**Nude Secretaries Day**

by[Totzman](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=705030&page=submissions)©

Monica Kelly had just taken off her coat when she noticed the bright yellow sticky note posted on her day calendar on her desk. Another important memo for her to type, she presumed, and paid it little attention as she put her purse away in her desk and switched on her computer.  
  
Her boss, Albert, left notes on her desk every morning for various tasks he wanted completed for the day, and Monica, being the dutiful secretary she was, always got them completed on a timely basis.  
  
Monica put some hot water into the coffee maker so it would be fresh and ready when Albert got out of his morning meeting. She heard loud laughing coming from the conference room so she was pleased to know he would at least be in a good mood today.  
  
Monica sat down at her desk and began sorting through her memos for the day. After answering a few calls, Albert walked in, giving Monica a cheerful "good morning," and grabbing a cup of coffee.  
  
Monica smiled. It pleased her when Albert was in a good mood, and his greeting her made her feel appreciated.  
  
"Quite a meeting in there?" Monica inquired.  
  
"We're a little enthused about tomorrow, if you don't mind," he said. "Any calls?"  
  
"Yes, a Mr. Bakerson is on line two for you," Monica said, and then stopped. "Wait, what's happening tomorrow?"  
  
"Didn't you read my note?" Albert said. With that, he disappeared into his office and picked up the phone.  
  
Of course, Monica thought, she'd been here a good five minutes and hadn't read the note her boss had left for her.  
  
Monica squinted to read Albert's sloppy writing, which she had become increasingly accustomed to but still had occasional difficulties making sense of from time to time. Monica was able to gather from today's scribble something to the effect that she should look at tomorrow on her day calendar.  
  
Monica flipped the page, seeing a large "7" with the word "Wednesday" above it, and "February" underneath, as always, with the day's holiday or other significant event or trivia written in small print at the bottom.  
  
To Monica's surprise, the "significant event" listed for the 7th of February was "Nude Secretaries Day."  
  
That was it. No further information. Monica didn't know what to make of the information, and flipped her calendar back to Tuesday.  
  
Must be a joke, Monica thought to herself, and heard Albert laughing in his office and presumed that's what the joke in the meeting must have been about as well.  
  
Monica continued working on her assignments for the day, all the while rolling her eyes at the smirks she got from her coworkers when they passed her in the halls.  
  
"Some funny joke," Monica mumbled to herself.  
  
At lunchtime, Monica ate in the cafeteria with Shari Kirshner, another secretary who worked in the building. Monica had only worked there for a few months, and Shari and she quickly became friends after she was hired.  
  
"Tough putting up with all the Nude Day jokes," Monica said as a laughing coworker walked out of the cafeteria.  
  
"Tell me about it," Shari said. "It's like this every year."  
  
"They have this every year?" Monica asked.  
  
"February 7," Shari said. "I don't know who adds that to the calendars, but it's always there. Just something we have to put up with every year."  
  
Monica nodded in understanding. Shari finished eating, then got up and put her paper lunch bag in the trash.  
  
"Well, I just try to look on the bright side," Shari said, stuffing her trash in the wastebasket.  
  
"What's that?" Monica asked.  
  
"At least we don't have to worry about what to wear tomorrow."  
  
Monica couldn't muster a response to Shari's statement before she left up the stairs back to her office.  
  
No, Monica said to herself. They were pulling her leg. Shari had to be joking.  
  
Monica was thinking Shari must be in on this Nude Day gag, this being some sort of hazing for Monica since she was still relatively new to the office. Monica decided this was the most likely explanation and dismissed the notion that this "Nude Secretaries Day" was anything more than an immature joke that circulated around the office every year.  
  
Five o'clock finally came and Monica grabbed her purse and coat to leave for the day. Albert watched her carefully from his office as she retrieved her purse from the cubby drawer at the bottom of her cabinet. He had specifically arranged her office so that many important items were stored down low, so Monica would have to bend over to retrieve them. Monica tended to wear tight skirts, and bending over made her skirt material complement the round shape of her buttocks even more, which Albert found very tantalizing. Albert admired Monica's shapely posterior for several seconds, enjoying the soft curves and subtle panty lines. After retrieving her purse, Monica stood up and waved goodbye to Albert.  
  
"See you tomorrow," Albert said, and winked.  
  
Monica blushed slightly as she put on her coat. Albert listened to the click of her heels as she walked down the halls until she had left his range of hearing.  
  
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The following morning, Monica woke up like any other day. She got dressed as she usually did, miniskirt, nylons, blouse, and heels, and of course, bra and panties.  
  
Monica quickly ate a bagel with cheese, and as she did, she took a glance at the morning newspaper.  
  
February 7, it said at the top, with a sub-headline reading "Nude Secretaries Day: A Growing Fad?" Monica hadn't had time to read the article, but worried a bit about how widespread the phenomenon seemed to reach. Even the morning radio show made a mention of it, and had a secretary from the radio station talk on the air whom they jokingly claimed was naked. Monica frowned and changed stations.  
  
After pulling into the parking lot of her office, Monica checked her lipstick in the rearview mirror, and as she did, saw Shari stepping out of her car. Shari was bundled up in a long furry coat, as was Monica. Monica got out of her car and went over to greet her.  
  
"Morning, Shari," Monica said.  
  
Shari gave a soft smile and said hi.  
  
"Well, here it goes, let's get this over with," Shari said, walking towards the building.  
  
"I'll be glad when this day is over with," Monica said.  
  
They entered the office building where several of their male coworkers were waiting for them.  
  
"Well, ladies, let's have a look!" one of them said.  
  
"Come on, coats off!" another said.  
  
"Oh, give it a rest, you pervs!" Monica said.  
  
The men feigned offense.  
  
"You want to break tradition?" one said facetiously.  
  
Shari and Monica walked up the stairs to avoid the gathering of men who would undoubtedly be waiting for them in the elevator.  
  
"Jeez, they don't seriously think they're going to see us naked?" Monica said.  
  
Shari looked over at Monica.  
  
"Well, yeah, they are," Shari said.  
  
Monica laughed.  
  
"Give me a break," she said.  
  
Shari looked perplexed by Monica's statement.  
  
They arrived at Shari's office, where Shari's boss, David, was waiting for her with a bouquet of flowers in his hands.  
  
"Happy Nude Secretaries Day, Shari!" David said, extending the flowers towards her.  
  
Shari smiled at the gesture.  
  
"Thank you, David," Shari said, taking the flowers and setting them on her desk.  
  
"All right, let's have a look at you, gorgeous," David said.  
  
"Oh, please," Monica said, as Shari began to remove her coat. "There's no way you're being serious! We-"  
  
Monica was at a loss for words as Shari removed her coat, revealing her stunning and shapely body, without a stitch of clothing.  
  
David seemed oblivious of anyone else in the room as he stared at Shari's round, full breasts and long slender legs, and smiled.  
  
Shari was at least a D cup and appeared to be all natural, so Monica felt a bit inadequate with her modest C's. Shari tried not to notice David's admiring stares as she set her coat aside, sat down at her desk and began her duties for the day, in the nude.  
  
Monica backed out of the room slowly, and Shari turned toward her.  
  
"You'd better get your coat off," Shari said. "It's almost eight o'clock."  
  
"I will. When I get to my office," Monica said.  
  
Monica walked swiftly down the halls, with the clicking of her heels alerting her coworkers to her presence. They peeked out their offices as she passed, disappointed that she still hadn't taken off her coat yet.  
  
Monica strode into her office and shut the door behind her. She braced her body against the doorway and took a deep breath.  
  
This was for real. Today was Nude Secretaries Day. She would have to be nude.  
  
Monica took her coat off and placed it on the hook on the door. She paced nervously around the room, and was relieved to see Albert wasn't in his office and couldn't see that she was fully dressed.  
  
There has to be something, Monica thought. I could fake being sick. I could claim a family emergency. I could quit! Her thoughts were interrupted by a knock on the door.  
  
"Who is it?" Monica stammered.  
  
"Roger," the voice said.  
  
"Who?" Monica asked.  
  
"Your deliveryman," he said.  
  
Roger was, in fact, the deliveryman. Monica was so distraught she completely forgot about him.  
  
"Leave it by the door," she said in a nervous panic.  
  
"Is there a problem in there?" Roger asked.  
  
"No," Monica said.  
  
"Then open the door."  
  
Monica's thoughts were a train wreck inside her head. She grabbed her coat and put it on, and opened the door. Roger stood there with a perplexed expression.  
  
"You need to sign," Roger said, extending a clipboard and pen towards her.  
  
Monica took the package and signed the form on Roger's clipboard. As she did, Roger scanned Monica's fully clothed body.  
  
"Ma'am, why are you still dressed?" Roger asked. "Don't you know what day it is today?"  
  
"I know what day it is today! I haven't taken my coat off yet!" Monica snapped.  
  
Roger seemed insulted by Monica's tone.  
  
"Fine," he said. "Just asking."  
  
Roger walked away, and Monica closed the door again.  
  
There has to be something, Monica thought again. Her phone rang, and being the dutiful secretary she was, answered it.  
  
"Albert Hosdale's office, this is Monica speaking."  
  
"Monica," Albert said. "Good, you're here. I was worried you wouldn't show up today."  
  
"I'm here," Monica said.  
  
"I trust you're dressed for today's occasion," Albert said.  
  
"Of course," Monica lied.  
  
"Glad to hear it. Would you be so kind as to bring coffee down to the conference room? Everyone's here, and we'd all like to have a gorgeous secretary serve us on this special day."  
  
Monica paused.  
  
"I'll be there in a minute," Monica said.  
  
"Thank you."  
  
Monica hung up the phone. She threw her coat off again and tried to decide what to do. Monica looked at the coffee maker. The coffee hadn't even been started yet; this might take longer than she promised.  
  
Monica scooped the grounds, poured some water in, and with the switch of a button, the familiar gurgling sound told Monica the coffee was underway.  
  
Now it was time.  
  
There were no viable options. Monica would have to celebrate Nude Secretaries Day as the day was intended.  
  
She opened a drawer in her desk. It was mostly empty, so there would be enough room to stash her clothes there.  
  
Monica took out eight coffee cups from her cabinet and lined them up on a plastic tray. The coffee would be done in just a few minutes, and she would be expected to serve it.  
  
She leaned against her office door again and stared at the day calendar resting on her desk, flipped to February 7.  
  
Nude Secretaries Day.  
  
Monica stared a the calendar, the calendar stared back at her.  
  
Nude Secretaries Day.  
  
Monica stood motionless for several minutes, contemplating what she was about to do.  
  
It wasn't until the coffee maker dribbled the last of the coffee into the pot, that Monica proceeded to take off her clothes.  
  
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"And to conclude, I think this will be a successful year," Albert said. The other employees gave a soft applause.  
  
"What about the coffee?" one employee said.  
  
Albert frowned, and checked his watch.  
  
"Monica said she would be here. I wonder what's keeping her?" Albert muttered.  
  
"Flirting in the hall, no doubt," another employee said. "Who would leave a cat like her alone today?"  
  
No sooner did the conference doors open, and Monica entered. All heads turned towards her.  
  
Monica carried a tray with eight cups of steaming hot coffee, though the attention in the room was fixated on Monica's steaming hot naked body.  
  
It had taken her some nerve to remove every last piece of clothing from her body, but Monica did it. She was still wearing her heels; she assumed she would at least be allowed to keep those on, and she still had on her glasses, earrings, and a hair clip. But between her neck and her ankles, Monica was as naked as a Victorian lady in a Renaissance painting.  
  
The men slid their chairs closer to the table to conceal their erections as they gazed at Monica's beautiful body. Monica made her way around the table, placing a cup in front of each one of them.  
  
"Thank you, Monica," Albert said, as she placed a cup in front of him.  
  
"You're welcome, Albert," Monica said.  
  
Once Monica's tray was empty, she turned to leave the room.  
  
"Wait," Albert said, and grabbed Monica by her thigh.  
  
"What?" Monica asked, in nervous alarm.  
  
"I'd like cream with sugar please," Albert said.  
  
Albert kept his hand pressed firmly on her thigh.  
  
"I'll go get it," Monica said.  
  
"Thank you."  
  
Albert took his hand off Monica's thigh and she left the room. Everyone in the room was in trance as they sipped their coffee.  
  
Monica returned moments later, and scooped the sugar and cream into Albert's coffee. Albert smiled.  
  
"Thanks, doll," he said.  
  
"You're welcome," Monica smiled.  
  
Albert put his arm around Monica's waist and pulled her towards him. He kissed her lightly on her hip. Monica felt a light tingle between he legs as she walked out of the room.  
  
The other men looked at Albert in congratulatory, albeit envious expressions.  
  
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Monica returned to her office and sat down in front of her computer. It was strange, being in the seat she was so familiar with as a secretary, but now completely nude. She began taking phone calls and typing memos as she always did, and for the next few hours, the day seemed almost normal. Of course, plenty of coworkers stopped by to take a glance at her, and every now and then she'd have to take a trip to the copy machine, which meant going down the halls and being noticed.  
  
Sometimes it was a wolf whistle, sometimes an off-color comment, but the men in the office definitely let Monica know they appreciated her attire, or lack of, for the day.  
  
On her way back to her office, Monica passed Shari in the hall, who took a glance at her as well.  
  
"Hey," Shari said.  
  
"Hey," Monica replied.  
  
"You look good," Shari said.  
  
Monica blushed.  
  
"You too,"  
  
Shari smiled and walked away. Monica stood stunned for a minute and realized Shari's compliment made her feel a bit dizzy.  
  
Monica went back to her office and continued with her work. Oddly enough, she found she was actually enjoying it. Working in the nude seemed liberating for her, and she was starting to feel a bit silly about being so nervous about it that morning.  
  
Even the attention from her coworkers was not bothering her. Monica began leaving her office door all the way open to insure passing coworkers would be able to see her.  
  
Soon Monica started to make reasons for her to leave her office, and make special trips around the building, stopping by at the desks of the more attractive male employees. They would flirt with her and ask her to do or say sexy things. Monica ran into one man who had been waiting several days for Monica to provide him with a phone directory of clients he needed to call back. Monica had completely forgotten about this, but said that she would have it ready for him by tomorrow morning. To make sure she didn't forget again, he teased her by writing a reminder on a sticky note and posting it, of all places, on her breast. Monica laughed and left it there.  
  
Another man she visited had a package of pens, some of which were dried up. He asked her to extend her thigh, so he could test the ink level of each pen on her skin. Monica held her leg in place for him as he tested all fifty-nine pens on her, and when he was finished, her thigh looked like a rainbow. The pens tickled, but the man was very handsome so Monica did as he asked.  
  
Other men were starting to like the idea of putting sticky notes on the secretaries' bodies, so Monica was finding her coworkers sticking reminders on her arms, legs, belly, and buttocks. Before long, she had so many post-it notes on her body, they were starting to conceal her nakedness, much to her coworkers displeasure. After a few complaints, Monica removed all of the notes so she was naked once again.  
  
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Around 11 o'clock Monica got a memo, telling all secretaries in the building to report to the lunchroom room for a group photo. Monica placed her papers aside and made her way to the elevator. The elevator was crowed, but Monica didn't mind. She stood idly in the center of the elevator, while the other passengers stood around her, occasionally sneaking a peek at her cleavage. As the elevator ascended, Monica felt a light pinch on her buttocks. Before today, that might have prompted her to slap somebody, but today she simply gave a friendly smile to everyone behind her, and made no attempt to figure out which one of them goosed her behind.  
  
The elevator doors opened, and Monica made her way to the lunchroom. There were only seven secretaries who worked in her building, but to her surprise, all of them showed up for work today in the all natural.  
  
A photographer had been hired to take numerous shots of the seven of them. The photos would be published in the company newsletter and website to promote the company and the event.  
  
Monica was surprised at how beautiful all of the secretaries were without their clothes. The youngest of them was nineteen, the oldest was thirty-eight, but they were all stunningly sexy.  
  
The photographer snapped shots of the seven of them all in a line, and then they took turns as he took individual poses. Monica was really enjoying herself, and found herself working up the nerve to do some daring poses that would not have been out of place in a soft core men's magazine.  
  
The photographer then announced that he would need a few "tasteful" photos to publish where graphic nudity was not allowed. This meant he would need the women to pose with their private parts concealed.  
  
He asked them to cover their breasts with their arms and to lift one leg and turn it to the side to cover their pubic area.  
  
Monica had some difficulty balancing while performing this maneuver, so Shari suggested Monica use her hands to cover her pubic hair.  
  
"Then how do I cover my breasts?" Monica asked.  
  
"Like this," Shari said.  
  
Shari reached around and covered Monica's breasts with her hands.  
  
"Great pose," the photographer said. "Shari, move in closer to her."  
  
Shari moved closer to Monica so Monica's body could conceal Shari's better. The photographer snapped several pictures in this pose and then complemented them on a great shoot.  
  
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At lunchtime, Monica ate with Shari as she usually did, though today there were significantly more men seated around neighboring tables observing the two of them.  
  
"How you handling it do far?" Shari asked.  
  
"Not too bad," Monica said.  
  
"Really not as terrible as you thought, it is?" Shari asked.  
  
Monica had to agree. Between the photo shoot and the rather lax workday, this had been one of her more enjoyable days at this company.  
  
"So have you done this all five years you've been here?" Monica asked.

Shari nodded.  
  
"What was it like your first year?" Monica asked.  
  
"Same as this time, pretty much," Shari said. "Wake up, take a shower, don't get dressed. That was kind of my 'going-to-work routine' for all five Nude Secretary Days I've done."  
  
"Oh," Monica said. "I was wondering if you believed it your first year. Like, you knew it was for real from the start?"  
  
Shari wiped her mouth with her napkin, and then wiped away some mayonnaise that had dribbled from her sandwich onto her breasts.  
  
"You promise not to hate me for saying this?"  
  
"Why would I hate you?" Monica asked.  
  
"Cause you might not like what I'm about to say," Shari said.  
  
"I promise," Monica said.  
  
"Well," Shari said. "Nude Secretaries Day was actually my idea."  
  
"What?" Monica exclaimed.  
  
"I didn't make up the holiday itself," Shari said. "I heard about another business that did it, so I suggested it to the CEO of ours. I made a petition and forwarded around the office. It took a few months of hard work, but I finally got it implemented."  
  
Monica didn't know where to begin.  
  
"Why did you do that?" Monica decided was a logical first question.  
  
"Because," Shari said. "I wanted a day where I could come to work naked. And I wanted other women in the office to be naked too."  
  
Shari took a drink of her water and continued.  
  
"I can't explain it, I just like it, I guess. I like the way it feels to be naked. I like the way men treat me when I'm naked. And I like looking at other women naked."  
  
"Other women?" Monica asked.  
  
"Yes."  
  
Monica paused.  
  
"Like me?" she asked.  
  
"Yes," Shari said.  
  
Monica stared aback at Shari.  
  
"I can't say I've regretted my decision," Shari said. "Not in the least. I hope you're not mad."  
  
Monica thought for a minute.  
  
"No, I'm not mad," she said.  
  
Shari bit her lip.  
  
"Well, good," she said.  
  
Monica finished her lunch and put it in the trash.  
  
"I have work to do," Monica said.  
  
"Better get on it," Shari said.  
  
Monica turned around, and Shari couldn't help but admire Monica's cute behind as she made her way out of the cafeteria back up to her office.  
  
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Monica spent the next hour in her office, typing away on her computer. She still kept her door open so she could be seen, but her mind was no longer on her male coworkers. Albert walked into her office, and closed the door behind him.  
  
"Great photo shoot today," he said.  
  
"Thanks," Monica said, as she continued typing away.  
  
"I think I might use some of your pictures as my new screensaver," Albert said.  
  
Monica laughed.  
  
"I'm flattered."  
  
Albert placed his hands on Monica's shoulders and rubbed them gently. Monica sighed.  
  
"I hope you'll be flattered by what I say next," Albert said.  
  
Monica closed her eyes and rolled her shoulders back under Albert's strong hands.  
  
"And what would that be?" Monica asked.  
  
"I'd like to meet you in a motel room after work," Albert. "And not for business, as you would imagine."  
  
Monica imagined herself in a motel room with Albert, and the erotic things he might try to do to her. As enjoyable as it sounded, Monica just couldn't accept the invitation.  
  
"I appreciate the offer," Monica said. "But I'll have to pass."  
  
"You sure?" Albert asked. "Sex with the boss has its perks."  
  
"I know," Monica said. "I'm sorry."  
  
"There someone else?" Albert asked.  
  
Monica looked up at Albert.  
  
"Actually, yes, there is."  
  
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Monica was on her way to the copy machine when she saw the VP of the company in the halls. He was a bit unaccustomed to seeing naked women in an office setting, so he found Monica a bit distracting as another employee was explaining a budget plan. Monica politely introduced herself, and he found her quite charming. Monica excused herself so she could return to work, and the VP watched her as she walked away.  
  
Monica placed some papers in the photocopy machine, but found one document already inside with David's name on them. Shari must have left the original in there and forgotten about it. After Monica made the copies she needed, she brought the forgotten paper to Shari's office. Shari smiled as Monica entered.  
  
"Hi," Monica said.  
  
"Hi," Shari said. "You're doing a great job, today."  
  
"Thanks," Monica said. Monica set the forgotten document on Shari's desk. "This yours?"  
  
"Yeah," Shari said, shaking her head. "Don't know where my head's at today."  
  
"Been a lot of distractions," Monica said.  
  
Shari nodded in agreement.  
  
"Sure have."  
  
Shari and Monica were silent.  
  
"Do you want to say it, or should I?" Shari asked.  
  
"Ladies room?" Monica asked.  
  
"Thirty seconds." Shari said.  
  
Monica hurried out of Shari's office and quickly made her way to the ladies room. Soon after, Shari rushed into the ladies room as well, and pushed Monica against the wall.  
  
"God, you are so damn fine," Shari said lustfully.  
  
Shari pressed her lips against Monica's and kissed her passionately.  
  
The two women grabbed each other's breasts as they rubbed their bodies against one another. Monica felt her nipples become increasingly hard under her arousal, and her arousal increased even more upon feeling Shari's nipples rubbing against hers.  
  
Shari placed her hands on Monica's buttocks and squeezed her softly. Monica's bottom was round and firm, and having her full hands on it excited Shari to no extent. The two of them kissed each other long and lovingly, letting their tongues sensually dance against each other's lips. Shari's breasts were so big, so full, so round, that Monica decided she had to have a taste of them. Monica pulled her mouth away from Shari's and placed it on Shari's left breast. Monica sucked it for several seconds, absorbing the taste against her lips and tongue. Monica kissed Shari's left breast, then her right, and then the left again. Shari pressed her index and middle finger between her legs, and masturbated herself as she enjoyed Monica's loving licks. Monica teasingly ran her tongue over Shari's nipples, and kissed them softly until they were swollen and large.  
  
Shari caught a glimpse of Monica's backside in the bathroom mirror, and the sight of Monica's round, shapely buttocks made Shari's vagina become increasingly moist. Monica's sexiness was starting to drive Shari absolutely crazy.  
  
"Go down on me, precious," Shari moaned. "Please."  
  
Monica took her mouth from Shari's breasts and dropped down to her knees. Shari lifted her left leg so Monica could fit her head between Shari's legs. Monica gazed at Shari's beautifully trimmed, light brown pubic hair, and placed her mouth upon it. The wetness from Monica's lips seemed to seep throughout Shari's entire body, and sexually consumed her being. Monica ran her tongue across Shari's labia, slowly and softly, and she increased the rhythm until Shari's body started to spasm. Monica grabbed Shari by her thighs and thrusted her tongue deep into Shari's vagina. Shari moaned in pleasure as Monica twisted her tongue around and about, back and forth, up and down, licking Shari at every sensitive spot within her vagina. Shari's heart was pounding, her pulse racing faster as Monica's oral pleasure increased in intensity. Monica licked her faster and harder, tasting the sweet juices seeping from Shari's vagina. Monica's efforts soon accumulated into Shari climaxing in a powerful orgasm.  
  
Shari clutched the door handle with her left hand and the paper towel dispenser with her right, and let out a scream of ecstasy. Monica squeezed Shari's hips and buttocks to help her maintain her balance throughout her climax. Shari's entire body trembled, and Monica held her tightly throughout her orgasm. Shari let out a breath as her nipples returned to their normal softness. She lowered her leg, as Monica returned to her feet.  
  
They looked into each other's eyes, and Shari batted her eyelashes romantically.  
  
They kissed.  
  
"Your turn," Shari said sweetly.  
  
Monica climbed onto the restroom counter and placed her buttocks between the sinks. She spread her legs apart nice and wide, and beckoned Shari to come between them. Shari walked towards her and lustfully licked her lips. Shari extended her left hand, and placed it under the soap dispenser. Monica watched as Shari gave the dispenser three pumps, and let the soap dribble into her open palm. Shari smiled sweetly as she took the smooth gel-like lubricant and rubbed it between her palms. Monica waited in baited anticipation to see what Shari would do next.  
  
With her hands wet and soapy, Shari placed her open palms against Monica's breasts and massaged them lovingly. Now Monica's nipples were hardening again, and Shari softly rubbed her thumbs and index fingers across the surface of Monica's breasts, and whimsically gave both of Monica's nipples a light pinch.  
  
Shari rubbed more soap on Monica's body, completely covering her back, hips, buttocks, and thighs, all parts of Monica's body that were exposed thanks to today being Nude Secretaries Day. Monica sighed under Shari's loving hands, and leaned against the mirror and closed her eyes. Shari ran her palms across Monica's thighs, and firmly held them in place. Although Monica kept her eyes shut, she could feel the warmth of Shari's breath coming closer to her labia. Monica lifted up her thighs, so Shari could descend between them at the most advantageous angle.  
  
Shari took Monica's labia into her mouth, and teased her with her tongue by tickling Monica's swollen clitoris. Monica felt her clit swell with blood as Shari placed her lips around it and sucked it lightly.  
  
Monica felt as if she was becoming detached from the earth as the intensity of Shari's sucking increased. Shari was rocking her world, shattering her definition of sexual pleasure with every loving pass of her tongue around the interior of Monica's vagina.  
  
Monica began to fantasize about her ex boyfriend. She loved the way he touched her and aroused her. She loved the way his penis looked when it was fully erect. She loved the way it felt in her hand, in her mouth, in her vagina, even in her anus. Monica was losing her grip with reality. Shari was sucking every figment of her being through her vagina, and Monica was enjoying every moment of it. Shari's loving oral pleasure carried Monica over the threshold, and left Monica screaming in pleasure. Shari grabbed hold of Monica's thighs and pulled them open even farther to deliver a few final licks. Monica sighed deeply as all the tension escaped from her body, and she returned to a state of complete relaxation. Shari held her gently until Monica's orgasm was fully passed. Only when it was over, did Shari give Monica one last kiss to her labia.  
  
Shari and Monica looked each other in the eyes. Both women knew this was an experience neither of them would ever forget.  
  
After a warm rinse, washing all of the soap and love sweat from their naked bodies, Monica and Shari returned to their offices and resumed working. A few of their coworkers were curious about the noises they heard from the ladies room, but it didn't take much for them to figure out what was going on.  
  
A security camera inside the women's restroom happened to catch everything that happened, and it wasn't long before the video was passed around the office. Given the video's popularity, neither David nor Albert chose to reprimand their respective employees, although Albert elected to administer a spanking for the indiscretion, to which Monica willingly submitted in Albert's office. After the spanking, Monica resumed to work, and David took Shari over his knee and provided her with a memorable paddling as well.  
  
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The end of the day finally came, and Monica was happy to finally return home. She retrieved her purse from her cubby drawer, and once again, Albert watched her as she bent over to retrieve it, although this time, the view was far more splendid. No skirt to conceal his view, no panty lines, just two beautiful mounds of bare flesh, staring back at him. He even caught a glimpse of pink between her legs. Monica stood up, and finally put back on her coat. She decided to leave her clothes in her desk, and bring a tote bag tomorrow to bring them home. One thing she knew for sure, Nude Secretaries Day was the best thing to ever happen to this office.  
  
Monica waved goodbye to Albert, and opened her coat for him to give him one last glimpse of her naked body for the day before she headed home. Albert smiled in appreciation. Monica turned and walked out of her office. It would be another year before the next Nude Secretaries Day, and Monica could hardly wait.