**Maria's Job Interview**

**by [MichaelGraves](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=907046&page=submissions)**

An executive secretary position at my office opened up and I was determined to get it. The job came with a decent raise from my current salary and full benefits. The downside was I would be working for Donald Sheer, a notorious skirt chasing sleaze. His wife worked two floors below in accounting and the running joke was every girl in the building but his wife knew about his overt desires. I knew I was not the best person for the job so I would need to offer more than my mediocre job skills to secure the position. I decided to use his libido to my advantage. As 5:30 p.m. rolled around, my scheduled interview time with him, and I purposefully headed to the coffee machine before meeting Donald. Hopefully that little Styrofoam cup would get me the job.

I knocked on his office door and entered, coffee cup in hand. I was wearing usual office attire: a simple white blouse and lavender knee-length skirt accented by my black pumps. My long black hair was tied back. He offered me the seat directly in front of his desk and began discussing the job. I gave off a few coy flirtatious movements. Basic stuff all men have seen before. His speech slowed down and I saw it didn't take long for him to get the drift. He continued talking but neither he nor I cared as to what he was saying; his eyes caressed my body and I sat there faking attention. My mind was on what I was about to do.

I've always gotten aroused by others watching me. The idea of strolling naked in very public places has always turned me on and the few times I've done so has brought on some of the best orgasms of my life. A flash of doubt entered my head. Do I really want to use my exhibitionist nature to get a job working for a jerk like this? Realizing the benefits to getting this promotion doused those worries instantly. I was going for it.

I took an occasional sip of coffee as he spoke, nodding here and there, offering up quick answers to his questions about my work history. A few minutes into the babble I raised the cup to my lips again but intentionally spilled some on my white blouse.

"Oh shit!" I cried out in false alarm.

"Are you ok?" he inquired.

"Yeah, the coffee wasn't that hot. I'm not burned or anything." I paused and looked down at the results of my willful act. The coffee made several large brown stains on my white top. "Damn! This is going to stain if I don't wash it out immediately."

Donald chirped in, "Go ahead and use my washroom if you need to." Executives had their own personal restrooms adjacent to their offices.

I offered my thanks and went into the washroom. Inside I took off my blouse and tossed it into the sink, washing out the coffee stains the best I could. When finished I looked into the mirror. I had on a red bra, which was now the only thing concealing my 38C breasts. My flawless, golden skin, a gift from my Brazilian parents, accented the bright red undergarment. I let down my long, black hair and I smiled. One look and I knew the job would be mine. I had no desire to sleep with the scumbag, although he was very handsome for a white guy in his early 40's. I only had to tease Donald enough to secure the job. This would do it.

Heading out, without my shirt, Donald's eyes nearly popped out of his head when he saw me.

"Sorry, but my blouse was too wet to put back on. I hope you don't mind." I bit my lower lip in a mocking sign of humility.

"Not at all." was his expected reply and I went back to my chair.

I looked down at the seat and noticed I spilled some coffee on the cushion and took it as an opportunity to step up my seduction.

"Hell, the chair got wet. I can't sit down. It would ruin my skirt as well." I playfully pouted. I casually walked around his desk and asked, "Would it be OK if I sat here?" pointing to the corner of his desk closest to him.

"Sure." he said, never once looking me in the eye. His gaze was fixed on my chest, now just an arms length away.

I slid onto the desk, crossed my legs, placed my hands on my knees and lightly stuck out my chest. I glanced down to see his trousers grow in response. He sat back, silently for a moment taking in my beauty. His eyes danced up and down my frame a few times when I saw a wry smile cross his face and he leaned forward.

"Oh look," he said placing his right hand on my leg, "you've spilled some on your skirt as well."

I looked down as saw a few miniscule drops, nothing to worry over, but decided to play along. Besides, I was starting to enjoy the game.

"Perhaps you should take care of that, too. Wouldn't want to ruin your clothes now?" His lust was blatant.

I went back to the washroom, closed the door behind me and slipped off my skirt. I just now realized how cold his office was as a chill shivered through me. My nipples began to respond, either to the air conditioning or my growing desire I wasn't sure. I had on a matching red thong, which was on the conservative side for me. I hadn't planned on removing my skirt or else I would have worn something far more risqué. I tossed my skirt onto the counter next to my wet blouse and turned toward the door.

As I grasped the handle I paused for a moment. I was standing in what was to be my new boss' washroom wearing only my underwear and black heels and felt two strong emotions rise within me simultaneously. The first was disgust. I really did not like Donald Sheer and doing this would put me in his sights permanently. Everyday I would have to endure his lecherous advances, but the job was worth it. More money, more vacation time, a health plan and I would actually be doing less work than I am now.

The second emotion swelling within me was desire. I couldn't help it but here I was about to walk out into a room with a captive audience craving my body. My natural lust for exposing myself would not be held down. I dwelled on the situation for a moment longer, letting my exhibitionist tendencies take over. I put out of my mind who was going to be watching me and focused on what I was about to do. My most private of areas began to tingle before re-entering the room in my nearly naked state. Unconsciously, my hand wandered towards the hem of my underwear. I allowed it to slip inside my red panties and slowly began touching myself. My eyes shut and I could feel a small tinge of pain as I bit my lip. My fingers worked away gently, passionately. I became lost in pleasure as I rubbed my clit. A soft moan escaped my mouth as my breathing became heavier.

Suddenly, my eyes snapped open as reality crashed in on my actions. I was masturbating in the executive washroom with my potential new boss on the other side of the door. He was expecting me to only be in here for a moment to drop my skirt and be back out. I was taking too long--he would wonder why. Preferring not to be caught I regrettably removed my hand from my panties. My juices were flowing, slowly soaking into my underwear, but there was nothing I could do to stop that now. I quickly washed my hands and gained as much composure as I could. I needed to remain in control to get this job. If I gave in and let Donald screw me now I would have to give it up all the time to him. At any point his wife could catch us and I'd be out of a job entirely. Allowing my lust to get in the way could ruin everything. I reminded myself to stick to the plan of just teasing the prick.

Heading back out the door, Donald was still sitting in his leather chair behind the desk trying to look cool and composed. The instant he saw me in just my underwear and heels his face showed an emotion I knew too well. I wasn't about to allow him to have me--no matter how badly I wanted to be fucked right then. But I wouldn't let that stop me from teasing him to the point of insanity.

Walking around his desk I asked him coyly, "May I sit here?" pointing to his lap.

"Of course." he responded and swung his chair out enough so that I could sit. I glanced at his now rock hard erection and did my best to press my ass against it. His left hand immediately ran over my exposed flesh starting at my legs and worked its way up. I let him caress me for a moment, but when he got dangerously close to my breasts I sat straight up and told him I haven't demonstrated my typing skills yet.

"Uh, no you haven't" he said confused.

"Here. Let me show you," I said as I stood up much to his displeasure. Trying to keep him at bay while still leading him on was getting difficult. I was hoping this final act would seal the job and I could get out of there before I gave in to my insatiable lust.

I faced the computer on his desk, which put my ass mere inches from of his face.

"Oh, I see" he said. "Please show me what you can do."

I bend over at the waist and felt my thong slide into my crack. I was certain that my pussy was getting exposed to him and that he could smell how wet I had become. I panged away meaninglessly at the keyboard while lightly swinging my hips back and forth. My inner sex demon screamed in joy over what I was doing. The teasing, almost naked, having a man just inches away from my pussy--it was overwhelming. I was beyond holding back now, my carnal desires needed o be fulfilled.

I heard his chair creek and realized he was leaning towards me. Dear God, he was going to eat me out right there in his office. Any pretense of keeping Donald at bay was gone. I was going to let him go at it and bring me to orgasm.

I felt a finger slide down from the top of my thong to the slim piece that covered my soaking wet pussy. It lingered there for a few moments. Now it was his turn to tease me. My body ached for him to violate me; waiting was pleasurable agony.

Startlingly, a knock came at the office door.

"Donnie? You ready to go yet?." came a voice from the other side.

"SHIT! It's my wife" he shouted quietly.

Out of panic I ducked under his desk as his wife opened the door. Donald shot up out of his chair and ran to the door in an attempt to keep his wife from discovering the mostly naked Brazilian chick cowering under his desk.

Donald's desk was gratefully large and I wouldn't be discovered unless she walked around it. I heard him mumble something incoherent in an attempt to get her out of the office. He and I both knew if I was discovered we were dead.

"Damn it, Donnie. You were looking at porn this whole time? Don't deny it you've got a fucking boner asshole." She went on tearing him down for apparently leaving her waiting while he was sitting in his office wanking to porn. If she knew what he was really doing she'd have been ten times more upset. I sat there listening this and thought, "what a bitch. No wonder he sleeps around on her."

While the two of them fought I heard the door open again. I wondered who the hell was coming in now when Donald spoke up, "Uh, hang on Vicky. I have to use the wash room first."

It was the cleaning lady making rounds before going home. Donald must have realized that my clothes were sitting out and would have been discovered. He was only in there for a quick moment, to hide my clothes I supposed, before returning to his still fuming wife.

After another quick exchange I finally heard her say in a huff, "Let's just go home."

I could still hear the cleaning lady in the wash room so I stayed put in my hiding place until I heard the front door close. I dared a peek to make sure I was alone.

I dashed over to find my clothes, but after a frantic search I could not find them. I wondered where the hell he hide them when the office door opened yet again.

"Maria?" Donald called out. "I told my wife I forgot to shut my computer down. She isn't here. She's went down to the car."

"Where did you put my clothes?" I demanded.

"I'm sorry. I had to think quickly and stuffed them in the trash can under some papers. It's the only place I could think of."

"The trash can is empty." I replied in horror. The realization of what happened hit me and I flew into a rage. "The cleaning lady emptied it out when she went in there! She threw away my clothes you idiot!"

"I'm sorry, I wasn't thinking."

"What am I supposed to do now?" I yelled.

"Most everyone has gone home already. Wait a few more minutes and you can go out to your car without being caught." he offered.

"I take the bus! I can't ride home in my underwear!"

"Shit." I could see he was at a loss. As was I. "I have to get down to the car before my wife comes back up here. I'm truly sorry. If it makes you feel better you've got the job. I'll see you on Monday, OK?"

I was about to explode. I wanted to tell him to fuck off and nearly did, but held back as he left.

I sat in his office wondering how to get home. Nothing came to mind and I realized I would have to ride the bus home in only my bra, panties and heels. A few more minutes went by as I came to grips with the situation. I starting thinking, this is Miami. People wearing almost nothing is common. I've worn skimpier outfits to the beach. I talked myself into it and went to get my purse.

The office building was empty, I was thankful no one saw me so it wouldn't get back to Donald's wife that his new secretary was walking around in her underwear. I headed over to the bus stop, getting a few shouts and whistles along the way. I played along giving a seductive smile and wave to my admirers. My inner exhibitionist was coming out. I was enjoying this, but still a bit frightened of getting caught. Halfway down the street I felt the pangs of lust once again. I forgot how horny I had gotten in the office and needed a release. Walking around in sexy outfit only heightened my desires.

Arriving to the bus stop, there was only one other person waiting, an older woman who looked over my attire.

"You look beautiful" she told me, catching me off guard. "I love how you kids are so open today."

Her tolerance was pleasing and made me feel really good about the situation. I was frightened at the stares and looks I thought I was going to have, possibly even get arrested, but I forgot how tolerant this city is of nudity. I wasn't too far from Miami Beach, where women go topless, even fully nude at times. My fear and trepidation was washed away with one comment.

I decided rather than sit on the bench I was going to stand by the curb and put myself on display.

Several cars drove by honking and shouting at me. I soaked up the attention, my lust growing every moment. My panties started to moisten once more. I needed to get fucked.

The bus arrived too quickly and the female driver simply looked me up and down wordlessly and I showed her my ticket. She probably sees this every day, except the women wearing bikinis rather than lingerie.

I scanned the occupants of the bus and saw plenty of empty seats. I could have easily sat anywhere but my will was over powered by my desire. I spotted a group of five college aged boys near the back of the bus all wearing the familiar green and orange attire of the "U", as we locals call it. I could not stop myself--I headed towards them. My libido was out of control. Seeing me wander down to them, they hardly could believe their eyes.

The back of the bus was arranged where the seats faced inward, rather than towards the front, save for the back row. Trying to be too obvious I sat down at the first seat that faced inward, the five guys were directly across from me. I smiled and gave a pleasant "Hello" and pretended that I wasn't sitting on a public bus in my underwear.

Two of them quickly moved over, one sat next to me, the other stood in front of me and grabbed a hand rail, trying to act casual and cool. They started up some sexual banter and I gleefully played along.

"Where you headed?" the one standing asked.

"Going back home after a lingerie shoot," I lied.

"And you just went out like that?"

"Sure. It is such a gorgeous day I figured why not?" Whether they bought that as the truth or if they just didn't care I couldn't tell. The "U" is not known for having the brightest students.

We went on for a few more minutes, during which the other three slid over to join us. I was surrounded by five very horny college guys. Being the center of all this attention took my exhibitionist appetite over the edge. I had consciencely restrain my hand from wandering over my own body. Even the lightest of stroking at this point would have thrown me into an orgasm in front of all these guys.

"You know, we can't see your panties too well. I'm just curious as to how you model them." one of them spoke up.

I shot up out of my seat and offered up a "Sure!" far too eagerly. Whatever thinly veiled attempt I had at acting nonchalant was now gone. They knew exactly what I wanted. Between the six of us, no one had any self control left.

Now standing and far beyond any degree of decency I told them, "You should feel this material. It's very sensual." Grabbing the hand of the guy in front of me I clamped his palm down over my left breast. The final barrier now broken instantly the others' hands swarmed all over me. I closed my eyes and delved into the rapture of their fingers exploring my flesh. No part of me was left untouched; my breasts, my stomach, my butt, all at their disposal. I felt their hands glide over me. Some were rough, groping me like a boy fumbling with his prom date. Others were more gentle, caressing my skin with their warm touch.

Behind me some fingers quickly worked at my bra clasp and unsnapped it in a flash. I let them remove my bra and drop it to the floor and in an instant I was topless. My nipples stood erect and waiting for the inevitable. Several of the guys pawed ay my exposed breasts. The one in front of me leaned forward and took my left breast into his mouth. A second later I felt my thong slide down my thighs. I now stood completely naked on the bus.

The release my moist pussy had been aching for was finally granted. Yet another digit probed inside of me and I moaned out in response. My hands found the nearest crotch and stroked away at the erection I found there. We worked away at each other until an orgasm exploded out from me. I screamed in delight and collapsed backwards onto the guy behind me. I realized he was the one who had fingered me until I came. I kissed him passionately to thank him.

I paused to catch my breath and saw we were nearing my apartment complex. A bit disgusted to end this so soon I hastily put my bra and panties back on and thanked the boys as I snuck off the bus through its rear door.

Returning to my apartment I headed straight for my bed and collapsed. Still revved up from the day's activities I reached into my side table and pulled out my rabbit vibrator to work away at my still hungry pussy. I thought about all those hard cocks on the bus I could have had until I climax again and laid back in ecstasy.

Today I got a promotion and had two mind blowing orgasms. It was a very good day.