[Nude in the Office](http://nudeinpublicstories.blogspot.com/2008/11/nude-in-office.html)

By Celestine

It was three o'clock, the quiet time after lunch when everyone actually does work for an hour or two. I hadn't gone out naked since the hotel lobby, and I wasn't going to wait another minute. If I left now, I would be back in SF by 3:30 or 4:00. It would still be light then, if I had the nerve, but if not, it would be dark soon (but still just the middle of the afternoon!). It didn't matter, as I've said many times, half the fun is just driving slowly through the streets thinking about being naked; if I didn't actually do anything it would still be a thrill.

The office is shaped like a "q". It has a big area where the receptionist Melanie sits, two offices off that, and then a long "tail," a hallway that has six cubicles lining one side against the windows, with me in the first one, and four other people in the others. I peaked out and looked down the row; no one was stirring. Unfortunately I'm too short to see over the top of the cube, so I can't watch for who's coming that way. Looking down the row of cubes, already I was feeling tingling in my stomach. I pushed my shoes and socks off and kicked them under the desk, so I was standing barefoot in the middle of my office on a workday. There's nothing particularly shocking about that, but it would probably create some looks if anyone saw.

From my cubicle it's a direct line to Melanie's desk, where she sat with her back to me. She is really cool. She's about 40, but totally hot, an amazing body with huge boobs. I knew even if she did see me, she probably wouldn't say anything, so keeping my eyes glued on her, I reached up under my skirt and pulled down my panties. I kicked them too onto the growing pile under my desk. I stepped back into my cube and stood there thinking. If I was going to go naked walking, I wanted to go to the car, as always, with the minimum clothes possible. Obviously I couldn't go naked. I wished I had my naked raincoat. All I was wearing was bra and panties, skirt and silk blouse. Well, at least I could take off my bra.

I went back to the door, kept my eyes on Melanie, and slowly untucked my blouse, my ears straining to hear anyone stand up in one of the cubicles. I could hear some typing, that was all. I unbuttoned the top button, then the next, until my blouse was undone. Still no one was stirring. I ducked back into my cubicle and looked down. My blouse was open, I could see my useless bra, and my belly button just at above the waist of my skirt.

I had an idea, and pulled my chair into the middle of the cubicle and gingerly climbed onto it. If you've ever stood on a swivel, reclining chair, you know it's not easy; every move sends the seat moving this way and that. Standing on the chair I could see over the tops of the cubicles down the hall and the receptionist desk, but the cubicle walls blocked my torso. I let the blouse slip from my shoulders and dropped it onto my keyboard, then reached behind me and unhooked my bra, and shrugged it off and onto the pile under my desk. I was standing on a wobbly chair in my cubicle on a work day topless! I looked back and forth from Melanie to the row of cubicles, and my hand reached up and cupped my breast. My nipples were so hard!

I looked down again--the only thing covering me was my skirt. If I could have I would have pushed it down without another thought. But skirts are so awkward to put on and take off. And there was the zipper. Even if I got it off, if someone suddenly stood up I could never get it hooked and zipped again in time. Of course as I contemplated all this I was still standing on the chair absent-mindedly rolling one nipple between my fingers.

I was protected here; if someone did stand up, I would have a few seconds to cover myself. I could at least unhook the waist. I did that, and the skirt was looser already. The zipper was on one side. I pulled it down just a little, and of course to my ears it made an enormous, unmistakable sound. I froze, but the typing in the next cube continued. I pulled again, just one more tooth, then one more tooth at a time, so the only sound was a quiet click, click, click until it was unzipped to my hip. I looked up and down again, and by simply letting go of the skirt it dropped to my feet, and I was naked. I was so excited, and this was so insane. Rule number one of walking naked is go where no one knows you! (Well, that's always been my rule--Leah has a whole different set of rules!) I carefully climbed off the chair and peaked again out the door at Melanie. Still not looking. I stood straight and stepped from behind the wall so my naked body was facing her, framed in my cubicle door. The wall opposite was only 5 feet away. I quickly stepped out of my cubicle, touched the opposite wall, and jumped back! By this time I was breathing so raggedly I was sure the nerd in the next cubicle would hear me, and I forced myself to take deep quiet breaths. My ass was naked, my pussy, my breasts, in the middle of my office in the middle of the day!

I quickly grabbed my blouse and slipped it back on. The tails just covered my pussy. I wanted desperately to walk out the front door like that, in just the blouse, not buttoned, and nothing else. If only Melanie weren't sitting right there, I could have.

I realized suddenly that if I stood in front of her, her receptionist's desk would hide me from the nipples down! My mind raced. I couldn't do it. The problem was the two offices just off the front area. The guy in one of them sat way back, he was out of sight of the receptionist's desk, but in the other office, the guy was positioned so that he was just a tiny bit out of line with the desk. If he leaned just a little bit to his right, he would see right through his door to my side of Melanie's desk.

I couldn't possibly do that, but I resolved to leave my shoes, socks, and underwear here and walk out just in my skirt and blouse. I stepped back into my skirt and pulled it up, but didn't zip it. I thought a moment about leaving my panties and bra out in plain site, but decided against it, and stuffed them in my top drawer. I did leave my shoes and socks under my desk. If anyone saw them, they could just wonder.

I closed my computer and put my purse in the drawer next to my panties, taking only my familiar naked essentials--my driver's license, $10, and my keys.

I stepped barefoot into the hallway, holding my skirt as loosely as I dared. As I crossed quietly toward Melanie's desk, I saw that the guy in the first office had his door closed! He couldn't see anything. I quickly turned and tiptoed back to my cubicle, looking over my shoulder to see if Melanie had heard me. She hadn't. My heart was hammering in my chest, and the tingling in my stomach had spread all the way from my knees to my arms. I could leave my skirt in my cubicle and dash to the receptionist's desk, and she would not know I was naked from the waist down! I couldn't believe my luck, and how quiet it was today in the office. This was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. I was no longer even thinking about the risks involved, just the amazing opportunity to walk bare-assed out of my office in the middle of the day with people working all around.

I hadn't been sure as I dashed back what I would do, but now I knew I had to do it. I opened up the drawer one more time and stuffed my skirt into it. Glancing one more time down the hall, I strode quickly back across the area to the receptionist desk. The desk is an L coming out from the wall next to the front door, and I stood in front of it, the front door just to my right. I realized suddenly my breathing was so ragged I would hardly be able to speak. I said "hi," as lightly as I could, but it came out as a croak. To my left, about 25 feet away, was the closed door. If he just opened it I would be right there.

"Are you okay?" she asked. "You look like you're having a heart attack." When I stood against the desk it came up to just below my nipples. Her computer screen was a few inches above that, so if I stood right behind it I didn't think she could see more than my shoulders and head. The top two buttons of my blouse were still undone, but that's just one more than I normally wear.

"I'm okay," I croaked. I kept my hands at my sides, and felt for the bottom button. I undid it, and my breath actually came out shaky! I spoke quickly, "I'm going to go home early today."

I felt my fingers press against my stomach as they slid up to the next button. I undid it, and now only the button between my breasts held my blouse closed.

"Are you okay?" she asked again.

I undid the last button. My shirt was now open in front of her. I pressed my thighs and stomach and breasts against the cool front of the desk. I could feel the blood rushing to my face and ears as I blushed, there was nothing I could do about it.

My hand was pressed against my stomach, still holding the edge of my shirt. I stared at her and slowly pulled open the shirt. Although it was unbuttoned, I thought it still looked buttoned to Melanie. Could I open it without her noticing? As I pulled I felt the silk slide over my nipple. I swallowed hard, trying to clear my throat. "Yes, I'm fine." I pulled more on the shirt and felt my nipple suddenly free from the silk, in the open air pressed against the top of her desk!

I wanted to faint. And then, I couldn't stop myself, I looked down at her giant boobs as she was looking right at me! I looked back up, but she had seen me. My pussy was so wet my juices were rolling down my leg. My hand slid down to my pussy and touched my clitoris. I forced myself to say, "I just don't feel like working anymore today."

"You're weird," she said. God how I wanted to stand there in front of her naked and masturbate and stare at her tits! But I had to get out of there. I pulled my shirt closed and pushed away from the desk.

"Bye," I croaked again. I grabbed the doorknob with my wet hand and pulled open the door. The last danger was to get out the door and out of sight without her seeing below my waist. I had nothing to do but do it quickly.

Outside I collapsed against the hallway wall and practically hyperventilated. The door clicked closed, and I was safe. Well, safe in the hallway of our office building in the middle of the day wearing nothing but my blouse. But it's a small building, only three offices on the whole floor, and we almost never see from the other offices. To the left the elevators are maybe 30 feet away. To the right, at the end of the long hall, about 100 feet away, is the door to the back stairs. I looked back and forth, no one was there. I HATE walking naked while carrying my clothes, it is the worst kind of cop-out. I felt I owed myself a duty to walk to the stairs completely naked. I looked again, and saw the big potted plant in the corner of the elevator lobby. Then I had a better idea. The bathrooms are on either side of the elevators, the women's to the left (closer to my office). I ran to the bathroom door and opened it a crack and listened. No one was there. I stepped in, ripped off my blouse, and stuffed it in the trash can. I didn't cover it up, daring someone to find it. Even if they did they would have no explanation for it; let their imaginations run wild!

*(to be continued)*

[Nude in the Office (part 2)](http://nudeinpublicstories.blogspot.com/2008/11/nude-in-office-part-2.html)

By Celestine

*(continued from [part one](http://nudeinpublicstories.blogspot.com/2008/11/nude-in-office.html))*

I stepped back and looked at myself in the full-length mirror. I looked so good standing there naked! Tossing my keys on the counter, I pressed both my hands into my pussy, one on top of the other. My pussy was soaking wet. I spread my legs a little and plunged two fingers inside, then up over my clitoris. I pulled my wetness up over my pussy and onto my stomach. I spread it all the way to one breast before it thinned.

I had to get out of there. Once I got to the back stairs I would be safe. I opened the door again and looked out, and listened. I couldn't hear anyone, so I stepped out. My keys! I had never done that before! I quickly grabbed them off the counter and went back out. I was now completely naked. I walked slowly to the end of the small hallway where it opened up into the elevator bank. Still empty and quiet. I took one more step to the right toward my office door. Then I was past my office, and just 80 more feet of open hallway with no doors at all, absolutely no place to hide if anyone came out. I tried to make myself walk slowly but kept jogging faster, the air cooling my pussy juice on my skin. I love that feeling, when it dries like a crust and kind of tightens over my skin. With about 30 feet to go I forced myself to slow down, and I walked slowly the rest of the way. At the door I turned around to survey where I had just come from. I was still tingling and breathing so hard. I went through the door and I was safe.

Safe that is, for the moment, more like a temporary safe harbor. I could probably stay there for a couple hours without anyone finding me. And it is a fantastic place to be naked. It's open to the outside, and high up in the air, a small secluded balcony. I could stand there naked with no danger of being seen, while looking far into the distance across San Mateo to the mountains to the west and the Bay to the right.

But I was still far from safe. Without really articulating consciously to myself what I had in mind, I knew exactly what I was going to do: go to my car. My office is on the fifth floor. Getting down to the ground would be easy. The parking garage is about 50 feet away from the stairway door, and it is way bigger than necessary for the building, and so was always mostly empty. I knew if I could get to the garage, the rest would be easy. I jogged quickly down the five flights of stairs, the concrete cool and smooth on my feet, until I reached the final door to the outside.

At this point, as far as I had come, I was still not past the point of no return. It would still be easier for me to go back and get my blouse than go forward across the parking lot to the car. As soon as I thought that I realized with horror just how wrong I was. I wouldn't be SAFE if I retrieved my blouse! I would be in the exact same situation I was in now! In order to be safe I would have to go back into my office and all the way to my cubicle, bare-assed. I would have no way of making sure it was safe, I would just have to go in blind, and I could find anything on the other side of the door. I only realized at that moment that I had no choice but to go forward.

I opened the door a crack and peered out and listened for activity. The setting is quite beautiful. Redwoods form a verdant cover high overhead, their soft needles litter the ground, and the whole scene is very quiet and peaceful. The door opens on a little picnic area where people sometimes eat lunch, but no one was there at the moment. I realized then that to the right just around the corner was the smoker's area, and there was ALWAYS someone there. There was no movement right then that I could see, and I had no choice. I hoped that now if I was seen it would be by people who don't really know me, even if they might have seen me around the building before, so if I kept a low profile I could probably survive it.

The door would close and lock behind me, and that really would be the point of no return. I took one more look around, and stepped out, into the daylight, on a work day, in the middle of the afternoon, completely naked, pussy juice drying on my skin. I took one more step and heard the door close. This was it. I took a moment to look around. In the middle of an office park naked during a work day. At that moment I started to feel a little of the confidence. To my left about 100 yards away is an Albertson's parking lot. Several people there were walking to and from their cars. Just around the corner behind me I was sure there were people smoking. I resolved to walk proudly across the lot, and started off. Every inch of my skin was hyper sensitive. I felt the asphalt under my feet. My back and my ass were on fire as I walked away from the building, imagining the smokers standing there behind me. I made it about ten steps before I lost my nerve and broke into a run. I reached the shadow of the garage and scurried around the corner behind a concrete wall hiding me from the building. This end of the garage is always completely empty. I peaked around the corner back across the parking lot to the smoking area. Three women stood there, two older, one my age, and they were all staring right in my direction! They had seen me!

I ducked back around the corner. There was nothing I could do but continue. A stairway was right there. The garage is an L shape, with a stairway at either end, and one in the middle. I was at the end of the short leg. I hurried into the stairway and up one flight. I always park on the top level (of three), in the middle. I'm the only person who does, so my car is always by itself up there. I continued to the top level and crouched behind the retaining wall and peaked over the edge to the parking lot below. The smoking area is under a ledge, and I couldn't see it directly from up here. I saw no other activity. My car was right there, 50 yards away, across a wide open parking lot. Windows from the top several floors of the office building looked right down onto the lot. If I crouched down low behind the wall, I thought I could make it to my car without being seen, but that would be unacceptable. I had come so far. None of the windows facing this direction were to my office. Anyone who might see me would not know me. I started walking across the lines of the spaces toward my car.

The trees hid me somewhat, but not very much. In this position, I was visible to every single person working on this end of the building. I walked casually toward the car, and finally concentrated on my breathing for the first time in a long time, taking deep breaths to calm myself down. By the time I got to my car I was significantly more calm, and I was feeling good enough now I didn't want to get in. But my notion that I was "safe" was ridiculous. I had no clothes in my car, nothing! I had to drive all the way home during rush hour completely naked, and if nothing else make it into my apartment that way. What if there was a traffic jam?

I just knew right then I desperately needed to make myself come. Doing it in my car would have been so anticlimactic. I looked around for where to do it so I could really spread my pussy to the world. My car has a sloping back window and small trunk lid with a spoiler. It was facing away from the building. I stood behind the car and looked up. The redwood branches were between me and the building, but they were sparse. As I climbed onto the trunk I could see several windows through the trees. I placed my ass on the trunk and stretched way back until I rested against the glass. My breasts were gloriously exposed, pointing skyward. I looked up and behind me, but from this angle I could hardly see the building at all. I looked up into the redwood trees above me. I could hear the cars rushing by on the highway hidden by the trees on the other side of the garage. I was completely alone, completely free, completely naked. I lifted up my feet and propped them against the spoiler, so my knees were in the air and my pussy was spread wide open. One hand cupped my breast and pinched my nipple, and the other slid between my legs. I was as wet as I can ever remember being. I slid two fingers easily into my pussy again, and brought them out covered in pussy juice. I held my fingers before my eyes and examined the wetness, then put them into my mouth to taste the sweetness. I put my hand back between my legs and rubbed my clitoris until I had an overwhelming orgasm, my legs kicking out off the spoiler, my body stiffening, my ass lifting off the trunk as the feeling overwhelmed me.

In the usual after-orgasm glow I of course had no more desire to be naked, and I regretted the stupid position I had put myself in. It crossed my mind that I probably shouldn't have masturbated, because I would need that pent-up tension to push me the rest of the way home.

But there was literally nothing I could do. I couldn't even go to a store to buy new clothes. I couldn't go back to work. I was 30 miles from safety without a stitch of clothes. As I imagined being surrounded by slow-moving cars on the highway I started to get a little excited again, and I pushed myself off the car. Taking one more glance up at the windows of the office building, I got in and started the engine.