Ellen of Felixstowe

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Edward Murray listened with faint distaste as his colleague Kevin Coleman flirted outrageously over the phone with Ellen, his contact in Felixstowe.  Kevin, who sat on the opposite side of the office, had many such conversations every day with Ellen, a woman whom Edward had spoken to only once and had never met.  He was, however, quite aware of her rather outgoing and uninhibited personality, since Kevin insisted on reading out to him the risqué emails that she sent on a regular basis.

“Ooh,” said Kevin with a chuckle, “that sounds like fun … does your mum know you say things like that?  … Don’t tell *me*I’ve got a dirty mind.  Hehe…  Well you can say that but I’ve got the evidence…  Oh, really?  Okay, I’ll have a look when I get off the phone.  Yeah, *and*you…  Bye.” He put the phone down and turned to Edward, grinning.

“Another erudite discourse on the relative merits of Linnaean and Hennigian taxonomy?” Edward ventured.

“Eh?”  Kevin raised a quizzical eyebrow.  “That was Ellen,” he said.

“I’d never have guessed,” muttered Edward.

“I tell you, she just gets dirtier and dirtier,” said Kevin, shaking his head.  “Oh, apparently she’s just sent me an email, so I’ll just check that out.”

“Be sure to divulge its contents in all its gory detail, won’t you?”

“Um sure,” said Kevin absently, calling up the new email and reading through it.  He chuckled to himself, then hit ‘P’ to print.  “I’ll let you read it yourself.”

The printer chattered away to itself for a moment and then spat out a sheet of A4.  Kevin pulled it off and handed it to Edward.  “Here you go Ed,” he said.  “Read and weep.”

“I think I just might,” remarked Edward.  He took the sheet of paper and read through the email.  It ran as follows:

HI KEV, YOU SEXY HUNK!

CANT WAIT TO MEET YOU I PERSON NEXT MONDAY.

FANCY TAKINGME TO THE PUB AFTER WORK?

I MAY NEED SOMEWHERE TO STAY IF I GET TOO

DRUNK TO DRIVE HOME AFTERWARDS!

BYE,

LUV ELLEN.

“She’s horny as hell, isn’t she?” commented Kevin.

“So it would seem,” agreed Edward.  “Tell me Kevin, does she know you’re married?”

Kevin shrugged.  “I guess not,” he said.  “But I wouldn’t want to disillusion her.”

“So what happens when she comes here next week and expects you to take her out to the pub?”

“Oh I’ll put her off that somehow.”

“So you don’t intend initiating a clandestine affair with her?” Edward inquired.

Kevin shuddered.  “Oh no,” he said.  “She’s not my type at all.”

“Really?  In what way?”

“Fat legs,” said Kevin.  “And she’s pretty ugly.  Her face looks like a bus has hit it.”

Edward frowned.  “That’s rather unkind,” he said.  “So why do you flirt with her so much if you have such a low opinion of her?”

“Well, it’s a laugh isn’t it?  It doesn’t mean anything.  Just harmless flirting.”

“So how are you going to respond to this little literary masterwork?”

“Oh I don’t know.”  Kevin looked back at his PC.  “I’ll come up with something.”  He returned to his desk, sat down, and began to type.

After a couple of minutes, curious despite himself, Edward got up and walked across the room to investigate.  “That’s impressive,” he remarked.  “Using nearly three of your fingers, I see.”

“Shut up,” said Kevin in mock annoyance.  “I never said I could type.”

Edward leaned over to see what Kevin was typing.  He had got as far as:

HI ELLEN,

YOU HAVE MET ME BEFORE, YOU KNOW.

AT THE FOOTIE MATCH IN MAY.  BUT IT

WILL BE NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN.  WHAT

DO YOU LIKE TO

“Well that’s sure to impress her,” said Edward wryly.  “You know, typing in capitals all the time is known as ‘shouting’ in the context of emails.  You should really type in lower case.  It’s easier on the eye.”

Kevin responded by indicating the printout of Ellen’s email.  “She types in capitals,” he observed.

“Just because she does, doesn’t mean you have to as well,” said Edward.  “Here, move over, I’ll retype it for you – it’ll be quicker, and less painful to watch.”

“Sure!  Thanks,” said Kevin.

Edward sat down in front of the keyboard and thought for a moment.  “You know,” he said, “you could put this an awful lot better.  Mind if I change the wording slightly?”

“Okay – go ahead.”

Edward talked out loud as he typed.  “Dear Ellen,” he said.  “It must not have been a particularly memorable event for you, but in fact you have met me once before – at the company football match last May.  Apparently I did not make much of an impression on you, but…”  He paused.  “What was she wearing at the time?”

“A short skirt,” said Kevin.  “We were all wishing she hadn’t been – her legs didn’t suit it.”

“Be nice,” Edward admonished him gently.  “I’m sure she looked great.  Just because a girl’s legs aren’t perfect shouldn’t disqualify her from wearing a short skirt.  In fact, she should be the more applauded for the deed, since she must know that not everybody will appreciate it and some, indeed, will criticise her for it.”

“Whatever,” said Kevin.  “She should keep them covered up.”

Edward sighed internally, and continued typing.  “…impression on you, but you certainly knocked me for six with your short skirt – an enduring memory which I would love to re-live when you visit our humble establishment next week.”  He paused again, cocking his head on one side reflectively. “Personally,” he said to Kevin, “I’d love to see Ellen in a short skirt, but I guess this isn’t really what you want to say.  Want me to change it?”

Kevin was looking at the screen with a broad grin.  “Hey, you write what you want,” he encouraged Edward.  “You’ve got a way with words.  Keep going.”

Edward chuckled and rubbed his hands together, warming to the idea.  He continued, “I await your arrival with breathless anticipation, eager to remind myself of just how short your skirt was.  Until then, you sensuous nymph, farewell.  Yours, Kevin.”  Edward sat back in Kevin’s chair.  “How’s that? Shall I send it?”

“Yeah, go ahead,” agreed Kevin, still grinning.

Edward hit control-S, and the screen reverted to the main email menu.  “Well, for better or worse it’s sent,” he said, getting to his feet and walking back across to his own desk.  “If the shit hits the fan, I’m denying all knowledge.”

“Hey!” complained Kevin.

Edward shrugged.  “Your name’s at the bottom,” he said.  “I’m an innocent bystander.”

“Hmph.”  Kevin frowned, then sat back down at his desk.

Edward’s phone rang at that moment, and he answered it.  During the ensuing conversation he completely forgot about his email to Ellen, and for the next half hour he gave the matter no thought.

“Hey, she’s replied,” said Kevin suddenly.  “Come and see.”

Edward, interrupted from some wandering train of thought, swivelled around in his chair.  “Hmm?  Oh, yes of course.”  He got up and walked over to look at Kevin’s screen.  Ellen’s capitalised response was sprawled across the monitor in stunning green-on-blue.

WHAT’S UP KEVIN U SWALLOW A DICTIONARY?

JUST KIDDING BUT SERIOUSLY I WILL BE HAPPY
TO WEAR A SHORT SKIRT AND REFRESH YOUR
MEMORY!  ANYWYA WRITE BACK SOON AND

ILL SEE YOU MONDAY.

LUV ELLEN.

“Excellent!” exclaimed Edward, pleased.  “She’s going to wear a short skirt!”

“Jeez, you must be desperate,” commented Kevin, rolling his eyes.  “Trust me, you don’t want to see Ellen in a miniskirt.”

“Yes I do,” countered Edward defensively.  “And I’m not desperate – I’m very happily married thank you very much.  I just love miniskirts, and the shorter the better.  I shall derive a great deal of voyeuristic satisfaction from the sight of Ellen in a short skirt.  So anyway, what are you going to reply?”

“Um, I don’t know.”  Kevin looked at the screen contemplatively.  “You write a reply,” he said finally.

“Ah no, my work is done,” replied Edward with a small shake of his head.

“Go on,” pressed Kevin, getting up from his chair.  “I don’t have your way with words.  How can I follow what you wrote?”

“Set a high standard, did I?”  Edward sighed.  “Oh well, I suppose it can’t do any harm.”  He sat back down at Kevin’s desk and began to type.

Hello there Sexy,

I’m very pleased to hear you will be showing your legs

around the office on Monday.  The thought has set my

loins quivering.  But if I may make so bold as to request

an additional favour, would you consider indulging a

little fetish of mine?  I confess I am not a fan of tights,

and much prefer to see a woman with bare legs.  Now I

know not whether you habitually clad your legs with

nylon, but if so, could you discard them for the duration

of your visit?  I’d be awfully grateful :)

Yours admiringly,

Kevin.

Edward tilted his head to one side and regarded the screen with eyes narrowed.  “What do you think?” he asked.  “Too direct?”

Kevin chuckled and shrugged.  “She might think it a little weird, but she’s not likely to be outraged. Go ahead, send it.  Bear in mind, though, it’s nearly five o’clock so you probably won’t get a reply tonight.”

Edward nodded.  “True enough.  But I’ll send it anyway.”  He did so, and returned to his desk.

The next day was quite busy, from Edward’s point of view, and it was not until midday that he got the chance to speak to Kevin alone.  “Any reply?” he inquired.

“Yup,” said Kevin.  “I printed it out – have a look.”

Edward took the proffered printout and read the following:

YOU KNOW IF I’M TO WEAR A SHORT SKIRT AND
BARE LEGS, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO WEAR FOR
ME?  I THINK SOME TIGHT LYCRA SHORTS MIGHT
BE NICE!!  JUST KIDDING, BUT IF ITS BARE LEGS

YOU WANT THEN THAT’S WHAT YOU’LL GET YOU
PERV!  ANY OTHER REQUESTS??  BY THE WAY THE
WATFORD BOOKINGS HAVENT COME THRU SO
COULD YOU PLEASE CHASE MARK FOR ME (SORRY
TO LOWER THE TONE!)

LUV ELLEN

“Yes!” Edward cried jubilantly.  “Bare legs too!  This *is*going well!”

“Steady on Ed,” said Kevin, then he chuckled.  “Steady Eddie,” he added, apparently finding this amusing.  “I don’t see that it’s much to get excited about.  What’s so great about bare legs anyway? I’d have much preferred her in tights.”

“You’d have preferred her in trousers,” muttered Edward.  “But that’s as may be, I just like bare legs.  If I can get a peek up her skirt I don’t want to see nylon seams criss-crossing hither and thither, I’d like to see unfettered panties.”

Kevin stared at him.  “What are you *like*?” he exclaimed.  “You really *are* a pervert, Ed.”

“Perversion is a relative term,” said Edward, “not to mention a subjective one.  Now would you like to reply to this or shall I?”

“You go ahead,” said Kevin.  “I have to call Mark about these late bookings.”

So Edward began to type as follows:

You star!  Ellen, I’m thrilled that you are planning to

sate my appetite for bare flesh with a visual feast of

your uncovered legs garnished with a dainty miniskirt.

Yet as much as this prospect ignites my passion and

stirs my libido, I feel irresistibly impelled to venture

one further request, which I confess is so forward that

I dare not advance it lest I incur your wrath.  Would

you permit me to ask a favour that might shock you

a little?  Do but say no and I shall bury the thought,

never to let it resurface.  What say you, Ellen?

Ever yours,

Kevin.

Taking a deep breath, Edward sent the email.  Glancing up at Kevin, he realised his colleague had not even seen the email – he was too busy on the phone.  Creeping back to his desk, Edward waited in tense anticipation.

He did not have to wait long.  Less than ten minutes later, Kevin’s phone rang and he picked it up.

“Oh hi Ellen.  You what?  Uh, yeah.  Well, I’m … er … thinking of becoming a novelist you know. Just practising my fancy language.  I … really?  Well yeah, of course I did…  Okay…  well that’s good I guess.  Anyway listen, I’ve just spoken with Mike and he assures me they’ll be coming through on your fax machine in the next five minutes.  Yeah, well that’s what I said.  Okay, bye then.”  Kevin put the phone down, then whirled round in his seat to face Edward.  “What the *hell*did you write?” he demanded.

Edward’s cheeks flushed slightly.  “Well, I just asked if I could ask her something.”

“She thinks I’ve totally lost it!” exclaimed Kevin.  He chuckled humourlessly.  “She said I don’t seem like the same person in my emails.”

“Okay, fine, well that’s easily remedied,” said Edward with a shrug.  “I’ll just stop writing to her.”

Kevin shook his head.  “Look, you don’t need to stop writing.  Just, I don’t know, can’t you tone down the posh language a bit?”

Edward frowned, then shrugged.  “Sure, whatever,” he said.  “Is she going to reply to that one?”

“I doubt it,” said Kevin.  “What she said on the phone was, ‘If you want to ask something, just ask it damnit!’  Or words to that effect.”

“Okay, well that’s reply enough,” said Edward.  He got up and wandered over to Kevin’s computer. “Move over then.”

Kevin got out of his chair and Edward sat down.  He began to type once more.

Dear Ellen,

I apologise for the excessive floweriness of my

language – I’ll try to keep the long words to a

minimum in future.  My request was simply this:

could you possibly, in addition to wearing a short

skirt and bare legs on Monday, wear one of those

nice see-through white blouses that I often see

office girls wearing these days?  I would be most

happy if you did.

Love, Kevin.

“That’s better,” Kevin approved.  “Go ahead – send it.”

Edward sent the mail and returned to his desk.  Fifteen minutes later Kevin reported that Ellen had replied.  He read the email out loud.

“She says, ‘I think I can manage that.  I have a tattoo on my breast that you should be able to see through my blouse.  Think about that, big boy!  Love, Ellen.’  That’s it.”

“Short but sweet,” said Edward.  “Big boy?”

Kevin grinned.  “So what are you going to write now?”

“Oh, I don’t know.  I think I might just leave well alone for now.  Already she’s agreed to visit us in a short skirt with bare legs and a see-through blouse – what more could I ask for?”

“Well I don’t know,” said Kevin, “but I think she’s game for more if you keep going.  She’s quite uninhibited, by all accounts.”

Edward pondered this for a few minutes, then took the keyboard back from Kevin.  He wrote:

Dear Luscious Ellen,

I can’t wait to see this tattoo of yours.  If it’s on your

breast, does that mean you won’t be wearing a bra??

That’s quite a thought.  At any rate, I’m especially

looking forward to seeing you in that short skirt.  If

you could oblige me by being rather careless in the

way you sit down and get up again, perhaps I might

even get a glimpse of your panties!  That would really

make my day.  I think Edward, my colleague in this

office, is also looking forward to that possibility.

Love, Kevin.

Kevin laughed as he saw this.  “Rude, Ed, very rude.”

“Too rude?”

“Nah.  At the very least she’ll tell you not to be so optimistic.  But send it anyway.”

Edward did so, then went back to his desk.  The mid-afternoon rush was just beginning, and it was not until half past four that it suddenly occurred to him to wonder whether Ellen had replied to his latest message.  He turned to Kevin and asked.

“Nope,” replied Kevin.  “I think you really shocked her this time.”

Edward’s face took on an agonised expression.  “Damn, I knew it was too much!” he said.  “You shouldn’t have let me send it!”

“What are you worried about?” asked Kevin.  “It’s *my* name at the bottom.”

“Oh, that’s true,” agreed Edward.  “Never mind then.”

At ten to five, however, a reply finally came through.  Edward hurried over to have a look.  It read:

HI KEVIN,

WHO SAYS I’LL BE WEARING PANTIES??

ANWAY SORRY IT TOOK ME SO LONG TO
REPLY BUT I WAS IN A MEETING FOR MOST
OF THE AFTERNOON.  I’M AFRAID I WILL BE
WEARING A BRA – SORRY!  BUT I WOULD
PROBABLY GET THE SACK IF I DIDN’T.  I’M

OFF TOMORROW, SO HAVE A GOOD WEEKEND

AND I’LL SEE YOU ON MONDAY.

LUV AND KISSES, ELLEN.

“Only one typo this time,” Edward observed.  “Anyway it’s nice to know she wasn’t offended.  Want me to pen a quick reply before she leaves?”

“Yeah, but you’d better hurry.  She tends to leave five minutes early if she can get away with it.”

“Okay.”  Edward took Kevin’s seat and typed:

Dear Ellen,

While it would no doubt blow my mind to see your

naked nether regions, I actually do love to see panties

up a girl’s skirt, so don’t feel you have to come here

pantyless on my account.  Still it’s up to you.  This is

getting quite exciting isn’t it?  By the way did I ever

tell you I’m partly Scottish?  Maybe I’ll come to work

on Monday in my kilt, and you know what a Scotsman

wears underneath a kilt…

Love, Kevin.

“Hey, I’m not partly Scottish!” said Kevin.

“Neither are you remotely interested in seeing up Ellen’s skirt,” said Edward, “but you didn’t object to me writing that.  Anyway, that part’s obviously not supposed to be serious – she won’t be expecting to see you in a kilt, don’t worry.”

“I suppose so.  Go ahead then.”

Edward sent the email, then shut down his computer and prepared to go home.  Before he left he turned to Kevin.  “So what will you say to her if she turns up on Monday in the clothes I’ve requested?” he asked.

Kevin shrugged.  “Nothing probably.  You can though if you want.”

She’s obviously not interested in my opinions,” said Edward.  “But for heaven’s sake, tell her you like what she’s wearing, otherwise she’ll wonder why on Earth she bothered, and why you asked for those clothes in the first place.”

“We’ll see,” said Kevin.

The next day, of course, saw no correspondence with Ellen.  The weekend came and went, and on Monday Edward arrived at work eager to meet Ellen for the first time.  At eleven o’clock, he saw a car pull up outside the office and could barely contain his excitement.  Over the weekend he had built up this encounter in his mind, and he was very hopeful of getting at least a glimpse of panties at some stage during the day.

But his heart sank when he saw Gareth Redwell, the Managing Director of the Felixstowe office walk in, closely followed by a young woman wearing a skirt that came down to well below mid-thigh, and sturdy tights beneath.  Edward stood up as the Director entered.

“Hello,” said Gareth.  “Gareth Redwell, Managing Director, FMR Felixstowe.”

“Yes, we’ve met,” said Edward, shaking the man’s hand.  “I’m Edward Murray.”

“Ah yes.”  Gareth nodded.  “This is Ellen Watson, from the customer service department.  I believe she’ll be sitting with Kevin today.  Hello Kevin!”  He walked over to shake Kevin’s hand.

“Hi,” said Edward to Ellen, smiling at her a little shyly.  She returned the smile briefly and shook his hand, then turned to look at Kevin.  She gave him a big smile and waved.

Edward noticed that despite the excessive length of her skirt and her thick tights, she was at least wearing a thin white blouse through which he could easily see her bra and a dark tattoo high up on her right breast.  He was only afforded a brief look, however, before Ellen walked over to Kevin’s desk. The three of them chatted for a while, and Edward busied himself with his own work until Gareth left the office.  He turned to look at Ellen, who was now sitting on a chair with her legs crossed while Kevin showed her his job.

For a few minutes Edward tried to think of an excuse to go over and talk to them, but soon decided it just was not worth the effort.  He gave up on the idea and simply carried on with his job.  But he could not stop thinking about her.  She was far from pretty, he had to admit, but she was certainly not ‘ugly’, as Kevin had described her.  And her legs were perfectly acceptable – maybe not as slim as most would consider attractive, but they were not fat, and Edward liked them very much – he just wished he could see more of them.

Over the next couple of hours he did in fact get a couple more opportunities to peer at her bra-clad breasts through her blouse, but he had had no luck looking up her skirt by the time she got up to leave at two o’clock.

“Okay,” she said, “time to go.  Unless you’d like to take me out to the pub tonight Kevin?”

“Um, I’ve got plans tonight,” said Kevin.  “Maybe Edward will take you out.”

Edward turned around hopefully and stood up.  “Sure, if you like,” he said.

Ellen laughed.  “I don’t think we’d both fit on your bicycle,” she said.

“I have a car now,” began Edward, flushing slightly, but she was no longer listening to him.

“I’ll call you when I get back to Felixstowe,” she said to Kevin.  “See you later.”  She walked out of the office, smiling briefly at Edward as she passed him.

After she had gone, Edward sat down in his chair, thoroughly deflated.

“Hmph,” he said to Kevin.  “So much for the short skirt and bare legs.”
Kevin shrugged.  “I’m not complaining,” he said.

“You wouldn’t.  Anyway I thought you said she was ugly – she’s not at all.  I quite like her.”

Kevin wrinkled his nose up.  “Her face is funny-looking,” he said.  “And did you see her teeth?”

“What’s wrong with her teeth?” inquired Edward.

“All big and crooked…”

“They’re not *that*bad,” said Edward defensively.  “I think she’s quite sweet.”

“You’re really obsessed with her, aren’t you?” observed Kevin.  “Were you really planning to take her out to the pub?”

“Yeah, with my wife,” said Edward.

“And how would that work?” inquired Kevin.  “Would Cheri go for that?  What would you hope to achieve?”

“I don’t know.  I just like her.  I like her lack of inhibitions – though she showed little of that quality today.  I just thought it might be nice to get to know her a bit better.”

“With a view to what?” pressed Kevin.

And here Edward was not willing to discuss the matter further.  In his fantasies he imagined Ellen and Cheri, his wife, getting ‘friendly’ and the three of them tumbling into bed together after becoming nicely drunk at the pub.  But he did not dare admit this to Kevin – this would reveal more about Cheri than he wanted the general public to know, and office gossip was notorious for spreading any hint of scandal like wildfire.  It was not that Cheri was bisexual, but she *was*bi-curious, and Edward was always on the lookout for a prospective lover for them both.  Not that Ellen particularly fit the bill, of course – he had a feeling, deep down, that she and Cheri would not have much in common, but he still held out some hope of indulging his passion for voyeurism.

“Just in the hope of persuading her to reveal a bit of flesh,” he responded rather lamely.  “Anyway, it’s academic now – who knows when she’ll next come back this way?”

“Probably not for a few months,” said Kevin.  “But she’ll probably find an excuse to come back just to see me.”

Edward shook his head in bemusement.  What did Ellen see in Kevin?  He returned to his desk and sat down, contemplating the day’s disappointments.  The thing that bothered him most was that Ellen had dismissed him, simply because she had been told that he cycled to work.  What was wrong with trying to keep fit?  At any rate, there was no longer much point in continuing to write Kevin’s emails for him.  Edward was thoroughly disillusioned with the whole thing.

Several months later, Ellen visited the office again, this time unannounced.  Edward had by now forgiven her for dismissing him, and had pretty much put her out of his mind.  He was greatly surprised and delighted, however, to see her walk into the office wearing not only a much shorter skirt than last time, but also with bare legs!  He beamed at her and got to his feet.

“Hello Ellen!” he said.  “Nice to see you again.  I didn’t know you were coming.”

“Hi,” she said.  “Well I just thought it was time I showed my face around here again.”  She looked across to the other desk.  “Is Kevin about?”

“Um, no I’m afraid not,” apologised Edward.  “He’s off all this week.  Mike’s covering his job, but he’s out of the office at the moment.”

“Oh.  Well I’ll just wait for him to get back.”  She went to sit down at Kevin’s desk.

Edward could not tell from her expression whether she was disappointed or not, but he was sure she must be.  “Can I make you a cup of tea?” he suggested.  “Or coffee?”

“Um, coffee please,” said Ellen.  “White, one sugar.”

“Coming right up,” said Edward with a smile.  He went through to the kitchen and put the kettle on, racking his brains for some way of letting her know he appreciated what she was wearing.  How could he do that without sounding lecherous or inviting a lawsuit for sexual harassment?  He ought, really, to say nothing at all, but he did not want her to think that her efforts had been wasted.  If only she knew that it had been he who had written those emails!  But of course he could not tell her that, either.

He took Ellen’s coffee through and set it down on Kevin’s desk.  She was sitting with her legs uncrossed, and her knees very slightly apart, and as he put the drink down Edward contrived to lean over a little further than necessary so that he could try to sneak a look up her skirt.  But he could not look very far up – she was sitting too close to the desk – and he contented himself with the view of a nice long stretch of her inner thighs.

“Thanks,” said Ellen, not noticing Edward’s intrusive glance.

“Pleasure,” replied Edward.  He returned to his desk and tried to formulate some kind of compliment that would not sound too lustful.

But at that moment Mike, Kevin’s deputy, walked in.  “Hi Ellen,” he said breezily.  “Come to do my job?”

Ellen laughed, and Edward frowned internally.  He cursed his slowness – now he might not get another opportunity to talk to Ellen alone.  He turned to his computer and got back to work, but glanced behind him every couple of minutes just in case Ellen turned around in her chair and afforded him a glimpse of panties.  The skirt really was quite short – above mid-thigh – and when she was sitting down it was even shorter.

In fact, as time passed, and Ellen shifted her position in her chair, the skirt became shorter still as its hemline worked its way up her legs.  She was sitting with her back to Edward, but occasionally she would swivel her chair around so that she was side-on to him, and then Edward would be granted a beautiful view of her left leg with the hemline running down on a slope so that if she stood up without pulling her skirt down, the lower half of her buttocks would be revealed.

The best moment came when, while turned side-on to Edward, Ellen leaned over to her right, and her left buttock was lifted off the seat for just a fraction of a second.  Edward, his eyes glued to her hemline and his mouth slightly open, watched as part of her bottom was momentarily revealed. Unfortunately she did not lean over quite far enough to show her panties, but Edward was nevertheless very happy with the moment.

When Mike left the office a few minutes later, Edward knew he had to act fast.  He mentally paced up and down nervously while he gathered his thoughts, then he took a deep breath and turned around in his chair.

“Ellen?” he said.

She turned to face him, though her knees did not come around far enough for Edward to be able to see up her skirt.  She raised an eyebrow quizzically.

“I hope you won’t mind me saying this,” Edward continued, “but I feel I must say that you look absolutely fantastic in that skirt.”

“Oh, thank you!” replied Ellen, apparently unsure how she should reply to this.  “It was kind of cold this morning, but I figured it would warm up.”

“Ah, um, yes,” said Edward, now rather tongue-tied and lost for words.  “It is quite warm for the time of year, isn’t it?”  Idiot! he cursed himself silently.

Ellen turned back to her computer, and the moment was gone.  Edward felt glad that he had finally complimented her, but frustrated that he had failed to follow up on it effectively.  His plan had not extended beyond the initial overture.

Later, when Mike was again out of the office, he spoke to her again.  “Am I right in thinking you still don’t have an external email facility in Felixstowe?” he asked her.

Ellen shook her head.  “The directors and managers do,” she said, “but I’ve just got the internal version.  I keep asking for them to give me full email access, but they keep fobbing me off.”

“Oh, that’s a shame,” said Edward.  “Do you not contact people on this site who aren’t on the Felixstowe network?”

“Yes, I do,” affirmed Ellen, “and that’s why I’d find it useful.  But our IT people seem kind of work-shy.  I’ll keep asking though.”

Edward nodded and smiled.  “I regularly get sent lots of amusing joke-type emails from a friend of mine,” he said, “and I forward them to a lot of people on this site.  If you get external email, I’ll add you to my joke list if you like.”

“Sure.”  Ellen shrugged.

“Otherwise,” continued Edward, “you could persuade them to give you a job here in London as Kevin’s secretary.”

“Oh, I’d like that,” said Ellen with a smile.  “I’ve suggested it, in fact.  But I don’t think they feel he needs one.”

“True enough,” admitted Edward, “but we’d certainly welcome the short skirts in this office.”  He grinned, feeling bolder now.

Ellen smiled and blushed a little.  “Well, I’d better get on with these orders,” she said, and turned back to her computer.

A little later Mike came back in, and Edward did not have a chance to speak to Ellen again before she left.  After she had gone, he smiled to himself, very happy with the way the day had turned out.

The following week, Kevin was back in the office and Edward told him about Ellen’s eye-catching visit.  Kevin was unimpressed, but nevertheless phoned her up while Edward was making a cup of tea.  When Edward walked carefully back into the office holding two rather full mugs, Kevin looked up at him with an amused expression.

“What did you say to her exactly?” he asked.

Edward placed one of the mugs down on Kevin’s desk.  “Merely that she looked fantastic,” he said. “Nothing obscene, don’t worry.”

“Well she seems a bit worried about *you*,” said Kevin.

Edward frowned.  “Worried?  Like how?”

“She asked me if you’re all right,” explained Kevin.  “And then she asked if you’re some kind of pervert.”

“Really?  Well I hope you said ‘Yes, absolutely’,” said Edward, and Kevin laughed.

Edward sat down at his desk.  His brow furrowed as he thought about what Kevin had said.  Then he turned around.  “She really asked if I was a pervert?”

Kevin nodded.

“Well good grief!” Edward exclaimed.  “Bearing in mind the sexually degenerate nature of past correspondence between you and her, I’m kind of incensed that she should make such a comment! I’ve seen the emails that you and she exchanged – hell, I wrote half of them myself – and she calls *me*a pervert?”  Edward got to his feet and began to pace across the office.  “This is just too much – how can *you*get away with every kind of lewd suggestion and obtain responses in the same vein, while I make a perfectly innocent remark – a *compliment*, mind you – only to be branded a sexual deviant? What is the world coming to?  Whither sanity?  Is it simply because she fancies you and not me? (a prospect that I find as baffling as any), or perhaps because she knows you and does not know me?  I demand to know!  Does she view the banter between you both as harmless flirtation yet infer a sinister undercurrent in my own professions of admiration?  I ask you, is that fair?  Hell no!  Accurate it may be, but that is not the point!  If she is such a shrewd judge of character that she knows you are not interested in her and can therefore be regarded as a safe target for her sexual innuendo, then why is she not on some level insulted by your lack of, well, interest?  And have I fallen over myself to entice or seduce her?  I think not!  Whether or not my compliment was driven by a hidden agenda or ulterior motive, I did not phrase it in any kind of manner that would invite the inference that this was the case. Which sentence, Kevin, would you consider more worthy of suspicion were it directed at you: ‘Would you please uncross your legs in a pseudo-unintentionally overt manner so that I can get a look at your panties’, or ‘I think you look great in that skirt’?  Yes!  Well may you stare at me in bemusement!  My point precisely.  This is a mystery of the human character that must be fathomed at all costs.  I would like you to pen an email to Miss Watson forthwith, asking her to please explain what madness drove her to the conclusion that I am ‘some kind of pervert’.  Actually, on second thoughts don’t.”  Edward took a deep breath.  “I think I should ponder this matter further before I stir something up that may be better left unstirred.  Office gossip will be the death of me otherwise.  Heigh-ho, I’ll figure it out somehow.”  He sighed, then looked askance at his dumbstruck colleague.  “What’s the matter Kevin – cat got your tongue?”

Three more months passed.  Ellen’s second visit was a mere distant memory now, and so it was a complete surprise when Edward checked his email one morning and found a new message in there from an unexpected source.  The header read, ‘From: Ellen Watson’.  Eagerly Edward opened the message.

HI EDWARD.  FINALY GOT FULL EMAIL.  HOW
ABOUT PUTTING ME ON YOUR JOKE LIST?  I

HEARD FROM CATHERINE THAT SOME OF THEM
ARE PRETTY GOOD.

CIAO, ELLEN.

Quickly, Edward wrote a reply:

Hi Ellen!  Nice to hear from you.  It’s great that you’ve

got proper email now, but might I suggest that you write

in lower case?  Writing in capitals is known as ‘shouting’

and can be a little hard on the reader’s eye.  Anyway, I’m

attaching an email I sent to my joke list yesterday – it’s

called ’50 fun things to do in an elevator’.  I hope you

enjoy it!

Regards, Edward.

Later that morning, Edward received another message and opened it.  This one read:

Hi again Edward.  Thanks for the tip – I’ll try to remember

not to type in capitals.  I liked the joke – especially the one

about the handbag.  Very bizare.

Ellen.

Edward smiled to himself.  At last he was corresponding with Ellen, and as himself!  It was a relief not to have to sign himself ‘Kevin’.  But how was he to introduce a little erotic content into the emails? Flirting was not something that came naturally to him – how did one do it exactly?  How did it start? After considering the matter for a while, he finally wrote:

Hi Ellen.  Glad you liked the joke.  Incidentally, when are

you next coming to visit us here in London?  It’s been a

while since you last dropped by.

Regards, Edward.

Half an hour later he got a reply:

I may be coming up in a fortnight or so – I don’t know.  But

I’ve got next week off and I’m covering Tanya the week

after so it won’t be at least until the 19th.  Why, are you

missing me? :)

Ellen.

Edward was almost breathless with excitement at the opportunity with which Ellen had just presented him.  The thought that she might still think of him as a pervert rankled, but there was little point in belying his true character.  He began to type a reply immediately.

I’m glad to hear you’re coming up again soon – I *have*been

missing you, and that wonderfully short skirt of yours!  Is

there any chance you will be wearing it again…?

Regards, Edward.

He considered finishing it ‘Yours, Edward’, but then decided it was too soon, too risky, and in any case he did not want her to make a connection between his emails and those she had received from Kevin.  So he sent it as it was, and then waited anxiously for the reply.  It did not come until half past four in the afternoon, by which time he was getting quite nervous.

Hi Edward.  So, you liked my miniskrit huh?  Well I

guess I could wear it again.  It depends really on who I

come up with.  If Gareth comes with me, I’ll have to

dress more coservatively.

bye, Ellen.

Emboldened, Edward penned this reply:

Hi there Ellen!  Yes, I certainly did enjoy the skirt –

you were, not to put too fine a point on it, devilishly

sexy in it, especially with bare legs.  I am curious

though – is that your very shortest skirt?  I find myself

imagining what you would look like in a miniskirt

even more revealing than the one which you wore last

time you were here.  Just an idle fancy – I’m sure that

was probably your shortest.  Incidentally if you could

wear another see-through blouse next time you come,

that would be excellent :)

Yours, Edward.

Ten minutes later, Kevin called across the room.  “Are you sending sexy emails to Ellen by any chance, Ed?”

“Who me?” responded Edward innocently.  “Can you imagine *me* doing such a thing?”

“Totally,” said Kevin.  “She’s just sent me an email saying you’re turning into quite a flirt.”

“Really?” inquired Edward, curious.  “What else does she say?”

“Nothing much.  Just that you’re keen to see her in a miniskirt again.”

“Well, I am that.”  Edward chuckled.  Then he looked up at Kevin anxiously.  “Did she mention anything about my being a pervert?”

“Kind of.  She started the email off with the words ‘Your pervy friend Edward…’.”

“I’ll take that as a ‘yes’.  Ooh, she’s just sent me one now,” said Edward, as a pop-up window appeared on his screen.  He hit enter and the following message appeared.

Hi Edward.  Thanks for calling me ‘devilishly sexy’.

I don’t think I was quite that, but im sorry to say it

was indeed my shortest skirt – at any rate, the shortest

one that I wear to work.  When I go out of an evening

I occasionally wear a tight red skirt that is even

shorter, but I’d never wear that to work.  However,

you’ve inspired me – maybe i’ll go out shopping this

weekend and see if I can find a nice miniskirt that is

smart enough to be worn in an office.  And I’ll wear

a see-though blouse when I next come and visit.  But

you know, your requests sound awfuly familiar – I’m

beginning to think you might have been behind those

emails that Kevin used to send me.  Were you?

Ellen.

Of course, Edward’s heart leaped into his mouth when he read this.  Ellen was on to him.  Should he come clean?  Or try to bluff it out?  The sensible thing would probably be to deny it, but the urge was great to correct Ellen’s misapprehension that Kevin was capable of such flowery prose.  Thinking hard, he wrote:

Dear Ellen,

It’s a fair cop.  You’ve got me bang to rights.  Yes, I

did write those emails.  But only because Kevin was

having trouble thinking up intelligent replies to your

sexy messages.  I thought I would help him out, but

I stopped once I realised that basically I was writing

to you as myself, not as Kevin, yet I was appending

his name to each message.  I wanted to tell you

before, but I was afraid of how you would react.  I

apologise.  I realise I must seem like a bit of a cad,

but I hope you’ll forgive me in time.

Yours, Edward.

A little later…

Relax Edward!  I’m not upset, I’m just pleased I

figured it out for myself.  So it was really you who

wanted me to wear a miniskirt with bear legs?  Well

I suppose I should be annoyed, but I don’t really

care – I might have worn that outfit anyway.  It’s

getting late now, but shall we carry on this

conversation tomorrow?

Bye, Ellen.

Edward sent the following reply immediately, though he knew Ellen would not get it until the next day:

Hi Ellen,

I’m relieved you’re not angry at me.  It is such a

relief now that you know it was me writing to you

all along.  Anyway I think you’re great, and very

sexy.  And I can’t wait to see the results of your

weekend shopping!  Thoughts of you sitting at your

desk in a tiny little skirt are sending shivers right

through me.  Nice shivers though :)

Yours, Edward.

Five o’clock came and went, with no reply from Ellen, as Edward expected.  He shut down his computer and went home, where he idly mentioned his correspondence with Ellen to his wife Cheri.

“I had an email from Ellen today,” he said.  “Well, quite a few actually.”

“Oh yes?”  Cheri raised an eyebrow.  “Finally got external email access has she?”

Edward nodded.  “And she finally figured out that I’d been the one sending the emails from Kevin’s machine.”

Cheri sighed.  “Oh Ed,” she said.  “What did you say this time?”

“Nothing bad!” Edward protested.  “Not *too*bad at least.  But I think it was just the style of writing, and the things I said, that tipped her off.  But she’s okay with it – doesn’t seem to mind at all.”

“Lucky for you,” said Cheri.  “I never liked the sound of the subterfuge you were practising on that poor girl.  At least that’s out of the way.  So what was the gist of your correspondence today?”

“Oh, well she might be coming up again soon.  I asked her if she’d be wearing a short skirt again and she said she might.  Apparently it depends on whom she comes with.  If it’s the M.D., she tends not to dress quite so provocatively.  Anyway, I was considering inviting her to come with us to the pub after work…  What would you think about that?”

“Oh Ed, you know I hate pubs,” complained Cheri.  “All that horrible smoke.”

“Well how else am I going to introduce the two of you?” asked Edward.

“I’m not sure you should,” countered Cheri.  “Really Ed, I know you have hopes for the three of us, but I just don’t think Ellen’s the one.  Does she strike you as being at all our type?”

“She might be,” said Edward defensively.  “She’s actually quite nice – can’t you just give her a chance?  You never know – you might really hit it off with her.”

Cheri sighed.  “Why not invite her shopping?” she suggested.  “I’m sure she’d like to check out the new mall that’s opened next to the retail park.  We could all go and shop there together.”

Edward considered this.  “Hey, that’s not a bad idea,” he said.  “We could go lingerie shopping for you two.  Or skimpy skirt shopping.”

Cheri rolled her eyes and smiled.  “Edward, you’re hopeless,” she said.  “But I do love you.”

Edward took her into his arms and nuzzled her nose with his.  “I love you too, sweetie-pie.”

The next week passed slowly.  Edward was itching to continue corresponding with Ellen, but since she was on holiday he was obliged to wait.  The weekend came and went, and on Monday morning he eagerly checked his mail.  There was, as yet, nothing from Ellen.

Not being one to wait for the mountain to come to him, Edward rattled off an email as soon as he got the chance:

Hi Ellen!  Did you have a nice holiday?  And did

you buy anything exciting…?  I missed our chats

somewhat, but it’s good to think that you may be

visiting sometime next week.  Have you any

clearer idea of when that might happen?

Yours, Edward.

He got a reply within half an hour:

Hi Edward.  I wasn’t actually *on*holiday – I was

at home decorating.  But I did go shopping like I

said I would, and I found something which I am

sure will get your juices flowing!  It’s supposed

to be a smart business suit, but the skirt is even

shorter than the one you saw me in.  I feel like

Ally McBeal when I wear it.  I’m aiming to come

up next Thursday when Roger visits – he won’t

mind me wearing something so short.  Anyway

hurry up and email me back – it’s really quiet

here today and I’m getting bored.

Ellen.

Edward smiled to himself.  No typos for once, and only one grammatical error.  And she was going to visit wearing an even shorter skirt!  Excellent…  But she was not coming for another week and a half! How would he maintain the momentum until then?  Well, he had to try…

Dear Ellen.  I can’t wait to see you in this suit!

Will you be offended if I spend half the day

trying to look up your miniskirt? :)  I was

thrilled to bits at the sight of the graceful curve

of your bottom as you leaned across the desk

when you were last here – a sight for sore eyes!

I didn’t quite get to see your panties that time,

but maybe if you’re feeling generous you might

afford me a brief glimpse next week?

Yours lustfully, Edward.

Boldness itself!  Edward sent the message and waited nervously for the reply.  It came an hour later:

Edward, I was right about you – you *are*a

pervert!  But I suppose I could let you see my

knickers if it really menas that much to you.

Hmm, now let’s see – should I wear cotten

briefs or a thong…?  You tell me!  And what

colour would you prefer?

Luv, Ellen.

Edward’s heart was pounding.  ‘Luv, Ellen’!  That was a first.  And she was going to show him her panties!  Wonderful!  He penned this reply:

My dearest luscious Ellen,

You are a sex goddess!  I can’t believe you’re

really going to let me see your panties!  I am in

heaven!  I think perhaps a thong might be nice –

white if you’ve got a white one.  On another

(completely unrelated) subject, may I be so

bold as to inquire what you are wearing at the

moment?  I may have come up with a way to

enliven your boring day :)

This was, of course, a blatant attempt to arouse Ellen’s curiosity, and Edward did not really have any idea of how he was going to follow it up, but the ploy worked.  Ellen’s reply arrived within ten minutes:

Dear Edward,

I only have two thongs and their both white,

so your in luck.  Today I’m wearing a dark

blue skirt that comes down to mid-thigh, a

pale blue blouse with the top three buttons

undone so I’m showing some cleavage (and

a bit of bra if I’m not careful), and some

one-inch heels.  My bra and knickers are both

dark red (a matching set).  I’m afraid this

blouse isn’t see-through.  What have you come

up with to make my day less boring?

Luv, Ellen.

Thinking quickly, Edward wasted no time in responding:

Dear Ellen,

I only said I *may*have come up with something.

You may not like the idea.  But here it is: how

about going to the bathroom and removing your

underwear?  Yes, bra *and*panties.  Since your

blouse isn’t see-through, it’s not going to be

obvious that you’re not wearing a bra, unless

of course you are careless and happen to lean

forward at the wrong moment…  But you

wouldn’t be that careless, would you…? :)

What do you think?

Half an hour passed before this reply came through:

Dear Edward,

Naughty boy!  What a bad influence you are!

Anyway I’ve done it – I am now wearing no

underwear at all!  I’ve done up one of the

buttons on my blouse though – my chest was

feeling just too naked.  I hope it doesn’t get

cold in here or my nips will start poking

through!  So what’s next Edward?

Edward rolled his chair forward so that his crotch slid under the desk, thus concealing his growing arousal.  He began to type a new message:

Dear Ellen,

Good girl!  I am now thoroughly aroused

thanks to you.  The next step is to undo that

button again – the element of risk is what it’s

all about!  And make sure you shuffle around

in your seat a bit so that your skirt rides up as

high as you dare.  And don’t be *too*careful

when you get up and sit down.  Give the lads

in your office a chance, even if it’s a small

chance, of seeing that you are not wearing any

underwear.

Love, Edward.

Fifteen minutes later this reply arrived:

Dear Edward,

This is so exciting!  I feel very exposed and

vunerable, though nobody has yet seen

anything they shouldnt.  But I’m getting quite

turned on – I may have to slip out to the

bathroom for a few minutes soon, if u know

what I mean.  But before I do, give me some

more instructions.  And hurry!

Luv and kisses, Ellen.

Edward smiled happily to himself.  ‘Luv and kisses’!  He quickly typed the following:

Dearest Ellen,

You’re doing very well!  I’m sitting here

trying to imagine what you must look like

with your blouse unbuttoned and your skirt

riding high around your bare thighs.  For

your next task (brace yourself) I would like

you to undo the next button on your blouse,

and shuffle around in your seat until your

skirt rides up exactly two inches higher than

its current position.  And since it is getting

late in the day, I have some instructions for

what you should wear tomorrow, if you

would like to hear them.

Love, Edward.

Having sent this email, Edward looked at his watch.  It was ten past four.  He started up his web browser and connected to a news page, reading some of the more interesting stories he found there. One of them caught his attention, and he turned around to face Kevin.

“Interesting piece of news here, Kevin,” he said.

“Oh yes?”  Kevin stopped what he was doing and turned around.

“Yes, apparently they’ve discovered in Madagascar a dinosaur that predated Eoraptor.  They reckon it’s two hundred and thirty million years old.  It’s a prosauropod, which means that the date of divergence between the theropod and sauropodomorph lineages must be earlier than two hundred and thirty million years ago.  And the saurischians and ornithischians must therefore have diverged even earlier – perhaps even in the early Triassic.  Pretty cool huh?”

“Ooh,” said Kevin.

“Yup, I thought you’d be thrilled,” chuckled Edward, and turned back to his screen.  A few minutes later a window popped up informing him of a new message.  Eagerly he opened it.  It read:

Dear Edward,

Are you trying to get me sacked?  I’ve done

as you asked, but I’m feeling very exposed.

My skirt is now almost up to my crotch, and

if I swing around in my seat anybody would

be able to see my pussy.  And my blouse!  If

anyone happens to look downwards as they

pass me theyll be able to see I’m not wearing

a bra, and if I lean forward at all my boobs

will be totally on display.  At least it’s not

long till 5 o’clock.  What should I wear

tomorow, then?

Luv, Ellen.

Smiling, Edward typed a quick response.

Dearest Ellen,

Tomorrow I would like you to wear the short

skirt that you wore when you came here, but

I would like you to shorten it first – it’s just

too long! :)  I’m hoping you can sew.  Take

two inches off, and we’ll see how it looks

after that.  We might shorten it even more

later, but it depends.  I would also like you to

wear a white thong, and bring a vibrator to

work with you (assuming you have one).  If

you have more than one, then bring whichever

is smaller.  On your top half I would like you

to wear a see-through white blouse with a bra

underneath (to start with).  Bare legs of course.

Bye for now – I’ll talk to you tomorrow!

Love, Edward.

Edward sent this message off, and waited for a response.  None came.  Five o’clock came and went, but still Ellen had not replied.  Edward was not overly worried about this – he had not really expected a reply this close to five o’clock.  He himself did not finish until five-thirty, so he spent the next twenty minutes or so finishing up his day’s work before shutting his computer down and leaving the office.

That evening, over supper with his wife, Edward brought up the subject of Ellen again.

“She’s becoming something of an exhibitionist, I think,” he remarked.

“Under your expert tutelage, I suppose,” Cheri replied sardonically.

Edward chuckled.  “I wouldn’t say that, necessarily,” he said.  “I’m merely providing her with suggestions as to how she can brighten an otherwise mundane day at the office.”

“And in doing so brighten the days of her co-workers?”

“Well, that could be a beneficial side-effect,” conceded Edward.

“Have you invited her shopping yet?” asked Cheri.

“Not yet, no.  I’m just waiting for the right moment.”

“Too busy getting a kick out of suggesting ways for her to display her body, more like.”

Edward’s cheeks turned a little pink.  “Okay, so I forgot.  I’ll ask her tomorrow.”

“You do that.  And please try not to get the poor girl into any trouble.  If she gets sacked, it will be on your conscience.”

“Assuming I have one.”

“Edward!”  Cheri frowned.

“All right, all right,” said Edward, holding up his hands placatingly.  “Just joking.  I’ll be careful.”

The following morning, having logged on to his computer at work, Edward eagerly loaded up his email program to check for new messages.  There was none yet, so he busied himself about his daily responsibilities.  Half an hour later, his patience was rewarded.

Dear Edward,

Wow, you certainly had me busy last night!

I can sew, a bit, and to be honest it was not

too difficult a job, but my hands were

shaking with exitement as I did it!  I am now

wearing an indecently short black skirt with

a white thong beneath, and a white see-thru

blouse with a white bra.  And bare legs.  In

my handbag is a small vibrator (though

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO

WITH THAT MISTER MURRAY?)  By

the way noone’s said anything about the

skirt but I have had some funny looks.  So

what’s next, Ed?

Luv, Ellen.

Edward immediately penned this response:

My Dearest Sexy Ellen,

Good girl!  I am very proud of you.  First

of all I would like you to take that vibrator

out of your bag and slide it into your

vagina, under your desk.  Then I want you

to masturbate until you orgasm, while still

sitting at your desk.  Afterwards, leave the

vibrator inside you – I want it to stay inside

you for the rest of the day.  Also, unbutton

as many buttons on your blouse as you dare,

and whenever you are sitting in your chair,

shuffle around until you can just see your

thong just by looking down.  Whenever you

get up, do so without first looking around to

check whether anybody is looking your way.

Simply swing your seat around, get up, and

\*then\* pull your skirt down.

Love, Edward.

Almost an hour elapsed before Edward received this reply:

Oh Edward!

Your instructions just get crazier and

crazier!  Where will it end?  Will you

have me striping naked at my desk?

Anyway, I’ve done as you asked – I had

an orgasm and I’ve left the vibrator in.  My

skirt is now so high up I can see my thong

just by looking down at my crotch, and I

have unbuttoned my blouse all the way

down to my bra.  I have got up from my

desk once so far, but fortunately nobody

was looking.  You are just evil, Ed!  I

was right about you – you are a total

pervert.  So what’s next? :)

Luv, Ellen.

Edward wasted no time in responding with the following message:

My Dearest Ellen,

Pervert I may be, but my instructions to

you would not be nearly so exciting if I

were not.  I would like you now to

attempt something a little risky.  Whenever

you do something where you are standing

up somewhere in the office, whether it be

photocopying or going over to talk to one

of your colleagues at their desk, I want

you to stand with your feet well apart and

then try to force the vibrator out by

clenching the muscles of your vagina.

Of course, if your thong is centred

properly, then you have nothing to fear –

the material will stop the vibrator from

coming out too far.  But there is always

the chance that something will go wrong

and the vibrator will pop out of you and

fall on the floor – and it is that risk that

will make this adventure so exciting.

On another subject, how would you like

to come shopping with me and my wife

next Thursday when you come up this

way?  The new mall here has just opened

and it’s quite impressive.

Love, Edward.

Another half-hour passed.  Edward was beginning to worry about how his invitation might have sounded when a new mail message arrived.

Dearest Edward,

I’d love to check out the new mall!  But

does your wife know you’re inviting me

along??  Anyway I had to go and talk to

Dave a couple of minutes ago so I did as

you asked and tried to squeeze the

vibrator out – it was quite a thrill actually!

It fortunately did not come all the way out

as the thong stopped it, but I pushed it as

hard as I could.  I’ll keep doing the same

thing throughout the rest of the day.  What

now, Ed?

Luv, Ellen.

Edward fired off the following reply:

Dearest Ellen,

I’m glad to hear you’d like to come

shopping with us!  Perhaps we can pick

out some nice short skirts for you to wear

in the office!  My wife knows I’ve invited

you, and she’s fine with it.  She probably

would not like it if you and I went alone,

but if she comes too then she won’t mind

a bit.  Right, next instruction: I want you

to go to the toilet and take off your bra.

(You knew this was coming, didn’t you?)

Put your bra in your handbag and leave it

there for the rest of the day.  You will no

doubt have to achieve new heights of

ingenuity in order to prevent your

colleagues from realising what you have

done, but I know you like a challenge :)

Love, Edward.

Twenty minutes later…

Dear Ed,

I’ve done it!  I can’t believe it, but I’ve

done it.  When I press my blouse to my

chest I can clearly see my nipples.  It’s

pretty scary, but I’m also turned on.  By

the way does your wife also know about

these emails we’ve been sending to each

other?

Luv, Ellen.

Dearest Ellen,

Yes, she knows.  My wife and I have no

secrets from each other.  Does that bother

you?  I think perhaps I’ll wait for your

reply to this before I give you any more

instructions.

Love, Edward.

Dear Ed,

Well, it’s a little strange…  But I suppose

I don’t mind.  Anyway hurry up and give

me some more instructions!

Luv, Ellen.

Edward smiled to himself.  Another bridge crossed.  He began to type a reply.

Dearest Ellen,

Now I would like you to take off your

thong.  But not in the bathroom – at your

desk.  Then I would like you to carry on

with your vagina-clenching adventures,

only this time you’ll have to push out the

vibrator just as far as you can while still

being able to retrieve it.  You’ll have to

be very careful, but see how close you

can get to the point of no return.

Love, Edward.

Forty minutes later, this reply from Ellen arrived:

Dearest Ed,

It fell out!  I can’t believe it!  I’m so

embarassed!  I managed to get my thong

off (quite difficult!), and then I went over

to Dave’s desk.  I placed my feet about a

foot apart, and while talking to him I

pushed the vibrator in and out, getting it

further and further out each time.  Then

I went back to my desk.  A few minutes

later I tried the same thing with Roger,

only this time I pushed it too far, and

before I had a chance to react, it popped

out and fell on the floor!  I immediately

reached down and grabbed it, but of

course he saw what it was.  I had nowhere

to put it, so I just ran back to my desk and

put it in my handbag.  I’m shaking like a

leaf!  I guess this will make you happy

but I’m worried about my job.  What

should I do?

Luv, Ellen.

Edward, immensely turned on by this story, wrote back straight away.

Dearest Ellen,

Go and have a quiet word with Roger.  I’m

sure he’ll keep this to himself if you ask him

nicely.  He’s probably happily fantasising

about you this very minute.  Maybe you

could bend over his desk and let him see

that you’re not wearing a bra.  If he’s like

most guys he’ll be happy to keep the story

to himself if he thinks you’re likely to show

yourself for him off in future.

Love, Edward.

Some time later he got the following message.  It was now half-past two in the afternoon.

Dearest Ed,

Well, it was horribly embarassing but I

talked to him and he promised not to tell

anyone about it.  I didn’t bend over or

anything but he kept staring at my chest

so I think he could see I wasn’t wearing

a bra.  Oh, by the way he’s changed his

plans – he’s now coming up this Thursday

instead of next week, so I’ll be seeing you

the day after tomorrow, if you haven’t got

me sacked by then!  Anyway I think that’s

enough instructions for one day.  I’m half

naked and I’ve already embarassed

myself more than enough.

Luv, Ellen.

Edward wrote back:

Dearest Ellen,

You’re embarrassed now, but you’ll get

over it.  The thrill of getting caught can be

as great, if not greater, than the thrill of

taking the risk in the first place.  When the

consequences of getting caught turn out to

be minor, as in this case, then it just makes

the thrill all the sweeter.  You’ve done

splendidly well today, Ellen.  I’ll respect

your wishes and issue no further

instructions today, but would you at least

permit me to tell you what you should

wear tomorrow?  Incidentally, it’s great

that you’re coming up on Thursday!  I

can’t wait!

Love, Edward.

Half an hour or so later, he received this message:

Dearest Ed,

Well I don’t know if I agree – getting

caught was awfull.  But I suppose I’ll get

over it – as long as Roger keeps his mouth

shut.  So what should I wear tomorrow?

Luv, Ellen.

Having read this, Edward sent his final message of the day:

Dearest Ellen,

I’d like you to wear a short skirt the same

length as the one you’ve been wearing

today (more sewing, I’m afraid).  Bare legs

again, but this time I want you to wear a

regular pair of panties instead of a thong.

Wear a see-through blouse, if you have

another one, but with no bra underneath.

In addition, I want you to bring to work a

large packet of marshmallows and a ripe

banana.  Talk to you tomorrow!

Love, Edward.

He did not receive any more messages from Ellen, which worried him a little, though he was not about to send another just to inquire whether or not she had taken offence at his requests.  Eventually, as five o’clock was approaching, he turned to Kevin.

“You spoken to Ellen recently?” he inquired innocently.

 “Yeah, a few minutes ago,” replied Kevin.

“Ah.”  Edward thought for a moment.  “I’ve, er, been corresponding with her a bit lately.  Did she mention anything about that?”

Kevin raised an eyebrow.  “Not really,” he said.  “Why, is there something I should know?”

“Oh, no, nothing at all,” said Edward, waving a hand dismissively.  “Just wondered how much she tells you – I know you and she talk a lot.”

“Yeah, not about you though.”

“That’s good.”  Edward smiled briefly and turned back to his desk.  So, Ellen was turning somewhat secretive?  This was a good sign.  She obviously no longer viewed what she did as innocent fun.  Now it was something darker, more serious.  Something not to be spoken about even with her friends…

The following day, Kevin received an email from Ellen shortly after he got in.  It read:

Dearest Edward,

I feel so naughty!  I think I cut this skirt

even shorter than the other one – I feel so

naked in it!  But its exciting.  I’ve got the

food things you aksed for.  What shall I do

with them?

Yours, Ellen.

Edward smiled, closed his eyes, and breathed deeply.  He then penned this reply:

My dearest Ellen,

You \*are\* naughty!  But isn’t it fun?  I’m

very glad to hear you have the items I

requested.  Firstly I would like you to peel

the banana and slide it into your vagina.  It

will be a challenge to prevent other people

from seeing what you are doing, but that

makes it all the more fun!  Make sure you

get all the banana inside you, for it will only

be your panties holding it in.  By the way,

are you wearing a see-through blouse?  And

has anyone noticed you are not wearing a

bra?

Love, Edward.

The following response arrived fifteen minutes later:

Oh Edward,

I am so horny I could almost explode!  I

have the banana inside me now and it

feels wonderfull.  My blouse is not quite

as see-through as some of my others, but

it is still possible to see my nipples if you

look closely.  Fortunately nobody has

looked that closely!  Anyway what would

you like me to do now?

Luv and hot kisses, Ellen.

Wow!  Luv and hot kisses!  Edward’s cheeks flushed with excitement.  He began to type feverishly.

My dearest horny Ellen,

So my little sexpot is horny?  Well, I

think you deserve some relief from that

frustration, so I will allow you to

masturbate, but there are some conditions

you must adhere to.  First, you must pull

your skirt up until it reveals three or four

inches of buttocks at the back and panties

at the front.  Slide your bottom forward in

your chair until you are slouching in a

posture that just might conceivably invite

comment.  Spread your legs wide under

your desk (as wide as they’ll go), put your

hand down the front of your panties, and

masturbate until you reach the brink of

orgasm.  But don’t come!  At this point you

must get up from your desk, but don’t pull

your skirt down until you are fully standing

up, and don’t pull it \*quite\* all the way

down.  Leave it so that the hemline only

just covers your buttocks.  Then go and see

Roger on some errand (I’m sure you’ll think

of some excuse).  While talking to Roger,

you must bring yourself to orgasm.  I don’t

mind how you do it, just as long as you

don’t conceal your groin from him (sitting

down on the other side of his desk would be

cheating).  Once you have climaxed, and

returned to your desk, email me and let me

know how it went!

Love and hugs, Edward.

Edward contemplated this ending, his lips pursed.  He couldn’t return the kisses, even in an email – hugs were fine but kisses smacked of infidelity, which was something he could not allow himself to consider.  Cheri allowed him certain freedoms, but they both knew where the line was drawn, and even text-based kisses were too close to that line for comfort.  He hoped his chosen method of signing off would not send the wrong signal to Ellen – he did not want to discourage her, but then again he did not want to seem available.  Sighing with resignation, he sent the message.

Five minutes later, his phone rang.

“Edward Murray speaking, can I help you?” he pattered into the mouthpiece.

“*Edward!*” hissed a female voice on the other end of the line.  “*It’s Ellen.*”

“Hi Ellen!” said Edward in surprise, keeping his voice low in the hope that Kevin would not overhear. “This is an unexpected pleasure.”

“*Edward, how can I do this?*” came Ellen’s desperate whisper.  “*I love the idea, but I can’t figure out how I can bring myself off in front of Roger without him knowing what I’m doing.*”

“Ah.”  Edward nodded sagely, then reflected idly that this was a futile gesture.  “A tricky one I’ll admit, but not impossible.  Naturally there has to be the element of risk that he *will*realise what you are up to, but I think if you distract his attention with whatever excuse you have for going over there…  Have you thought of anything incidentally?”

“*Well, yes – an email from Walter about car passes.  He’s been parking in a yellow pass zone when he’s only got a white pass – I was going to warn him that Walter’s cracking down on that sort of thing – he’s talking about banning offending vehicles.*”

“Won’t Roger have seen the email himself?” asked Edward.

“*Not likely.*”  Ellen snorted.  “*Roger’s still a bit behind the times when it comes to computers.  He hasn’t figured out auto-notification yet – he probably won’t see the email until sometime this afternoon, if he checks mail today at all.*”

“I see.”  Edward lowered his voice still further.  “Well, stand at his left shoulder while you show him the email.  Point at his screen with your left hand, and while he’s reading the email you can have your right hand stuck down your skirt.”

There was a moment’s silence at the other end.  “*Actually … that’s pretty good,*” admitted Ellen grudgingly.  “*Thanks.  I’ll try it.*”

“Good girl,” said Edward.

“*Edward?*”

“Yes, Ellen?”

“*You’re a sick man, do you know that?*”

“I do.”

“*And you seem to be turning me into quite a … slut.  No, not a slut.  I don’t know what the hell I’m becoming…*”

“An exhibitionist,” said Edward quietly, with a backward glance towards Kevin’s desk.  His colleague was fortunately on the phone and was concentrating on his own conversation.

“*Oh.  Yes, that’s it.  But I must say I’m enjoying it.  I just hope I don’t get the sack because of it.  That’s my biggest worry, you know.  Where are you going to draw the line?  Your instructions just keep getting wilder and wilder!*”

“They do, don’t they?” agreed Edward with a smile.  “Well, I’ll just keep you in suspense on that score.  Enjoy your little adventure, Ellen.  And email me when you’re done.  I shall be waiting with eager anticipation.”

“*Okay, I will.  Bye!*”  Ellen hung up.

Edward sighed contentedly, then turned to his work.

A new message arrived thirty-five minutes later.

Dearest Edward,

Hi, my instructor!  It’s your little sexpot

here!  I’ve done as you asked, but I think he

figured out what I was doing!!  He didn’t

say anything, but he kept making these

sidelong glances so suddenly I didn’t have

time to whip my hand out of my panties!  I

mean, he never looked all the way back so

I can’t be sure, but he might have seen me

out of the corner of his eye.  Anyway, it

actually went quite smoothly – the worst

part was actually getting up from my chair.

I loved the first part, masturbating under my

desk with my legs wide apart – because

nobody could see what I was doing.  But

when I got up I did as you asked and left my

skirt hithed up until I was standing straight

up, then I pulled it down, but when I turned

around there was Kate looking at me with

this really weird expresion!  She looked

away and walked off, but I just \*know\* she

saw my panites and everything!  I felt so

awful I nearly didn’t go through with the

other part, but I did.  I haven’t seen Kate

since but I dread to think what she might be

telling other people.  So what’s next,

instructor?

Luv, Ellen.

Thoroughly aroused by this account, Edward responded thus:

My Dearest Exhibitionistic Ellen,

Ah, you are doing so well!  I am very proud

of you.  Now I would like you to spend

every moment that you are away from your

desk squeezing out the banana into your

panties.  You may not adjust your panties

in any way to facilitate its expulsion, nor

may you use your hands to help it out, and

you may not go to the bathroom until it has

been out of your vagina and sitting in your

panties for at least ten minutes.  At the end

of that time you may go to the bathroom

and get rid of it.

Love, Edward.

The minutes passed slowly thereafter.  It was another half hour before he got this next message:

Dearest Edward,

You are a genius, Ed!  You seem to know

exactly how far to push this whole risk

thing without going too far.  It’s really neat.

Anyway I did as you asked.  When I was up

and about, walking around the office, I

forced the banana out into my panties.  It

took a little while, and I had to kind of

bounce a little to let gravity help me,

otherwise I think it would have stayed

permenantly half in and half out of me!  I

sat down after that with the banana pressing

against my pussy.  I could smell the banana

and I was paranoid about other people

smelling it too.  After ten minutes I walked

to the bathroom carefully – it nearly fell

out!  I had to wipe myself and my panties

to remove the traces of banana.  Anyway

I am now clean, and empty.  What now?

(By the way I am at a meeting from 2 till

3 this afternoon.  I’d totally forgotten

about it when I put on this skirt this

morning – I’m really worried I’ll get into

trouble.  Gareth won’t be there (thank god!)

but a couple of the other bigwigs will.  The

worst part is that I have to make a bit of a

presentation in front of them all :(

Luv, Ellen.

Edward looked at his watch.  It was almost noon.  The fact that she was going into a meeting later had given him an idea, but there were two hours to kill until then.  He began to type.

Dearest Ellen,

Well done – you handled that banana

adventure very nicely.  But before you move

on to the marshmallows, I would like you to

go to the bathroom, strip naked apart from

your shoes, hide your clothes behind the

cistern, then go out of your stall and lock

yourself in the adjacent stall.  There you

may go to the loo if you need to, but don’t

come out until somebody else has come in

and gone out.  Once they have done so, you

may retrieve your clothes, but you must get

dressed not in a stall but in front of the

washbasins.  When you have done that,

email me to let me know how it went.

Love and hugs, Edward.

Not terribly inspired, he reflected after he had sent the message, but it was adequate.  At the very least it would set Ellen’s adrenaline flowing while she waited naked for someone to come and use the toilets and perhaps discover her clothes.

The phone rang.  Edward picked it up.  “Edward Murray speaking, can I help you?” he said.

“*Hi, it’s me again,*” came a breathy whisper.  “*There’s only one stall in the ladies’ toilet.  What should I do?*”

“Oh!”  Edward was stumped.  “In that case…” he said, desperately racking his brain for ideas, “simply leave your clothes on top of the cistern … then go out of the stall … no, *climb*out of the stall naked, with the door locked so you won’t find it easy to get back in.  Count sixty seconds, then go back into the stall.  How you get back in is up to you.  Then, if nobody has yet come into the toilet, unlock the door, take your clothes out of the stall, and get dressed in front of the washbasins.”

“*Wow, scary!  Um, this is going to be so intense…  Okay, I’ll do it.  Wish me luck!*”

“Luck?  I don’t think so.”

“*You are just evil!  Okay, I’ll email you in a bit.*”

“I’ll look forward to it.  Bye then.”

Having put the phone down, he smiled to himself and closed his eyes, imagining Ellen getting caught naked in the toilets by one of her colleagues.  It was an exciting thought.  He just hoped she would not get into any trouble.

Twenty-five minutes later, this message arrived:

Dearest Edward,

I got caught!!  Actually it happened just as I

was counting to sixty.  I think I was about up

to forty-five or so, when suddenly the door

opened and in walked Sarah!  I was of course

horribly embarassed and I just covered

myself and started babbling abotu doing it

for a dare.  Sarah just looked at me in

astonshment with her hand over her mouth.

I think she was trying not to laugh.  But she

was really good about it.  She told me I

should get back in the stall before anyone

else came in, but then I found I couldn’t

climb back up!  We tried unlocking it from

the outsied, but we couldnt.  Eventually I

had to lie down on the floor and scoot under

the cubicle wall (there’s about an eight inch

gap between it and the floor).  I got dressed

there then went back to my desk very shaken

I can tell you!  I know I was supposed to get

dressed outside the stall but I figured you

wouldn’t mind seeing as I got caught.  I’m

trembling all over.  Did I do okay?

Love, Ellen.

Edward quickly wrote back:

Dearest Ellen,

You did wonderfully!  You got caught, and

things are still okay.  You could hardly have

done better.  Now you can take a little break,

but I have some instructions for you to carry

out a little later.  Just before you go into your

meeting at two o’clock, I want you to very

quickly stuff as many marshmallows into

your vagina as you can.  Push them well in,

make as much space as you can, then put

more in, and keep going until you are

completely stuffed with them.  Then go into

your meeting immediately.  Email when you

get out again.  I’ll be keeping my fingers

crossed that you don’t get into trouble with

your ‘bigwigs’ for wearing such a short

skirt.  Just this once, I’ll wish you luck.

Good luck!

Love and hugs, Edward.

Edward sent this off, then looked at his watch.  Nearly one o’clock.  He sighed.  Ellen’s meeting would quite possibly last two hours or more, which meant he was not likely to receive her next email until after four.  It was going to be a long afternoon.

And indeed, the afternoon passed slowly.  It was a fairly quiet day on the purchasing side of things, and so he spent some time composing a light-hearted sonnet which he entitled ‘To Pay Or Not To Pay’, about a balding man trying to decide whether or not to buy a hairpiece.  Afterwards he read it out to Kevin, but had to explain the pun in the title before Kevin found it even remotely amusing. Somewhat annoyed, he called his wife and read it out to her over the phone.  Cheri got it, and liked it, which lifted Edward’s spirits considerably.

Eventually, at twenty past four, Edward got a new email message.  Eagerly he opened it.  It read:

Edward you BASTARD!

Did you know what was going to happen to

those marshmallows???  I can’t believe I sat

though that whole meeting!  After two

minutes I could feel them oozing out of my

pussy into my panties, but by then the

meeting had started and I didn’t want to just

run out.  So I stuck it out.  Then of course I

had to get up and do my presentation!  I

pulled my skirt down as much as I could, but

it was still ridulously short, and the bloody

directors couldn’t keep their eyes off my

legs!  Anyway I started showing them slides,

but by this time I think most of the

marshmallows had melted and flodded out

and were filling my panites with this slimey

sticky mess.  Whether the mess soaked

through my panties or just flowed out the

sides, I sudenly realised it was running down

the inside of my leg!  Of course it iddn’t

have far to go before it would come into

view so I despartely tried to wind up my

presentation.  But then they wanted to ask

me questions!  So I was kept on my feet

while the sticky goo was running down my

legs and I was desparately trying to stand

side-on to them so they couldn’t see it.

Eventually I got to sit back down and then

spent the rest of the meeting ruining the

upholstry of my chair.  My skirt was too

short for me to put it between my crotch and

the seat, so I leaked all over the chair.  I still

have to go back in there and try to clean it

up before someone else tries to sit there.

After the meeting I rushed to the bathroom

while trying not to let anyone see I had

white and pink streaks down the insides of

both legs.  I washed my legs and washed

out my panties, then realised I would have

to put them back on (I’m \*still\* leaking!!)

So I wrung them out as hard as I could and

put them back on, though their still damp

and I think I’m making a damp patch on my

skirt.  Just tell me Edward did you plan all

this?  Did you know what was going to

happen?

That was it.  No ‘Luv, Ellen’ this time.  Edward’s stomach knotted.  He picked up the phone and dialled Ellen’s direct number.

“*Hello, FMR Limited, Ellen Watson speaking, how may I help you?*”

“Hi Ellen, it’s Edward.”

“*Edward!  You’ve got a nerve.  That was a total nightmare!*”

“But you got through it, didn’t you?” Edward pointed out.  “You were fantastic!  I think you can regard this as your greatest adventure yet.”

“*You mean, the closest I’ve yet come to getting the sack?*”

“That may be true,” Edward conceded, “but I doubt you came very close.  From what you said in your email, you handled the situation to perfection.”

“*Did you know what was going to happen?*”

Edward took a deep breath.  “Pretty much, yes,” he said.  “Cheri tried the same thing once and got in a frightful mess.  I thought it might provide you with a nice challenge.”

“*A nice challenge??*”  Ellen was obviously fighting down the urge to yell at him, constrained fortunately by the need to whisper in the large open-plan office where she worked.  “*Edward, I was gripped by panic the whole two hours we were in there!  It was not a pleasant experience!*”

“And how do you feel about it now?” inquired Edward calmly.

“*Now?  Angry!  Yes, I mostly feel angry, at you!*”

“Well, that is I suppose understandable.  But try to think about the experience itself, the feeling of standing up in front of your superiors wearing a see-through blouse, a microskirt and with molten marshmallow flowing inexorably down your inner thighs.  When you consider the situation, it’s pretty damn erotic, like something in a dream, a fantasy.  Yet you lived it!  You lived the dream, enacted the fantasy, and you got away with it!  Angry you may be now, but tonight, when you’ve calmed down, when you’re in bed and thinking back over the day, I think you’ll see this as your finest hour.  *I*certainly do.”

“*I don’t know about that.  It was too wild.  I’m just a nervous wreck!  Just do me a favour, Edward, and don’t give me any more instructions.  I want to keep my job, and my reputation.*”

“I can appreciate that,” said Edward quickly but smoothly, trying to prevent her from hanging up, “and I will indeed leave you alone for the moment if that is what you wish.  But it would grieve me very much to have to give up our correspondence entirely.”

“*Well, that might not be a bad idea.  I feel like I’m losing control of my life…”*

“That’s simply not true.”  Edward was anxious to nip this thought in the bud.  “Until now you’ve been enjoying the risk, following my instructions because you wanted to, not because I’ve cast some spell over you.  You’ve been strong, you’ve been in control, and you’ve been having fun!  Now the nature of these adventures is, admittedly, to yield some of your control to the laws of chance, but therein lies the greatest enjoyment.  Now listen, Ellen.  I want you to simply spend the rest of the day calming yourself down.  No more adventures.  Just clear your mind, put yourself mentally back in control, and try to relax.  Nothing bad has happened, you’ve just had a bit of a shock.  Now, are you still coming up here tomorrow with Roger?”

There was a momentary silence at the other end.  Then, “*Yes.  I couldn’t really back out.*”

“Good.”  Edward was pleased.  “I shall look forward to seeing you, whatever you choose to wear. You’ve earned yourself a break from short skirts, so have a ball – wear trousers if you like!  I shall be on my best behaviour for your visit, and I promise I will not make any lewd remarks or offer any kind of instructions while you are here.  Does that sound fair?”

“*I suppose so.  Okay.  I’ll see you tomorrow then.*”

Edward sighed with relief as he heard her put the phone down.  All was well, he thought to himself.

Cheri looked at her husband with a slight frown on her face.  “And just what do you plan on doing with her if she *does*show up in a short skirt?”

“I don’t think she will,” said Edward with a shake of his head.

“But if she does?” pressed Cheri.

“And assuming she hints that she is open to suggestions?” asked Edward.

“I think that would be a given, under the circumstances.”

“Well,” said Edward, “then I might be tempted to suggest she perform similar stunts as those she has already carried out in Felixstowe.”

Cheri pursed her lips.  “Having her do it in her own office, eighty miles away from you, is one thing,” she said, “but it’s quite another to have her expose herself in front of you.  Imagine if the two of you got caught – what then?  Think of your career!  Have you any idea how hard it would be to get a decent job if prospective employers were to inquire about the reasons for your sacking?”

Edward’s cheeks flushed and he shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other.  “I’ll be careful,” he said.  “I wouldn’t do anything to put my career in jeopardy.”
“Yeah right,” retorted Cheri.  “Unless you happened to be horny at the time.  You have a way, Edward, of thinking with the wrong part of your body at the most inappropriate times.”

“Cheri, that’s a little unfair,” complained Edward.  “I’ve never got myself into trouble before…”

“Through luck rather than good sense, I reckon.”

“I *will*be careful,” insisted Edward.

Cheri sighed.  “Look Edward, I’m not going to forbid you to do anything.  I’m not your mother.  But I swear, if you get yourself into trouble tomorrow then things will be very very difficult between us for a long time.  You go and have whatever fun your conscience permits you, but don’t you dare let me down.”

Edward stared at his feet and nodded.  “I won’t,” he said humbly.

The next morning, when Edward strolled into his office at half past nine, Ellen had not yet arrived. Kevin was on the phone, and the way he was laughing and toying with the phone cord aroused Edward’s suspicions.  This was how Kevin behaved when he was on the phone with Ellen.  Could she still be in Felixstowe?  Could the visit have been postponed?  Cancelled?

Edward sat down at his desk, switched his computer on, then turned to face Kevin while it booted up behind him.  As the NT kernel program began to run, Kevin finished his call and put the phone down.

“Morning,” he said to Edward.

“Good morning,” replied Edward.  “That wasn’t Ellen was it, perchance?”

“Nah, that was Sarah, one of the other girls in Felixstowe,” said Kevin.  “Ellen will be on her way here by now.”

“Well yes, that’s what I figured.  Hence my surprise.  Anyway never mind.  You thirsty?”

“Aye, coffee please,” said Kevin, proffering his mug.

“Two sugars, yes?”

“No!”  Kevin scowled in annoyance.  “I keep telling you, I don’t take sugar!”

“Ah, yes of course.”  Edward chuckled as he took his own mug and Kevin’s through to the kitchen. He began to whistle the second movement of Beethoven’s 7th softly to himself as he set the kettle to boil and began heaping sugar into his mug.  Once the kettle had boiled he poured water into both mugs and waited for his tea to brew a little.

While he was waiting, he heard the office door open and close, followed by the unmistakable tap of high heels on the linoleum floor.  His face lit up as he heard a female voice conversing with Kevin in the next room.  A minute later, the tap of high heels approached, and Ellen walked into the kitchen. Edward smiled at her, then his jaw dropped as he noticed what she was wearing.

“Hi Edward,” said Ellen with an uncharacteristically shy smile.

“Wow…”  Edward’s wits were muddled.  Ellen was wearing what was almost certainly her ‘Ally McBeal’ suit, with a jacket and matching miniskirt.  The hemline of the skirt was well above mid-thigh, and Edward could not help but stare at it appreciatively.  “You … look sensational,” he managed.

“You should have seen me yesterday,” remarked Ellen wryly.  “You like it?”

“It’s wonderful,” enthused Edward.  “And I wish I *had*seen you yesterday.  To have been a fly on the wall at your meeting…”

“Yes, well, I’m not sure I’ve yet forgiven you for that,” said Ellen with a slight frown, “but it doesn’t seem as bad now as it did yesterday.”

“Can I make you a cup of coffee? or tea?” offered Edward.

“A coffee please,” said Ellen.  “One sugar.  Is there anything you’d like me to do?”

“No thanks, I can manage,” replied Edward, taking another mug out of the cupboard.

“No…  I meant, is there anything you’d like me to *do*,” Ellen emphasised meaningfully.

“Oh!”  Edward flushed slightly, turning to look at her with a calculating eye.

Ellen smiled a little sheepishly.  “You’ve made a monster,” she said.

“Well, to begin with, you can pull your skirt up a little,” suggested Edward.  “It is, after all, rather longer than you’ve become accustomed to.”

Ellen did not hesitate.  Her hands went to her hips and she began to shuffle the skirt upwards, hoisting it up until the hemline was only just covering her panties.  Edward smiled and nodded approvingly. “Much better,” he said.  “Turn around for me.”

She turned around slowly as Edward examined the effect from all angles.  The jacket, unfortunately, now came down lower than the skirt, so there was actually less leg to be seen from the back.

“Perhaps you could go next door and leave your jacket over the back of a chair,” said Edward. “Then come back in here.”
“You want me to go in there like this?” inquired Ellen.

“Why not?  It’s only Kevin in there, and he’s not likely to object.”

Ellen shrugged.  “Whatever you say,” she said, and she walked out of the kitchen.  When she returned, she was still wearing the skirt high, and her see-through blouse revealed that she was wearing a bra.

Edward tutted in disapproval.  “The next thing is to remove that bra,” he said.  “There’s no need for it in *this*office.”

Ellen smiled nervously.  “Okay, I’ll use the toilet,” she said.  “I’ll be back in a minute.”

“Oh no you don’t.”  Edward shook his head.  “You can take it off right here.”

Ellen stared at him for a moment, then she began to unbutton her blouse, blushing with embarrassment.  Edward watched unblinking while he blindly added milk to his mug and began to stir.

“Are you sure nobody’s going to come in?” inquired Ellen anxiously.

“No, I’m not sure,” replied Edward.  “People come and go all the time.  But you’ll have a few seconds’ warning at least before anybody actually walks through this door.”

Ellen nodded, and undid the last button.  She untucked her blouse and pulled it off, placing it on the table beside her.  Then, as quickly as she could, she unclasped her bra at the back and slipped it off her shoulders, exposing her large, slightly low-slung but nevertheless attractive breasts.  She smiled briefly at Edward, then reached for her blouse.

“Wait,” said Edward.  “There’s no need to put that back on just yet.  Here, give me your bra.”

Ellen hesitated, anxious to put her blouse back on and paranoid that somebody was going to walk in at any time.  But she reluctantly complied, handing Edward her bra and then standing uneasily with her arms folded across her breasts.

Edward smiled at her, stuffing her bra into his pocket.  “That’s better,” he said.  “You have a beautiful body, Ellen.  Now I wonder if you would mind pulling your skirt all the way up around your waist? I’d like to see what panties you’ve chosen to wear today.”

“You are just pure evil, Edward,” said Ellen with a slight shake of her head, but she pulled up her skirt until it was bunched around her waist.  Her panties were white, and skimpy.

“Lovely!”  Edward was thrilled.  “Is it a thong?”

Ellen responded by turning around to show him the back view.  The thin white strip of material disappeared between her buttocks, confirming Edward’s theory.

“Fantastic,” Edward breathed.  “Now we’re getting somewhere.  Please take it off and give it to me.”

“What, my thong?”

“Of course.”  Edward grinned lecherously.

“Look Edward, perhaps we could move to the toilet for this?”  Ellen’s tone was almost pleading.  “If someone comes in now, I’ll be in heaps of trouble.”
“You and me both,” agreed Edward.  Thoughts of last night’s conversation with Cheri now crept into his mind and his grin faded.  “But I’m confident you could get decent enough before anyone actually sees you.  The thong please?”

Ellen sighed, then grabbed the thong and pulled it down her legs, stepping out of it and then handing it to Edward.  He pocketed it, too, then regarded Ellen with a lustful eye.  Her pussy was trimmed, but not completely shaven, with hair a couple of shades darker than that on her head, which was light brown in colour.  Discomfited by his unabashed stare, Ellen placed one hand over her crotch.  She was acutely aware that she was now naked apart from her shoes and the rolled-up skirt around her waist.

“Are you happy now?” she asked in a low voice.  “Can I get dressed?”

“Not yet,” said Edward firmly.  “Now I’d like you to lie down on your back on that table.”

“You’re kidding…”  Ellen looked alarmed.

Edward shook his head.  “I’m completely serious,” he said.

“Look, Ed, please – can we not take this into the toilet?  I know it’ll be a little cramped in there but at least we won’t be interrupted.  I’m sure you wouldn’t be too happy if you had to break off before you’d, you know, completed…”

Edward was puzzled.  “Completed?”  Then light dawned.  “Crumbs, Ellen, do you think I’m intending to have sex with you?”

Ellen looked startled.  “Aren’t you?” she inquired.

“Good heavens no.  Whatever gave you that impression?”

Ellen stared at him open-mouthed.  Then her lips pursed and she frowned.  “Jeez, Edward,” she muttered, “what the fuck am I doing here then?”  She pulled her skirt down and reached for her blouse.

“Hey hey hey, hold it,” said Edward placatingly, realising that he had upset her.  “It’s not that I don’t want to, Ellen – I’d love to.  I think you’re gorgeous and incredibly sexy.  But I could never betray my wife.  Never.  I have to operate on a ‘look but don’t touch’ basis with you, I’m afraid.”

“So what’s this all been about?” Ellen demanded in a fierce whisper.  “You’ve been leading me on all this time, and for what?  Just to get a kick out of seeing me getting into trouble?”

“Not at all,” replied Edward quickly, sensing he was losing control of the situation.  “I am a voyeur, and I know that you are deep down an exhibitionist.  I’ve been attempting to bring that out in you for our mutual benefit.  Don’t tell me you haven’t enjoyed your adventures.”

“Some of them,” said Ellen, putting her blouse on.  “Others were just dangerous and frightening.  But I endured it, because I figured it was all we could do while we were so far apart.  I always assumed you wanted something physical at the end of it, when we finally got together.”

Edward took a deep breath, then decided to come clean.  “That,” he said, “is actually fairly accurate, though not perhaps in the way you think.”

Ellen finished buttoning up her blouse.  “What do you mean?” she asked.  “You just said you could only look but not touch.”

“Here, now, yes,” agreed Edward.  “But later, perhaps … elsewhere … under other circumstances…”

Ellen looked at him quizzically.  “What circumstances?”

Edward sat down on the table next to her.  “How would you feel,” he said slowly, “about a threesome?”

Ellen gaped at him.  “You’re joking!” she exclaimed.

“Hush!”  Edward looked around guiltily.  “Look, I don’t want this getting around, so if the answer’s no then I’ll shut up and you can forget I ever said anything.”

“You mean, a threesome with your wife?” inquired Ellen.

Edward nodded.

Ellen shook her head in disbelief.  “I had no idea this is what you were building to,” she said.  “Is this what you had in mind all the time?”

“Well … not to begin with.  But quite early on, I think.  You see, my wife’s always said she wouldn’t mind experimenting … you know, with another woman.”

“Ugh!”  Ellen shuddered.  “No way, Ed.  I’m not a lesbian.  Sorry, but if that’s your idea of a threesome then you can count me right out.”

“Oh.”  Edward was crestfallen.  “I’m … sorry to hear that,” he said.

Ellen sighed.  “If you’d said this at the beginning, you could have saved us both a lot of time and energy,” she remarked.

Edward sat in disillusioned silence for a moment.  Then he shook himself.  “Sorry?  Oh.  Well perhaps.  But we’ve had fun, haven’t we?  It wasn’t all wasted, surely?”

Ellen considered this.  “Not all, no,” she conceded.  “Some of the adventures were a lot of fun.  But not the marshmallow one.”

Edward smiled at her sympathetically.  “That really shook you up, didn’t it?” he said.

“Yes, it did,” confirmed Ellen.  “I’m just thankful I didn’t get into any trouble over it.”

“I think,” said Edward, “that in time you will look back on it more fondly.”

“Maybe, but right now I don’t.  Anyway, is my coffee ready yet?”

“Um, not yet.”  Edward added coffee and sugar to Ellen’s mug, then poured in the boiling water.  He added milk, stirred it, then handed it to her.  “There you go – Nescafe’s finest.”

“Thanks.”  She sipped at it.  “Mm, this’ll do.  Hey, do you think I could have my underwear back?”

Edward smiled.  “I was wondering when you’d say that.”  He fished the garments out of his pockets, then regarded them thoughtfully.  “There’s no need to put them back on *just*yet, is there?” he ventured.

Ellen grabbed them off him.  “No you don’t,” she said.  “No more instructions.”  She stepped into her thong and pulled it up.

Edward grinned ruefully.  “Ah well, I suppose all good things must in time come to an end,” he said. “It has been quite an experience, and I must say you’ve proved a wonderful exhibitionist and risk-taker.  I’ll be sorry to see you give it up.”

Ellen shrugged.  “Well, nothing’s stopping me from wearing miniskirts,” she said.  “I quite like the ones I shortened.”

“Can we still email each other?” asked Edward.

“As long as you behave yourself,” said Ellen with mock sternness.  “Sure, of course.  Just don’t expect me to carry on doing the same kind of stuff.”

Edward nodded.  “I wouldn’t dream of it,” he said.

Ellen was looking at the bra in her hand.  She gave Edward a sudden impish grin.  “I was about to go to the toilet to put this on,” she said, “but I guess it *would*be more fun to put it on in here.”

A broad smile broke out on Edward’s face.  “That’s more like it,” he said.  “Good girl.”

Ellen quickly unbuttoned her blouse, then took it off, laying it on the table.  She was about to put her bra on when a thought struck her.  “You know when you asked me to lie down on the table?  What were you going to have me do there, if you weren’t planning to touch me?”

“I was going to get you to masturbate,” said Edward.  “With your legs wide apart so I could see in detail what you were doing.”

“Uh-huh.”  Ellen nodded slowly.  “You know, it’s kind of a turn-on to be standing here topless,” she said.  “The thought that someone could walk in at any minute…  I don’t know – it’s kind of a thrill.”

“I can imagine.”  Edward smiled, hardly able to take his eyes off her breasts.  “But think how much more of a thrill it would be to actually get completely naked in here, if only for a brief moment.”

“It might,” Ellen grudgingly conceded.  “Oh, what the hell.”  She unzipped her skirt and pulled it off along with her thong.  Stepping out of them, she placed them on the table along with her other clothes.

Edward stared at her naked body admiringly.  “Very nice!” he complimented her.  “And the shoes?”

Ellen kicked them off, then shivered, as much from nervousness as from the cold.

“How do you feel?” asked Edward.

“Scared,” said Ellen.  “Can I get dressed again now?”

“Not just yet.”  Edward grinned, internally elated at having somehow regained the initiative.  He picked up Ellen’s shoes, then gathered up her pile of clothes.  “Come with me,” he said.

“Are you insane?  Give me my clothes!” demanded Ellen.

“It’s okay – we’re just going to the toilet,” Edward reassured her.  “Come on – it’s just around the corner and then you’ll be safe if someone walks into the building.”  He made for the door.

“Edward!” Ellen whispered desperately, but he was already gone.  Biting her lip, Ellen hurried after him, then realised with alarm that she would have to walk past the main door to the building in order to get to the toilet.  She hesitated, then flung herself out of the kitchen and ran after Edward into the toilet, closing the door behind her.

Edward turned around and grinned at her.  “Exciting?” he asked.

Ellen nodded.  “Yes, I suppose so,” she said.  “But I keep wondering when my luck’s going to run out.”

Edward chuckled.  “Do you want to get dressed now and call an end to the day’s fun?  Or would you like to push your luck just a little further?”

Eyeing the armful of clothes longingly, Ellen was surprised to find herself nevertheless tempted by the idea of remaining naked just a little longer.  “What do you have in mind?” she asked.

“Well, bearing in mind the fact that we can pretty much trust Kevin not to complain about your lack of attire, I thought perhaps you might like to run through to our office, show him you’re naked, then run back in here.”

“But I’d have to run past the main door again,” said Ellen, a little worried by the idea.

“You’d only be visible for a second at most.  And you can put your head around the corner first, just to make sure nobody’s there.  And it’s not actually very easy to see inside the building from outside – it’s too dull in here and too bright out in the daylight.  Tell you what – just run through to where Kevin is, touch the back of his chair, and run back.”

Ellen took a deep breath, and shivered.  Her eyes were wide with fear, but they were also shining with excitement.  “I’ll do it,” she said.

“Good girl!  Well done.  You get extra points if you walk.”

“Points?” Ellen inquired.  “Is there a prize if I do it well?”

“Um, possibly.  Sure, why not?  I’ll think what prize to give you while you’re out there.”

“So much for giving up this kind of thing,” Ellen muttered.  “Never mind.”  She opened the door, peered out cautiously, then walked quickly out into the corridor.

Edward watched as she stopped at the corner, looking outside through the main door, then walked quickly into his own office.  He chuckled as he heard a startled exclamation from Kevin.

Then disaster struck.  He heard voices outside, and the main door suddenly opened.  Edward’s hair stood on end as his brain worked frantically on a damage-limiting course of action.  He stepped out of the toilet and ducked into a locker room, where he kept the stationery and other office supplies.  He fished out a key and opened one of the lockers, then shoved Ellen’s clothes in.  Locking it again, he hurried out and turned to enter his office, almost charging into three men who stood chatting in the doorway.  One of them, he noticed, was the Logistics Director, Mike Hatfield.  The other two he did not recognise.

“Ah, just the man,” said Mike.  “Trevor, Bill, this is Edward Murray – he’s responsible for most of the purchasing for this site.  Edward, Trevor and Bill are here from the Birmingham office.  They’re here for the day looking at the way we operate here.”

“Hello,” said Edward, and shook each of their hands in turn.

“Trevor’s actually my opposite number,” said Mike, “though he came up through the purchasing side, so he’s interested in the way you do your job.  Would you mind if he sits in with you for a couple of hours?”

“Not at all.”  Edward’s stomach was churning.  This was getting worse and worse.

“Splendid.”  Mike smiled.  “Well, I’ll just leave you here then, Trevor.  Bill, shall we visit the finance department next?”

The two of them wandered off, leaving Edward with Trevor.  Edward took a deep breath.  “Right Trevor,” he said, and marched past him into his office.  As he entered, he saw Kevin frantically waving at him and pointing across the room at his desk.  He nodded in response, and hurried across to his desk.  As he approached it, he saw that Ellen was curled up underneath it, still naked.  She shot him a panicked look.  Edward sat down in his swivel chair and ran it all the way up to his desk, thus placing himself between Ellen and Trevor before the latter came within view of the distraught naked woman.

“Just grab that chair and come and sit on my right,” Edward said to Trevor, hoping he did not seem rude for having sat down so abruptly in his own chair.

Trevor brought the indicated chair over and sat down.  “Right,” he said in a strong Brummy accent. “Just show me the kind of things you do on a day-to-day basis.”

Edward did so, and for the next hour he continued to demonstrate various aspects of his job while wondering how Ellen was doing.  Occasionally he heard her shifting position, but if Trevor heard these sounds he no doubt attributed them to Edward.

“Sorry to interrupt,” said Trevor at one point, “but could you tell me where your bathroom is?”

“Certainly.”  Edward’s heart leapt.  “Just go out of that door, turn right, and it’s the door at the end.”

“Thank you.”  Trevor got up and walked out of the room.

Edward launched his chair backwards, then got to his feet.  “Oh, you poor thing!” he exclaimed to Ellen.  “Hurry – we’ll get you dressed.”

“I’m freezing!” complained Ellen as she climbed out of her hiding place.  “What a nightmare!”

Edward grabbed her by the hand and together they ran out of the room, leaving an amused Kevin in their wake.  As they ran, Edward fished the locker key out of his pocket and hurriedly opened the locker in which he had hidden Ellen’s clothes.

“Welcome to the end of the adventure,” he murmured to her.

Ellen’s teeth were chattering so much she could not respond, but she feverishly pulled on her skirt and blouse, and stepped into her shoes.  As she buttoned up her blouse, Edward heard the toilet flush.

“Leave your underwear,” he hissed, and he quickly shut and locked the door before running out of the room and back to his office.  Ellen followed at a more sedate pace, and emerged from the locker room at the same time as Trevor was emerging from the toilet.  Trevor looked a little surprised, but said nothing.  Ellen smiled at him briefly before walking ahead of him into the office.

“Ah,” said Edward with a smile.  “Trevor, this is Ellen – she works in our Felixstowe office.  Ellen, meet Trevor, from our branch in Birmingham.”

“Pleased to meet you,” said Trevor.

“And you,” replied Ellen, trying not to look as cold as she felt.  She sat down in the chair next to Kevin and hugged her chest.

At length Trevor departed, and Kevin finally got the chance to unfetter his tongue.

“What the hell was all that about?” he demanded with an incredulous, lop-sided grin on his face.

“I’m saying nothing,” said Edward, holding up his hands.

“Neither am I,” said Ellen.  “Ed, can I have that locker key now?”

“Oh, yes of course.”  Edward tossed the key to her, and she went off to fetch her underwear.

“I’d appreciate it, Kevin, if you could maintain a modicum of discretion regarding this little matter,” said Edward.  “Mentioning it to anyone else might have repercussions adversely affecting Ellen’s career.”

“Eh?”

Edward rolled his eyes.  “Please keep your mouth shut about this or Ellen will lose her job.”

“Oh, yeah, no problem.”  Kevin nodded.

“Good lad.”

Ellen returned a minute or two later, and nothing more was said about the adventure until Roger came to pick her up at two o’clock.  Afterwards, though Kevin pressed for more information, Edward remained silent on the subject.

At half past four, a new email message arrived on Edward’s computer.  It read:

Dear Edward,

Thanks for a most interesting day!!  It’s been

one I shant forget for a long long time.  Not

that I’m ancious to repeat the experience of

course – actually it was pretty awful – but I

think your right that it will seem less bad in

a few days time.  So anyway, what would

you like me to wear tomorrow….? :)

Luv, Ellen.

Edward leaned back in his chair, smiled his most satisfied smile, let out a sigh of pure contentment, then flexed his fingers and began to type…

THE END