**OON**

by K.C. Silkwood

Brittany spread her legs, trying to keep the skirt from slipping further down her hips. She could tell the top of her ass crack was already visible, so she faced the camera to keep anyone from seeing it. Meanwhile she crossed one arm over her chest, trying to look casual as she waved the other arm at the weather screen. “But hopefully the wind will push those storm clouds out of town early in the morning, and then—oh, shit!” Brittany gasped, not even worried about swearing on live TV, because the strap on her coconut bra had totally unraveled and she had to grab the shells with both hands to keep them pressed to her tits. But at the same time, the waistband of the grass skirt fell apart as well and the whole thing plunged down to her knees, revealing the strip of blonde hair between her legs.

Brittany stared at the costume Steve had just placed in her hands; a bra made out of two coconut shells and a skirt made out of dried grass.

“You’re kidding, right?”

“No way,” Steve replied. “This is totally real. The Hawaiian Festival is tomorrow, remember?”

Brittany rolled her eyes and sighed. Why was she surprised? They stuck her in a football jersey before the Super Bowl, she had to wear all green before St. Patrick’s Day, they dressed her as Cupid for Valentine’s Day, and now the big Hawaiian Festival was taking place the next day, so they were dressing her as a hula girl. Great. Just great. But that was the price of being the weathergirl at a small news station. The rest of the staff got to dress her up like a doll and make her do whatever they wanted. The only good part about it was the fact that whenever she dressed up in one of these silly outfits, the video clips always went viral on the web. With any luck, somebody in Los Angeles or San Diego would notice her and hire her away from this stupid job in a small California town nobody had ever heard of.

Steve was staring at her, waiting for her reply. He was the associate producer for the weekend news, and the power had gone to his head long ago. Brittany couldn’t stand working with him, and she complained about him nonstop to Richard Wilson, the station’s manager, whom Brittany also happened to be sleeping with. That was the only reason Brittany got the job in the first place. She knew nothing about weather, but she was a young, pretty blonde with big tits, and Richard figured she could boost the station’s weekend ratings just by showing her face and body on the air. So a real meteorologist wrote the weather reports, and Brittany just stood there looking pretty while she read them. It was a situation that everybody in the newsroom—but especially Steve—was mad as hell about.

The rest of the newsroom staff was watching Brittany to see what she would do. The ones paying the most attention were a fat cameraman named Lawrence and Steve’s assistant Shelly, a tomboy who had never liked Brittany. The group stood in the corner of the studio while Ron Reeves, the weekend anchorman, read the news from his desk on the other side of the large room.

Brittany finally let out another ragged sigh and started to walk away, but Steve grabbed her shoulder.

“Where are you going?”

Brittany shook the costume at him. “To my dressing room, so I can put this stupid thing on.”

“There’s no time. You’re on in five minutes.”

“Then how—”

“Just change over there,” Steve said, pointing to a cubicle in the corner where the editors sometimes worked. The area had two desks and was partially shielded from the studio by a folding screen. “Go ahead, nobody’s gonna look. We’ll turn our backs, I swear.”

“But I can’t—”

“Brittany, you’re on in five fucking minutes! We don’t have time for this!” He shoved the girl in the direction of the cubicle, and she stumbled on her high heels. “Shelly can give you a hand if you need help. Just get that outfit on, and fast!”

“Fuck you, I can do it myself!” Brittany shot back, stomping toward the cubicle. She dumped the costume on one of the empty desks, made sure the screen was blocking the rest of the crew’s view, then furiously unbuttoned her yellow blouse. Next she unzipped her black skirt and stepped out of it, leaving her in a white bra and pantyhose. She picked up the coconut bra, which was nothing but two dried-out half-shells held together with sturdy nylon threads. How the hell did this thing go on? Was it like a bikini top? Brittany looked down at herself. She couldn’t keep her bra on, too. That would look stupid. Or even MORE stupid, that is. Same thing with her pantyhose. The grass skirt only went to her knees, and she’d look like an idiot wearing pantyhose under it. But if she took them off, she’d be stark naked underneath the grass skirt.

“Three minutes,” Shelly said, poking her head around the side of the screen. “You need help?”

“No!” Brittany barked. “Get out of here!”

Shelly chuckled and shook her head. She was a thin, flat-chested girl who never wore makeup and lived in jeans and T-shirts. At the moment she had a pencil stuck behind her ear and her brown hair was pulled back in a ponytail. “Suit yourself, but you better get moving.”

Once Shelly disappeared, Brittany put her hands on her hips and sighed. Fuck it. She ripped off her bra, freeing a pair of cantaloupe-sized tits topped with pink nipples. Then she shoved her pantyhose down to her ankles and stepped out of them, leaving her stark naked. She clapped one hand across her chest and thrust the other over the neatly-trimmed bushed between her legs as she peeked around the edge of the screen. The others were all huddled together on the far side of the room with their backs to her.

Brittany picked up the grass skirt, which seemed to have a regular elastic waistband. She stepped into it and pulled it up, cringing as the dry grass scraped over her tender bare flesh. The girl shook her hips, causing the dry grass to make a hissing noise, but the skirt stayed in place. Then she grabbed the coconut bra and stuck the two half-shells over her tits. Ouch! The rough material hurt her nipples, but the shells did cover her tits—just barely.

“Two minutes, Brittany!” Steve yelled from across the room.

“I’m coming!” she shouted back, fumbling with the strap for the coconut top. It had a simple catch, almost like a bra or a bikini top, and she barely managed to get it hooked without having to call for Shelly’s help. Then the girl took a pocket mirror out of her purse and studied herself. Just like she thought, she looked completely ridiculous. She was a blonde, blue-eyed woman dressed like a Hawaiian, in a top that barely covered her tits and a skirt that rubbed against her naked thighs and ass like sandpaper. Wonderful. But thank God these weather spots only lasted a couple of minutes.

Barefoot, Brittany dashed out from the cubicle just as Steve was stomping over with his eyes on his watch. Brittany’s big tits bounced up and down as she ran, and she had to readjust the coconut shells before one of them slipped off her chest.

“Come on, get to your mark,” Steve ordered, putting one hand on Brittany’s naked back to guide her.

“Get your hands off me!” the girl hissed, hustling to her spot in front of the digital weather board. She turned to the camera and smoothed back her hair, then adjusted her skirt and the coconut top. The big digital clock behind the cameraman showed one minute until they went live. Steve and Shelly stood off to the side watching while Lawrence, his big gut straining against his shirt, waited next to the camera. Ron Reeves was still at the anchor’s desk, skimming through some notes, but nearly every other man in the newsroom had wandered closer to the set. Nobody at the station liked Brittany—to them, she was just the no-talent, half-his-age girlfriend of their boss—but nobody could deny that Brittany was hot, and everybody wanted to get a good look at her in the hula girl outfit.

“Hang on!” Steve yelled, grabbing a pair of scissors from someone’s desk as he rushed over to Brittany. “The tags on your costume are showing!” He spun the girl around and started fiddling with her top. “Hey, easy!” she snapped, grabbing the coconut bra and adjusting it again. Then Steve’s hands were tugging at the waistband of the grass skirt, and she had to pull that back up, too. She turned around to find Steve holding two cloth tags with ragged ends. Brittany hadn’t even noticed those when she was getting dressed, but then again, she had pulled the costume on so fast that she barely noticed anything. She faced the camera again and put on her best fake smile. Thirty seconds until they went live.

Steve went back and stood next to Shelly again, barely able to keep from grinning. So far his plan had gone perfectly. Brittany had been late, just like she was every Saturday, which meant no time to go to her dressing room, no time to take a good look at the costume Steve handed her, and no time to figure out what he was really doing when he pretended to cut off the tags. Things couldn’t have gone better.

“She looks so stupid,” Shelly said, chuckling. “Was this Richard’s idea? He’s the one who normally picks her costumes, right?”

“No, this one’s all mine,” Steve said, leaning down so his mouth was close to Shelly’s ear. “And if you think she looks stupid now, just wait a few minutes.”

Shelly looked at him, frowning. “Is that whisky on your breath? Steve, it’s barely lunchtime! And you’re on the job!”

“Not for much longer,” he said, a big grin on his face now. “I overheard Richard talking to one of the human resource managers yesterday. They’re letting me go.”

Shelly gasped. “What? Why?”

“Something about budget cuts. Which is hilarious, because Richard just gave his girlfriend there a big raise and all she does is show up on the weekends and read a weather report that someone else wrote for her.”

“Ten seconds,” Shelly called out to the room, then she lowered her voice again. “Steve, I’m so sorry.”

Steve just shrugged. “Who cares? I’ll find another job in a heartbeat. But I’m not going quietly, that’s for sure. Both Richard and his girlfriend are gonna see what happens when someone messes with me.”

As the digital clock counted down the final three seconds, Brittany readjusted her coconut bra. All of a sudden it didn’t want to stay in place. And the skirt felt looser too for some reason. As the show went live, Ron Reeves smiled at the camera and said, “Welcome back. Now it’s time for the weekend weather, so let’s go to Brittany Davenport for that. Brittany?”

The blonde flashed a big smile of her own and started reading from the teleprompter. “Thanks, Ron. As you can see from my outfit, everyone’s excited about the big Hawaiian Festival at the fairground this weekend. But will we have rain or sunshine? Let’s take a look at the board and find out.”

As she moved to the side so the viewers could see the computer screen behind her, Brittany’s grass skirt inched down her hips. Trying to act casual, she pulled it up with one hand while she motioned to the screen with the other. “Well, temperatures will start out warm tomorrow, but there’s a cold front on the horizon…”

Steve watched the girl fidgeting with her skirt, trying his best not to laugh. He had spent a lot of time that morning studying the costume to see how the strategically-placed threads held it together. That way he knew which ones to cut when he pretended to snip off the tags right before Brittany went on the air. Because he had cut the strongest threads, the others would slowly weaken and pull apart as Brittany moved around, which was happening right now. Soon the strap for both the coconut bra and the waistband of the grass skirt would unravel completely.

“As the cold front moves in and hits the warm air, chances for a storm increase,” Brittany was saying, moving her arm in a circular motion to simulate the air pattern. But as she did, the strap on the coconut bra loosened and the cups dropped an inch. Brittany gasped and clapped an arm to her chest to hold them in place, but then the skirt started sliding down her hips again. She flashed a glance at Lawrence, whose eyes and mouth were open wide as he gaped at the scantily-dressed girl. Then she looked at Steve, but he only stood there grinning as well. What the fuck was wrong with these people? Couldn’t they see that this cheap, stupid costume was falling apart right before their eyes? Why didn’t Steve signal for the camera to switch back to the anchor desk?

Brittany spread her legs, trying to keep the skirt from slipping further down her hips. She could tell the top of her ass crack was already visible, so she faced the camera to keep anyone from seeing it. Meanwhile she crossed one arm over her chest, trying to look casual as she waved the other arm at the weather screen. “But hopefully the wind will push those storm clouds out of town early in the morning, and then—oh, shit!” Brittany gasped, not even worried about swearing on live TV, because the strap on her coconut bra had totally unraveled and she had to grab the shells with both hands to keep them pressed to her tits. But at the same time, the waistband of the grass skirt fell apart as well and the whole thing plunged down to her knees, revealing the strip of blonde hair between her legs. As Brittany grabbed for the skirt, leaving only one hand on her top, one of the coconut shells dropped to reveal one of Brittany’s big tits. The girl squealed, hands flying as she tried to grab everything at once, but she was too late. The coconut shells dropped to the floor and the grass skirt fell around her ankles, leaving Brittany with only a handful of dried straw.

Brittany stared at Lawrence, so shocked she couldn’t even move. The blonde just stood there in the bright lights, the camera still aimed right at her, while Lawrence stared back at her with a dazed, goofy grin on his face. The cameraman couldn’t believe it; the girl whose image he had jerked off to a hundred times was now standing stark naked ten feet away from him, her big tits and her pussy on full display. His cock grew hard under his pants and he let out a loud moan.

Brittany finally came back to her senses and wrapped both arms around her naked body. “Stop the camera!” she hissed, dropping to her knees as she scrambled to salvage some part of the costume.

“No, don’t you dare!” Steve warned. “Keep it running!”

Beside him, Shelly’s eyes were open wide in shock, too. “Steve, we’re gonna get in huge trouble! Even if the broadcast station stops the feed in time, we’re gonna get fined like crazy!”

“So? Who cares!”

Shelly stared at him. “Did you—did you plan this? Are you the one who made this happen?”

“Like I said, if you’re gonna go out, might as well go out with a bang!”

With no anchor desk or anything else to hide behind, Brittany pulled the grass skirt over herself and tried to wrap it around her body like a towel. But with the waistband in shreds, the long strips of grass just fluttered off in clumps until Brittany was naked again with nothing but handfuls of loose grass. “For god’s sake, somebody help me!” she cried as she stumbled away from the weather screen and dashed into the newsroom, arms wrapped around her naked body. Some of the crew members laughed, and some grinned as they leered as the blonde’s naked body, but nobody handed Brittany anything to cover up with. Instead, the dozen or so people just watched in amusement as she stumbled through the newsroom, one arm over her tits, one hand between her legs, but with her sexy bare ass in full view.

Without even thinking, Brittany shoved past the other crew members and ran out of the studio and into the hallway that led to the dressing rooms. It was empty, thank god, and she dashed down to the end and grabbed the knob of her dressing room door. Shit! It was locked, of course, and the key was in her purse! But where the fuck was her purse? Think, think! Damn it, it was back in the cubicle where she changed into that stupid costume!

Brittany tried a few of the other dressing room doors, but they were all locked too. She looked around, breathing hard. At one end of the hallway was a fire exit that led to a stairwell. At the other end was the station’s main lobby. Even on a Saturday, there would still be a handful of employees out there. Maybe one of the other girls had a jacket or a sweater she could borrow. But the walls of the lobby were all glass, so if she ran down there she’d be naked in full view of anybody in the parking lot. But her only other choice was to run back to the studio and grab her clothes from the cubicle. The thought of racing naked past a dozen coworkers for a second time made her cringe. Of course, if the idiots at the main broadcast station weren’t paying attention and they hadn’t stopped the live feed during her wardrobe malfunction, then everybody in the city had already seen her naked, too.

Holy fuck! What now? Tears streamed down Brittany’s face as she cowered in a corner of the hallway. She had no choice; she had to go back to the studio where her clothes were. The cubicle was just a few yards from the door. Maybe if she ran in fast, grabbed her clothes, grabbed her purse, then ran back to her dressing room, she could get in and out before anybody got another good look at her.

Brittany crept toward the door to the studio, arms wrapped around her body. Still nobody in the hallway. She put her ear to the door but only heard the distant murmur of voices. *Do it now,* she thought, *and do it fast, before anybody gets a good look at you again. Just grab your stuff then run back to your dressing room and get this nightmare over with!*

The girl took a deep breath, opened the door, and rushed inside the studio—then she stopped in her tracks as a dozen flashes went off in her face. Most of the crew had been waiting near the door for Brittany to come back, and now all of them had their phones out, snapping pictures and taking videos.

“I told you she’d be back!” Steve crowed, laughing.

“Yeah, but I didn’t think she could possibly be that stupid!” Shelly answered, chuckling as well.

“Where else could she go? All her stuff is in here!”

With tears in her eyes, Brittany tried to shove past the crew members to get to the cubicle. “Out of my way, you assholes! Move it! Let me through!” The girl felt random hands grope her exposed ass as she shoved past, so she reached back and tried to swat them away. But that left her tits out in the open, and soon someone had grabbed one of them and squeezed it hard. “What the hell is wrong with you people?” she wailed, wrenching away from the group and stumbling toward the cubicles. But when she got there, she found that her clothes and her purse were now missing.

Brittany spun around and faced the crowd, which had followed her over. “All right, where’s my stuff?” she barked, her eyes wide with rage. “Give me my clothes back!”

“Clothes?” Steve asked innocently. “What clothes?”

“Give them back!” Brittany shrieked, ripping desk drawers open at random. She tried to keep one arm over her chest the whole time, but that still gave the crew a clear view of her ass and her pussy. Nothing in the drawers but office supplies and stray pieces of computer equipment. As the rest of the crew watched, laughing, Brittany tore the cubicles apart looking for her clothes or anything to cover herself with. She crawled under the desks, jerked open the filing cabinets, and even tried to rip the seat cover off one of the office chairs, desperate for anything to hide her nudity. She was so frantic that she eventually stopped trying to cover herself, tearing the cubicles apart like a wild woman. The crew watched, hypnotized, as Brittany’s big tits bounced while she dashed around the small area, scrambling for anything she could find. Most of them still had their cell phones in hand, taking pictures and shooting video. But Lawrence, the fat cameraman, was one of the few who didn’t have his phone out. He stood behind the others with one hand thrust deep into his pocket, staring with a blank look on his face as he stroked himself through the fabric of his pants.

The girl finally gave up and stood facing the crew, breathing hard, her cheeks damp with sweat, and with strands of blonde hair falling in her face. Her fists were clenched at her sides, and her lower lip quivered with rage. “G-give me my damn clothes back!” she hissed. “This stopped being funny a long time ago!” She turned to Steve and stabbed a finger at him. “You’re in so much trouble, asshole! When Richard finds out, he’ll—”

“You think I give a damn?” Steve answered, laughing. After the cocktails he’d had before the show started, he had a hard time taking anything seriously. “I’m about to get fired anyway! And seeing you like this made it all worthwhile. Now I can leave this shithole with a smile on my face!”

Brittany clapped her arms around her body again, suddenly realizing she was still naked and exposed.

Shelly slapped Steve on the arm. Now she was grinning just as much as he was. “Tell you what, boss, I’m glad you’re the one who’s gonna take the heat for this instead of me…but I have to admit, I really enjoyed seeing little miss bitch here finally get what she deserved.”

“Fuck all of you!” Brittany spat, hugging herself tighter.

One of the production assistants—an older man who was one of the few crew members who had stayed on the other side of the room—walked over and tapped Steve on the shoulder. “Uh, boss?” he said. “We’ve been running this extra-long block of commercials for ten minutes now, but we really need someone to do the sign off for the end of the show.”

“Do I look like I give a damn about the show at this point?” Steve answered, grinning.

“Uh…yeah, I know, but Ron walked off the set, and there’s nobody else…”

“Ron walked off? Really”

“Yeah, he said he didn’t want any part of this.” The production assistant glanced at Brittany, swallowed hard, then looked at Steve again. “So, should I just run more commercials, or…”

Steve turned to Brittany again. “No, hang on. I’ve got an idea. Brittany, you want your clothes back?”

“Of course I do, you idiot!”

“Then do the sign off for the end of the show and I’ll give them back to you.”

Brittany stared at him, confused.

“What’s the matter?” Steve continued. “You’ve done it before.”

Brittany was so exhausted and stressed out she couldn’t even think straight. “Why would—oh, fine, whatever! Give me my clothes and I’ll go do the stupid sign off!”

“No, you have to sign off the way you are now…then I’ll give you your clothes back.”

Brittany choked out an ugly laugh. “Are you kidding? I’m not going back in front of that camera like this!”

Steve shrugged. “Fine. No problem.” He grabbed one of Brittany’s arms and started dragging her to the exit door. “Run on home, then. If you’re not gonna work anymore, there’s no reason to stay on the set.”

“Are you insane?” Brittany gasped, her bare feet sliding on the carpet as Steve dragged her away. “Stop it! Let go of me!”

Steve yanked open the door to the hallway and tried to push Brittany through it, but she spun around and grabbed the doorframe with both hands. “Stop it, Steve, for fuck’s sake! You can’t do this!” Now her whole body was on display again, and the crew crowded behind Steve to get a better look. Steve had his hands on Brittany’s shoulders, trying to shove her through the door, but Brittany had a death grip on the door frame. Grinning, Steve slid his hands from Brittany’s shoulders down to her big tits and gave them both a squeeze. The girl gasped and let go of the door frame, stumbling backwards and falling on her ass in the hallway.

“You’ve got two choices,” Steve told her. “You can either run out of here naked, or you can read the sign off message then get your clothes back. It’s your choice.”

Tears streaming down her face, Brittany shot a glance toward the lobby at the end of the hallway. She could see half a dozen people milling around, and more out in the parking lot. How the hell could she get past them all? And where would she go once she did get outside?

The girl thought furiously. Even if the people at the broadcast station weren’t paying attention, surely someone in the control booth had stopped the live feed when her costume fell apart a few minutes ago. They would be on their toes now, and they would do it again if Steve tried to put her in front of the camera naked for a second time. Steve might be out of his mind, but the rest of the crew was still worried about losing their jobs. Even if she did what Steve wanted, the video would probably never make it to the air. And when she told Richard what happened, he would make sure the footage got erased immediately. So maybe she should just pretend to go along with Steve’s plan, then get the hell out of here once it was over.

“O-okay,” she finally muttered. “I’ll do it.”

“Great!” Steve said, reaching down to help the girl up. Brittany allowed herself to be led back to the studio like a little girl, one arm across her tits as Steve pulled her toward the anchor desk. The rest of the crew watched with fascination, unable to believe this was really happening. Lawrence the cameraman still stood by himself, one hand deep in his pocket, the glazed look still on his face.

“She looks like shit,” Shelly remarked, grinning. “You want one of the girls to fix her hair and makeup?”

“Are you kidding?” Steve asked. “She’s perfect just the way she is.” He dragged Brittany to the anchor’s desk, but instead of putting her in the chair behind it, he pushed her back until she was sitting on the front edge of the desk. “There, that’s perfect. Lawrence, frame the shot so you get her from the knees up. Lawrence? Lawrence!”

The fat cameraman slunk up from the back of the room, looking guilty. There was no way to hide his huge erection, which caused the front of his slacks to jut out obscenely.

“Holy shit!” Steve exclaimed. “Lawrence, what the hell have you been doing back there?”

The cameraman was still staring at Brittany, his eyes unfocused.

“Wait a minute, wait a minute,” Steve said, excited. “I’ve got a great idea. Shelly, remember that makeup you were talking about for Brittany?” He pointed at the tent in Lawrence’s pants. “How about a little facial before she goes on the air?”

Shelly gave a nervous laugh. “Oh my god, Steve. You’ve really gone over the edge.”

“Wh-what are you talking about?” Brittany blubbered. She was still perched on the edge of the desk, one hand between her legs and one arm across her tits. “Let’s just get this damn thing over with!”

“Lawrence, come here!” Steve ordered. “Yeah, that’s it. Now whip that big thing out!”

“Uh…what?” Lawrence asked, looking around the room like he’d just woken up.

“Let’s give Brittany a little facial before she goes on air! What do you say?”

“I don’t…I mean…”

“You’re out of your mind!” Brittany blubbered.

“Come on, Lawrence, when will you ever get another chance like this?” Steve grabbed the cameraman’s shoulder and pulled him over to Brittany. Now he was standing so close that he could see how smooth and flawless her skin was. Lawrence moaned under his breath and his erection grew even larger. “Come on, let’s do this!” Steve urged.

Shelly just shook her head. “Steve, my friend, I think you’ve really lost it.”

“You’re no better!” Brittany snapped at the other woman. “You’re not even doing anything to stop him!”

Shelly gave Brittany a cold look. “It’s not like we’re best friends, Brittany. Before today, you barely said two words to me.”

Brittany huffed as she hugged herself tighter. “I don’t blame you for being jealous. If I had a body like a teenage boy, I’d be jealous of me, too. But that’s no excuse for being so nasty.”

Shelly stared daggers at Brittany for a moment, then she turned to the cameraman. “Tell you what, Lawrence, how about if I help you with that?”

“Help…uh, help me with what?” he mumbled, still hypnotized by the sight of Brittany, but the big man gasped when Shelly reached for his zipper.

“With this,” she answered, tugging it down and slipping her hand inside the man’s pants. Lawrence gasped and fidgeted as Shelly fished around for his cock, and when she finally pulled it out, it looked huge gripped in the girl’s slim fingers. “Holy crap, Lawrence, I’ll bet the ladies really love you,” she said, smiling down at the huge cock that now pointed straight at the weather girl. With Brittany sitting and the tall man standing next to her, Lawrence’s dick was level with the girl’s big tits. Brittany stared at the erection with fear on her face, like it was a snake about to strike.

“Go ahead,” Steve told Lawrence. “Jerk off all over her!”

“You people are sick!” Brittany wailed, trembling.

“It’s probably faster if I do it,” Shelly told Lawrence, tugging the big man’s cock with firm strokes. Lawrence gasped at first and gave Shelly a startled look, but after a moment he faced Brittany again and stood there staring with a drugged look on his face. The weather girl gagged and turned her face away, but Steve dashed to the other side of her and grabbed her blonde head with both hands.

“No way, sweetheart! We need to make sure that makeup hits the spot!”

Brittany tried to struggle, but Steve held her tightly in place. Meanwhile Shelly kept yanking Lawrence’s dick, which was already swollen and tingling from all the excitement that day. It only took a minute before the cameraman grunted, arched his hips, and blasted a thick stream of cum against Brittany’s cheek. The girl retched and tried to turn away, but Steve had one hand clenched in her blonde hair, holding her head in place. Shelly kept pumping, and more cum shot over Brittany’s lips and chin. The girl sputtered, still struggling, and the next blast went in her hair. Shelly slowed down her motions and a few final blasts landed weakly on Brittany’s neck and shoulder, then Lawrence finally let out a huge sigh as his dick started to soften.

“Oh my god,” Brittany hissed, her eyes closed. “This is disgusting!” Half of her face was white and sticky, and several strands of blonde hair were now stuck to her forehead with the white goo.

“Don’t you touch it!” Steve warned. “If you do, I’ll kick you out of the building stark naked!” He nodded at Lawrence and said, “Okay, buddy, your break’s over! Get back behind the camera!” Blushing, Lawrence tucked his cock away and zipped up, then returned to his position. Steve stood beside him and started barking out orders. “Clear the set! And Brittany, get those arms down. Put your hands on the desk. That’s right. And spread those legs! No, wider! Perfect. Now all you have to do is read a few lines, and this’ll all be over with.”

The girl sat there in the bright lights, her entire body on display. She had finally opened her eyes, barely able to stand the leers and grins on the faces of her coworkers who stood there reveling in her misery. Well, they could all enjoy their disgusting little prank for now. Once she told Richard about this, she’d get every one of them fired! And since somebody at the broadcast station or in the control booth would make sure this didn’t go out on the air, only the people in the room would see her like this. Just a few more seconds and she could get her clothes back and get the hell out of here.

“Thirty seconds to air!” Shelly called out.

“Get ready, people!” Steve ordered, wandering away from the camera and out of Brittany’s sight. The girl stared at the teleprompter, which only had two sentences of text on it. She could feel fresh sweat breaking out on her naked tits, and the hard edge of the desk was digging into her soft ass. *For god’s sake, hurry up and get this over with*!

“Ten seconds!” Shelly called, and Brittany watched the red letters on the big digital clock tick down to zero as the camera went live.

“I’m Brittany Davenport, and that’s our news,” the girl read in a monotone, not even attempting to smile. “Stay tuned for more local coverage after the break, and thank you for watching.”

As the red light on the camera winked off, Brittany angrily wiped her face with one hand, but all she managed to do was smear the sticky cum around. Gross! She wrapped her arms around her naked body again as she stormed off the set and away from the bright lights, peering around until she found Steve standing in the shadows and messing with his phone.

“Okay, I did it,” she barked. “Now give me my clothes.”

Steve went to a corner of the room and reached under a chair, pulling out a wad of clothes and Brittany’s purse. He brought everything back and handed it to her, smirking the whole time.

The girl snatched everything from his hands, dropped the purse to the floor, and pulled her blouse on without bothering with her bra. “Don’t look so happy,” she snapped. “Because there’s no way that’s going out on the air. After what happened during the weather forecast, I’m sure the people at the broadcast station were watching our feed like hawks. They killed the live signal the second they saw what was happening.”

“No big deal,” Steve replied, holding up his phone. “Because I took my own video, and it’s already posted to three web sites. If you thought your other videos went viral fast, wait till you see what happens with this one!”

Brittany’s jaw dropped and she stood there staring as Steve walked away, still laughing.

THE END