**Maggie's Boring Temp Job**

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**Maggie's Boring Temp Job Ch. 01**

A friend once asked, if I could manifest all the money, I ever wanted what would I do with it. To be honest the first thing I thought of was quitting this stupid temp job and go to school because I really want to learn how to be a game developer and/or graphic designer. I guess that's the problem with this world though, you need money to do the things you want and you need to do some things you really don't want to get it. That's how I ended up at this office. I can't get into really much detail about this place because I don't want the things I'm about to say to lead back to my boss and get me fired and possibly in trouble, so the names of people and business have been changed. I guess I already admitted that a lot of this is true...or have I?  
  
If you've read my previous stories you know that I'm this tomboyish, 5'3" little girl with B-cups that those that have seen me in something more form-fitting than my usual cargo shorts and hoodie, look far bigger than they are. I have a pretty nice round perky butt I gained from doing cross country in high school and hope to keep. I also have short hair, which I will never change, even if this pandemic world is making it hard to get cut, as much as I would like. It did grow a little longer for a while and I purely hated it. Anyways, let's start from the beginning. I lost my job at this cool surf retail shop because it got closed due to the outbreak and because of that, my plans to save for college got majorly derailed.  
  
The hopes of starting college in the fall kind of got canceled, along with everything else in my life it seemed. I started writing again, trying to find ways to keep myself busy and once the world started rotating at a slower speed than it did before, I found out a job wasn't waiting for me at the surf shop.  
  
"You are an amazing worker Maggie, but we are cutting labor and had to keep on the people that had been here longer than you out of loyalty," the manager told me when I called up the store to see if a position was waiting for me, "maybe once things start picking up, I'll give you a call."  
  
A month later, the shop was closed, so I don't really see that happening. I had never really been worried about money before, my parents both work and make a comfortable living and to be honest, there really has never been much I've ever wanted, I'm a pretty content person. It wasn't till I figured out what I wanted for my future that it really became an issue and although my parents were totally fine with paying my ticket into college, something in me really wanted to do this myself.  
  
Some searching online, a few online job posting websites later, I managed to get an interview with a recruitment company that found a job for me to be a secretary at a local business, we'll just say a paper company for now. This is the part where the main character says, "how bad can it possibly be?"  
  
My mom got excited and decided to take me clothes shopping for my new job saying, "my little girl just got her first adult job, I'm so proud of you, you need some professional clothes."  
  
The words still make me roll my eyes just thinking about it, not to mention I got this job to make money and all she wanted to do was spend it. I guess I couldn't go in wearing the same clothes I wore at my last job, so that was an exhaustive day of trying on clothes that prove how not girly I am. But that's not the stuff you want to hear, you want to know about the job and what led me to write about it. The job itself is rather boring like you'd expect and because of the state of the world, not much was really going on in that office, and from what I could see, a lot of people were let go because of the empty desks.  
  
My role was pretty simple, answer the phones, make copies, run errands if needed, and anything else to keep the office running as smoothly as possible. After day one, I kind of realized that the hard part wouldn't be keeping up, but not letting the boredom get to me. Dealing with boredom is my one biggest weakness; you know how people keep themselves busy so they don't think about the things really bothering them? Well the thing that bothers me, is that I'm usually always aroused. I know most sane people don't admit that, but this is that kind of story and I'm that kind of person and as the boredom grows... my mind goes to some pretty dark places as the sensations in my body sync with the thoughts in my head.  
  
The first day went by slowly, being introduced to everyone in the office and all the duties that I was responsible for. My brain felt like it was melting out of my ears at all the people that I was meeting that day, remembering names, backgrounds, and everything they had to do. I met more people on that first day of work than I met my first day at high school. On day two I felt nervous that I wouldn't be able to do it, that I wouldn't be fast enough or smart enough to keep up with the job, but I ended up just sitting around at a desk waiting for the phone to ring.  
  
The days felt like they got slower and without having anything to really do or think about, the boredom grew, I never knew boredom could actually be painful. The only thing I could think about was the stories that I wrote, the people that read them, and the things they would say to me. No school to think about, friends that are around, nothing really going on with tv shows to watch, all the entertainment in the world to distract me was now gone. Just my dirty thoughts and feelings were left and with each passing hour grew inside of me pushing everything else out and after more hours of boring torture from this job from hell. The only thoughts left inside my head were my needs for release and the fear that whatever I may do may get me in trouble.  
  
I never thought of doing something at work, but on my fourth day, I forgot my sunglasses on my desk and one of the salesmen let me back in because he had a key to the office.  
  
He locked it and just told me, "don't worry about the door, it'll stay locked once you leave."  
  
"Thank you," I responded watching the door close and went to fetch my sunglasses.  
  
I then realized; I was in the office all alone. I looked around and being that there was really nothing of value to steal, they wouldn't really need any cameras to watch over the office space. I walked around the office, truly looking around for the first time without feeling so awkward being younger and newer than everyone else there. When I made my way all the way to the back, I felt isolated and walked into the cleaning closet thinking of some cliché porno with the secretary in the closet and the janitor walks in obviously to help, "wipe her down, plunge her pipes, and other cliché lines..." I didn't know what I possibly could be thinking but my hands started unbuttoning the buttons on my blouse one by one, exposing the boring new black bra my mother had me buy. The door was open and I could almost see into the main office area from where I was standing and could only imagine everyone in there not knowing what I was doing.  
  
The blouse slipping from my shoulders and down onto the tile floor below me. I undid the skirt next, unfastening the clasp which was a lot easier than when I had put it on this morning and pulling the zipper down to let it meet the blouse on the floor. There I stood in my first real adult bra and my childish superman underwear that was way more comfortable than the panties my mom got me from old navy. I'm not sure what that says about me, that I prefer my little boy underwear rather than actual panties, but they are comfortable and I've had them forever.  
  
There I stood, in the cleaning supply closet, in just my underwear and I knew I needed more. I let my hands slowly trail down from my neck, down over my breasts, down my stomach all the way to my thighs. I leaned back against the shelves, flinching as I felt them tilt and freaked out that I was about to knock everything over. but thankfully didn't. I leaned against the wall next to me and pushed my right hand down into my underwear. I wasn't surprised that I was already wet, I felt that I was wet most of the day.  
  
I don't know what was really turning me on the most at that moment, the feeling of doing this somewhere I wasn't supposed to, the fear of someone coming back and catching me, or just knowing that I had become so deprived that I needed to do this. Every sound that I heard, the click of the AC, any creek, tap, a breeze of air, added to my fear, and also intensified my arousal. My fingers started rubbing my clit and I bit my lip and closed my eyes at the sweet feeling I was giving myself. My left hand making its way under my bra and massaging my tits.  
  
"Mmmm, ohh, mmmm," I was normally never so loud moaning, but something about the situation just had me so turned on, but then I realized how constrained I felt as well.  
  
Without even thinking I grabbed my bra bringing it higher above my chest, exposing my tits completely, my nipples feeling the cold air of the office. I pulled my underwear down, but with my thighs just couldn't get the space I was looking for. So, I just pulled them all the way down to my feet, kicking them away and going back to rubbing myself. I licked my fingers, tasting myself, but more importantly, getting them wetter as I went back to rubbing my clit with vigor.  
  
My orgasm was getting closer, the sound of my wet pussy being masturbated, sounded so loud in the quiet office, so loud that I was embarrassed but remembered I was the only one there. With that thought, my legs started getting a mind of their own and started taking me back into the office, my orgasm getting closer by the second. It wasn't long before I realized that I was standing in the middle of the office, surrounded by desks where all the people I had met my first day had been sitting, working, on their computers and on their phones, but in my head were all watching me instead.  
  
I could feel their eyes looking at me, some looking at me with disgust, others with lust, and some just in shock not believing that this was really happening. The new temp secretary standing in the middle of the office, just wearing her bra and shoes and fingering her slutty little pussy. I needed to fix that as I stepped out of my shoes feeling the carpet under my feet, which was shockingly soft and comfy to the touch. If I had known that, I would go barefoot at my desk more often. I reached back and unclipped my bra, and threw it towards my desk, missing it by a mile.  
  
I went to go pick it up, but decided to sit at my desk instead and grab my phone to take a selfie as proof, not showing my face, for reasons that... well, a few people know about, but that's a whole different story.  
  
After putting my bra in my bag, I laid down on the carpet in the middle of the room, legs spread, naked as the day I was born about to have the most intense masturbation session of my life. The feeling of the carpet warm against my bare skin, I let my hands do exactly what I knew what they wanted to do. Teasing my innocent, virgin body as my mind pictured people standing over me, staring down at me. My imagination was getting dirtier and darker the more aroused I became.  
  
I closed my eyes and pictured all the men I worked with, most must older than me, standing over me with their cocks out, jacking off as they watched me play with my tits and rub my clit shamelessly naked on the floor. Then I saw them start to move and make way for my boss. I saw him standing there in front of me, looking down at my hand rubbing myself furiously and gave me a motion to come closer and pointed at his cock as if he were saying, come here and suck it.  
  
I got up on my knees, still fingering my hot, wet pussy as I imagined myself unzipping his pants and pulling out his cock before taking him fully into my mouth without hesitation. I could only imagine how it would feel plunging in and out of my greedy mouth, gliding over my tongue as he took control, fucking my face instead of letting me suck it myself. He was the boss, after all, he had all the control, I was just the temp secretary hoping to save up to get into college. He held all the cards and, in my mind, he held the back of my head as he rammed his cock down my throat, using me like the slut he knew I was when he hired me.  
  
The thought of being used, the feeling of the men around me, the women watching me in disgust, being naked, and doing this all in the office with the fear of being caught. I could feel my orgasm building faster and stronger than I had ever felt one before. Images popping into my head one by one, images getting darker and dirtier the closer I was getting to cumming. The boss fucking my mouth, men getting behind me and using me, fucking me, getting under me and eating me out, taking every hole and each taking their own turn with the new secretary. Finally, I pictured myself, naked, under the bosses desk as he was taking a call, his cock out and me sucking on it like it was perfectly natural and as I could imagine him shooting his load into my mouth I began to orgasm right there, on the carpet, in the middle of the office, gushing all over the carpet.  
  
My back arched, toes curled as my left hand squeezed my breast tight and two fingers on my other hand dug into my clit hard. Every muscle in my body felt tense as the orgasm came crashing over me and once it finished, they all suddenly relaxed and I laid flat and limp on the floor. I didn't know how long I had laid there, but what brought me back to reality was when the lights suddenly turned off. Once I was able to get some strength again, I stood back up feeling somewhat embarrassed being naked, the arousal now subsiding and the logic coming back into my brain. I decided just to put on my skirt and blouse so I could get out of there as fast as possible, just holding onto my underwear and making it to my car.  
  
When I turned on the car, I realized that it was already pretty late, almost 8:30PM on my car's clock. I guess I was pretty lucky that no one had come back in for something, being there since 6:00PM doing my dirty things. When I got home so late, my mom looked a little perturbed, but I guess I looked like such a mess that she just thought I had been working really hard and her look of frustration turned into a smile.  
  
"Working hard princess, or hardly working," my dad laughed, making a very annoying dad joke as I passed him, walking to my room.  
  
"Working so hard that I'm sore all over dad."  
  
"Hey Maggie," he said trying to get my attention, causing me to stop and turn around to look at him.  
  
"Yes, dad?"  
  
"I'm proud of you, so mature, working so hard to pay for school, but you know, we always have your back."  
  
I smiled, but the image of what I had just done a little while ago popped into my head causing me to blush, doubting that was really the mature thing to do. The embarrassment causing a drop of wetness to casually make its way down my thigh.  
  
"Thanks, dad, it's not too bad, just doing the adult thing I guess."  
  
He smiled and I made my way quickly into my room, shutting the door behind me. I don't know what it was, but something definitely felt different about me, like I was more vulnerable now, still naked, even though I was completely dressed. Like the world could see right through me. Like everyone knew my secret. I did my best to try to get it out of my head, taking a hot shower to calm my nerves, having the dinner my mom left for me afterward, and getting to bed early to survive another boring day at work, probably doing nothing again, but waiting for the phone to ring and fighting off the boredom that consumed my mind.  
  
My dreams didn't help one bit, I had dreamt that night that I had gone to work, as usual, answered phones, done copies, one of those normal mundane dreams that you usually have, until you realize that you are completely naked. Except instead of everyone pointing and laughing at me, they just went along their day as usual, like it was perfectly normal. Yet, I felt so embarrassed and exposed that they could all see every inch of me. The thoughts and feelings of how much they could see flooding my mind and filling my body. The displays I must have put on as I bent over the copy machine, squatted down to fix a jammed paper, walked around from desk to desk handing out mail and forms that had arrived, and every single person who had passed me coming into the office to see the temp secretary naked and smiling, obliviously, at her state of undress.  
  
"Maggie! Come here please!" I heard the voice of my boss yell out at the back of the office.  
  
I ran to go see what he needed and there he was, sitting on his desk, completely naked as well and his cock was so huge it startled me awake.  
  
"Maggie! You're going to be late for work!" It was my mom yelling at me from the kitchen and I looked over at my clock to realize I had only slept 5 minutes past my alarm.  
  
I don't know what had gotten me worked up more, the final vision in my head of my boss calling me into his office and what I saw, my mom freaking me out that I may have been really late or, "mmph," a moan escaped my lips. Still groggy I didn't realize the state I was in. My hands had made their way under my pajamas rubbing my nipples and clit, for how long, I didn't know. All I knew was my nipples were rock hard and sensitive and both my pussy and fingers were soaking wet. However long I had been doing it, I was not being delicate as I normally was with myself, it felt almost, rough and passionate without control. My hands had a mind of their own and the way they treated me, were like them telling me, this is how a slut should be treated.  
  
I got out of bed, rather uncomfortably feeling like a sticky, wet mess and looked back down at my bed blushing as I saw a small wet stain on my sheets where I had been laying. I made my bed, stripped, and jumped into the shower getting ready for the day ahead. I had decided on some black leggings and a black blouse that my mom got me shopping before I started. The blouse came almost down to my mid-thigh because I was so short, almost like it was a dress and my mom claimed leggings were the new professional look. I had never worn them really before; they were like the warm-up pants I used to wear for cross country in school but were tight against my skin.  
  
The tomboy in me did the best I could to do with my hair and makeup, but I still came off looking like a little kid in my opinion. I guess that was the best I was going to do. When I made it to the office, I felt, well, guilty, especially when I saw that I had left a stain on the carpet where I had been masturbating the previous night. I blushed hoping no one else would realize what it was or who left it, but images started rushing back into my head of me, naked, rubbing my pussy and seeing all of my juices gushing onto the floor under me. How did I not realize how wet I had gotten carpet?  
  
I could feel myself starting to get wet, not sure if it was from the guilt, people possibly knowing what it was, or even if someone knew that it was me.  
  
It was a good thing I was wearing, "shit," I said under my breath, hoping no one had heard me.  
  
I was so out of it this morning that I actually forgot to put on underwear. How could I be so stupid that I actually forgot to put on any underwear? The blouse now felt thinner than it did before and every step made me self-conscious of how my breasts moved, that someone may notice that I wasn't wearing a bra. I didn't even think if the material was sheer enough that they could see my nipples, which were starting to get hard. The leggings felt much tighter than they did before and felt like they were digging into my pussy, I could only imagine the possible camel toe that would be showing if this blouse hadn't been long enough.  
  
I decided to just sit at my desk, hopefully sitting there would not make me feel so exposed. But that wasn't true, my mind was making things much worse than they actually were, as I sat in my seat I could feel every fiber of the cheap cloth touching my skin as it felt like I was wearing absolutely nothing at all along my ass, the bottoms of my legs and my back as I sat back into the chair. The feeling getting me even wetter, my nipples harder and more sensitive rubbing against the fabric of the blouse. The fear mixing in with arousal, almost confusing my mind and body, not knowing whether it was a good thing or a bad thing. My right hand laid on my thigh and a part of me just really wanted to touch myself so badly, right there, right then as I bit my lip thinking if I could without being noticed.

"Hey Maggie, I need 100 copies of these, correlated and stapled," one of the salesmen said as he plopped some papers onto my desk and walked away.  
  
"Yes sir," waking me back up to reality.  
  
I immediately took the pages and went to the copy room, holding them to my chest, hoping to hide my hard nipples if they were actually showing. I know I should have gone to the restroom to check, but I was too afraid of the actual reality of my situation and thought if it was really as bad as I thought, how could I handle going through the rest of the day. Maybe if I was ignorant, people wouldn't notice or think I was doing it on purpose. I mean I wasn't doing it on purpose, why would I come to the office, almost naked, exposing myself, feeling these leggings rubbing against me as I walked, making my thoughts even hornier, and making everything feel more and more intense. It felt like I was actually going to have an orgasm, just from walking around the office without even having to touch myself. I couldn't help but think about the people I was walking past, hoping that it wasn't obvious by the look on my face that I was getting off.  
  
When I finally got to the copy room, my heart was beating so fast and I was breathing so hard you'd think I just ran a sprint. I put the papers into the copy machine and took a moment to catch my breath, my nipples were so hard they were almost painful. I finally got the courage to reach down and feel how wet I was. I moaned as my fingers grazed my cloth-covered pussy, I was indeed wet enough that I could feel it through the material of my leggings, and as I pulled my blouse up to see how bad it was, I could finally tell how deeply they were digging into me, it would have been so embarrassing if anyone had seen. It was the very first time I had experienced having a camel toe.  
  
"Something wrong with the copy machine again," one of the other women came up behind me, sounding frustrated.  
  
"Yeah, there was a jam, just fixed it," I tried saying as normally as possible, letting my blouse drop back down to cover me, hoping she didn't notice.  
  
I didn't dare to turn around and look at her, instead I just set the number of copies and stared at the copy machine as it did its work. With the awkward silence, I finally asked, "so how is your morning going so far," only to be met with silence.  
  
I turned around to see that I was all alone again in the copy room, that she had come and gone and I hadn't even noticed. I turned back not realizing how close I was to the machine bumping into it, I could feel the vibrations of the machine against my body and had a very dirty idea. I was barely tall enough on my toes to rub my pussy against one of the corners of the machine, letting it dig into me, the edge finding my clit, the vibrations weren't that strong, but with how sensitive I was, it may as well have been a vibrator.  
  
I was getting so close, when the machine whirred down, the number of copies having been made. Leaving me needing release, I tried to rub myself into the edge, but with my height, it was hard to get the force I needed to get off and it was just leaving me more frustrated as I was clumsily dry humping the copy machine. I had to stop as I heard footsteps starting to get close.  
  
"Hey, I heard the copy machine might be giving you some problems, need any help," it was the guy who had asked me for copies before.  
  
I finally got a good look at him, I'd have to say he about in his mid-'40s, 5'10", not bad looking and looked pretty in shape for his age and, damn, he was wearing a wedding ring. A part of me couldn't help but imagine what his cock looked like, being on edge, aroused since this morning, just having a failed orgasm, my mind was definitely in a very dark and dirty place.  
  
"I know exactly what you could help me with," I said in my mind.  
  
I could picture myself getting down on my knees in front of him and pulling his zipper down, fishing out his cock to suck on it before he could even protest. Would he protest if I wanted to suck on it, or would he just let me, like it was perfectly normal?  
  
I hoped he would lose control and bend me over the machine, pull my leggings down and start fucking me right there, face pressed up against the scanner, copy after copy of my lust-filled face taken over and over again. Then lifting me up and sitting me on the machine as he continued, pictures of my ass and pussy being copied with his cock going in and out of me.  
  
"New girl? You ok, it's ok to feel overwhelmed," he put his hand on my shoulder.  
  
"Oh! Sorry, I tend to just daydream from time to time," I said blushing feeling embarrassed at what I was just thinking.  
  
"It's ok, a lot of us come into the copy room to take a mental break, and you've only been here a few days, I bet your brain is about to melt with all the stuff we shoved into it."  
  
Shoved into it, the words echoed in my head imagining his cock in my mouth again. I could almost feel his hands at the side of my head as he pushed his cock deeper into my mouth and down my throat, I wanted to taste it so badly.  
  
"Here let me show you a few things," he pointed down, opening a panel in the copy machine.  
  
I bent over, looking into the machine as he pointed out the parts, ink, places where it could jam, ink bin where the extra ink goes during copies, all the time I didn't think of the display I was putting on. Bent over like that he could have easily looked down my blouse, maybe even seen I wasn't wearing a bra. Not to mention the view I was probably giving from behind if someone had walked in. I was a hot, wet mess and my heart was starting to beat rapidly again, as he turned to face me, I stood up not knowing if he saw anything or not. To be honest, I wasn't sure if he had, it's not like I was going to ask him and I doubt he was going to say anything. Nowadays, any word like that could get someone in trouble and probably be seen as sexual harassment, and for all he knew I was one of those natural girls that refused to wear a bra. I tried to console myself that even if he had seen something that I wasn't going to get in trouble.  
  
Oh my god, did he see? Did I want him to see? Was I getting that bad that I actually want to be exposed to someone, was it the arousal that was making me feel like this, or was it always there in the first place? It was more than just wanting my body exposed, I wanted him to know, I wanted him to fuck me.  
  
"Well, if there is anything else you need, just let me know, we're all here to help," he said as he walked out and back to his desk.  
  
I don't know what drew me to do it, but I undid a button at the top of my blouse, it didn't show any cleavage but it did make it a bit more open from the top. A part of me knew I shouldn't have, but I just couldn't stop myself, I did it without thinking and on pure desire and it made me tingle feeling the air circulate more through my shirt.  
  
I grabbed the copies and brought them to him, I didn't even know his name. I had them hugged to my chest covering myself, when I had to put them on his desk, it almost felt like I was exposing myself, like the shirt wasn't even there at all. I tried to act as normal as possible as I put the papers on his desk. In my head, I could just imagine being completely topless and my bare breasts on display for him, the papers being the only thing once covering my nakedness.  
  
"Thank you, Maggie," he said with a smile.  
  
"If there is anything else you need, just let me know," I answered and smiled back and turned to walk to my desk, my heart feeling like it was about to burst out of my chest.  
  
The rest of the day went by pretty fast for being so boring, I just had to answer a few calls, no more copies were needed and the office seemed very dead. The whole time the fire of my arousal burned hotter and deeper inside of me as the day went on. Eventually, during the last 30 minutes of work, I just couldn't take it anymore, and ran to the restroom, and into one of the stalls. I peeled off the leggings and took them off completely pulling my shoes along with them. With my back up against the wall I began rubbing my clit, but the shirt kept getting in the way.  
  
I quickly began unbuttoning the blouse, the last piece of cloth covering me, and hung it up on the stall door. Now, completely naked in the stall, got back to work teasing my nipples that had been sensitive all day, wetting my fingers in my mouth and going back to rubbing my clit in dire need of release. Like needing to breathe, being submerged deep underwater, and fighting for the surface for a breath, my urge was that desperate. My orgasm was coming on strong and fast, and it was getting hard to stay quiet.  
  
That's when I heard the door open and I bit my knuckle desperately trying to stay quiet, I stopped touching myself, but that didn't matter. The fuse to my orgasm had been ignited and it was only seconds away from exploding. I grabbed the leggings off of the floor and tried desperately to use them as a gag, shoving, of all the things, the crotch into my mouth hoping it was muffling my moans. I bit down hard and pulled on the legs as my body went crazy, all the while tasting myself as the orgasm exploded. After holding off for so long, it felt more like a barrage of orgasms that kept coming one after another. It was torture as I was practically chewing and tugging on my leggings begging for whoever came in to do their business and leave.  
  
I nearly collapsed on to the toilet as my legs got weak, the cold porcelain sending new waves of sensations through me and I could only imagine the sight I must have been, naked, exposed, legs wide, chewing on soiled leggings. I was so thankful when I heard the sound of a flushing toilet and then hands being washed. Through one of the gaps, I could see her and as she wiped her hands dry and walked out.  
  
I gathered some toilet paper to clean the mess between my legs, but the slightest touch against my sensitive pussy nearly made me cum again. I decided to put on my blouse first, still leaving that one extra button at the top undone, and while I put my leggings on I nearly tripped and heard the unmistakable sound of a rip. Once I got them on, I realized that all the biting and chewing weakened the crotch and tore it open. I tried my best to close it but there was nothing I could do, they were completely crotchless now. Thankfully the blouse covered it up, but now I felt so exposed. My options were to wear them or not, but with everyone probably knowing what I had been wearing them, I had to keep them on.  
  
I put on my shoes and flushed, not wanting anyone to suspect anything if I hadn't, then I washed my hands and went back into the office feeling like I was hiding a dirty secret. Every step I took made me nervous that I was going to be exposed, every air current tingling against my bare pussy, every look making me feel self-conscious. When I sat down at my desk, I sat a little too fast and the air lifted up my shirt, exposing me for a second. I was very thankful that the desk was blocking the view of anyone who could have possibly seen.  
  
As it finally hit the end of the workday, people started shuffling out of the office and passing by my desk. Having the secretary desk, it was right next to the entrance so everyone got in feet of what felt like my embarrassing shame before they left. Deep down, it felt like they all knew somehow and could see right through my clothes. When the last person left, I decided I couldn't wear these awful torn up leggings anymore and slipped off my shoes and took them off, stuffing them into my bag, quickly putting my shoes back on. Then I had the same dirty feeling I had yesterday and unbuttoned another button of my blouse showing off the top of my cleavage, and as I was about to unbutton another and get naked again in this empty office, I heard footsteps.  
  
My boss had just turned the corner walking out of his office, smiled, and waved at me. I wanted to button my blouse back up completely but with him watching, he would have certainly noticed. All I could do was sit there and smile and hope that he thought this was how I was dressed all day. I pushed myself in closer to my desk, hoping he couldn't see my legs, that I wasn't wearing my leggings anymore. if he had even noticed that I was wearing them before.  
  
"Hey Maggie, thank you so much for taking this temp job, you've been doing such a great job, I hear nothing but good things from all of my staff about you," he said with a smile standing in front of my desk.  
  
"Thank you, sir," feeling a bit embarrassed at the difference in height, with him standing and me sitting, I was hoping he couldn't see down my blouse.  
  
I was starting to feel self-conscious and my blouse did feel a little loose in the front. I tried to sit up straight to bring it closer to my body, but with the way I was sitting on it, it started to put a strain on the front, tightening it against my skin, but pulling it down as well that I felt like my breasts were about to spill out of the top.  
  
"I think I'm the last one in the office, how about I walk you out."  
  
"That's ok sir, I just have a few emails to read and I should be heading home soon."  
  
"Nonsense Maggie, how would it look if the secretary put more hours in then the boss, I insist."  
  
I turned off the computer and grabbed my bag, taking my time and hoping he would change his mind and leave, but instead he stood there patiently waiting for me. I stood up dreading this moment, the blouse showing off the tops of my breasts now and my legs clearly showing that I was no longer wearing the leggings I had come in with. We walked to the door and I thought I was in the clear when he finally spoke up.  
  
"That's a very lovely dress, Maggie," he gave off a slight laugh that confused me, "I'm sorry, I'm trying to be nice but I'm just blind without my glasses and being married so long, I'm terrible with compliments."  
  
I gave a sigh of relief knowing now he couldn't probably see how naked I felt. I couldn't believe I was this close to another person and only a thing between me and my naked body was a thin piece of cloth.  
  
He kindly walked me to my car and I got in, "see you tomorrow and again, great work."  
  
Sitting there, my shirt had ridden up getting in, the fabric only a couple inches under my pussy, just barely covering me, so much of my legs showing, I watched as he walked away and something took over as I began to unbutton the last of the buttons on my blouse watching him walk across the parking lot to his car. I watched him as I began massaging my tits, imagining how close he was to me just moments ago. I let a hand trail down my stomach feeling every exposed inch of skin down to my knee, spreading my legs, eyes never leaving his back, almost daring him to turn around to look.  
  
"Imagine if he had walked out of his office a few minutes later, you probably would have been naked, rubbing your slutty pussy, what would you have done then huh?" I said moaning to myself.  
  
The reality in my head knows I probably would have hidden under my desk until he would have left, the dirty slut in me wished he would have been practically on top of me before I would have noticed. My blouse slipping down my shoulders exposing even more of me as I rubbed my clit, the wetness of my pussy sounding through the car. Picturing his cock out, his hand at the side of my head pulling me towards it as my mouth opened willingly, taking it while looking up into his eyes.  
  
"What a good little slut we hired," the words coming out of my mouth but hearing his voice in my head.  
  
I was getting close again, imagining him fucking my mouth as I touched myself, in real life watching as he got into his car. I was on the verge of my second orgasm when his car drove by and honked, my boss waving at me as he drove by. I bit my lip and waved back as I tried to keep my composure as another orgasm came flooding out of me. A man just saw me as I orgasmed, the first ever to see me in that state, whether he noticed it or not. All I could hope was that I was short enough and low enough in my seat that he didn't see the rest of me from the neck down.  
  
I took some time to catch my breath, I didn't want to get into an accident and be questioned as to why I was only wearing a blouse. I buttoned it up and made my way home, and that was the end of my first week at my boring temp job.