**Office Help**
by Daring Burlinski

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It was a hot early summer weekend, and my boss had called me asking that I go in to the office. I really didn’t feel like it, but the promise of extra overtime pay was pretty tempting. Also, I’ve always found it difficult to say no to her, when she asks me to do something. I guess I felt a little intimidated.

The good thing was, when I told my friend Jean about it, she said she would come in to help out. That made things a little better, as the perky young Asian woman would keep me company, and the day would go by faster. My boss needed her office to be cleaned, as she had been extremely busy and fell behind with the upkeep. Actually, there was a lot of organization that needed to be done, and Jean and I would have to set things right.

Saturday arrived, and I put on my usual work clothes. I would have liked to be wearing something less confining, but it was important for me to dress professionally when I went into the office. So a nice white blouse, beige skirt, stockings and heels would have to do. I checked myself in the mirror one last time, then headed out the door. Jean was going to meet me at the building.

When I walked through the front door, I noticed a few other people were here today. That was not unusual, as there were deadlines to be met. But I still wished my boss hadn’t called me in! I said hello to a couple of guys behind their cubicles, then proceeded to move swiftly down the hallway. Her office was all the way at the end. I began wondering where Jean was, since I had already waited outside for ten minutes. Probably thought it was too nice of a day to help me out…

“Hello, Jenna!” the black-haired girl greeted me sweetly.

I was a bit taken a back at the sight of my friend casually leaning against my boss’ messy desk. “Jean… what are you doing here?”

“You asked me to come in and help you,” she teased playfully. “Remember, silly?”

Standing in the doorway, I think my mouth hung open for a moment, as I was more stunned to see what she was wearing. Or wasn’t wearing. Jean had a white, short sleeved button-down shirt, except most of the buttons were undone. She had the ends tied, just above her midriff, leaving her bellybutton exposed. I don’t think she was wearing a bra. She had on a pair of black cowboy boots, and her shorts… wow, they were some shorts! Cut-off jeans that fit snugly over her hips, and came down to just below her crotch. I mean I couldn’t take my eyes of her bare legs, from the tops of her thighs to her calves. It was like she was wearing a denim bikini bottom!

Finally, when I found I could speak, I asked, “How did you get in here?”

“Oh, well, there was just one guy in the lobby when I showed up this morning,” Jean said innocently enough. “I told him I was Jenna’s friend, and that I was here to help you in the office. He didn’t seem to mind letting me in, and was even happy to give me directions.”

I regarded her for a moment, then crossed my arms over my chest. “I bet! And he was the only one who saw you dressed… dressed like that? Good, because I would be so embarrassed if anyone else saw you!”

Jean pouted and started walking toward me, even tracing a finger over her bare stomach. “It is kind of warm out today, Jenna.”

I quickly turned, and shut the office door behind me. As I sidestepped away from my friend and headed toward the desk, I informed her that she would remain in this office all day. How could she come here dressed so inappropriately? I couldn’t risk getting in trouble. What would my co-workers think of me?

“Then I suppose we had better get started,” Jean looked around with hands on her hips.

I watched her spin around, and saw that the back of her shorts hardly covered her butt cheeks. It almost looked like she had a wedgie! I think I blushed, imagining the guy in the office seeing her this way. Patting down the front of my more sensible attire, I coolly walked over behind my boss’s desk. Since I was the one dressed responsibly, I suppose I would have to take charge.

There were files and paperwork all over the desk, as well as boxes on the floor that needed to be sorted out. I told Jean that she could start with the boxes, alphabetizing the folders by client name and making sure that records were filed in the correct place. I sat down in the comfortable chair rather imperiously, and began sorting out my own work. But when I raised my eyes to scan across the room, I saw Jean in a crouched position, her ass crack totally exposed! I just shook my head and went back to work.

After a few minutes passed, Jean stood up and said, “My feet are really uncomfortable. Would you mind if I take off these boots?”

“Oh good grief,” I sighed, “Why did you even wear them today? Fine, go ahead…”

As my friend sat back down on the carpet, she pulled off the first boot. “Well, I thought they were pretty nice. But it is rather warm in here, Jenna.”

When she was completely barefoot, Jean switched to a kneeling position so she could continue rummaging through the file folders in the box. I sat mesmerized, watching her butt wiggle, my eyes traveling down the back of her legs… all the way down to the smooth bottoms of her feet, and her toes curled on the carpet. At that moment, I felt envious of her relaxed attire. And here I was, stuck in my heels and stockings!

I tried to concentrate on my work, but I was continually drawn to the spectacle of my friend in her skimpy clothes. Occasionally she would have to stand up and pad over to another filing cabinet, or place a document to the side, on the veranda against the back wall. As she walked around the office, I noticed that the button on her shorts had come undone. And unless I was mistaken, I thought I caught a glimpse of a few wisps of pubic hair peeking out. I wondered…

“Jean!” clearing my throat, I slapped my hands on the desk to get her attention. I tried to sound more annoyed, than curious. “Are you even wearing panties under those ridiculous tiny things?”

My friend giggled, and came to stand directly in front of the mahogany desk between us. She delicately held the open ends of her jean shorts between her fingers and said, “Well, Jenna, these are pretty tight. I really don’t think I could wear any underwear with them… want to see?”

Before I could reply, the busty Asian girl lowered the zipper, then slip her shorts all the way down her legs! She stepped to the side, lifting her feet out of the denim material, to stand completely bottomless in my boss’s office!

“What do you think you’re doing?” I laughed, but it was an excited, nervous laugh. She had a black racing stripe of pubic hair just above her pussy lips.

Resting a hand on her tummy, while the other arm hung at her side, my half-naked friend drummed her fingers and said, “I’m thirsty. Do you think I could go to the soda machine down the hall and get a drink? I’ll bring you back something…”

“Wait!” I nearly shouted as I stood up from my seat. “I don’t want you going anywhere, Jean! You are to remain in this office, do you understand? I’ll go and get us a couple of bottles of water. When I come back, you had better have your pants on!”

As I moved out from behind the desk, Jean frowned at me because I wasn’t playing along. But this was where I worked, and I didn’t want to get into trouble! She pulled her sleek black hair over her shoulder and twisted it, while continuing to flash me her pussy. Then she turned around, bending at the waist so that her fingers brushed her toes. There was little left to the imagination as I stared at her backside. Jean picked up her shorts, and then straightened herself, holding the material discreetly in front of her crotch.

I brought my hands to my temples and wondered what had gotten into her. Opening the door to the office just a sliver, I peeked outside to make sure no one was around. Of course, there were not many people at the building to begin with. So I carefully stepped out into the hallway, and closed the door behind me. Wringing my hands fretfully, I marched toward the distant vending machine.

Part of me wondered if Jean was really going to put her shorts back on as I had asked. The way she was acting today, I wouldn’t be surprised if she took off her top instead, and got completely naked. I touched the front of my skirt, suddenly realizing that as nervous as I was, I was also turned on! Among other emotions, I was also jealous of my friend who could be so completely carefree in this environment, but I had to worry about getting caught. Still, by the time I had the bottles of water, I could not help entertaining certain thoughts in my head.

Upon returning to the door to my boss’s office, I tucked the bottles under my arm and turned the knob. It was locked. Naughty Jean had locked me out in the hallway! Exasperated, I rapped my knuckles on the heavy oak.

“Very funny. I don’t have time for this… we have work to do!”

I heard the shuffling of someone crossing the carpet, and then my friend pressed herself against the door. “I’ll let you in, Jenna. But first you have to remove your blouse!”

Frantically, I looked over my shoulder, to make sure no one overheard my friend. Even though the risky request came muffled, from behind the door, I couldn’t believe my blushing ears. How could Jean be thinking of playing games, when she was supposed to be helping me! I was really worried things would get out of hand, and we wouldn’t get any work done. So I placed the two bottles on the floor, and nervously reached up to undo the buttons of my shirt.

When the tails hung open, I pulled the delicate sleeves off my arm and knocked on the door again. “OK, Jean… it’s off. Are you… are you dressed?”

I clutched the fabric in front of my chest, my heart beating faster as I stood out here in my white lacey bra. Turning around, I thought I heard footsteps further down the hall! When I faced forward again, Jean conveniently opened the office door for me. I saw that Jean had indeed pulled her shorts on again, but the top was still unbuttoned and opened up teasingly. First, she took the shirt abruptly out of my hands. Then she bent down at the knees in order to pick up the water bottles, and proceeded to walk back into the office.

As I followed her, closing the door behind us, I watched Jean toss my clothing onto her boots in the corner. I smacked my parched lips, my mouth felt very dry. A bead of sweat formed just beneath the cup of my bra, and trickled down my stomach. Jean kept her eye on me the whole time, but uncapped her bottle and took a nice refreshing swig of water. Again I licked my lips, took a step forward, and extended my arm a little.

“Oh you’re going to have to do better than that, Jenna!” The young woman’s slightly slanted eyes twinkled mischievously. “If you want to drink, you have to take off your skirt first.”

I was so thirsty, my hands fidgeted with the zipper at my side. “But why? Why are you making me strip?”

“Well…” Jean started slowly, strolling across the carpet in her bare feet. “You were so critical of my outfit today, when you should have only been delighted that I came in to help you. Now I want you to know what it feels like.”

“I’m sorry…”

“Take off the skirt, Jenna.”

I knew she was only pretending to be mad at me, but I decided to play along. In a way, she did have a point. We were here to help clean the office, it really didn’t matter what we were wearing. With a deep breath, I shimmied the material over my hips and down my legs. I then stepped out of the skirt, picked it up and brought it over to the corner as instructed. Now I approached Jean in just my bra and panties, heels and hosiery. My friend may have been revealing more skin, but I felt more embarrassed because I had just taken off my clothes. She looked me over and smiled, then handed me the water bottle.

While I gulped down the refreshing liquid, Jean turned away and went about the filing she had started earlier in the day. I smoothly walked around the wide desk, noting the piles of papers that still needed to be sorted. It certainly felt odd when I sat down in my boss’s chair, in just my underwear! Odd, but kind of nice, too. I settled in, I began to focus on my work.

After some time had passed, and it seemed like we were making progress, Jean put down a folder and walked in front of the desk. “Tell you what, Jenna… I’ll take my top off, if you take off yours!”

I looked up, my concentration completely shattered. “What? You have to be joking…”

“You’ve already seen me bottomless,” the Asian vixen purred. “Don’t you want to see me topless, too?”

Stunned, I could only watch as she swayed her hips and untied the ends of her shirt just above her abdomen. It was like she was giving me my own private striptease. She only had two buttons to pop free, and then Jean turned around. She peeled the white fabric off her shoulders, only glancing back to wink at me. Then she removed it completely, giving me an unobstructed view of her bare back. The petite young woman tossed the shirt away, bringing her hands up to cover her nipples before facing me again.

“Now it’s your turn!”

My eyes widened and darted across the office. “Um… maybe if you lock the door first.”

Jean threw her head back and laughed, while still holding onto her large breasts with each hand. I watched her glide over to the door, wearing only those skimpy jean shorts, which looked like they could fall off at any moment. I guess her curvy hips were the only thing preventing gravity from taking its natural course. She slung an arm across her boobs, and reached out to test the lock. Next thing I knew, the nearly naked girl cam bouncing back in front of the desk.

Well, it seemed safe enough now. I sat forward a little in the seat, allowing me to reach behind my back and unclasp my bra. This done, I shyly pulled the straps down each shoulder, then pulled the cups away from my breasts. Shifting and squirming, I tucked my bare tits under an arm, and threw the lacy bra over Jean’s head.

The young woman clapped with pleasure, then placed her hands on her hips, exposing her jiggling breasts to me. I blushed as I moved my own hands out of the way, because my nipples stood out fully erect. Jean laughed again and pointed.

“Wow, Jenna… and we don’t even have the air conditioning on!”

And with that clever remark, my friend turned around in order to resume her office work, topless. I waited, catching a side glimpse of her globes bouncing with each step she took. When she crouched down again to return to her file box, I lowered my head and tried to concentrate on my own work. But it was no use, as I could not clear my mind. I couldn’t believe we had gone so far and undressed at the place where I worked.

The report I had been holding fell useless to the floor as I observed Jean in her little shorts. My other hand was resting on my tummy, and I absent-mindedly flicked the elastic of my panties. I began thinking about quietly getting up and sneaking behind my friend. I imagined pantsing her right here in the office. But I would pull down her shorts so hard, I would end up taking them right off! Maybe I would give Jean a spanking, bare-assed and fully nude…

I wasn’t even aware at first, that my hand had slipped inside my panties and I was massaging my pussy. At that moment, the phone rang.

The first digital ring only brought me partly out of my haze of confusion. On the second ring, my fingers were still lightly touching my vulva, but I picked up the receiver with my other hand.

“Hello… Jenna?” said the voice on the other end.

“Yes!” I gasped. I realized it was my boss, and over in the corner of the room, Jean looked up with amused interest.

“I hope everything is going well,” she continued. “You and your little friend are behaving?”

“Uh-huh,” I replied. Little did she know I was talking to her in my underwear, and my friend had stripped down to her indecent shorts.

“Good, because I need to ask you to do a favor for me. There is an important document that was on my desk. It is called the Windsor Report. Do you see it?”

I casually scanned the surface of the desk, then twisted my head to the side so I could look past my shoulder. Sure enough, down on the floor leaning against the wheels of the chair, was a professionally bound report with the title she had mentioned. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Jean rise to her bare feet and begin to cross the room.

“Yes… yes, I have it,” I said to my boss.

“Excellent. I need to have that report delivered to Accounting immediately. It was supposed to be dropped off yesterday. Do you understand, Jenna? Drop whatever you are doing, and bring it down to the Accounting Department.”

That sounded easy enough, although I blushed to think if she only knew what I was doing. “Um, OK, I’ll bring it right away…”

“Good, because I will call them in five minutes, and it had better be in their hands!” And with that, my boss hung up the phone with authority. What a bitch!

“Trouble, Jenna?” my friend suddenly appeared at my side, arms folded across her boobs.

I stood up and put my hands on my head, trying to clear my thoughts. My breasts bounced as I moved my body, looking for my clothes. All I saw in the corner were Jean’s shirt and her boots.

“She wants me to deliver a report to Accounting just down the hall,” I explained. “I need to get dressed…”

In my heels, I was definitely taller than the other girl, yet she marched right up to me and flicked one of my erect nipples. “Oh, I’ll be holding onto your clothes for the rest of the afternoon, Jenna.”

“But, Jean… this is really important!”

The young woman stood on her toes and gave my breasts a playful squeeze. “Listen, I would have been happy to deliver that report for you.”

“Oh, would you?” I squealed thankfully. Pulling my friend forward in a hug, our bare breasts crushed together. “Mmmm… it’s just down the hall, to the left. Third door on your right. Just throw on your top and put on your boots…”

Jean separated from our embrace and walked around to hop up on the edge of the desk. She crossed her legs and leaned back on the heels of her hands, her own nipples pointing toward the ceiling.

“I said, I would have been happy… but I’m afraid, Jenna, that you made the rule that said I have to stay in the office all day. So looks like you’re going to have to deliver that report yourself!”

“Can’t I at least get dressed?” I pleaded, but then I realized I didn’t have the time to stand here and argue.

My boss was going to be placing a phone call to the Accounting Department, and they needed to have this damn report! Jean smirked at me, as I understood I would have to make the trip in just my panties, which were already a little damp. I crept over to the door, and stuck my head out of the office. Fortunately, the coast was clear and I didn’t have a moment to spare.

As soon as I stepped out into the hallway, I noticed that it was a lot cooler out here. Looking down, I saw my skin was flushed a rosy pink, from both the heat and my arousal. Of course my nipples remained stiff, hard as diamonds. This was so embarrassing! I lifted the binder in front of my chest and hurried down the hall. When I had been fully dressed earlier, I didn’t recall my heels clicking so loudly. Now, in just my panties and black stockings, they seemed to echo through the building as if seeking to draw attention to my unclothed form.

I slowed my pace as I came to the corner where I had to make a left turn. There were other people in the building, I kept reminding myself, which was not helping the situation! I continued to use the report to shield my bouncing breasts, as I pumped my other arm in hopes of quickly making it to the department door. Nervously, I looked over my shoulder, to make sure no one was following, enjoying my panty-clad ass. Then, upon reaching my destination, I knocked on the door.

I held my breath, waiting for it to open. Now I started to worry, what if no one was here, and I failed to deliver the report. I could be in so much trouble! In earnest, I knocked on the door again, and this time it opened. A guy that I knew was named Marty stood staring at me.

“Um, hi… I just needed to drop off the Windsor Report,” I said, while holding my boobs close with an arm and extending my hand.

The young man, dressed casually in a T-shirt for his weekend work, looked me over curiously. He took the report from my fingers and said, “Oh yes, we have been waiting for you… are you all right, Miss?”

I blushed and shifted my body in humiliation, putting one leg shyly behind the other. Using my free hand, I waved away his concern. “Oh, it’s nothing. You know, its just really hot in that office down there. And it’s just us girls…”

Marty’s eyes went wide with recognition. “That was your friend that came in this morning, to help you out? She wasn’t wearing much to begin with.”

She was wearing even less now, I thought to myself, but kept my mouth shut. I was really hoping he would just close the door so I could be excused, but the accountant only stood, interested in the curves of my body. Finally, I placed both my hands over my tits.

“All right, I have to get back to work now!” I said and turned to head back down the hallway.

Not bothering to hear his reply, I wished I could jog back to the office. But that was impossible in these shoes, so I just walked very quickly. I know my butt cheeks bounced enticingly as I passed around the corner. Hopefully, he wouldn’t come following behind.

I made it back safely, with no one else around, and breathed a sigh of relief. Of course, upon turning the knob, I found that the door was locked again. Jean! I firmly held onto my swelling breasts, and pounded on the door.

“It’s me, Jenna! I’m back now… please open up!”

Jean’s reply cam muffled again, but there was no mistaking her words. “First, take off your panties.”

Well, I bit my lip in frustration, knowing that I really had no choice in the matter. It was pretty much my own fault that I was caught in this situation. Turning around fully, I looked back down the long corridor. There was no sign of anybody. Reluctantly, I hooked my thumbs in the sides of my panties and began to peel them down my hips. First my bare butt made contact with the smooth, polished wood panels of the door. Then my neatly trimmed black bush came into view, as I rolled the delicate material over my nylons, past my knees, and let them fall to my ankles. I was now standing naked outside my boss’s office!

Quickly now, I stepped out of my underwear, so I could pick them up and hold them in front of my crotch. I knocked on the door with the back of my hand and asked, “Can you let me in, Jean? They… they’re off. Do you still have your shorts on?”

The young Asian woman’s heaving breasts greeted me as she swung open the door and snatched the last item of clothing from my hands. “Of course, silly. You’re the one who told me how inappropriate it was for me to wear these shorts to the office. Can you imagine if I was running around without anything on at all?”

I suppose my friend had a point, and she had certainly taught me a lesson today! But I soon found out, Jean wasn’t finished yet. She placed her index finger under my chin, and in the fashion, made me follow her into the spacious office, into the middle of the room. I clasped my hands nervously over my stomach. And then she dropped to her knees, so that her face was eyelevel with my crotch. I didn’t know what would happen next, but instinctively, I placed my hands softly on her head.

“Let’s get the rest of these things off you,” Jean giggled, and brought her fingers down to undo the straps of my heels.

With my assistance, she lifted each foot out of my shoes. Then she began working on my stockings, happily rolling the first one down my shapely leg. The girl’s fingers were light and artful as she plucked the nylon material over my heel, then tugged it off my bare toes. By the time she started peeling off my other stocking, I brought my hands up to my breasts feeling how hard my nipples were. I know I blushed a deep shade of red, as Jean took off the last item, and my clitoris poked out of its hood.

I was now standing completely nude at work!

My little friend climbed to her feet, running a hand over my stomach, then around my waist to pat my firm backside. She had stripped me of everything, but she still had her cut-off shorts, which only seemed to highlight my nudity. Jean walked around me, her eyes roaming over every inch of my body. Then she proceeded to investigate something on the side of my boss’s desk.

Jean returned her attention to me when she held an object in her hand. “Look what I found, Jenna!”

It was black and had a long thin handle, ending in a flat head about three inches wide. Kind of like a spatula for flipping pancakes, it appeared to be made of rubber. Jean asked me what I thought it was.

Very conscious of my nakedness, I could only answer, “Maybe she uses it to swat flies!”

“I wonder what else it could swat,” the bare breasted young woman said playfully. “Jenna, lie down on the carpet…”

I’m not sure at what point I had lost control. The day started with me bossing around Jean and telling her what to do. But now she had me totally naked, and being dominated. I was humiliated and embarrassed, but also very horny. So without much hesitation, I lowered myself to the ground, staring up at her huge boobs hanging over me.

“Spread your legs apart,” Jean instructed, “and put your arms all the way at your sides.”

And when I lay completely prone, spread-eagle, I looked like a star shape on the floor. Jean walked around me and then stopped to rub my left breast with her foot. She was able to pinch the erect nipple between her toes. This made me gasp with breathless passion. Moving around me again, Jean lowered the rubber paddle to touch inside my thigh. She teasingly patted me higher and higher, until the wide tip made contact with my labia. The young woman was able to manipulate the instrument quite well, using it to gently spread apart the pink folds of skin, and tease all around my clitoral hood.

“MMMMM…” I gave a muffled cry, clenching my fists as I felt an orgasm building.

“Now roll over on your stomach,” my friend said sweetly, “but keep your arms and legs in the same position.”

Having been stimulated to this point, I eagerly turned on my side and then completely over, laying my cheek against the carpeted floor. However, I found that my pussy was so sensitive, I could not lie flat on the ground. Instead, I raised myself on my toes a little, almost like I was doing push-ups, and stuck my ass in the air. This was perfect for what Jean intended.

Standing to the side of me, the petite young woman calmly brought the flat end of the swatter down upon my bare ass. I let out a moan of pleasure as she alternated cheeks, slapping my naked skin with measured strokes. Soon, I fell into a rhythm with the contact, lifting my butt up to meet the smack of rubber, then pushing my crotch into the carpet again. It was slow and sensuous, my nipples and labia brushing the floor in a repeated motion as if I was humping the ground. I was now crying out in ecstasy, but Jean was persistent in administering her discipline until I had reached a colossal orgasm!

My body convulsed a few more times, the last moments of my sexual release. Finally, I rolled over on my side, only to see Jean laughing and pointing at the floor. There, where I had been face down only moments ago, was tiny pearl drops of my cum on the carpet.

“Oh no!” I said, quickly getting to my knees. “We have to clean that up!”

To my friend, it seemed the funniest thing in the world that I had creamed to floor of my boss’ office. She would be no help to me at all. So I stood up, totally naked, and started pacing around the room, trying to locate a cloth or something to wipe up the stain. I was afraid I would have to find a towel from the ladies restroom, and Jean would make me go out to get it in the nude. But then I spied on the shelf behind the desk, a box of Kleenex.

Breasts bouncing wildly, I excitedly danced around the furniture to grab a handful of tissues. I then returned to the incriminating evidence of my arousal, and dropped to my hands and knees. My bare butt facing the door and wiggling with the effort, I removed the embarrassing substance.

It was after I tossed away the crumpled-up tissues into the wastebasket, that Jean grasped me by the shoulders and tried to calm me down. She tenderly took a loose strand of my hair and hooked it behind my ear.

“That was quite a performance,” my friend giggled, and in spite of everything, I had to laugh too. Then Jean placed her hand on my cheek and gently turned my face. “But I’m afraid the door was open the whole time…”

THE END