**Helping Alexandra**

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Fred was working late one Friday night in April, trying to finish several projects before he left on two weeks of vacation. He thought he was the last one in the office, so was startled when he heard a knock on the frame of his office door. Alexandra, a recent hire, was standing in the opening with some papers in her hand.

"Could you help me with something? I have to get this release out tonight, and Ellen and the others have all left. This is my first time trying this on my own."

Alexandra had been working in media relations for a few months and was still finding her ways through the intricacies of getting out medical news to the world at large.

Fred was feeling tired and a little silly, so he said, "Sure, but it'll cost you."

"You want me to pay you?" Alexandra looked startled. While new, she was not without an assertive edge to her personality.

"No, just toss your shoes over there." Fred said, pointing to the corner of his office.

Alexandra rolled her eyes and kicked off her shoes. Fred then took the papers and read them over. After a couple minutes, he said, "You take two paragraphs to get to the main point. I know the doctors want us to tell everybody how wonderful they are with their long academic titles, but we should put the important information first." He circled a couple paragraphs with a pencil. "This is what will sell the story, get people interested. If the first thing the reporter reads is the doctor's name, it'll go in the trash."

She took the papers and started to reach for her shoes. "No, leave them there till we're finished." She rolled her eyes again and walked back to her cubicle.

He completed one project and was starting to work on another when she came back. "I've done what you said. What do you think?"

"How about your socks?"

Another eye-roll, and she took her socks off and tossed them into the same corner with her shoes. Fred read through the revised release and made a few edits along the way. After getting to the end, he went back and read another section closely. "These two paragraphs need some clarification. Do you have this doctor's number? You should be able to reach him. Give him a call, and just say you need some help explaining his work. He's a decent guy and shouldn't give you a hard time."

Alexandra headed back to her cubicle, and Fred could hear her on the phone. He got deeply involved in his project update, so was surprised again when she knocked on his door. "So, I talked to the doctor, and he gave me a lot of background information, and I repeated it back to him to make sure I understood it. I wrote some of the paragraphs down, but I'm not sure how to put it into the story."

Fred leaned back in his chair and grinned at her. "That sounds pretty complicated," he said lightly. "I think that's worth at least a pair of slacks."

Alexandra was puzzled for a moment, then her eyes bugged out in surprise that quickly turned to outrage. "You've got to be kidding me. You think I'm going to play this game with you any further?"

Fred shrugged and leaned back into his work. Alexandra stood there for a few moments, then broke the silence. "Look, this is my first release that I've done on my own. I want to make sure I get it right."

"I'm sure you'll figure it out," Fred said, still bent over his desk. Nearly a minute went by in silence, then Alexandra sighed and put her papers on his desk. "Fine," she said in exasperation. Fred turned his head slightly so he would appear to continue working and watched her hands unbutton and unzip her pants, then lower the slacks off her legs. She was wearing purple panties that were slightly skewed, revealing a little bit more of her pubic hair and mound than she would have liked.

She tossed her slacks onto the chair in the corner of his office. "Okay?"

Fred reached for her papers that she had dropped on his desk, seemingly paying no attention to this young woman in her panties and shirt. "Sit down. What have you got here?"

She explained that she had written two paragraphs based on the doctor's explanation and read them back to him for his approval. He had also agreed with her general understanding of his work. "I'm just not sure how to put it together with the rest of the release."

Fred read over her notes and asked her some questions, then began reviewing different approaches. He didn't so much tell her how to arrange the information as he tried to help her understand the logic of the developing information and how she could arrange the information to help the reader follow a path of learning.

"Thanks, that helps a lot," she said as she gathered the papers. "And it should help me with later work." She stood up and headed out. As they had talked, she must have shifted around in her seat, because one side of her panties had slid into her butt crack, and he got a clear view of her bare right butt cheek as she left his office. He bent back over his work with a smile of satisfaction.

A few minutes later, he was surprised to hear the door to the office open and called out a greeting. Karen, an older woman in the media relations area, stuck her head in.

"What are you doing here so late?"

"Finishing up some work before I leave for vacation."

"Yeah, that's right," she said. "Where are you going again?" She stepped into his office and sat down. He reminded her that he was off to the Bahamas with stop on three islands, and she talked about some of the time she had spent there on vacation. After a few minutes, she spotted the female clothes piled in the corner. "What's with these?"

"I'm having a little fun with Alexandra. She's working on a release and asked for some help."

"So you're trading help for clothes?"

Fred shrugged and smiled. Karen scowled at him for a moment, then shrugged. "You get your fun where you can, I guess."

Just then, the phone rang. It was Alexandra. "Is that Karen in your office?"

"Yeah."

"I have a couple more questions. Can you come down here?"

"I'm perfectly happy right here. Why don't you come on up?" He smiled at Karen and raised a finger to ask her to wait.

"I don't want her to see me like this!"

"Well, I'm sure you can figure it out for yourself." He listened to her breathing on the phone for several long seconds, then she whispered, "You bastard" and hung up. He sat back in his chair and looked at Karen. "She might be coming down."

Soon, Alexandra stepped into the office. "Hi," she said to Karen through clenched teeth. Karen nodded back at her. Alexandra turned to Fred. "I made those changes. You were a lot of help. Now I need to double-check the formatting before I send it out."

"Oh, it's a good thing Karen's here then, she can help with that for than I can. That's worth a shirt, don't you think?"

Alexandra's face turned a deeper shade of red, and she clenched her jaw even more, but she bravely started unbuttoning her shirt and slipped it off her shoulders. Karen kept looking at her own shoes, while Fred watched the gradual revelation of the salmon-colored bra, which gently hugged Alexandra's breasts, clearly showing the outline of her nipples.

As the shirt dropped to the floor, Fred handed the draft release to Karen. "Here, why don't you take a look at this? I think she's done a good job." Grateful for something to do other than stare at Alexandra, Karen grabbed the pages and read them closely. After a couple more glances at Alexandra's bare stomach and shoulders, Fred suggested she sit down.

"This is really good," Karen said, "a pretty clear explanation of a complicated topic."

"Fred helped with the order of the quotes," Alexandra said, trying to sound relaxed, now that she was seated and had her arms folded across her chest. "He helped me tell a story rather than just dish out information."

"It's good, ready to send. You should put your contact information first, then Ellen's, and don't forget the boilerplate paragraph at the end."

"Should I send it to the medical reporters list?"

"Medical reporters, his medical school journal, if we have it, and a couple speciality journals." Karen named the main journals as she handed the release back to Fred and went back to studying her shoes.

Fred handed the papers back to Alexandra. "Anything else?"

"Not for now." She stood up and headed back to her office. Fred noticed that her panties covered more of her butt than they did the last time, but there was still a fair amount of cheek showing.

He turned to Karen. "Thanks for your help."

She got up. "Enjoy the rest of your evening."

"Not going to stick around?"

"Nope, this is too much excitement for me." She headed out of his office to her own cubicle across the way, picked up what she had come for, then called out, "So long, Alex," as she left. There was a grunt in reply.

Fred was close to finishing up his work when there was another knock on his door. Alexandra was there in her bra and panties. "I've got it all formatted and ready to go, but I'm not sure how to send a group fax on the machine. They have the addresses built in for sending to various lists of reporters, so I need help with that."

"Okay."

"Will I need to pay for that too?"

Fred was a little taken aback by the question and the sly tone that had entered into Alexandra's voice. She had put the papers on his guest chair and stood there with one hip cocked and one hand fingering her bra strap. Was she taunting him, or just getting into the game? His voice felt a little weak and shaky when he finally said, "Yeah."

She looked down at her left shoulder as she slowly moved her right hand to the bra strap and pushed it off and down her arm. Her fingers slid lightly across the top of her bra over the mound of her breast, even sliding a knuckle down behind the bra fabric, and into the valley between them. She glanced up sideways toward him, then resumed her hand's journey over her right breast till she reached the bra strap and gently slid it off her shoulder and down her arm.

Fred was transfixed as he watched her fingers on both hands gently trace the outline of her bra, cup her breasts, and arouse her own nipples. Who was in charge here, he wondered, and took another breath as she reached both hands behind her back. After a moment, the bra sagged, and she brought her right arm around to hold it up, while she slid her left arm out from the strap. She switched arms and did the same on the other side, then began playing at pulling it away from her breasts, until she finally brought it down and dropped it to the floor.

Her breasts sagged somewhat as they were released from the bra, pointing slightly outward. The aroused nipples pointed down from the pinkish-brown areolas. Alexandra rocked back on her heels slightly, and the breasts shifted with the move. Fred could not take his eyes off them, and he found he had trouble breathing.

"What?" he said suddenly, thinking she had said something.

"The fax machine?"

"Oh, right. Let's go."

He watched her breasts sway down and back as she picked up the papers and headed out down the hall. At the fax machine, he tried hard to concentrate on what she needed to do, rather than staring at her breasts, which shifted and swayed with every move she made. Finally, she had punched in all the numbers, inserted the papers, and pressed Start. "The rest is automatic," he said. "You'll get a record of everything that went out at the end."

"Thanks again for all your help. I'm going to tidy up my office while this is sending."

He watched her all the way down the hall, her ass twitching with each step. He went back to his office and finished the last step in his work before he cleaned off his desk. Just as he was about finished, Alexandra was at his office door again. He enjoyed the sway of her breasts as she came to a stop. "I forgot," she said. "My car's in the shop. Could you give me a ride home, so I don't have to take the bus."

Without thinking, he said, "Sure, but it'll cost you."

They both froze. Alexandra turned pale, and Fred felt the heat rise to his face. He had not intended to say that. He had not expected the game to go this far, and he certainly had not expected anything more, but the words slipped out, probably by reflex action. He couldn't get his voice to work, as though he had had the wind knocked out of him. Finally, he breathed in and was about to say that he was kidding when he noticed her hands moving along the waistband of her panties.

He watched in fascination as they moved ever so slowly, as though she were in a trance, from the front to the sides. As they started to move toward the front, her thumbs slipped inside. She pulled the waistband slightly away from her stomach and held it there for what seemed like a few minutes, but was probably just a second or two. Then the thumbs continued their journey back to the sides and around to her back. Slowly, patiently, the hands drew the panties down and off of her butt. Fred could see the side of her naked ass cheek slowly being unveiled.

When she had got the panties down in back, Alexandra began moving her hands forward, just as slowly pulling the front down and revealing a fringe of her pubic hair. Finally, she bent down and slid the panties down past her knees and left them fall to the floor. Her breasts swayed as she stood up. She gracefully stepped out of the panties on the floor, kicked them to the side, and stood there in front of him, stark naked in the middle of his office.

Fred could hardly breathe. She stood still as he looked her up and down, admiring her breasts rising and falling with each breath, and her pussy lips sticking out from beneath her public hair. She seemed to be in total control, even though he was the one with clothes on. Finally, she broke the silence.

"What now?"

A flurry of thoughts and images flew through his brain until one of them caught his attention.

"You have a backpack, right?" She nodded. "Go get it."

She walked out of the office without hesitation and down to her cubicle. He watched her go, seemingly carefree, as though she always walked to her office naked. When she came out with the backpack, she made no attempt to cover her pussy or breasts as she walked and swung the backpack along her side.

He unzipped the pack and slid her shoes and socks into it. She watched impassively as he neatly folded her slacks and added them into the pack, followed by her shirt and her bra. When he picked up her panties, she felt her pussy twitching as he carefully unrolled them, smoothed them out, then folded them into a neat square before putting them into the pack and zipping it up.

He picked up his own bag and looped it over his shoulder, then took her backpack in his hands. "I'll go get my car. It'll probably take me ten to twelve minutes to get to the garage, take the elevator, get in the car, drive out of the garage and come back here. I'll stop as long as I can in front of the building, then drive around the block to try again. I'll do that five times. If I don't see you within those five times, I'll assume you found another way home. Deal?"

She nodded, and he headed out the door. When the main door to the office closed behind him, she let out a long, loud moan and clutched both hands to her pussy, which was soaking wet. She rubbed herself and let out another loud gasp as she had an orgasm that had been building up for several minutes. She collapsed into Fred's office chair and rubbed herself again and again, then slid a couple fingers up inside her cunt and gave herself another orgasm. She lay across his chair, grunting and gasping with every wave that passed over her till she was done. She closed her eyes, then suddenly jerked up, when she realized she may have blacked out momentarily.

"Oh, geez, what have I done? He's got my clothes, he's seen me naked, how am I going to get home?" The tension and fear which she had held at bay suddenly overwhelmed her, and she started crying. "No, I can't do that," she said out loud. "I've got to get down there when he drives around. He'll get me home. How long has it been? What did he say? Ten to twelve minutes?" She stood up and realized that she had made a mess of his chair. She stared at it for a moment, then started laughing. "He gets what he asks for," she said to the four walls and headed out.

She had another moment of fear when the main office door locked behind her. Now she was out, she couldn't go back in and hide. She headed toward the elevator, then decided to take the stairs. "I wouldn't be able to hide if somebody else got on the elevator." Before the last flight, she realized that there was a window onto the alleyway where people went to smoke. She stopped before rounding the corner. "Not this late," she thought and headed down the last flight of steps.

Another wave of panic swept over her as the door to the lobby closed behind her, leaving her locked out of the rest of the building. She crouched behind the security guard's desk, grateful that it was vacant after hours. She quickly realized, though, that she could not get a good view of the street to recognize Fred's car. She stepped around the desk and went to the front of the room, where she could lean her head so she could look out the glass door without being seen herself.

Suddenly, she heard the sound of the elevator door opening. She ran back to the guard's desk and crouched behind the side. She heard footsteps coming down the hall, then stopping. There was some murmuring, then a gasp, and more murmuring or moaning.

"We have to find someplace else to do this," a woman's voice whispered. She heard a mumbled response in a deeper, probably male voice, then more moaning. They were making out! Had they just fucked in some office? Alexandra's pussy started twitching again, and she felt something running down her leg. "Get a room," she thought, "I've got a car to catch."

Finally the woman said, "Stop!" in a whisper. "I've got to get home."

"When will I see you again?"

"Monday, when we're back at work."

"What about this?" The man sounded sort of desperate, and Alexandra was beginning to enjoy the conversation.

"We'll see." And the woman headed out the door.

When she was sure they had gone, Alexandra came out from behind the guard's desk again and peaked out the door. There he was! And she ran out the door just as he drove off into traffic. Shit! She tried to get back inside, but the automatic door was locked and she couldn't get back in without her badge, which was in her backpack. She quickly squeezed behind one of the thick columns on either side of the door.

She really couldn't get completely behind it, so she was partially exposed, or at least would be to anybody who walked by. There wasn't much foot traffic at this time of nice, and she was hoping that cars were going too fast to notice. And now she was getting cold. It was an early spring night and a light rain was falling. She felt goose-bumps all over her body, and her nipples were getting painfully hard. "Come on, Fred, come on," she was muttering between clenched teeth.

Finally, she saw his car pull to a stop in front of the building. She pulled herself out from behind the column and ran across the sidewalk. She tried opening the rear door, but it was locked. She looked at Fred, who was gesturing toward the front passenger seat. "Bastard," she thought as she ran around the front of the car and jumped in. "Come on, drive, before anybody sees us."

"Buckle your seat belt," he said calmly. A car that had been stopped at the red light behind them drove by and blew his horn, though whether it was because they were parked or the driver had seen her naked, she had no way of knowing. Once she was belted in, Fred pulled away from the curb and headed away.

She gave him directions to her house and settled back to get her breath. After a few moments, she looked around and asked, "Where are my clothes?"

"In the trunk. I'll pop it open when we get to your place."

"Wow, you really thought of everything. Have you been planning this long?"

"No, it was just a whim that grew into a creative exercise."

"What if I'd said no?"

"I don't know. I probably would have helped you anyway."

Alexandra sat in silence as the car drove through downtown and up the highway toward her house. She felt her pussy twitching and leaking again. She really wanted to reach down and give herself some relief, but not with Fred right there. She didn't want to distract him from his driving, she told herself with a smile. Instead, she tried to rub herself against the seat.

"You really got me, didn't you?" She tried talking as another way of distracting herself. "I was quite a sucker."

"You looked like you were getting into it when you took your bra off."

"I was trying to imagine myself at a spring break wet t-shirt contest."

"Did you ever do that?"

"No, a friend of mine did and wanted me to join her, but I was too chicken. Hey, did you notice who came out of the building just before you pulled up?" She told him about the couple making out in the lobby. "I was beginning to think it might be Mary Jo, the head of the medical staff group, but I wonder who the guy was?"

"Sorry, can't help you. Is this where I turn?" She directed him through a couple twists and turns in her neighborhood, and he pulled up in front of her townhouse. It was about 25 to 30 feet from the sidewalk to her front door in a wide open area. She turned toward him, her breasts shifting off to the side as she did so.

"Thanks for the ride. I think I earned it."

"Thanks for a lovely evening."

"Not what I'd planned for, but I guess you're welcome. Have you popped the trunk?"

He leaned under the dashboard and pushed a button. They heard a thunk and saw the trunk lid rise. She took a deep breath and grabbed the door handle. She pulled it open, then suddenly she leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. Just as quickly, she pushed the door open, jumped out, grabbed her backpack out of the trunk and started to walk briskly up the path to her house. He watched her butt rocking back and forth with each step. When she got to her door, the overhead light came on and bathed her in full light as she searched for her key. She opened the door and, instead of immediately running in, she turned to face him, waved, and blew him a kiss. Then she stepped in and closed the door behind her.

He sighed and was about to drive off, when he saw that she had left the trunk open. He got out to close it and saw her standing in the window, still naked, watching him. He waved back, blew her a kiss, and drove off. He had some packing to do for his trip tomorrow. But first, he thought, he'd have to jerk off. Or should he do that after packing? Or both?

He'd find out when he got home.