**Mandy**

by not a politician

It was 6 pm when Mandy returned home. Another manner of saying it would be that it was 5 pm plus a return journey by public transport. And for today and 19 more work days, totalling four weeks, she was not Mandy the business major college student, but "Amanda", intern in some big company.   
  
Amanda - Mandy again now, she reminded herself, was dressed in a conservative skirt and blazer combination. A white blouse, pantyhose and business flats completed her attire. Underneath she wore a sensible bra, white so it could not stand out under the blouse, and matching panties.   
  
This was a far shot from her usual attire, which consisted of dungarees, T-shirt or tank top, sneakers, and usually, no bra. The business attire was far more uncomfortable than she had thought, and she was glad to be able to change back into her more comfortable clothes.   
  
Only, she realized, this would not be possible. Wearing casual clothing to her college lessons, she was not in the habit of changing clothes for stay-at-home evenings. Hence, she had not bothered with the laundry the previous weekend, believing to only need her "work" clothes over the next four weeks.   
  
However, in her eagerness to get out of the unfamiliar, uncomfortable business attire, she had stripped down to her panties before she remembered this little fact.   
  
Thinking about it, she did not want to put those clothes back on. She figured she could stay in her small one-room apartment in just panties for one evening. But if she wanted to have casual clothes tomorrow and for the rest of her internship, she needed to do the laundry, and the coin-operated machines were in a room in the cellar of the building complex.   
  
She pondered the trade-off between one more day without casual clothes to wear in the evening and delaying the laundry one more day, when her eyes caught her coat hanging on its peg. It was a trench coat-style garment, which would be quite unconstricting to wear while providing enough coverage if worn over her panties.   
  
True, it would look a bit odd - maybe more than a bit, but the laundry basket might sort of explain it to anyone who happened to see her... it certainly was better than squeezing into those uncomfortable clothes again, and seemed like the best option overall.   
  
She slipped a pair of flip-flops onto her bare feet and closed the coat as tightly as possible. Being a coat, it showed a rather large amount of cleavage, even if her breasts were completely covered, but she convinced herself she was decent and headed out the door with the necessary coins in the big, practical coat pockets and the huge, overloaded laundry basket held in front of her chest.   
  
Being only three floors high, the building complex did not have an elevator, so Mandy had to walk down the stairs. After the first bend, not really seeing where she put her feet, she slipped a bit, her left flip-flop tumbling down the stairs to the next bend.   
  
As Mandy, not putting the basket down so as not to walk the distance twice (well three times actually), walked up to it on one bare foot, she noticed just how much of a hindrance the flip-flop on the other foot was when combined with not seeing her feet and carrying weight.   
  
On the spur of the moment, she decided to put those flip-flops into her coat pocket and continue barefoot.   
  
When she felt the cold tile floor under both feet, she became, for the first time, aware of how indecently she was really clothed with just panties below her coat, even if the amount of skin showing was rather small. The realization caused an odd tingle.   
  
She did not encounter anyone on her way down, and the laundry room itself was empty, too. She filled two machines with her laundry and started them.   
  
Sitting on an unused machine with her legs dangling down, she pondered the strange tingle she still felt, even if it was a bit lessened now, probably due to the fact that slipping out of one's shoes while sitting was less...naughty.   
  
And as her ruminations reached that word, she pretty soon was at the point where she wondered how it would be like to sit there with nothing under her coat >at all<.   
  
And before she could come up with any of the numerous reasons why this could be a bad idea, she found herself standing up, reach under her coat, and slip the panties down to her ankles. She then hastily picked them up and stuffed her into her other coat pocket. Then she hopped back onto the unused machine, the tingle now refreshed and stronger than before.   
  
When the washing cycles where done, she bent down to move the load of the first machine into a tumble-dryer. She had not noticed before, or maybe she had bent her knees in a different way, but her coat opened up when she did this, and allowed her a look at her breasts and through the space between them at the area normally covered by her panties. And her tingle became even stronger.   
  
She loaded first one, then the second dryer, but all the time, she could not help but focus on the thought that despite the coat, she was basically naked. Well, objectively, her chosen way of dressing was odd rather than unveiling, but that was not the way her thoughts were going.   
  
In fact, her thoughts were now circling around the idea of being naked in the laundry room. And so far, she had encountered no-one.   
  
She untied the decorative belt, opened the buttons from the top down, slid the garment down her shoulder, dropped it behind her... Done. She was now totally naked in her building complex's laundry room. The tingle was stronger than ever, and she now also felt wetness between her legs.   
  
Grinning broadly over her own wickedness, she started the first tumble dryer. And then the noticed something that previously had never occurred to her...   
  
Shuddering giddily at the thought of what she was about to do, she sat atop the second tumble dryer before starting it, feeling the vibrations of the machine against her dripping wet pussy, slowly loosing awareness of her surroundings as the pleasure culminated in a roaring orgasm.   
  
Mandy only came to when the dryer stopped, its cycle complete.   
  
She put the dry clothes into her basket, and only then did the thought cross her mind that she was still naked in a rather public place, and that she might, and probably should, get dressed again. But then she realized that at the moment she became aware again of her continued public nudity, she had also felt that tingle again...   
  
She placed her coat on top of the basket and headed back to her room, rationalising that she would hear people on the stairs before the saw her, giving her a chance of putting the coat and possibly even the flip-flops on again. But if she was honest, she had to admit that her estimate was probably biased towards giving her a "go" on her plan.   
  
As luck would have it, she arrived at her room without any incident. Never putting clothes again until the next morning, she did give herself another orgasm that evening, and decided that she now had a new hobby.   
  
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The next morning, she went back to her internship dressed in a similar, equally hated attire than the previous day. While the first day had been spent with general introduction to the whereabouts and organisation, she was now given her first "real" task. And it was boring as hell.   
  
She had been assigned a workplace in a room at the centre of the company administrative building, featuring no windows and only artificial light. Apart from a chair, desk and computer, it contained only paperwork. Lots of paperwork, actually, as this was an archive, dating back to the years when things were not yet stored on hard drives.   
  
Mandy, or Amanda now, as everyone here called her, was surprised they kept this stuff. But they apparently not only kept it, but also intended to use it, because her task consisted in transferring everything into the computer database.   
  
Someone somewhere had decided the data was to be used in an econometric regression, supposedly giving the company an edge in predicting the effects of future strategic decisions. Since the data was to be used by the econometric program, it had to be entered in a specific form, so it would not do to simply scan the documents. Rather, their content had to be entered into the computer system by hand.   
  
And this was her task for she didn't know how long.   
  
At some point in the middle of the morning, she became convinced boredom and monotony would soon kill her. And then she thought of her newfound hobby. Looking around the room, she could fathom no reason for anyone to enter here, and certainly nobody had so far since she began working here.   
  
She carefully took of every piece of clothing, one by one, folded everything up nicely and placed it on the floor. The feeling of the cold seat under her bare butt and the carpeted floor under her equally bare feet soon had her experiencing the now familiar naughty tingle. Work had suddenly become exciting again.   
  
But unbeknownst to Mandy, her temporary boss only ever planned the data entry duties as a fall back option, as something preferable to making the coffe if one wanted to put it that way. Like many people, she thought that interns needed to be giving "interesting" tasks, and a possibility for such a task had now presented itself. Since Mandy had not yet been given an internal e-mail address, and probably still needed to be led to where she would be supposed to go, she sent her secretary, Rachel, to go and tell her.   
  
And therefore, Rachel entered the archive room to be confronted with the sight of a naked Mandy returning to the computer with a new stack of old files.   
  
But instead of outrage, annoyance, or any number of similar reactions Mandy could fear for, a smile crossed Rachel's face. In her terror at being found out, Mandy didn't notice a first, though.   
  
"I can explain...", she began.   
  
"There is no need", Rachel interrupted her, holding up a hand, "I am not the least bit offended. In fact, I enjoy doing similar stunts, though usually not at work. But I guess it's different for you, not being here permanently. I'm sure I could help you."   
  
Mandy, dumbfounded, didn't reply.   
  
"I'm Rachel, by the way", the immaculately dressed woman continued, "personal assistant of Ms. Caruthers, your boss for the duration. You are to report to her, by the way, for your first more interesting tasks."   
  
While she was saying this, she had rummaged through the pile of Mandy's clothes, taking particular notice of the underwear. Seeing the pantyhose, she spoke again:   
  
"You might want to exchange this for stocking, either stay up ot hold up, whichever you prefer, it's a whole different feeling. And easier to get pantyless", she added with a wink. "Now do you agree?"   
  
"I...well...yes", Mandy said flatly. "To you helping me, that is", she added, in case Rachel took it as answer to her wardrobe suggestion, which she planned to consider later.   
  
"Good, now let's go to meet Ms. Caruthers. Better get dressed for that. But maybe without these..." With those last words, she took Mandy's panties from the pile and stuffed them into one of the desk's drawers.   
  
  
Will be continued if there is sufficient interest. Good suggestions might become part of the plot.

Mandy smiled as she saw the panties disappearing into the drawer. It would have been easy for her to take them out again, but she didn't. The same tingle she had felt yesterday persuaded her to leave them inside.   
  
She got dressed in the rest of her clothes. The pantyhose felt odd in her crotch area without the panties in between, but it was a nice kind of odd.   
  
She went to see Ms. Caruthers to be assigned her new, hopefully more interesting next task or couple of tasks. When she was done, she wasn't exactly sure if she got what she wished for. She had been sort of assigned to a project team working on the acquisition of a big new contract. The "sort of" in this case referring to the fact that due to the importance of this contract, she would merely be a tagalong, and would still be doing the archive task when she was not busy with the new project.   
  
The first meeting of the project team was scheduled to start that afternoon, directly after lunch break. Until the break arrived, she returned to her windowless room.   
  
The building was located in the main business district, directly in the city centre, so the employees usually took their lunch in the various cafes, restaurants etc. present in the area. That day, Mandy decided to have her lunch there together with Rachel.   
  
When they had taken their seats, Mandy noticed that some of the women present had slipped out of their heels while they were seated. She slipped out of her own shoes, greatly pleased that she had gotten away with taking something off. She placed her feet on the cold tile floor, only the thin pantyhose separating it from her bare soles, which gave her a slight buzz.   
  
Rachel noticed what Mandy was doing, and was also quite probably the only person in the room who had an idea of the of the wicked feelings Mandy had while she performed this objectively harmless acts.   
  
"I think it would be better if you took the pantyhose off."   
  
"But I can't, people will notice."   
  
"Not if you're careful, we're in a rather quiet corner", Rachel replied, not bothering to add she had selected that table for that very reason, just in case.   
  
Mandy looked around, and what she saw convinced her that it just might be possible. And she began to like the idea. When she was convinced that nobody was looking or would be looking in the next couple of moments, she reached under the hem of her skirt, and got a hold of the pantyhose's elastic. With the rather conservative length of her skirt, she could not do this without pushing the hem a bit higher.   
  
Then she lifted her butt and slipped the hose down and off, quickly shoving it into her handbag before anyone saw it. She placed her now bare feet on the cold floor tiles. There was, in a way, nothing but her skin from her toes to her pussy. It felt great.   
  
When it was time to return to work, Mandy wanted to enter the toilets to put her pantyhose back on, but then she paused.   
  
"Rachel, do you think I could get away with being barelegged at work?"   
  
"Not with old Caruthers around. But as far as the people in that project team are concerned, you'll probably only get a benevolent hint the first time, you being a new intern and all. But why do I get the feeling this is exciting you almost as much as being naked did earlier?", she asked in an innocent tone, knowing several possible explanations but wanting to learn more about Mandy's particular kinks.   
  
"It's just that knowledge of getting away with improper clothing, I think", Mandy replied after some thought. "I know being barelegged is no big deal really, but going unpunished when doing it where it's not really allowed... That gets me going. And I might be able to slip off my shoes again, and then the hose won't be in the way", she added with a wink.   
  
The afternoon went very much like one would have expected. Mandy did slip her shoes off under the table during the meeting, and found the buzz to be even stronger than at the restaurant, no doubt due to the more formal work environment.   
  
There was one positive surprise though: When the expected hint about wearing pantyhose at the office came, the comparatively young woman delivering it during a short break also offered to speak to the others to allow her some leeway during internal group meetings, apparently under the misconception had skipped the pantyhose and slipped of the shoes due to being uncomfortable.   
  
This pleased Mandy, not only because it allowed her to continue with what she had been doing, but also because it might open some possibilities in the future.   
  
When her office day was over, she therefore was just in the right mood to follow one of Rachel's suggestion and buy some stay-ups, and maybe have some fun at the mall while she was there...   
  
to be continued at the mall

We left Mandy when she was about to go and shop for some stay-up stockings, and now find her entering the centre city plaza, a large inner city shopping temple near the place of her internship.   
  
Of course, she could have entered, bought some stockings, and left, but she felt she ought to do more. Buying new clothing, especially of the kind that was supposed to help in her new hobby, just screamed for some kind of shopping-show-off.   
  
Unfortunately, stockings were a type of clothing were even women just knew their size, bought some plastic-welded merchandise in the desired density, and left; no test-wearing involved. At least, that was the extent of Mandy's knowledge.   
  
As she walked through the mall towards the clothing stores, she tried to come up with ways to bring about what to her would be seemingly innocent but immensely enjoyable exhibitionism, even if she didn't use that word back then.   
  
Maybe if she tried on some dresses? If she selected the right kind, she should be able to show some - or a lot - of skin in a seemingly incidental way. Maybe she could even ask some random person how something looked on her? Mandy's fantasy was running hot, which started something else running between her legs.   
  
Unfortunately for Mandy, reality intervened with her spontaneous plans. When she arrived at the clothing stores, any type of behaviour that could be imitated with exhibitionistic motives was very definitely \*not\* shown by any of the many woman present. Mandy was disillusioned and disappointed.   
  
She began to look for any shelves with stockings and resolved to ask Rachel about anything she might do at a mall, feeling slightly better for having thought of that option. Things began to look up even more when suddenly, an opportunity presented itself.   
  
Said opportunity consisted of a shop for apparently expensive lingerie. There were tasteful ensembles presented in large display windows, but the view inside was shielded behind them. Mandy hoped this would be with good reason. After all, it only made sense, now that she thought about it, that expensive stuff would b tried on to ensure a good fit.   
  
Her budget would not allow her to actually buy anything, of course, but then, that wasn't the point. And her hated business-type intern outfit would be of good service for once by helping her to give of the impression of a potential customer.   
  
Mandy entered, and was pleased to see that some of the - 100% female - customers were indeed outside off the changing cubicles, checking in large mirrors the fit and look of lingerie "outfits" that where, while not on the skimpy side, decidedly sexy, with lots of lace. Occasionally, one would ask the opinion of one of the - equally female - shop assistants.   
  
Mandy, who had, as the reader might recall, decided to buy stay-ups for her own use, now chose to select hold-ups and a garter belt for the staged fitting, for the sake of variety. And maybe it was also, for a small part, because it was the naughtier option.   
  
She selected the aforementioned items with the same care she thought a real customer would display, and entered a changing cubicle. The cubicles had wooden walls on three sides, about as high as a tall customer would be. On the fourth side, a pole lay fixed to the corner posts, and a curtain was fixed to the pole. It reached all the way to the floor. Inside was a stool, and a clothes hanger hung from a hook fixed on the wooden wall.   
  
Mandy took of her blazer and blouse, placing them on the hanger, then stepped out of her shoes and let her skirt slide down. And noticed that the it might be a problem walking out like that, seeing as her panties were still back at the office, in the drawer where Rachel put them earlier.   
  
Now it would be wrong to say Mandy had forgotten about not wearing panties, but she just hadn't added two and two together until that moment of realization.   
  
Stifling a giggle at her own silliness, she got dressed again, went out and selected a pair of lacy black panties, and a black lacy bra to complete the outfit since her white one would look out of place with the other items.   
  
when she made to move back to the cubicle. one of the shop assistant gave her some kind of panty liner so she could try the panties without soiling them.   
  
Upon entering the changing booth again, Mandy closed the curtain, and undressed until she was completely naked, placing each item neatly on the hanger or the stool, and her shoes on the floor. In fact, she placed them extra neat to prolong the changing a bit.   
  
She then put on the bra, panties and stockings, in that order, before putting on the garter belt. It took her a moment before she had figured out the unfamiliar garment. Finally, she fastened the stocking to the belt and stepped out.   
  
She checked herself out in the mirror, greatly enjoying the view she gave to herself and others as she did some innocuous poses. She tried two similar combos, even asking a shop assistant about the third, giving her some more of the harmless but fun poses as she did so.   
  
None of what she did could objectively be described as teasing, but for Mandy, the thrill was that every inch of skin exposed, every single pose was not, not even partly, a response to a practical need, but an end in itself.   
  
then, however, Mandy decided that fun as this was, there was something missing, some special "kick". Something like the innovative use of the tumble dryer the day before. And then, thinking of both herself riding the tumble dryer and the slight tingle she got every time she was naked while changing, she suddenly had an idea.   
  
An idea that was daring but nevertheless offered Mandy a high probability of getting away with it.   
  
Mandy got back into the cubicle once again, closed the curtain, and then removed the lingerie piece by piece until she was again completely naked. She had even, on an impulse, removed her wristwatch which had been the only ornamentation on her body. Then, she removed what clothing there was on the stool, then moved the stool and positioned herself on it so that she sat at the middle of the back wall, facing the curtain, legs opened wide.   
  
Like in her first little adventure the day before, Mandy felt a thrill as her naked skin came in contact with her surroundings, in this case the softly carpeted floor, which felt warm underfoot, and the cool, unyielding metal of the stool, touching her at her most intimate places between her spread legs.   
  
Her preparations complete, and greatly aroused, she moved her hand to her already wet pussy and began masturbating, naked, right in the middle of a high-price boutique, yet virtually safe from discovery.   
  
With her other hand working on her nipples, she soon shook in orgasm, barely able to stifle a cry of pleasure.   
  
Satisfied, she calmly dressed in the clothes she had arrived in, returned the items she tried to the shelves, left the boutique, bought some stay-ups off the peg elsewhere in the mall, and returned home.

When arriving home, Mandy thought it'd be rather boring to just walk up the stairs. After a quick look around, she slipped out of her shoes, then rolled her pantyhose down and stepped out of it. It might not seem like much, but she was now again naked from her toes to her pussy, feeling the deliciously cold tiles under her soles. Besides, it was doing or not doing these small things that made the difference, a difference that so greatly spiced up Mandy's life recently.   
  
If she were to meet someone, she could always simply say that her feet hurt. In fact, starting tomorrow, she could use that excuse even while getting barefoot, since taking off stockings was a lot more innocuous than doing the same with pantyhose. Rachel smiled at the thought of getting barefoot up to her pussy while an unsuspecting person watched.   
  
Once inside her quarters, she changed to more comfortable clothing. A smile crossed her face as she selected the items, as she remembering the fun she had yesterday while washing them. She also idly noted that she now wore panties and no bra, while at work it was - and in all probability would be again - the other way around.   
  
After a relaxing evening and restful night, Mandy woke and dressed for work in stockings, no panties, bra, blouse, skirt, blazer, and business flats. Instead of putting on panties, she carefully draped a pair on her bed, pleased at the symbolic act.   
  
The first thing she did when arriving at her windowless workplace was to slip off her shoes and stockings, thinking to herself that this was becoming a habit fast. Then she started her work, occasionally opening the drawer and looking at yesterday's panties. This brought a smile to her face every time, even if she hardly needed to be remembered of her pantyless state.   
  
After a short while, Mandy was disturbed by one of the women from the project team, the one who had supported her about her lack of pantyhose. It seemed the woman actually smiled as she saw Mandy's barefoot state. Mandy smiled back, feeling no small tingle at the thought of her naked pussy at the end of those easily visible bare legs.   
  
The woman brought Mandy some intern-proof project-related work and named a deadline, then left.   
  
Shortly before lunch break, Rachel arrived. After being brought up to date about Mandy's forays, she spoke up:   
  
"Listen, I remembered, I know the perfect place for you to streak."   
  
"I dunno, I never streaked, it's not exactly similar to the things I've been doing."   
  
"Not if you do it the way I've been thinking about. Just show yourself naked to a bunch of people, then disappear again. Nobody getting close, nobody recognising you. A simple case of being naughty and getting away with it. Interested?"   
  
"Tell me more", Mandy replied, moving her head closer to Rachel's, now being very interested indeed...   
  
Then, at lunch break, Rachel took Mandy to the - fortunately close - city park. The path soon forked: to the left, it lead through a lawn area interspersed with areas of flowers, and ended, it seemed, at a lawn area at the bank of a small lake. Several large single trees offered shade to that area. To the right, the path was flanked by trees with dense crowns and dense bushes, giving those taking that path the impression of a forest walk, when in fact, as could be seen from the fork, the path just skirted the park edge.   
  
Unlike the lawn at the bank, which was crowded, presumably mostly with people spending their lunch break there, the "forest path" was deserted at that time. Rachel and Mandy went right.   
  
Pretty soon, they came to a wooden pedestrian bridge. It had a sign on it declaring it to unsafe to cross, but Rachel had assured Mandy that a single normal-weighted college girl could in fact cross safely.   
  
It was there and then that the truly interesting part began. Mandy undressed, handing her clothes and shoes to Rachel, who took them and proceeded over the bridge.   
  
Mandy waited until she saw Rachel disappear behind a bend in the path, feeling the dirt of the path beneath her bare feet, and already starting to get excited. Then she stepped onto the bridge in all her naked glory.   
  
On the right-hand side a wood panel, painted with a forest river scene, shielded the bridge from the city behind it, put there to help uphold the forest illusion at this point in the path. There was also a pump helping a small stream up from where it was banned below the streets by city planners of long past.   
  
On the left-hand side, that same small stream flew into the lake, serving as its water supply. One could, in fact, just about make out the people on the picnic lawn. The distance was just perfect, as Rachel had promised, to ensure that she, and her nudity, could be seen without enabling folks to identify her afterwards.   
  
After stepping on the bridge, feeling the change underfoot from dirt path to wooden planks, she turned to the left-hand railing and began waving and shouting to draw attention.   
  
Soon, several of the lunch-breakers had noticed the cheerful naked girl on the bridge. Some even waved back.   
  
Mandy, encouraged by her success, and already a bit wet from feeling all those eyes on her bare skin, even did a few poses, greatly enjoying the experience. when she noticed the first searches their pockets, presumably for those pesky camera phones, she left the bridge quickly, following the direction Rachel took earlier.   
  
She was sorely tempted to just stop, lean against a tree, and treat herself to some gentle ministrations of her breasts and pussy, but she knew she must not dawdle, as there was a risk someone might try to intercept her, for this path continued to the second park entrance, from where another path led to the picnic area, giving the park a symmetric layout.   
  
She soon caught up with Rachel and got dressed again, but there was still one little detail left to their plan. They continued to the point where the paths forked, and approached the picnic area from the direction opposite those they used to enter the park. Then, they had the packed lunch Rachel had prepared, Mandy smiling at the thought of sitting unrecognised among these people of whom some saw her naked not long before.

After the lunch break, Mandy returned to her desk and worked away at her tasks until it was almost time to leave. Her mind did wander, however, trying to come up with new interesting things to do. And at that time, an idea had finally formed. It would require her to put her panties back on, which still lay in her desk drawer from the day before. She was kind of pleased to tie that loose end up without losing step in executing her newfound hobby.   
  
She went to a clothing discounter and bought a summer dress. She had intended to take the first one her size, but old habits die hard, so she actually took the time to select the best-looking one, within the prize class. She also bought a pair of cheaply made flip-flops, which fitted the summer dress much better than her business flats would. Next, she went into a supermarket in the vicinity of the discounter, with the sole purpose of obtaining a bag that didn't look like containing clothes.   
  
Then, she proceeded to the big mall that had already been the location of her stocking stunt the day before. She went to food court and took one of those single-portion plastic containers used to distribute ketchup.   
  
Now equipped with everything she needed, she went into the ladies, and entered an empty stall, where she undressed to bra and panties. She stored her business attire, neatly folded, in the unassuming brown paper bag from the supermarket, and then used the ketchup to produce a sizable stain on the summer dress.   
  
The execution of her little plan now imminent, Mandy felt the now familiar naughty buzz in her pussy.   
  
Slipping the flip-flops unto her feet, she went to the sinks, dress in hand, and set to work on the stain, making sure to wet the whole front of the dress thoroughly in the process. The stain got larger rather than smaller, the pigments being distributed over a larger area of dress, but getting the stain out was not the objective, anyway.   
  
Mandy had to wait a while before someone came in, but she was determined to show of her underwear to someone. When someone did come in, Mandy made sure to stick out her rear while rubbing furiously at the stain, presenting the visitor a veritable butt shake. It aroused her greatly to show sexy butt moves to a stranger while having a perfectly harmless excuse.   
  
She got the opportunity to present two further women with her underwear show before she decided it was time to proceed. She put on the still stained dress, the front of which now had become transparent, making her bra clearly visible. She then went home, using public transportation as always, pretending not to notice.   
  
When she arrived at the building where she lived, and saw no-one immediately about, she took off her bra under the, thanks to the thorough soaking, still transparent dress. She then took the flip-flops into her free hand, the other still holding the bag, and walked up to her small apartment.   
  
Once there, she spontaneously decided to spend the evening naked, wanting to know how it felt to go about her usual evening routine while wearing not a stitch. It aroused her surprisingly strongly to do naked what she normally did clothed, and she masturbated herself to a pleasant orgasm while snuggled up in front of the TV, as if for a normal day's end relaxation, only naked.   
  
The next morning, Mandy went to work as usual, and nothing sexy happened until the afternoon. That is, nothing sexy unless you counted Mandy being barefoot and pantyless at her desk, which, as we know, was special to Mandy and kept her, if nothing else, interested and open-minded for anything that might occur.   
  
And in the afternoon, something did occur, in the form of Rachel calling and ordering her upstairs to Ms. Caruthers' office. Mandy wasted no time getting into her stockings and shoes, so as not to displease her temporary boss.   
  
However, when she arrived at the outer office, Rachel informed her that Ms. Caruthers had left on an appointment and would not return that day.   
  
"So the office is all yours to have your own fun", she concluded with a wink.   
  
Rachel entered the office of the stern and severe Ms. Caruthers, and while she did not immediately know what to do there, she wasted no time getting naked, since there was no doubt in her mind that nudity would be part of any fun she might have there.   
  
Walking naked in the posh office was an even greater thrill than the quite naughty, but essentially harmless naked evening routine of the day before. However, thinking of that evening while strolling through the office and inspecting its details gave Mandy the idea that pretending to work naked would be a great thrill indeed.   
  
She sat down in the great leather office chair, delighted in feeling the cool, textured natural leather on her bare skin, especially where it touched, due to the wy she sat, not only her buttocks but also her pussy.   
  
Mandy used the two-way com to the outer office to summon Rachel, who at first didn't want to react to Mandy's whim, but relented when promised it would be fun. Mandy then dictated her secretary a nonsensical memo about how all women in the company where supposed to be naked while working at their desk, to increase productivity.   
  
When Rachel was gone again, Mandy go up and went to the big windows, where she posed. It was rather save, as no other office windows where close enough to see anything, but it nevertheless satisfied a naughty, exhibitionistic urge of Mandy's. And the satisfaction of her exhibitionistic urges was a sure way to get Mandy's pussy wet.   
  
She then sat back into the leather chair, put her bare feet up on the desk, and moved her knees apart. This gave her good access to her pussy, and her fingers made use of this. Soon, Mandy stifled the cries of an orgasm.   
  
Not wanting it to be over so soon, Mandy then called Rachel in to bring her a much-needed glass of water, and when Rachel entered, she was greeted with the view of Mandy, sitting naked in the leather office chair, bare feet propped up and legs spread obscenely wide.   
  
Since the seat of the chair was below the desk level, Rachel could not initially see much, but she moved around the desk, giving Mandy the requested glass of water, and an approving smile.   
  
Mandy, not once thinking to cover up even one bit, took it gratefully and drank, her naked and very visible stomach rippling in sync with the movement of her soft-skinned bare throat as she drank it.

After her intense masturbation in her boss' office, it took a moment until Mandy was ready to dress again. Rachel had meanwhile left the office again, paying tribute to an ancient understanding between woman that nudity and dressing or undressing were different things entirely.   
  
Moving from Ms Caruthers' office to Rachel's workstation, now fully dressed in office attire again, Mandy opened a conversation:   
  
"Do you have any casual-friday-related idea for tomorrow? I'm starting to like being daring at the office."   
  
"Sorry dear, but there is no casual friday at this company."   
  
Mandy was disappointed when hearing this, and it almost looked as if she was starting to pout.   
  
"But", Rachel continued, "that doesn't mean I don't have ideas for tomorrow. One of them involves us driving to work together, so is there a place I could pick you up?"   
  
Mandy gave Rachel her address.   
  
Rachel stated the time she'd be there, and reminded Rachel to wear proper office clothes, including panties.   
  
"Why panties? I like to be without, and besides, you'd be the last person I'd expect to ask me to wear them", Mandy asked, puzzled.   
  
"Humor me", was all Rachel replied.   
  
  
The next morning, Rachel was already waiting in front of her apartment building when Rachel arrived in her rather old economy car.   
  
"Good morning", she said as she climbed inside.   
  
"Good morning", came the reply, "please remove your panties and place them on the floor in front of you."   
  
At first, Mandy was startled, especially as Rachel had specifically requested her to wear them, but then she realized how the panties' presence on the floor would announce the fact she wasn't wearing them, but only to those able to look inside the car. She complied and, raising her butt to slip the panties off, placed them on the floor.   
  
Mandy felt a slight wave of naughtiness whenever she looked at the small garment lying on the floor of he car in front of her, but soon, she felt the urge to become a bit more daring. She raised her butt again and, bunching her skirt up a the waist, sat back down, her bare butt now in direct contact with the cheap and worn synthetic upholstery. She did not look to the side, but had she done so, she'd have seen an encouraging smile on Rachel's face.   
  
After ten more minutes, Mandy, by then quite excited, had another idea: "Rachel, would you mind if I took my skirt off as well?"   
  
"I was beginning to think I'd have to suggest it", came the reply.   
Soon, Mandy's business skirt was spread on the floor, her panties spread neatly on top of it. On an impulse, Mandy completed the stripping of her lower body by slipping off her shoes and removing her stockings, then placing her bare feet on her skirt and panties, felling the fabric under her soles and, in case of the panties, also between her toes.   
  
Driving through the morning traffic like this, utterly respectable business outfit on top and completely bare skin on the lower half, invisible to most if not all, was more exciting than Mandy would have thought. She was as naked as possible while appearing as clothed as possible, and this aroused her so much that she felt a bit of wetness from her pussy on the seat. She hoped Rachel did not mind.   
  
When they passed the barrier to the underground parking attached to the office complex, Mandy was not sure whether she was relieved or sad about the fact no trucks or SUVs had passed them.   
  
At Rachel's suggestion, she dressed not in the car, but outside of it, though her lower half was still hidden between two parking cars. It was just the sort of extra step that got Mandy going, and as a consequence of this and of the previous bottomless drive, the first thing she did when arrived at her windowless, out-off-the-way place of work was to put her panties into her drawer, remove her skirt, shoes and stockings and, her lower half naked but protected from any coincidental look by her desk, get herself to the first orgasm of the day.   
  
A couple of hours later, Mandy was again respectably dressed, minus her panties of course, when a smiling Rachel entered.   
  
"I've got some extra work for you, it's related to that taskforce you're in, you're supposed to complete it today so it can be reviewed in time for the next meeting. It will probably mean you'll have to put in extra hours today", she said, still smiling   
  
"You seem to be awfully glad about that", replied Mandy, who had been working fast on her default task in order to enable a punctual start of the weekend without giving anyone cause to accuse her of shirking work.   
  
"Well, I will be working late, too. And with my knowledge of when the cleaning crews will be where, the building will for all intents and purposes be ours", Rachel replied with a smile that had suddenly become contagious, as Mandy was now smiling as well.   
  
Well after everyone else, safe for the aforementioned cleaning crews, had left for the weekend, Mandy announced completion of her extra work via the internal telephone net. She was then, to her surprise, told by Rachel that she should bring it up already naked.   
  
Mandy received some simple instructions, the route was not too different from the one she would take during office hours. Or rather, from the one she would take clothed. The main difference was several required waits in certain places.   
  
Mandy undressed, carefully picking the order of removal in order to maximise the thrill from undressing at work, or rather, at the workplace. She started by quickly stepping out of her shoes, using one foot to get the shoe off the other at the heel, rather than bending down. She had considered removing the shoes last, or maybe slipping them back on after getting rid of the stockings, in order to see how this contrasted to her increasing nudity, but then she decided it would only have an erotic effect if she wore heels. It was probably the first time in her life she \*really\* regretted not wearing any.   
  
Once the shoes were off, she felt the cold floor tiles under her stockinged feet, signalling the beginning of "being naughty", as she had begun to call the things she did for arousal. This particular feeling did not last for long, however, as the very next thing she did was to roll her stockings down her legs, one by one, and cast them aside. Planting her bare feet on the floor, she once again enjoyed the feeling of being "naked up to her pussy", that special feeling of having no obstruction from her toes to her girl parts while being almost fully dressed and appearing decent to the casual observer.   
  
Mandy's skirt was next to go, leaving her bottomless, while she still wore full business attire on her top half. This bottomlessness, being only a step in further undressing, had a different meaning to her than the previous one in the car: this time it was a deliberate deviation from the undressing in layers that occurs before mundane tasks like showering or changing.   
  
For the rest of her clothes, there was only one possible sequence of removal. Mandy did, however, put her blazer back on after she was already naked, just to savour the feeling of wearing nothing else but it.   
  
The undressing had taken longer than planned, and Mandy now hurriedly grabbed the folder and scampered of on her bare feet.   
  
Tiptoeing along the corridors with quick and light steps, Mandy worried a litle that the long time she took undressing had somehow upset her schedule of movement, causing her to end up meeting one of the cleaning crews. Several times, a random noise caused her to literally jump a little.   
  
She did, her fears notwithstanding, reach the first "waiting place" without incident. Shortening the waiting time a little, she was now back on schedule. But as she waited, a new worry overcame her when she suddenly remembered the security cameras. But there was nothing she could do right then, and she had no choice but to trust that Rachel had thought of them and made sure they wouldn't be a problem.   
  
Mandy did remain uneasy though, and again jumped several times, still frightened by any random noise sounding through the mostly empty building.   
  
However, Rachel's calculations were correct, and allowed for enough deviation, to get Mandy to Rachel safely.   
  
Rachel assured Mandy that there was never any danger from the delay, and that the cameras would not be a problem. these assurances, combined with Rachel's presence, were enough to ensure that a much more relaxed Mandy then strolled along the corridors naked alongside her business-attired friend.   
  
Now free of her fears, Mandy was really enjoying herself, almost skipping along, demanding of Rachel to go as many places inside the building as possible.   
  
Rachel just smiled and replied that they needed to follow certain routes to not get caught, but offered a choice between a shorter route allowing them to collect Mandy's clothes, and a more "scenic" one.   
  
"Can't we have both?", Mandy replied   
  
"Sorry, that won't work"   
  
"And if we split?"   
  
Rachel didn't seem to pleased about that.   
  
"Oh please", Mandy begged.   
  
"OK then", Rachel finally relented.   
  
"Is it save if I enter rooms?"   
  
"Shouldn't be a problem, if you don't dawdle"   
  
Rachel again explained the way to Mandy, and they parted ways at the required spot.   
  
Continuing to scamper along the corridors naked, enjoying every barefooted step, Mandy was far too immersed in her fun to start worrying again, even with Rachel gone again.   
  
Spotting a copy room in passing, Mandy couldn't resist going in. Grinning broadly, she widened her stance to get her upper body lower, and pressed her breasts onto the glass. Then she pressed the button. Looking at the black and white "copy" of her breasts, she giggles and decided to do one more. She sat on the glass and made a copy of her butt, too.   
  
The two pieces of paper rolled up in her hand, Mandy cheerfully continued along her way, which eventually led her to Rachel's car. Not soon afterwards, Rachel arrived, carrying Mandy's clothes over her arm.   
  
"On you, or in the trunk?"   
  
Mandy, welcoming the chance to continue her nudity a bit longer, took no time at all to agree. And when Rachel, upon leaving the building, suggested to spend the rest of the day at her house, Mandy agreed to that, too.