**Naked Female Software Engineer**

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submitted Seuern

**Naked Female Software Engineer Part 1**

Hello all, I thought I would just update you with some news from my firm, where female employees go naked.

A couple of years ago, we hired a new female software engineer named Josie. She came highly recommended with a PhD in computer science. She knew our women employees work in the nude, and that is why she wanted to join us.

Josie is quite gawky and wears glasses, a bit of a nerd in fact. And the most remarkable thing about her (which you notice when she is wandering round naked in front of you all day) is that one of her boobs is bigger than the other. Both her boobs are of a fairly decent size with big, round aureoles, but the right one is definitely larger and with a bigger aureole. Not only that, but the nipple on the left boob points straight ahead, while the nipple on the right boob points towards the floor at about a 45 degree angle. So all in all, Josie has significantly asymmetrical breasts. Nothing wrong in that, though. We employ her for her software skills, not for the shape of her breasts.

When Josie first joined us, she had what is colloquially known as a hairy pussy, but within a couple of weeks she was shaving her pussy lips, with a wiry tuft of hair on her mons pubis. This was presumably after seeing our other female staff, all of whom shave in some way and like to get creative with their pubic hair, and some of whom parade their bald slits round the office all day.

Josie has proven an excellent employee and has become our top software engineer, outclassing the men. They may be clothed while she is naked, but she more than holds her own on an intellectual level. You often see her leaning over the shoulder of a male software engineer, with her bare, lopsided breasts swaying inches from his shirt, as she helps to debug his program.

Anyway, Josie recently wrote the technical section of a proposal to a potential customer. It was a contract worth several million pounds, and represented the biggest software project we have ever gone for. We knew it was a tough competition, and some of the directors thought we were really wasting our time. However, Josie spotted the opportunity in a trade magazine, and was full of enthusiasm. She gave a presentation to the senior management regarding her ideas of how we could win it, and as she argued against their scepticism she became pretty animated, her full breasts swaying in opposite directions then crashing together.

To cut a long story short, we submitted a proposal and were shortlised for the contract. This was completely down to Josie, our naked female software engineer, for the customer made clear that our solution was not the cheapest but stood out on a technical level. We were invited to the customer's offices to give a presentation, which would decide whether or not we got the contract.

Now, one of our middle managers is a member of the same golf club as the IT director of this potential customer. By this route, the customer found out about our naked-female-employee policy. We naturally planned to take Josie along to talk about the technical aspects of our proposal, but of course she would have had to go clothed as our women employees are only naked within the office - for our eyes only. However, the IT director of the other company said he would like it if the female members of our delegation came to the presentation naked, given that that is their normal work attire.

As it happened, Josie was the only female member of our delegation (which also included me, our head of software and a male software engineer, younger than Josie, who had been assisting her). We were a bit nervous about the idea of Josie coming to the presentation in the nude, as she is not exactly our most stunning female employee even apart from the lopsided breasts. From our perspective her physical imperfections are not an issue. We appreciate her as a person and because of the value she adds to the company. It is just that we thought the customer's IT director might be a bit disappointed, as when he heard we had naked female staff he was probably conjuring up in his mind the image of some stunner.

On the day of the presentation, we all met at the office early in the morning. Then we got into my Lexus to drive to the customer's site. I sat in the front with the head of software, while Josie and the male software engineer sat in the back. The three of us men were all dressed in our sharpest suits, while Josie was completely naked and barefoot. Normally our female staff keep a wrap-around dress nearby so they can cover up if someone not used to our naked-female-policy arrives unexpectedly. However, in all the rushing around before we set off for the meeting, making sure we had the right laptops, business cards and company brochures, the subject of Josie's emergency clothing somehow got forgotten. It was only when we had gotten a little way down the road that the head of software commented on the possibility of Josie being seen as we drove along. However, we were running to a tight schedule so there was no question of turning back, and fortunately the windows of my Lexus are lightly tinted.

At the customer's site, we parked in one of the visitor's bays. Poor Josie had to walk across the car park completely naked, though she had a laptop to hide some of her modesty if anyone chanced by - and we clothed men were there to shield her from prying eyes.

Once we were in the customer's building, the receptionist took our details and asked us to wait. She didn't seem too surprised about Josie's nakedness, but her attitude was a little frosty, as though she didn't approve. However, while we were waiting and Josie was getting herself a drink from the water fountain, I noticed the receptionist looking across at Josie's bare backside, and I wondered if there was a little envy there?

In due course, we were shown into the meeting room. All the customer's staff were male, so Josie was the only female in the meeting, and she was of course naked and on display. At the same time, she was the main one doing the talking as she stood up to give a Powerpoint presentation about our proposal and then talk through a prototype software demonstration. Because she is a bit scrawny (though not excessively thin), there is a gap between her thighs, and her shaven slit is well exposed. I am sure the customer's staff were studying Josie's pussy lips and lopsided breasts most of the time, while struggling to pay attention to the technical details of her presentation.

We should not have worried about what impression Josie would make. She did a brilliant job. And when we broke for coffee I saw her in deep conversation with the customer's IT director. The nipple of her right breast was touching the sleeve of his jacket as she earnestly expounded some point to him. This went on for at least five minutes, with the sensitive flesh of her nipple rubbing the rough cloth of his suit, showing they were completely relaxed in each other's company.

**NFSE Part 2**

After we broke for coffee, the meeting resumed, this time talking about contractual and financial, rather than technical matters. This was an important project for our customer, with knock-on implications for their business, and they were talking about liquidated damages should we fail to deliver the required functionality on time. It got a bit fraught at times but we saw eye to eye in the end.

Josie was the only woman in the room, and she was sitting there completely naked and barefoot among us seven men, who were properly dressed in our suits, ties and polished black shoes. I thought about the fact that Josie must be acutely aware of the feel of the rough fabric of the meeting room chairs on her bare buttocks and lower back, of the cool, hard smoothness of the varnished table top against her bare midriff, and of the tough, wiry, as well as slightly dirty and gritty, carpet tiles on the soles of her bare feet. She must also be acutely aware that every blemish of her nude body was on display, not to mention her pale and sensitive nipples with their tendency to point in different directions. By contrast we men knew nothing of the feel of these fabrics and materials against Josie's naked flesh, nor of what it felt like for her to be so exposed and vulnerable, with her body available to be scrutinised by us fully clothed men. We were comfortable and relaxed in our suits, enjoying a layer of protection between us and the chairs, carpets and table. She was laid open and her only protection was her own skin. There was nothing between her most intimate parts - her anus, her vagina, her clitoris - and the outside world.

Whatever the case, Josie seemed quite at ease, reflecting the fact that she was used to being naked in our own office all day long. The men from the customer's company might be complete strangers, but she was relaxed being naked in front of them, just as with her normal male colleagues. Her nudity did not stop her taking a full part in the meeting, and I was impressed by the way she paid attention to the contractual negotiations, even making some useful suggestions, despite her being primarily there for the technical aspects and inexperienced in managerial manners.

Eventually, the meeting came to an end, and the customer suggested lunch at a nearby restaurant. We looked at Josie, standing there naked, and Josie looked at us. We pointed out to the customer's staff that we had forgotten to bring any clothing at all for Josie. The reply was "no problem" as the customer's IT director had phoned ahead to notify the restaurant - where they frequently went for corporate occasions - that there would be a naked female in the party.

The restaurant was in the centre of town, but the car park was round the back. Josie was able to walk from the car to the rear entrance without being seen from the street - at least, if anyone had really been looking, they might have seen her, but people were going about their business, not expecting to see a naked woman. Nevertheless, the car park was in a poor state, and Josie tiptoed across the broken tarmac because of sharp stones digging into her bare feet.

In the restaurant, we were met by a young waiter, who showed us to a table in a discreet corner at the back. Josie went in first, so her naked body was reasonably protected from view by us clothed men. One or two people on other tables did have a line of sight towards Josie and could see her bare breasts and torso. They smiled and looked surprised but then went back to their own business, albeit occasionally glancing nonchalantly over while trying to pretend that they were not really interested. Anyway, the restaurant was not too busy and the other customers were businessmen and some elderly couples.

Again, I reflected on the fact that Josie's bare buttocks were resting right on the velour cover of the restaurant chair, on which many people had sat and which was probably none too clean. Her naked flesh was in direct contact with the floor and furniture, while we men were protected from it by our clothes. Those are the sacrifices a naked female has to make. It also occurred to me that, when we left, Josie might well leave one of her pubic hairs behind, eventually to be hoovered up when the restaurant was closed, but that was not an issue for us clothed men.

After we had been in the restaurant a short while, Josie complained that she was feeling cold. We all looked across at her, and her nipples were sticking out like hat pegs. She even had goose bumps. We men felt fine in our suits. However, we asked the waiter to turn the air conditioning down. Josie rubbed herself and seemed to warm up a bit. The customer's IT director was sitting next to her. He had taken a shine to her, and they were laughing and joking over the menu. I noticed she leaned in towards him to get some warmth from his jacket. Later the hot food arrived - a Thai curry - and with that and the freely flowing wine, Josie was no longer complaining about the cold.

At the end of the meal, we picked up the bill on our business development budget, then headed back to the customer's site. The meeting was over, but we had to pick up our computer equipment that we had used for the demo. Soon we were standing in the customer's reception area saying our goodbyes. Josie and her younger male colleague then picked up our equipment to take back to the car, while the head of software and I remained, finishing off a conversation with the customer's IT director. I noticed that the nude Josie was carrying two laptops and a portable projector, while her clothed male colleague was carrying only one laptop. We do not believe in pampering the naked females at our firm. On the contrary, we expect them to be tough. It is strange that being naked in front of clothed men seems to bring out the best in women. It is as though they stop having anything to prove, and instead of putting on airs and graces, and expecting special treatment, they become frank, forthright and down to earth, not to mention assertive and even crude. I theorise it is because the main weapon they have over men - their naked bodies - is fully exposed, like a sword that has been unsheathed. But enough philosophy.

Just before we left, the customer's IT director quietly had a word in my ear. We had already been told they had now seen all the shortlisted bidders for the contract, and would be making a decision and getting back to us in a few days. The IT director now told me that we should expect favourable news. He and his colleagues had discussed it in their car on the way back from the restaurant, and it was clear they all agreed we were the favourites. Obviously, this was off-the-record, so we should keep it quiet until the outcome was officially announced. Nevertheless, we could feel confident the contract was ours. The IT director said furthermore that, while they had liked our flexibility and professionalism vis-a-vis contractual matters, and this had been a major point in our favour, the other thing that swung it for us was that they had been particularly impressed by Josie - and he said they didn't mean her naked body, though that certainly added an interesting extra dimension, but were talking about her technical knowledge, her self-confidence and her general keenness and enthusiasm for the work. The IT director told me that if Josie remained in charge of the technical aspects, they were sure the whole contract would go very smoothly. He also joked that they were looking forward to progress meetings at our offices, where he and his colleagues might get to know some of our other naked female staff. During this conversation, all three of us looked across to the car park and saw Josie bending over, putting the equipment in the boot of my car, and giving us a good view of her long legs and bare, neatly rounded behind.

My head of software and I shook the IT director's hand, then walked back to my car, where Josie was now sitting naked on the back seat, chatting with her clothed male colleague. We agreed we would not mention what the IT director had told us as, in spite of his assurances, there might be a hiccup when he and his colleagues came to the final decision. We would hold off celebrating until we had a formal announcement. We put on our seatbelts, in Josie's case, the cold webbing nestling between her bare breasts, and I started the two-hour drive back to our own office.

**NFSE Part 3**

So there we were in my car, heading back from the customer's site - three men in our business suits and one completely naked woman. We had turned onto the M52 and were about ten minutes from home when my mobile phone rang. I took it on the hands-free, so we could all hear. It was the customer's managing director. He said he thought we might like to know that they had decided to give us the contract. An official letter would be in the next available post. I replied that that was great news and we looked forward to working for them.

After the customer's MD had rung off, there was general rejoicing in our car. I reached behind me and patted Josie on her bare thigh, congratulating her for all her work towards winning the contract. One would never think of physically touching a female colleague normally, for fear of being accused of harassment, but, when women are completely naked in front of clothed men, it somehow feels natural to touch them on the legs, arms or buttocks, and they seem to find it equally acceptable.

It was soon agreed that, rather than going back to the office, we would stop to celebrate at a local country pub called "The Birds' Nest", where we at my company often take customers or go after work. I pulled up in the car park and we all got out. Josie had to pick her way barefoot across the gravel, but it didn't seem to bother her, as she walked naked alongside us men in our clothes and shoes.

The manager of The Birds' Nest recognises people from my company as valued customers, and he is well aware of our naked-female policy. Although our female staff usually put on their wrap-around dresses to go to the pub, it is not uncommon for them to take them off once inside. This reflects the fact they are more accustomed and perhaps more comfortable at being naked in front of us clothed men, as well as, no doubt, the increased libido that comes from pubs, drinking and alcohol. In the pub, there is a particular room that I can only describe as on a mezzanine level. Although just one of the several rooms of the bar, it is up a staircase and, while there is no door as such, the interior of the room is not really visible from below. When people from our company go to the Birds' Nest in reasonable force, we tend to take over this room, if it is not otherwise in use. This makes it easier for our female colleagues to throw off their dresses and sit around with nothing on. However, they also go naked down into the main bar, whenever they need to visit the 'ladies'. This is where it pays to be on good terms with the manager. He allows our women workers to parade their naked bodies in the main bar, while the regulars are also quite used to it and simply enjoy the view.

Given this, we did not have a problem going into the pub with our naked female software engineer, Josie, amidst us fully clothed men. The mezzanine was free, so the head of software, called James, and the junior software engineer, called Ralph, went up there to grab a table. Josie stayed with me as I ordered a round of drinks, then, walking naked beside me, helped me to carry them upstairs. She had a pint of bitter for Ralph in her right hand and a glass of white wine for herself in her left.

As we talked about the day's events and winning the contract, there was quite a bit of excitement, but especially with Josie and Ralph. By the time she was on her third glass of wine, Josie was laughing and chattering, her naked boobs swaying in all directions as she rocked back and forth and gesticulated with her bare arms. At one point, she returned to the bar with Ralph, to order another round, and helped him carry the drinks upstairs, she in her birthday suit, he in his business suit. This seemed to be more than just being helpful, as I noticed she was paying a lot of attention to her junior colleague, laughing particularly loudly at his jokes, and 'accidentally' touching him with her heavy, fully exposed, lopsided breasts, while resting her naked thigh against his trousers. Josie was about 28, while Ralph was about 23, but it seemed neither of them had a boyfriend/girlfriend, and as she continued to knock back the glasses of white wine, Josie was making it increasingly clear that she was sexually available to Ralph.

When it was time to leave, I paid the bar tab on my company credit card, while James, the head of software, went to visit the 'gents', and Josie and Ralph strolled into the car park. When I myself went into the car park, I saw that Ralph was standing near my car with his back to the tall hedge. Josie had both her arms around the neck of her junior male colleague and was kissing him on the mouth while pressing her naked body against his shirt, jacket and trousers. Ralph seemed a little taken aback, with one hand on Josie's waist and the other dangling by his side. As I approached, they broke off, embarrassed to be caught in the act.

The upshot was that Josie and Ralph became something of an item from then on, though Josie seemed to do most of the running. Only a few days later, I noticed she had shaven off all her pubic hair and was now completely bald below, as if to increase her attractiveness to her younger, clothed lover. She also spent a lot of time helping him with his programming, sitting close to him, sideways on, with her legs spread apart and her clitoris on display. I know, because I caught them doing it on a couple of occasions, that, when they thought no one was looking, Josie would let Ralph pinch her nipples and massage her clitoris. I didn't mind so long as their work didn't suffer, which it didn't, certainly in Josie's case. Now she was in love, she worked harder than ever. Another female colleague later told me what Josie had once confessed to her: she and Ralph would work late into the night, after everyone else had left the office, and during this time Josie would hardly stop masturbating or being masturbated by Ralph, while simultaneously working on software problems. She seemed to work best in a state of heightened sexual tension. Ralph never took his clothes off in the office, but Josie delighted in squatting naked on the desks, straddling his lap, lying nude on the carpet-tiled floor with her legs apart, and generally exposing her bare body in the most revealing manner possible, all for the benefit of her man.

In due course, Josie and Ralph got married, and not long after that , a baby was on the way. It was fascinating watching the changes in her naked body as the pregnancy proceeded. It affected the shape not only of her belly but also of her breasts, buttocks, and of course nipples, which grew larger and turned a chocolate brown. Despite the baby growing inside her, Josie remained our top programmer, and this highly curvaceous, naked, pregnant female continued to lead and assist her clothed male subordinates, bending over their keyboards, with her boobs hanging down and her bare flesh permanently on display, happily exposing her nude physique to them in their suits and ties.