**[Geri at the Office](http://rswstoryarchive.blogspot.com/2008/10/geri-at-office.html)**

Ryan had been out of school for several years when he decided to post his stories on the ASN Story Board. He made sure to change names and details to protect both the innocent and the guilty, so he didn’t feel that it was necessary to ask his friends their permission to make his submissions. He did, however, send them an email soon after posting the stories to let them know what he had done and where they could go to read the material.

At the time of the stories’ publication, Geri had just started working at a small firm in a completely unfamiliar city. Since her salary wasn’t as high as she would have liked and her expenses - student loans, new car note, rent, etc. - were a lot higher than she had expected, she was trying to save money by using only her cell phone, meaning no land line for cheap dial-up service, and going without cable. This situation left her with no home Internet access at all.

At first, it wasn’t too bad. She used her work access to check her Yahoo email account, and her boss didn’t really mind a little personal ‘net time as long as it wasn’t excessive. She did try really hard to avoid being on the Internet too much as she didn’t want to look bad to her new employers. Then she received Ryan’s email.

The curiosity was too much for her. She had to know what he had written.

The stories brought back intense memories for her. She hadn’t had a boyfriend for quite a while and had no prospects at the moment. The stories made her relive some very sexually exciting times from her past.

Unfortunately, once she started reading, it was hard for her to stop. She found other sites that had similar content and devoured all the stories there as well. She did her best to limit her reading to before and after work and during her lunch hour and figured that no one would notice or really cared what she did as long as her work got done on time.

Meanwhile, Chuck, the office IT guy, had noticed the Geri spent most of her lunch hours glued to her desk staring intently at her monitor. He really didn’t think much about it until the day that he passed by her open office and noticed her looking quite flushed and her arm appearing to be moving beneath her desk.

‘Porn,’ he thought.

Somewhat curious to see what turned on the firm’s newest employee, he used his admin access to check what Internet sites Geri’s computer had been visiting. Once he found out, his first thought was to wonder if those stories about ‘Geri’ were about Geri, and, if so, if they were true. Regardless, it seemed to him that, if she’s that into reading about this stuff, maybe she has some fantasies about being stripped. He began to think a lot about how he could take advantage of this situation. The story on the board about the girl who had soup spilled on her skirt at the office really got him to thinking hard.

It was Friday morning when got the interoffice message on her computer:

“Geri,

Please see me in my office just before lunch. Thanks.

Chuck”

Geri didn’t know Chuck all that well. She knew that he was the office’s computer guy in addition to having duties similar to the rest of the employees. Though curious as to what he wanted, she certainly didn’t think that the request had anything to do with her surfing habits.

End of Part 1

It was exactly 11:25 when she showed up in his office.

“Geri. Please come in. Shut the door behind you and have a seat,” Chuck said pleasantly. “Tell me, have you heard any stories about Paul Ritther?”

“I think so. Isn’t he the guy who left right before I was hired?” Geri replied.

“Left is one way to put it. It isn’t widely known around the office, but Paul was fired. Fired for looking at porn on the company computer.”

Geri’s stomach dropped at hearing that statement.

“The boss hates porn (‘Yeah, right,’ Chuck thought, ‘The boss thinks that XXX is too soft.’). He has me spot check computer usage to make sure that employees don’t go to any inappropriate sites. Once I find someone, I have to report that individual to him. That’s what I did with Paul. I figured he’d get a warning or something. Boy, was I wrong. Canned immediately. The boss barely gave him a chance to box up his stuff (‘That part is true at least. Though Paul never looked at porn that I know of. Losing that huge account sure ticked off the boss, though.’)

“Paul and I were best friends (‘I couldn’t stand that idiot.’) I feel terrible about what happened to him, but it’s my behind on the line if I didn’t report him and the boss found out about it.

“Now, I’ve found someone else visiting porn sites. Have you ever heard of the ‘ASN Story Board?’”

Geri just sat there in stunned silence.

“That site, among others of similar content, have been visited a lot from your computer. I hate to turn you in, but I don’t really have a choice,” he continued.

“Please…” Geri started, “I can’t lose this job. I won’t do it anymore. I swear. No one else will know.”

“What if the boss has someone else that I don’t know about checking over my shoulder? If I don’t report you, I get fired too. It’s just not worth it for me.”

Geri burst into tears, and Chuck pretended to melt at her display.

“Okay, let’s think about this for a minute. You don’t want to lose your job, and I really don’t want to turn you in. But I don’t want to risk my job. Is there anything that you can offer to make it worth it to me to risk my job?”

“You want me to have sex with you?” Geri almost yelled.

“NO! Not that. I got to tell you, though. Some of those stories were pretty exciting. I can’t imagine seeing a girl actually go through some of those things. That would be worth a pretty good amount to me.

“Tell me, did you ever fantasize about doing any of that stuff?”

“Like what?”

“Any of it. Did that turn you on?”

Geri looked at him speechlessly.

“C’mon. Give me something here.”

“I don’t like talking about that kind of stuff with virtual strangers.”

“Geri, let me make sure that you understand the situation. I caught you redhanded doing something that can get you fired. My job is to report your indiscretion. If I don’t do my job, I could get fired. I need for you to make it worth my while to risk my livelihood for you.”

“Okay. I understand. It’s just hard talking about sexual fantasies with people.”

“Hey, I can understand that. But I really need you to do this for me,” Chuck said.

“I did some stuff in college. Some of it was even posted in the stories. (‘Hot damn!’ Chuck thought, ‘That stuff IS true.’) I guess reading about it made me sorta relive it.”

“So, what did it feel like for you to do that kind of stuff?”

“It was horrible. I’d never have chosen to do it. A lot of people saw me totally naked. I wasn’t even allowed to cover myself at all. I was so embarrassed. My body is ugly. I can’t believe people saw it. But…”

“But?”

“Well, it was sorta exciting too. I never before or since experienced… Well, you know, that feeling, as much as I did after one of those episodes. Reading the stories wasn’t the same for me, but it came a lot closer than anything else.”

“So, would you ever consider doing anything like that again?”

“Absolutely not!” Geri exclaimed resolutely.

“That’s too bad. Because I think it would have been worth it to me to see something like that. I think that we could have come to an arrangement.”

“Like what?”

End of Part 2

Chuck made his offer.

“Okay, how about this. You give me, say, IOU’s for 5 different occasions. Like that Tammy girl in the stories. When I give you an IOU back, you have to do what I say for as long as I want.”

“5!!! And for anything that you want? No way.” Geri replied. “I want my job, but there’s no way I’m committing myself to do ‘anything’ that you want. And 5 are way too many. And each lasts and indefinite amount of time? No way.”

“Maybe we can negotiate some. But this has to be worth it for me not to risk my job. What’s your biggest concern?”

“The ‘anything’ clause. What if you say I have to have sex with you or someone else or and someone else. I won’t do it.”

“Okay. I can understand that. How about the ‘anything’ means anything except any sexual touching of any kind. That’s my best offer on that though. Do you accept?”

“That’s still tough. How about if I just do one IOU? I can live with that.”

“That’s pushing it a little too far. I’ll lower it to 3, but this is a take it or leave it offer. Yes or no?”

Geri already started to feel a stirring down below as she mouthed the word “Yes.”

“Okay,” Chuck started, “Write out 3 IOU’s to me.”

As soon as she complied with his order, he handed one of them back to her.

“Here we go. To begin with, give me all your clothes except your top.”

“What? Here? Now?” Geri cried.

“C’mon. You knew that something like this was going to happen as soon as you said yes. No time to be bashful. Start with your jacket.”

As Geri took off her conservative gray jacket to reveal a light pink sleeveless shirt that barely reached her waist beneath, Chuck pulled out a box from behind his desk.

“Into the box with it.”

Geri almost started sobbing as she placed the garment in the container and then stepped back.

“What are you waiting for?” Chuck questioned.

Startled out of her stupor, Geri silently slipped off her very sensible shoes and placed them into the box as well. Not wanted to anger Chuck any further, she quickly followed up the action by reaching under her skirt and slipping off each of her stockings. After pitching them into their new home, she hesitated briefly.

‘This is the moment of truth. The first real piece of clothing to go,’ she thought as she reached behind her to unfasten her skirt. She began shaking lightly as she reluctantly lowered the item of clothing.

Each inch brought more of her bright red panties into Chuck’s view.

‘Nice,’ Chuck thought, ‘Maybe I should go ahead and make her get naked now. No. Best to stick with the original plan. The anticipation will make it worth it.’

Stepping out of the skirt was unimaginably hard for Geri. She couldn’t believe that this was happening to her again. Here she was standing in front of a coworker with her belly and panties exposed. And about to lose the panties!!!

She fervently hoped that Chuck didn’t notice the smell or the growing wet spot on the front of those panties as she placed the skirt in the receptacle.

Now the final piece. Grasping at every shred of resolve left in her, she yanked the panties down and had them in the box before she had a chance to think about her action.

Almost involuntarily, her hands clasped in front of her thick hair as she stood before him.

“What are you waiting for now?” Chuck asked.

“What do you mean? You said all but the top.”

“I’m almost positive I see a bra there underneath that thin shirt.”

She had forgotten about the bra.

She quickly reached both hands around behind her back to unclasp the bra before she realized the view that that gave him. She almost laughed at her modesty when she did realize. She had just agreed to do anything nudity related that this guy wanted, and she was worried about him seeing her bush?

Using a method no guy can understand, she quickly took the bra off without removing the shirt and placed it with the rest of her clothes in the box.

She never knew how she should stand when someone forced her to take off her clothes in front of them. Covering seemed silly; they could just order her to uncover, which might anger them. She chose the submissive hands by her side approach this time.

“Nice,” Chuck said. “Good job. Now, return to your desk. I’ll come see you at the end of the day.”

End of Part 3

“I can’t go out there. I don’t have any pants on!” Geri cried.

“Calm down. We’re the only two people in the office at the moment. Everyone else went out to lunch.” Chuck replied.

“You want me to go back to my office and stay there all afternoon like this?!? What if someone finds out? I can’t.”

“Sure you can. It’ll be easy. Your desk has a privacy screen; no one can see under it. You face the door. As long as no one comes around to your side of the desk and you don’t get up, it won’t be a problem. One additional rule, though. You are to go directly from your desk from here. Once you reach your desk, if you get up again to go anywhere, your shirt stays behind. Now go!”

Not fully convinced of the wisdom of this idea but afraid of upsetting the man who had the majority of her clothes sitting on his desk, Geri turned to leave the office. She missed the appreciative look on Chuck’s face as her rear end came into his view; she was much more concerned with making sure no one else saw anything.

Apparently, though, Chuck was right. There didn’t seem to be anyone else around. She didn’t hear anyone’s keyboard or mouse clicking or the sound of anyone talking on the phone. There were no signs of life as she stepped out of the relative protection of Chuck’s office.

It was a weird experience walking through her firm’s office barefoot. She smiled at that thought. It was even weirder walking through it bare assed.

Part of her was absolutely terrified. She was walking through her place of employment wearing only a thin, sleeveless shirt that barely reached below her navel. Anyone could walk in at any time and see her like this. One of her coworkers had already seen her like this, had forced her to do this.

She made it back to her office as quickly as possible. She had just reached her destination when her stomach rumbled.

‘Oh crap,’ she thought, ‘I haven’t eaten yet.’

She had stayed up late last night reading a book and, consequently, had overslept a bit this morning causing her to have to skip breakfast. If she missed lunch too, she’d never make it through the afternoon. Also, though she didn’t need to go badly now, she didn’t think she’d be able to make it the rest of the day without a restroom break. A quick glance at the monitor on her desk indicated that it wasn’t quite noon yet.

‘If everyone went out, that means they’d have to get a table for 7. Surely lunch for that many will take at least a full hour if not more. I should have time to fix lunch before they get back. What about the other offices, though?’ she thought.

The small, two-story building was home to multiple companies, and the breakroom and restrooms were shared by all the tenants. At least the kitchenette was located on her floor. It really wasn’t THAT far away – just a little way down the hall. The only people who would be in a position to see her would be someone coming to their office or someone going to the breakroom itself. The bathroom was more of a problem. It was located downstairs off the main lobby. She’d just have to be careful and chance it.

Remembering Chuck’s added rule, she whipped her shirt off and placed it in one of her desk drawers. Now fully naked in her office, she began to make her way to the front door.

‘I can’t believe I’m doing this! I don’t have any clothes on!’ she thought, hysterically.

Though it was a weird experience, traversing the rest of her firm’s office was not much of a problem. She knew that she and Chuck were the only ones there, and Chuck would be seeing her completely nude at some point anyway. Opening the door into and stepping into the exterior hallway was terrifying, though.

She began by gently opening the door and peeking out, keeping her body hid behind the wall. Seeing, and hearing, no movement, she took at deep breath and moved out into the corridor.

The two-story building was roughly shaped like a “T”, except the bottom part to the “T” was only about a quarter as long as the top. Geri’s office was at one end of the “T” on the second floor, and the corridor ran all the way to the other end with offices on both sides. A separate corridor, which contained the elevator and access to the remainder of the offices, intersected at the center of the building.

With the .com bust, office space in the city in which she lived was plentiful, and this building showed the effects. Out of the entire structure, only three tenant spaces were occupied. The second floor had her small firm, a medium sized company took up the space on the first floor on the opposite end from Geri’s, and the remaining firm took up the bottom section of the “T” on both floors.

Since most people used the elevator, which was in an entirely separate corridor, no one except visitors to her firm should be using the corridor that she was in.

Still, she felt very exposed in the middle of the hallway. Technically, even though the chances were against it, anyone could come around the corner up ahead at any time. She quickly padded past the empty spaces until she reached the open door of the breakroom.

The light coming from the room made her nervous. She was pretty sure that the other companies in the building had their own refrigerators and microwaves, because she never saw anyone other than her coworkers using this room. Knowing that, though, and passing an open door while completely nude are two different things.

She decided that caution was the best approach. She tiptoed to the door and listened for a second. The only sound was the hum of the refrigerator. Cautiously, she peeked into the room.

‘Good deal,’ she thought, ‘it’s empty. Now, should I do my lunch first or the restroom first?’

She had brought soup today, and, with the low power microwave she had available, knew that it would need at least four to five minutes to warm up. She quickly decided that the best bet would be to start her food heating up while she attended to her other needs.

It only took her a few moments to grab her stuff from the fridge and pop it in the microwave. Then she was on her way.

‘Now the hard part,’ she thought.

She left the room using the same basic procedure that she had used before. Peek out and listen, then go. So far, she was lucky and saw no movement.

Her luck continued as she made it to the stairwell located just before the intersection of corridors. As weird as the carpet felt on her bare feet, the hard surface of the stairs was even worse as she descended down to the first floor.

Now came the absolute worst part. The restrooms were located on the opposite side of the lobby from the stairwell. To reach them, she’d have to cross the completely open space.

It was surreal to her to look out the tinted windows of the lobby and know that the tint was the only thing keeping the passengers in cars passing on the highway from seeing her in all her glory. The crossing wasn’t as bad as she thought, however. She figured out that anyone using the elevator would alert her to their presence in plenty of time to hide, she had a clear view of the parking lot and anyone who may be entering the building through the front, and the interior of the lobby wasn’t really visible to anyone in the building.

Just as she reached the ladies’ restroom, the door for the men’s room opposite started opening!

End of Part 4

Geri quickly rushed into the Ladies Room as the Men’s Room door opened. She knew that there was the risk of the room being occupied, but the possibility of there being someone in the room was much better than the certainty of being seen if she stayed where she was. Heart pounding, she almost tripped over a mop bucket as she made her way to the last stall. Thankfully, she was able to keep her feet, and she encountered no one.

Just as she made it into the stall, the door opened and a voice called out “Housekeeping.”

Thinking quickly, she yelled back “Occupied.”

Knowing that the janitor was a man, she figured that that call would make him go away. Otherwise, if he came into clean, he’d just end up discovering that it was occupied anyway.

“I just need to grab my bucket. I’ve already mopped and cleaned in here. Do you mind?” the janitor called.

“Go ahead. It’s not a problem.”

‘Anything to get him away from here,’ Geri thought.

She sat on the toilet and waited to hear the sound of the door closing that would indicate that the janitor had left. Finally, the sound came, and she gratefully relieved herself, letting out a sigh as she finished.

Suddenly, she became aware of the excitement of her situation and her body’s response to that excitement. She had just walked completely nude through half her building and narrowly missed being caught by the janitor!!! She was now dripping wet.

Unable to help herself, she began to rub her clit. She continued until she was on the edge of climax and then began using those same fingers for penetration, massaging herself until she came hard. She continued again and again until she was near exhaustion.

When she was finally able to control breathing again, she had the panicked thought ‘How long have I been in here?’

Quickly as she could, she cleaned herself up and thoroughly washed her hands. Wasting no time, she quickly made sure that the lobby was clear and began making her way back to the stairwell. She reached it without complications and headed back up to the 2nd Floor. Again, she encountered no problems and made her way back to the breakroom.

When she finally made it to the microwave, she was horrified to find that the clock read 12:30.

‘Crap, crap, crap, crap, crap. They’ll be back at any time. I have to hurry,’ she thought.

Almost on cue, she heard the distant ding announcing the elevator’s arrival on the floor and sounds that indicated that her coworkers had indeed made it back.

She quickly looked around the room for cover. Thinking quickly, she pulled the garbage can out from the wall and ducked down behind it. With it in front of her and the fridge beside her, someone would pretty much have to be on top of her to see her.

From the sounds, Geri figured that all seven of her coworkers had made it past the door without stopping in or noticing anything amiss. She was just going to hide for a few more moments to give them time to actually get into the office when she heard someone shuffle into the room.

The sounds got closer and closer until she saw a shadow fall around her and heard a voice say “Well, what have we here?”

It was the janitor.

End of Part 5

Gus was 58 years old and was pretty sure that he had never been in a situation like this one. He was making his rounds, about to empty the wastecan in the breakroom, when he spied a rather rubenesque shape hunched down in the corner. Though her arms were covering all her important bits, the inescapable conclusion that he came to was that she wasn’t wearing any clothes!

He was pretty sure it was the new girl working for the firm up here in the corner. But what the heck is she doing in the lunch room naked?

“What are you doing back there?” he asked.

“I lost a bet to a coworker. I had to go get my lunch naked. The only problem is that my other coworkers came back before I had a chance to get back. Please help me,” said Geri, thinking quickly.

“I don’t know. With all this sexual harassment junk I keep hearing about, I don’t want to get myself in trouble. Maybe I should call security,” he said, referring to the offsite rentacops the owner hired mainly in order to get lower premiums on the insurance.

“No!!!. Please don’t do that! I don’t want to be arrested,” Geri replied, sounding on the verge of tears as she remembered the last time that she was led away in handcuffs while naked.

Gus knew that situations like this didn’t come along often, and, when they did, you had to take advantage of them.

“I’ll tell you what, I don’t get to see naked girls everyday on this job. If you’ll come out from behind there and do a little turn for me, and stop covering up, I won’t call security.”

Geri thought about it briefly, but she really didn’t have much choice. It was either give this guy a little show or risk being escorted out of the building by the police.

Slowly and reluctantly, she stood up, her legs still shaky from her session in the restroom. Even more reluctantly, she dropped her arms so that the janitor had an unobstructed view of her entire body.

“Great, now give me a slow turn,” Gus ordered.

Geri’s face turned even redder as she complied with his request. She couldn’t believe that she was in this situation. Here she was, a highly, or at least moderately, paid professional, butt naked in front of the janitor, twirling around to give him a good show. When she finally finished her humiliating turn, she stood there speechless, arms still by her side out of fear of angering the old man.

Gus whistled to himself in appreciation and said “Good job. That pays me to keep quiet about all this, and I’m a man of my word. Now how are you going to get back into your office?”

Geri hadn’t even thought about that. What was she going to do? With her coworkers now back from lunch, there was no way to sneak past them without someone seeing her.

End of Part 6

“Crap!!! I hadn’t even thought about that! What am I going to do? There’s no way I can sneak past all of them all the way to the back of the office without anyone seeing me,” Geri replied, upset.

“You said to the back of the office?” Gus questioned.

“Yes. What does that have to do with anything?”

“How close is your office to the fire door?”

“Just right across the hall… Wait. Can you get me in through that door without the alarm sounding? That door doesn’t lead outside, does it?” Geri said, beginning to get excited.

“Well, that fire door leads to an exit corridor, and, to answer your unasked question, I don’t think that it would be too terribly hard for me to get you to your desk without anyone seeing.” Gus replied.

“That would be great. Thank you so much.”

“I said that I could do it, not that I would. Your current predicament is interesting. There’s part of me that would love to see you go into that office in front of your coworkers dressed exactly how you are.”

“What? How can you be so mean? Please help me. This isn’t my fault,” Geri pleaded.

“What’s in it for me?”

“What do you want?” Geri asked, wincing at even asking the question.

“I have an idea. My friends are never going to believe me when I tell them about this. If they could meet you, however, that would provide them with proof. On Saturday mornings, I clean another building near here. Alone, it takes me about 5 hours. If I can get my friends to help me, I can do it in 2 or less. How about you meet me there in the morning and help out too?”

“If you can help me out of this situation, I’d gladly do it.”

“It’s a deal. I’ll even let you decide whether you want to strip for us or just leave all your clothes in the car.”

Geri couldn’t believe what she was hearing.

“You can’t be serious. I’m not stripping for you and your friends. And you want me to help y’all clean naked?!?”

“I thought we had a deal. Oh well, good luck getting to your desk. If you don’t mind, I think I’ll stick around a little while to see what happens,” Gus said, smirking.

Geri considered her options for a moment. Try as might, she could not come up a solution that wouldn’t involve even more people seeing her naked. She figured that it would be better to be seen by the janitor’s friends than people she worked with on a daily basis.

“How many friends?” she asked.

“What?” Gus responded, confused.

“How many friends are we talking about tomorrow and how long do I have to stay naked?”

“Just three other guys. As for time, we’ll get there by 10am and should be finished cleaning by noon. You agree to stay through lunch, we’ll order pizza, and we’ll be square. By 1pm, you’ll be on your way home.”

“And there’ll be no one else in the building?”

“No one works on weekends. In the last year, I’ve never seen a single person there besides me on a Saturday morning.”

“Okay. Here’s the deal,” Geri offered. “I show up tomorrow in my own car at 10 tomorrow morning. You give me directions to the building. I’ll put on a little strip show for you and your friends and then stay naked while we clean up and eat lunch, but no more than 3 hours total. After I’m finished, I get my clothes back, and I’m free to go. I’ll do this only if you can get me back to my desk without anyone else seeing me. Deal?”

Gus loved the way she made it sound like it was her own terms when she basically agreed to everything he suggested. He was beginning to think that this girl really enjoyed these kinds of situations.

“Deal,” he replied.

Gus proceeded out into the hallway and made sure that the coast was clear. It was just a short walk down to the fire exit corridor entry. Once he had the door open for her, he motioned her out of the break room.

The journey was still terrifying to Geri, but she felt a little safer with Gus present. She practically sprinted into the open corridor, not mindful at all of the wonderful jiggling her running had produced.

Once Geri was safely in the corridor, Gus, almost breathless from watching her display, closed the door behind them and proceeded to a doorway halfway to the exit.

“This door leads into your office. I’m going to temporarily disable the fire alarm, open it, and peek inside. If the coast is clear, I’ll open it all the way so that you can hurry across to your office.”

Geri nodded and got ready to act. Her heart was pounding with fear at the prospect of one of her coworkers finding her like this, and she was determined to not let that happen.

“Okay, quick now,” Gus said as he threw open the door.

Geri reacted immediately and ran, totally naked, through the doorway and into her office. Luckily, Gus was true to his work and the office was empty.

“See you tomorrow,” Gus said in a loud whisper as he closed the door and disappeared.

End of Part 7

Though she had managed to avoid detection making it to her desk, Geri was seriously worried that the noise she had caused in doing so might attract attention. She hurriedly reached in her desk drawer and pulled out her top. She barely managed to pull it over her head and sit down when her coworker, Bob, appeared at her door.

“Geri, when’d you get here? I thought you were gone.”

“I’ve been around. I had some work to do in the back file room. You must have missed me,” Geri explained.

“Weird. I could’ve sworn that no one past my cubicle and that you weren’t back here. Oh well. So what you got going on this weekend,” Bob continued.

“Not much, you?” Geri asked, not believing that she was carrying on this conversation while nearly naked.

Bob laid out his plans for the weekend and Geri noticed that his eyes seemed to be drifting toward her breasts.

‘Why is he so obviously staring at my chest?’ she wondered.

Then it hit her, she was wearing just her thin blouse with no jacket and no bra. What’s more, her nipples were hard as rocks. Her first impulse was to clutch her hands to her tits to hide them. Her second was to finger herself. She ended up forcing her hands to remain still while she figured out what to do, nodding as he kept up the idle chitchat.

Just as she had decided that she had to get rid of him, and soon, her stomach rumbled. She realized that she never had eaten her soup. Her first thought was to just forget about it, but she was starving!!! She obviously couldn’t go get it herself.

“Hey, Bob, could you do me a favor?” she asked.

“Sure, whatcha need?”

“I had just put my soup that I was going to have for lunch in the microwave when I remembered something that I had to do. I rushed back here and have been so busy that I completely forgot to go back and pick it up. Would you mind going and getting it for me?”

“Okay,” he started, “but why not just go get it yourself?”

“Well, this blouse is meant to be worn with a jacket, and, long story, but I don’t have my jacket handy at the moment. I’m not sure it would be appropriate for me to walk through the office at the moment,” she replied, not believing what was coming out of her mouth.

Blushing, Bob stammered an okay and went off to get the food. Upon returning several minutes later, he said as he placed the hot bowl on her desk “It was a bit cold, so I heated it back up for you. I also grabbed this packet of crackers of the counter. I assumed that they were yours.”

“You did well, thanks.”

Instead of placing the crackers on the desk with the soup, Bob backed up to the doorway.

“So, have you ever been down to Mardi Gras?” he asked as he waved the crackers at her.

‘He couldn’t be suggesting what I think he’s suggesting, can he? But then, I am sitting her with my breasts pretty prominently on display anyway. I can’t do it. I can’t just expose my breasts fully to a coworker like that,’ she thought as her hands, as if acting with a will of their own, reached down and grabbed the bottom of her shirt.

Being controlled by the wetness of her crotch more than the reluctance of her brain, Geri’s hands pulled the shirt up so that the bottom rested just under her chin. She had to fight to keep those same hands from lifting the shirt all the way off.

Bob’s grin stretched from ear to ear as he tossed her the crackers. He stood there mesmerized as she caught the crackers and placed them on the table before finally lowering her shirt back down.

“Thanks for getting that for me,” the flustered girl was finally able to say.

“No problem. Anytime,” was his reply as he finally left her office.

Geri finally ate her soup and crackers, still not quite believing what she had just done. On one hand, she hoped Bob wouldn’t tell anyone, and, on the other, she was past caring. She spent half of the rest of the afternoon flinching whenever she heard a sound that might indicate someone making their way back to her office and the other half trying to keep her hands above her desk. She succeeded a good portion of the time.

When 4:30 rolled around and Chuck finally showed up in her office, Geri was just about exhausted from fear and frustration.

“You did well today, Geri. I didn’t think that you had it in you. I couldn’t believe it when you actually left the office at lunch. Good job, also, by the way, of getting the janitor to let you back it. I do believe that you enjoy this,” he said.

“Just give me my clothes, back, please.”

“The IOU isn’t quite complete yet, I’m afraid. Just a little bit more, though.

“On the windshield of your car are your further instructions. You and I are the only ones left in this office, but there are a still a few cars left in the parking lot. You can wait as late as you want to leave. Remember, however, that the blouse you are wearing stays at your desk, and I have one final rule: your hands must remain at your side as long as you are not in your car until your have actually made it inside your apartment.”

Before she could even stammer out a reply, he left, shouting out “Good luck, have a great weekend,” as he exited the outer door.

End of Part 8

Geri couldn’t believe that her ordeal for the day still wasn’t over. She almost decided to forget the whole thing and find something to cover her. A part of her, however, was still being driven by an extremely high state of arousal. It was that part of her that removed the blouse and stuck it in the desk drawer before heading to the door completely uncovered and carrying only her keys.

Once again, she was walking through her firm’s office completely butt naked. Once again, she was going to leave the relative security of the office and venture out into the building, naked. This time, she was even going to leave the building, naked.

She trembled at the thought of what she was doing as she stepped out into the corridor. She was so aroused by her afternoon of refraining from satisfying herself that she almost didn’t care is someone saw her. Actually, she was almost hoping that someone did.

Apparently, though, the building was fairly deserted. If there was anyone still here, they were probably tucked deep away pounding at a keyboard. Under those conditions, it didn’t take her long to traverse the corridor and descend the stairs. The lobby once again was deserted. She looked longingly at the restroom door but decided that she’d rather just get this over with. Besides, if she were sated, this next part would be terrifying.

As she crossed the lobby, she began to realize how hard it was going to be making it to her car. In the first place, going outside nude was orders of magnitude harder than walking around inside undressed. People walked around nude inside all the time. Taking showers and getting dressed made it somewhat natural to be naked in the house. Granted, most of the time, people aren’t naked at their place of employment, walking barefoot and bareassed through the lobby of their office building, but, still, the walls added some semblance of safety.

Outside, on the other hand, was a completely different story. That took things to a whole new level.

Adding to the difficulty was the amount of completely open space that she would have to traverse. That space would be visible from any window in the building AND to any cars passing on the highway. From the door of the building to her car was at least a hundred yards, if not more.

She decided that she just couldn’t chance it during daylight. Even as highly aroused as she was, she just couldn’t venture outside that exposed. She’d have to wait until dark.

Hiding in the restroom or going back to her office probably would have been the smartest thing to do, but she was beginning to like being naked in the lobby. She decided to explore the rest of the building.

For the next three hours, she killed time any way that she could. She went to the workout room and spent thirty minutes on the treadmill while fantasizing that a room full of guys was watching her. She had never had an easier time getting her heart rate up to the target cardio level for some reason.

She spent the remainder of the time roaming the halls, getting more and more excited with each passing moment. She had some close calls as the few individuals working late departed. By paying attention and always having a plan for hiding, however, she was able to avoid detection.

By 7:30, the parking lot had only one car remaining, hers, and night had fallen. The lot was still fairly well lit by artificial means, but, at least, the relative darkness provided her with some hope of hiding. Deciding that she could put it off no longer, she finally exited the lobby.

The night air was cool and felt exhilarating on her exposed skin, but she couldn’t believe that she was in this situation again. What was it with her and being forced to walk through parking lots in the nude?

Her goal was to get it over with as quickly as possible, but the hard concrete made walking on bare feet difficult. By the time that she had reached her car, she had lost count of the number of vehicles that had passed on the highway, each possessing the potential to have untold numbers of passengers taking in the sight of her in all her glory. She was actually dripping wet by the time she removed the envelope from underneath the windshield wiper and got in her car.

The note inside the envelope read:

“Geri,

Your clothes are located in two separate locations at the park down the street. Your jacket and shoes are inside the box from this morning and is located in the middle of the soccer field. Your skirt and underwear are located below the bag located in one of three trashcans surrounding the playground. Here’s the catch. You can only retrieve one of the sets of garments. Remember, keep your hands by your side if you are outside your car.

Chuck”

Geri was glad that she had waited until dark. Kids used that playground during the daylight hours but pretty much cleared out after dusk. Besides, the darkness made driving a lot easier.

She turned her attention to her decision. Jacket and shoes or skirt and underwear? The choice was actually pretty easy. After leaving the park, she had a pretty long drive and then had to make it into her apartment. Her jacket would cover her top completely and hang down low enough to cover her nether region as well. Sure, it would look a little weird to anyone not being able to see her skirt under her jacket, but they would just figure that she went with a little bit shorter skirt today. On the other hand, walking up to her second story apartment with just her skirt and bra would be hard to explain. She decided to go for the box.

After all she had been through today, the retrieval of the box was a lot easier than she had expected. The park was completely clear of people, and she easily spotted the container in the middle of the field. All it took was parking her car as close as possible to the field and sprinting to the box. Once there, she snatched her jacket and threw it on. She quickly realized that the buttons were missing, but she didn’t think that that would cause too much of a problem. She was just thrilled to be covered once again and went back to her car.

She only had one more mildly embarrassing task and her day would be complete. All she had to do was to make it to her apartment. For this task, however, she’d at least be fully covered.

As she pulled into her complex, she noticed that there was a decent amount of activity. It was, after all, Friday night. She parked her car as close as possible to her apartment and scanned the area attentively before getting out. The coast was pretty much clear, and she walked to the back of the building to access the stairs to the second floor. She was halfway up when the door to her neighbor’s apartment opened. It was Mike!!!

‘Oh crap!!! It had to be him didn’t it?’ she thought, referring to the good-looking 20-something guy who lived next door to her.

‘Crap, he’s going to wait for me to make it to the top before starting down.’

Staying as calm as she could, she continued inexorably toward him. While the jacket provided more coverage than she had since lunch, she was acutely aware that it was meant to be worn with both a skirt and an undershirt. What’s more, the garment really should have been buttoned. Thankfully, however, the jacket stayed bunched in the front more than she had any right to expect.

“Hey, Geri. Just getting home from work?” Mike asked as she reached his level.

“Yeah, had to put in a long one,” she replied.

“Cool, well, have a good one.”

“You too. Catch you later.”

Relieved that he apparently hadn’t noticed anything amiss with her outfit and acutely aware of the wind flowing past her behind and bush from underneath the jacket, Geri quickly turned and walked toward her own apartment. After putting her keys in the lock, she was surprised to find him staring at her from the top of the stairs when she happened to glance back. As they made eye contact, he quickly bounded down the stairs in a guilty fashion without saying a further word.

‘That’s odd,’ she thought. ‘I wonder what that was about? I hope my jacket isn’t riding high or something.’

Just to check, she reached her hands behind her to feel her jacket.

To her dismay, the part of her jacket that should have been covering her behind was completely missing! In her excitement at having clothes to wear, she hadn’t even noticed the absence of fabric. She had just figured that the air she felt was coming up underneath the jacket.

‘Chuck!?! You complete bastard. I’ll get you for this,’ she thought hysterically.

Then she realized just what Chuck’s wardrobe modification had meant. Not only did Mike know that she wasn’t wearing anything under the jacket; he had been staring at her bare naked butt for at least a full minute before she caught him.

She quickly dashed into her apartment, threw off her jacket, and rushed to her bed where she spent the rest of the evening pleasuring herself until drifting off into a blissful, if exhausted, slumber.

The End of Geri at the Office

Story is continued in “Geri’s Saturday Servitude”