodded and walked away leaving Angela smiling.

She walked out into the foyer and addressed the man behind the reception desk, "Hi John, looks like the doors are on the blink again, can you phone maintenance to get it sorted, we don't want them jamming shut do we?"

"OK Angela I'll get onto it now."

She then walked over to Derek...

"Hi, you must be," she looked down at a sheet of paper, "Derek Johnson, I'm Angela Duncan, how do you do," she said as she held out her hand.

"Umm, yes, fine thank you," Derek stammered as he stood and took her hand, not sure where to look. Her breasts barely and truly barely, less than a metre away, were like a magnet. He could feel his cock now with a direct line to his eyes, fighting with his manners, it wanted a better longer look.

"Welcome of Pampered Pussy, this is all very hasty I'm afraid, the last sales head, had a heart attack a month ago and unfortunately has had to retire on doctors' orders." Angela explained with a smile, "I'll be working under you as your secretary,"

A delightful image flashed in Derek's mind and he had to stifle a laugh with a cough as she said this with a straight face. His eyes returned to her face that had an enquiring expression. There was a brief pause, to hide his embarrassment he stammered out, "Sorry, but to be truthful I'm not usually met by a naked woman carrying a clipboard. I was told by the agency less than an hour ago that you were looking for a sales manager. It was such short notice, they gave me no information and my internet was down so I couldn't check on you. I just had time to get dressed and catch a taxi. They told me you would fill me in. I really have no idea what this company sells. Is this an um, er... a brothel?" Derek stammered out going bright red with embarrassment.

His question was met by a hearty laugh from Angela shaking her breasts, "Good heavens no, and no wonder you look a bit confused. We sell erotic women's underwear, like this," she looked down her body and indicated her lacy suspenders. Derek's thankful eyes followed her hands as they were now given permission to re-examine her furry pussy, perfectly framed by her frilly suspenders straps.

Looking down her body she fingered the lacy material, "We sell a large exclusive range of intimate clothing, and body jewelry to clients from all over the world, retail and wholesale." Her hands left her suspenders and she looked back up at Derek.

"Ah, so why are you undressed like this?" Derek once more looked her up and down. "Is there a fashion show on at the moment?"

"The answer to that question is both no and yes, and this might sound a bit odd, but just recently the women working here have been asked to adopt a different office regime, which I'm sure you'll like. The rest of the men seemed to have accepted it," she smiled as she watched where he was looking, he reluctantly looked up guiltily.

"I won't be expected to work like this," he indicated her nakedness once more, "will I?"

"Of course not, we only do female attire,' she laughed delightfully, her breasts again bobbing as she did so. "I'm sure you must have a million questions, but first I'll take you to meet the big boss Mr. Adams. He is expecting you and will explain what we are looking for, fill you in on the organization here, and what are our latest projects. Please this way." She turned and indicated with her hand before looking towards the receptionist.

"Just excuse me for a moment Derek, I'll just have a quick word with John."

Derek mumbled something as she turned and once more presented her back to him, his eyes focused on her body now she wasn't watching him. Her buttocks moved enticing from side to side with no sign of fat, and her bum crack was beautifully framed by the suspender straps that cut slightly into her buttocks. The small gap between the top of her thighs gave just a brief hint of the prize between them, as she walked over to the receptionist.

As she approached the man a piece of paper she was holding fell to the floor. When she bent down to pick it up, Derek knew there was a god, as he was rewarded with a full view of her genitals. Her shaven vulva with prominent labia were pursed below the hint of her vaginal entrance and her small puckered anus was clearly visible between the tight cheeks of her buttocks.

What's going on, thought Derek, had he died and been taken to heaven, did he get run down on the way to work? Last week, he'd been masturbating to photos of a beautiful full breasted woman wearing similar suspenders and stockings being anally fucked. His cock reminded him of this as it stirred in his underpants. He mentally shook his head, this was not the time or the place he told it severely, but it didn't take a lot of notice. Cocks are like that.

Unaware of Derek's stare, she quickly retrieved the paper and briefly talked to the man behind the counter, before turning and delighting him again with her full frontal nudity. She returned to where he was standing before leading him through the open doors.

"There are fifty people working here, mostly women, you'll meet them over the next few days as we have a communal area with coffee and snacks. Admin is on this floor and design and development on the next floor up," Angela explained as they walked down the long corridor where through the glass windows on one side. Derek could see men and women at work, but had to do a double take. All the women looked as if they were dressed in skimpy underwear, and in many cases less. He saw a woman standing beside a dressed man, her breasts framed by what looked like a harness. They were looking down at a computer screen, as she leaned over Derek was sure he could see something hanging from her nipples, but they walked past too quickly, much to Derek's disappointment.

"Ah here we are," Angela voice cut into his astonishment as she entered an empty small reception room with a desk, and computer screen. "Ah, Victoria must be with Mr. Adams." She walked across to another door and knocked, to be rewarded by an "enter". She opened the door and announced, "Derek. Johnson, is here sir," standing aside to let Derek enter, his arm brushing her breasts as he passed.

The man behind the desk rose, as did a pretty blonde, who like Angela, was dressed in skimpy clothes. Her well-shaped breasts framed in an open bra that allowed her perky nipples to be in full view. And further down, though Derek could only spare a quick glance, was what looked like panties composed of thin straps and a tiny triangle that stopped before her crotch, the lower strap disappearing into the slit of her shaven cunt lips.

The man leaned over the desk offering his hand, which Derek took and received a firm handshake.

"Welcome, I'm John Adams, and this is Victoria my secretary," the woman who was standing by the side of the desk leaned over and Derek shook her offered hand, her breasts jiggling as she did. His eyes were on her attractive face but again were fighting for more time to examine her near nakedness below.

"Please take a seat," he said as he indicated the chair opposite his desk.

He looked at Angela, "That'll be all for now Angela, I'll send him along after I've gone through his duties. Victoria can you go and phone Mayville and tell them that'll be fine, whilst I talk to Derek."

"Ok John, I'll make sure his office is ready." Angela replied and disappeared through the door followed by Victoria, much to Derek's disappointment as he glanced at their near nakedness as they left.

John Adams looked down at his laptop. "I see you have been in sales for some time working at Dreger Fabric Industries and come with very good references. Do you know anything about women's lingerie?"

John swallowed and realized he'd have to pull out all the stops, he really wanted this job, and his cock had given strict instructions to his brain.

"No, but no matter what you are selling, you just have to put your product out as if it is the only thing people want to buy. And what could be more attractive than of supplying beautiful women with desirable underwear."

"Exactly, and that is the reason we are looking to hire someone outside the fashion industry who can come in with different ideas," John replied, "we are really here to sell dreams."

"Do you make the clothing?" Derek asked.

"No, we design the items here and they are produced overseas. We do have a huge turnover."

For the next hour they talked about the nuts and bolts of the business, Derek starting to relax as his expertise in selling other products crossed with selling ladies underwear. Of course the principles were the same, the only thing that was different was the sales slant and the end point, which when it came down to it this product, was sex.

Victoria was called in to give Derek some documents, which of course gave Derek another good look at her breasts before she went out again. The time slid by. "Now you must have some questions?" Mr. Adams smiled.

Derek wasn't sure how to phrase it but in the end decided that there was only one real question, "The women, well they appeared from what I can see all undressed?"

"Ah, I wondered when you would ask that," Mr. Adams chuckled. "Well you see I'm a very rich man, and really I don't need to work or even own a business. The truth is, I like to see undressed women and undressed real women in real situations, like here, working doing an actual job not just models in a studio. I offered the women a very substantial wage increase, over double what they were receiving and left it to them whether they wanted to continue working undressed the way I required them, or leave. And most decided yes, and hence you see them now. Like Angela, a real lovely girl and very bright. This company does make money and it makes a lot. These girls are not hookers and I will not tolerate any unwanted attention from anyone. The girls do exactly what they would do in any other business, only here we can see our product as it would be on our intended final customer."

"Ah, now I see, and what about other men who visit? Clients or tradesmen?" Derek asked.

"Well in a way, that is the whole point of the exercise, to show them what women could be wearing under their normal clothes. They don't seem to mind, we've had no complaints, in fact, we haven't had client who leaves without placing an order, nor a tradesman who doesn't do a good job, as they want to return in the future," Mr. Adams laughed. "The interesting thing also is that now after a month, the girls don't seem to mind. It's as if liberating them from their clothes also liberates them when it comes to work. They are all attractive and I think they welcome men enjoying looking at their naked bodies."

Derek was surprised to hear this and would have expected the opposite. The girls objecting to the men around them perving at them.

Mr. Adams went on, "We have some clients coming this afternoon, to discuss increasing their order having seen our new line. Angela will fill you in, she is very good with the customers and does not mind being exposed to strangers. If you have any questions ask her, and bounce any ideas off her. We are moving into a new era with new products and so I will be looking to you to help this along." Mr. Adams called out to Victoria to come back in, the interval was obviously at an end.

Derek's eyes were once more entertained by Victoria's fine breasts and nipples, as she stood waiting until they finished their conversation.

Derek got up shook hands with Mr. Adams once more and left to be taken to his office suite by the delectable Victoria, her naked rear view only broken the thin straps of her thong and bra.

Derek couldn't believe it, yesterday he was unemployed. Wanking to pictures of naked women and starting to get a bit desperate. Now he was following a scantily dressed beauty with a string thong cutting up between her buttocks her tits on full view, head of a sales department surrounded by other semi-naked women.

Angela stood once more delighting his eyes as she stood, "Thank you Victoria," she said with a smile as he came into the outer office. She led him into his office which had a pleasant view over the city. Though the view in the office was far more interesting than outside. Derek placed his briefcase on the desk as he looked around.

"Welcome on board Mr. Walters, please let me take your coat. We keep it fairly warm in here as you can imagine for the girls comfort." She smiled, Derek reluctantly handed over his coat which Angela hung in a small cupboard to one side. It had been doing a Trojan job of hiding his stiffened cock. As Angela turned he quickly slid his hand down the front of his trousers and adjusted it, positioning his erection under the waistband of his underpants before fastening the bottom button of his jacket.

"Call me Derek, no need for us to be formal here." He squeaked masking his embarrassment with a small cough.

Angela smiled, "Of course, I'm sure you don't need me to show your room here, one office is just like another," she smiled charmingly, "there is a laptop which is for your personal use. But before you start you might like to know where the loos are, conference and display room, canteen, etc. so would you like to take a quick tour of this floor?" Derek nodded, letting Angela set the pace for the start of his new career and followed her out of the room.

They walked along the corridor Angela pointing out various service rooms including the loos, and the work room they had passed on the way to see Mr. Adams. Near the entrance lobby was a locker room where the staff could hang their clothes, and put their bikes. It was for both men and women, she pointed out much to Derek's surprise.

"You mean the girls undress when there are men present?" it seemed like an odd question when they were practically naked all day. But the thought of the girls stripping off in public almost excited Derek more.

"Sure, it's certainly a good way to get the men here early, they are never late, but can be a bit slow leaving the room." She chuckled at Derek's surprise.

"The women then walk naked along the corridor to the dressing room, it's at the other end of the corridor, close to your office. There are racks there where they get their everyday attire. Part of our contract is we have to change at least every other day. We have over a thousand items and many of the sets we wear are being trialed. This is a good way to make sure they are up to standard." Derek wondered how they could fail, there was so little of most of what he saw.

"There is also a gym that many of the staff use, along with showers before work. The men seem very keen to keep fit, along with some of the girls who also share the space."

Derek was gob smacked this just got better and better. The thought of these naked lovelies running on a treadmill...wow.

Angela looked at her watch, "Let's check out the canteen, there will be a few people there having an early coffee. We don't work to a strict timetable here, just whenever you feel like a break from your desk."

He followed her into the canteen where several were sitting, standing, eating and drinking coffee, all scantily dressed and in some case only clad in body jewelry. Angela introduced him to them and they all smiled back and said hello, as if unaware of their nakedness and Derek's obvious pleasure in seeing it.

A couple of guys came in and walked over to him, "Ah Angela, is this Mr. Chambers replacement?"

"Hi Dave, yes let me introduce Derek Johnson, Jim and Robert, they are in our advertising section. Have a quick chat whilst I get you a coffee, white, no sugar?" Derek nodded and she walked over to the coffee machine, his eyes followed her as she walked across the room, as did those of Jim and Robert. There was a moment of silence as they stood there a little awkward when their eyes returned to each other.

"What do you think so far then Derek, pretty good working conditions eh?" Dave said chuckling and they all looked over the sea of naked female flesh.

"Yes a bit different to Dreger's, my last place, they were a lot more strait laced there, much stiffer."

"Probably a lot less laciness' there as well I'd say," said John with a smile, "And none of it on view, you'll enjoy a lot of stiffness here, but nothing to do with the lace." Derek face must have shown his surprise, "Don't worry the girls all appreciate it, as long as you don't touch."

An image came into Derek's mind of his last secretary. No, he didn't image she'd be wearing anything close to the laciness he saw before him.

Angela returned with the coffee accompanied by the girl Derek had seen through the glass in the corridor, who was "dressed" in an open leather harness with in two large pearls hanging from her prominent nipples. Her naked shaven sex was framed by thin straps of leather. "Derek, this is Suzie, she is from finance, we'll meet the rest of the team later today."

Derek shook Suzie's hand which made the pearls jiggle as they hung down. His cock was getting far more insistent that it needed attention as again his eyes fought a regretfully losing the battle with his manners.

They stood and small talked whilst Derek sipped his coffee, he knew the real nitty gritty of his work would not start until he was back in his office. But this interlude was certainly a pleasure.

Several people came and went as they stood talking, men and women. They all came over and were introduced to Derek. All the women were undressed to some degree or another, and there were certainly no plain Janes here. All had fine figures and attractive faces. One, who from a distance from the back seemed almost overdressed, in a see-through baby doll nightie, until she moved closer and you saw the front was raised and stopped just below her belly button in a fluffy ring. Leaving her uncovered downy pussy on clear display.

Two Japanese women attracted Derek's attention, as he had never seen an real live Asian women naked and was delighted when they also came over to introduce themselves. They were both had slightly smaller tits than the other women in the room but made up for that with charming faces and jet black pubic hair on view. One girl wore and super micro mini skirt, not much more than a belt and quarter bra that emphasized her nipples, whilst the other had on suspenders, white stockings and a wide red collar. The non-lacy suspenders were quite masculine, if there could be masculine suspenders framing the charming black fur that like many of the women here, stopped at the start of her vulva.

They both worked in overseas admin. Derek guessed their Japanese could come in very handy, they both spoke excellent English and were very friendly. He loved the way they bowed slightly during the conversation.

Angela looked at her watch and said to Derek that they should carry on the tour as there was stuff to do before the afternoon visitors arrived.

Derek regretfully finished his coffee, knowing he had to leave this delightful cornucopia of female flesh and return to his office. Angela took his mug and returned them to the washing up area, before returning and leading him back to the foyer to go up to the design level.

"Before we start, I'll give you a quick look at the design area and then we will have to make sure you are up to speed regarding the afternoon's group."

"Fine, that would be good, it's always an advantage to know the whole of a system rather than just one small section." Derek said as he looked forward to another selection of lovely ladies.

"We'll take the stairs, then we don't have to wait for the lift," Angela said as she opened a large double door off the foyer.

The stair well was well lit and quite stylish, none of your rough concrete here. There was another closed door marked Exit, but going upwards were wide marble steps with a polished steel and wooden rail. Angela led the way, talking to Derek about the afternoon and what needed to be done. He asked questions as they slowly went up the steps. Derek heard the clip clack of a pair of high heels and looked up to be rewarded by the sight of a platinum blonde with long shoulder length hair coming down. Her large uncovered breasts, which were merely framed by thin straps of a red swim suit, bounced with each step as she descended. She stopped with her pussy at Derek's eye line, allowing him a moment to acquaint himself with it. He noted her crotch less suit neatly framed her clearly visible pussy lips, covered in a light coating of truly blonde fur, before good manners forced him to look up at her face.

Angela spoke, "Hi Hannah, this is Derek Johnson the new sales head, I'm giving him the tour."

Hannah smiled and said hello, her fine features lighting up, as she leaned down, her breasts swinging forward and offered her hand for him to shake. He did, it was warm and friendly. He fell in love instantly, blonde, tits, hairy pussy, face...wow!

"Hi, welcome to the mad house, a bit different from your last place I bet." She laughed with a pleasing throaty vibrancy. Derek smiled back and nodded, tongue tied for the moment.

"Hannah is an important part of the design team, and is often used to model our range for any visitors if the need should arise."

"I can see why, you look fabulous, and so elegantly dressed." Derek enthused his tongue taking over, as he swept his hand down to indicate her standing there, his eyes thankfully following where his hand indicated. She was stunning, her nipples firm and perky even here at work.

"Hardly dressed, but thank you fair knight, I can see he'll get along alright Angela, flattery opens all doors." They both laughed. Derek knew there was one entrance he wanted to enter, right then and there.

"Is that a Farnall accent I hear," she asked.

"Yes," Derek said, surprised she had picked it up from the few words he had spoken. "Are you acquainted with the place?"

Derek knew he needed to keep her talking as she stood before him, a feast for his eyes.

Hannah went on, "Yes, my mother was from there and I can recognize it anywhere, I used to go there a lot when I was small. We'll have to catch up some time and go over old times if you'd like."

"Yes I'd like that and look forward to it." Derek smiled, he was smitten.

"OK, I'd better be going, see you." Hannah said as she continued on her way. Leaving Derek staring at her near naked back as she continued down the stairs.

He turned around to see Angela already leading the way up the rest of the stairs. Derek trailed behind, his eyes firmly on her genitals visible between her buttocks as he followed her up the last few steps.

Angela led Derek down a short corridor to a pair of double doors to one side, which she opened to enter a large room with an oval conference table at one end. At the other end was a short raised walkway leading from a small stage flanked by about 20 comfortable chairs on either side. She explained they presented their range in this place, a little like a fashion parade, to customers. The room was warm and looked very stylish.

"And now to the hub of the place where we create our range," Angela said after they had left the room returning to the corridor and another set of opaque double doors.

They entered the design area, which unlike the admin section was far more open plan. It was like many design areas, organized into specific work spaces, Derek thought to himself as he took the scene in. It was a hive of activity with the sound of sewing machines in the background and people intent on what they were doing on computers, or on design sheets of paper.

As he scanned across the room, he noted small groups discussing whatever amongst themselves. As with the other floor, all the women were dressed or undressed in lingerie, going about their work as it they didn't notice. But Derek did of course, and again was amazed at how much variation could be put into so little material.

Angela led him around the various areas, introducing him to men and women as they walked through. As with the other areas, the feeling was one of young and dynamic people, who all seemed enthusiastic about what they were doing.

He was becoming dazed by the range and form of the women's breasts and nipples, never having seen anything like this in his life. Not to mention the other delights further down, that presented themselves for his unfortunately brief perusal. Many of the women were shaven allowing him full view of their vulvas. Though he personally loved the furry delights of many of the women that seemed to underline their femininity.

There was just too much to take in, as he was presented with a sea of female flesh, blondes, brunettes, redheads. Every pleasing body shape a man could dream off, and here all the time for his eyes to feast on.

Thinking he could not be any more shocked, Angela led him to a smaller area lightly screened from the rest of the room. They walked around the edge of the screen and Derek was rewarded with the sight of a totally naked women in an adjustable chair, her legs wide open. A man and two semi naked women standing looking down, as one of the women in a micro bikini knelt and fiddled with the woman's cunt, fitting a piece of jewelry.

"This is our genital jewelry section, one of the latest additions to our extensive range." Angela spoke as the group became aware of their presence, and looked around at the two of them.

"Hi Angela, and who is this new face?" One of the women spoke.

"This is Derek the new sales head, just giving him the tour. Derek, this is Cynthia, Mati, Steph, and Stu." Angela informed him as they stood looking down at Cynthia's genitals.

They all said hi, even Cynthia whose cunt lay open in front of him.

"That looks tricky work," Derek felt he needed to say something to stay there. "Is there a big demand for this sort of jewelry?"

"Sure, you'd be amazed at what we sell. This piece," the kneeling woman indicated the silver pendant now attached to the clitoral hood of the woman, "is designed to swing when the woman is walking, stimulating her. "There is an extensive set of different types and designs."

"Mati here, has a on a clit tapper, show him," Mati turned and the bikini bottom was in fact a strap of beaded string from which a large gem dangled at the start of her vulvar. She flicked it, allowing it to fall back to her sensitive nub.

"Wow, I'm certainly moving into a different world than the one of fabrics I've just come from." Derek chuckled as he stared down at the woman's cunt. "Does it work? Er... I mean does it stimulate the wearer?"

"Of course given the right circumstances," Mati answered with a grin. "The women here do assessments of their effectiveness, so we know we are going to please our customers."

"Amazing, this really is all a new sales experience for me." Derek said as he continued to stare down at the woman's exposed genitals.

Mati went on, "Yes we cater for all tastes and why not, men and women should be proud of their bodies and enjoy the sensation of pleasing it and pleasing men. Like Steph here, she's just trialing our new anal plug."

Steph at Mati's request turned and bent slightly over, parting her buttocks to reveal an oval polished metal disc protruding from her anus adorned with a small gemstone in the center. Derek stared speechless.

"It's remotely controlled and vibrates on demand, Very popular in for both men and women." Mati explained, "You'll have to try it some time," she smiled impishly.

"Um, yes, well I suppose we'd better move on Angela," Derek said, overwhelmed by all this. His cock certainly was, as they walked away.

"OK, let's get back and we can start," Angela said as she led the way back down the stairs towards his new office.

As they passed the loo and Derek asked Angela to excuse him for a moment, as "nature calls", adding he'd meet her back in his office.

He entered the stark white room, and was thankful to note it was empty. His reflection in the mirrors behind the wash basins stared back at him, as he walked towards the urinals opening his jacket, before sliding his trouser zip down and reaching inside. He quickly pulled out his stiff erect cock, rubbing it even before he reached the urinals.

It was fully erect, the head shining bright purple and the slit already wet and covered in pre-cum, it didn't take long to stroke an orgasm for the thankful member. As his semen spattered the white porcelain bowl, he had to suppress a moan of satisfaction as his member pulsed with every spurt. All too soon it finished, and quickly pressed the rinsing button before walking over to the wash bowl and wiping the tip of his cock with a paper towel, squeezing the last drops out before returning the deflating cock into his underpants. He quickly washed his hands and after drying them briefly, went out and returned to his office.

She smiled as he entered, as if she knew what he had been doing.

"Right we'd better started as I need to get to grips with all the ins and out of what goes on here." Derek said as he removed his jacket, rolled up his sleeves and sat down at his desk.