Office Screw Up

By Katie

Kelli Matthews sat at her desk disbelieving the situation she was in…being so exposed in the middle of this very crowded lobby.

How did this start? Well, she had made a very bad error in her accounting job. One little mistake had meant a potential loss of millions of dollars for her company. They were all lucky that Mr. Fowdi had found the error before it could cause any real damage.

That was yesterday, Monday. She had heard through the grapevine and was panicked for her job. Kelli, in her first position just out of college, needed her job very badly. The 21 year old had just broken it off with her live in boyfriend and moved into a one-bedroom loft in the city. It was an artsy neighborhood…one that she liked living in but her friend George wasn’t happy with. It was too close to the bad neighborhoods of the city, he had said. But it was all she could afford so she took it anyway.

To lose her job would mean she would lose her apartment and also not be able to afford her medical insurance. She would be homeless with nowhere to turn. She wondered if George would take her in. After all, he was her best friend but he was serious with a girl and they were discussing living together. She wondered about the headaches her living with George would cause that relationship.

Kelli knew she had to be extra professional today. She had made a few other errors leading up to the big one and knew she was on thin ice. Maybe she could convince Mr. Fowdi that she was a good employee after all.

She showered and shaved her legs and armpits…wouldn’t look professional to be unshaven, she thought. She then debated for a few minutes in front of her closet before deciding on her best white silk blouse and black skirt that came about an inch shy of her knee. She also pulled out a white lace bra and matching bikini briefs, nude stockings and black sandals. She would look like a sensible business woman.

She quickly dressed, put on some light makeup and headed out the door to grab the bus that would take her the eight miles to work. Sometimes she walked it but not today…she needed to be fresh and ready for the day.

She noticed the looks right away and blushed. The men were looking at her legs. They were long and shapely…her best feature. She noticed some eying her breasts and nipples, two hard round balls pressing against the silk. She looked down, mortified…her nipples had always been a source of embarrassment to her…they were always hard and threatened to poke holes in any bra or shirt she wore.

Kelli grabbed a seat, wondering what Mr. Fowdi had in mind for her. She would be demoted at the very least, she figured. She ran through her defense in her mind, “please Mr. Fowdi, I’ve learned my lesson and I will be more careful Sir. Please, let me keep my job.” Sounded pathetic she knew, but it was all she had.

Finally her stop came and she made her way down the crowded aisle to the front of the bus where she exited onto the street in front of her building. She worked in a 10-story office complex that housed her company…she walked into the lobby where the elevators sat. Also there was the receptionist’s desk but it had been empty for weeks since Jane had left in tears. She wondered what had happened.

She got onto the elevator and took it to the 10th floor where her desk was. She got there and saw all of her belongings together in a box on her chair. Oh Christ, they had fired her without telling her. This was awful. She tried to gather herself but the tears flowed without stop.

“Good, Kelli, you are here,” said Margaret Whittingham, Mr. Fowdy’s secretary. “Mr. Fowdy will see you now.”

Margaret looked at the young girl with a mix of sadness and pleasure. She knew what was coming and felt good and bad. Good about what was to come but bad that it was happening to this nice young girl. She stepped aside and allowed the shaking girl to pass her and go into the office.

All Kelli could see was the back of Mr. Fowdy’s chair…he was on the phone and shouting loudly into it. Turning he motioned for her to sit in the chair on the other side of his desk. She sat, crossing her legs at the knee and bouncing her foot up and down nervously.

Mr. Fowdy slammed the phone down. “God Dammit…Corporate is killing me! GOD DAMN BASTARDS!” He pounded his fist into the hard wood desk, shaking everything on it.

“Now, Jesus Christ, Kelli, what are we going to do with you. I mean, you could have cost this company millions of dollars.”

Kelli started crying, knowing how right he was. She shook her head and tried to apologize but nothing came out.

“I knew it…a million dollar body with a 10 cent head. I should never have hired you but now I’m stuck with you. To fire you would look bad for me.”

Kelli stopped crying and looked up. A glimmer of hope.

“Oh thank you Mr. Fowdy, thank you. I promise you will never regret it.”

Jim Fowdy smiled. He was a short, slightly balding, overweight guy who lusted after many of the young pieces in this office. Kelli Matthews was his newest hire and one of his latest lusts. How many nights he imagined her hose covered legs in those short skirts she wore. He even lusted after those hard nipples and round breasts. Now was his chance to see if his dreams had been close.

The last girl who he had felt this for was Jane White, one of his loves and the last hire before Kelli. She was gorgeous but stupid. He had caught her taking money from a fund and called her on it. She had lasted a year before running out in tears. He never called the authorities…had enjoyed her too much.

“Before you thank me, there is something you should know. I’ve had to take quite a risk here and now you have to do something for me. You have to obey every last thing that I command you to do. If you do, your record will remain spotless and if you should decide to leave here, after a year, I will provide a good recommendation.”

Kelli was shocked…it sounded a bit like servitude.

“What do I have to do?”

“Well, you will have a new job. You will work as a receptionist at the front desk in the lobby. I know that as a college graduate you think you are beyond a menial job like receptionist but let me tell you I have many receptionists here who would work a circle around you.”

Kelli hung her head. He had read her mind but she knew he was right.

“Now, you will have a special procedure…but first, sign this and we can continue.”

He thrust a contract towards her. There was a line where he had signed as a witness and a line for her to sign. She did it without reading and he smiled…he had her.

“Good, now remove everything from the waist down Kelli. Please do it.”

Her mouth opened…”um, I-uh, no way…I won’t.”

“Yes you will young lady, because you need this job and just signed a paper saying that you would do anything to keep it.”

“No, please, I didn’t read it.”

“Sorry sweetheart, but that’s on you. Now, strip or you can leave here and never work in this town again.”

The young girl stood up by her chair and kicked off her heels. This could not be happening, she thought. She looked up at her boss with her big baby blue eyes, trying to play the game. Most men fell for that puppy dog look hook, line and sinker. Not Mr. Fowdi, who just glared at her and mouthed the word “NOW!” She reached down under her skirt and pulled off her pantyhose. Next she unzipped her skirt and dropped it to the ground allowing it to puddle at her feet. She now stood in her boss’ office in just her knickers.

“Finish please Miss…we haven’t gotten all day. Your ineptitude has already cost me valuable time.”

Kelli slipped her thumbs into the waistband of her dainty little knickers. They didn’t cover much but at least her mound was still hidden. She cringed when she remembered she had shaven her pubic hair for a new bikini and was completely bare down there. She now regretted that.

Jim was trying hard to control his rising excitement. He had imagined this scene numerous times but she was even better in person than in his dreams. Her long legs were perfectly shaped…thin but sexy right up to where they met at that gap…God how he loved that gap between the thighs where that passage of heaven was.

He saw her mound covered by the thin lacy white fabric. He thought he could see her pouty lips down there. Oh God, he hoped he could fight off the orgasm.

Kelli refused to lift her eyes to see where his were, though she had a pretty good feeling. They were right where hers were…on her legs and barely covered pussy.

She pulled her knickers down past her pubic mound and let them fall to the ground, joining her skirt and hose on the floor.

Her silk blouse barely reached past her belly and did not hide her girl parts. She was on display here in front of this man in his office. She felt tiny…like a little girl again. She felt vulnerable which was probably exactly what she was. It certainly was how he wanted her to feel.

“Now, go fold your clothes and give them to Margaret….she will box them and give them to you at the end of the day. Then go to your desk, grab your box and Margaret will take you to your new assignment.”

Kelli bent over to retrieve her skirt and folded the small garment. She then folded her hose and knickers and piled them together with her heels on top. Mr. Fowdy’s eyes never left her body, concentrating on gaping pussy that was very prominently on display. Mr. Fowdi imagined those lips being spread to allow his penis to slide through. Oh God, he was so hard!

Kelli now held the pile of clothes and turned to walk out.

“See you later…all of you later,” Mr. Fowdi laughed as she left.

Kelli could not believe that she was walking back into the common area of the office with her pussy, ass and legs bare. These were her co-workers and friends and they were all getting an eyeful. And because she was carrying her clothes, there was no way for her to hide. She saw her fellow workers peeking around and over their cubicles, drinking her in. She wanted to curl up and die as she made her way to Margaret’s desk. The woman was on the phone and made no move to ease Kelli’s situation. The tall bottomless girl stood there beside Margaret’s desk, begging the older woman with her eyes. But she would receive no mercy.

Finally, the secretary put the phone down and gave Kelli the once over with her eyes. Yes, this was the prettiest that Mr. Fowdi had ever chosen. And while the older woman was certainly not a lesbian, she did enjoy looking at Mr. Fowdy’s conquests and seeing their humiliation. After all, she suffered many indignities at his hands, why shouldn’t some of these young things.

“Here,” Margaret said, placing a large cardboard box on the desk. “Put your clothes in here.”

The nearly naked Kelli placed the clothes neatly into the box, which Margaret then closed. As Kelli watched longing for her skirt and knickers and shoes, Margaret unlocked a storage room and placed the box on a top shelf. She then closed the door and locked it, making Kelli feel even more exposed. She was nude from the waist down and her clothes were behind a locked door.

“OK, every morning, you will come here and remove everything from below your waist. Make it easy on yourself and leave the knickers and pantyhose at home. Sometimes there will be a message for you to strip in front of Mr. Fowdi. Other times, just me and the rest of the office out here.”

Kelli blushed an even deeper shade of red as she looked around and saw dozens of sets of eyes on her. Being a pretty girl, she was used to having people look at her. But usually she was in control, teasing, getting her way from her looks. Now she was definitely not in control and she hated it.

“Follow me to your new position. I will put your personal belongings in storage for now, they are not allowed on your new desk.”

Kelli had forgotten that she had to work in the very public lobby…and she was completely naked from the waist down. She failed to follow the older woman, who realized that she was walking alone and stopped.

“Look hon, you’re lucky you have your blouse on. The first girl that was sent down there was topless and the second was totally nude. This could be worse.”

Totally nude, she wondered. How had they gotten away with that?

Tentatively she followed after the woman, walking past the cubicles of those she had worked closely with for the past few weeks. They were loving her show, the girl being dropped a few pegs.

She waited by the elevator in the main part of the floor. Here people from other departments were walking by for a look. She closed her eyes but they flashed open when she felt a pinch on her butt.

She swerved to see who did it but couldn’t identify the culprit…too many people scurrying about.

She heard comments…”this is one of the best…Fowdy’s outdone himself…I wonder how much our UPS fee is going to drop now with this one.” They were appraising her like a piece of meat instead of the intelligent, professional woman that she was.

What was taking this elevator so long, she wondered. Then she noticed that the down arrow wasn’t lit.

Margaret followed her eyes and smiled. “Oh dear, I can’t believe I forgot to push the button. No wonder it was taking so long.”

With that the older woman pushed the button and the bell rang, signaling the elevator car was on their floor.

“Well look at that, the car was here the whole time. Strange huh?”

Kelli was trying to control her anger, knowing it would only make things worse. She followed the woman into the elevator as Margaret pressed “L.” Kelli cringed as she saw herself in the mirrored walls of the elevator. What a sight she made…her little white silk blouse covering her shoulder, tits and belly. Every other part of her completely bare.

She looked like a little girl without her professional clothes and all of her pubic hair shaved. As the elevator doors opened, she felt the draft from the lobby hit her bare pussy and heard the gasps. There, about 15 people stood waiting for the elevator.

She wanted to run away but there was no place to go. She felt she had better walk behind Margaret, the woman was her only hope of getting to her clothes again.

She passed by the gawkers, brushing against their slacks or skirts. She felt one bare hand on her naked ass and jumped as the group laughed.

Finally she saw Margaret stop at the receptionist desk and Kelli’s eyes opened wide. She had never noticed it before but the desk was all glass. Anyone could see her naked bottom half, even when she sat at the desk. She would be totally on display to the thousands of men and women that entered the building.

“Alright then, there is a manual on your desk that explains the job. I will handle the phones at my desk until you are finished reading. Let’s give you until 11. You may sit here until then and read about your duties. Enjoy.”

The older woman left, giving Kelli a wink as she got onto the elevator. Kelli thought about running away but had no clothes on. Where could she go?

The bottomless young woman slid into the seat. It felt so weird feeling the rough fabric of the office chair. She saw the book on the desk…”Kelli’s New Duties” it read on the front of the binder. She crossed her legs, hoping to at least cover her pussy lips from being on display. The lobby had cleared mostly and most of the people left were busy talking to notice the bottomless girl.

Kelli opened her binder.

“First rule…never cross your legs. There is a video camera set up under your desk that monitors this. If your legs are crossed at any time, you will be punished.”

Kelli quickly uncrossed her legs, looking through the glass to see the camera pointing directly at her bare legs and slit. Oh God, what humiliation.

She read on as her duties were listed…answer the phones and forward them onto the proper department. There were directions on how to do this. Direct all visitors to the proper place. She noticed a directory of phone numbers and office locations for each department. Sign for packages and place them into a bin. From 10 until 11 and from 2 until 3 each day, deliver each package to the proper department. At that time and during her lunch break, the phones should be forwarded to Margaret. There were no bathroom breaks without permission from Mr. Fowdy or Margaret. They must always be kept abreast of her comings and goings.

She read and read about her duties. Then a lump formed in her throat…she came to a section marked punishment. Here, the punishments for each offense was listed. Some were tame…five minutes taken from her 45 minute lunch break. Five minutes added to her dismissal, etc. But then she saw more that struck fear in her heart…spankings, some numbering as high as 50 per offense to be conducted either on her desk or in the corporate conference room on the second floor. Mr. Fowdy or another vice president would administer the punishment each day.

Another punishment was the loss of her blouse…there were specified time periods when she would be completely naked…the minimum was a half hour. The worst infraction brought complete nudity at all times. She swallowed hard but noticed a stirring in her pussy. Could she be enjoying this? She reached down to wipe some moisture when the phone rang.

She lifted the phone… “JRG Enterprises, this is Kelli, how can I help you?”

“First of all, stop playing with your pussy.”

Kelli’s mouth opened in awe. She had forgotten about the camera but obviously Mr. Fowdy was watching.

“That just earned you a punishment today. There will be times for playing with your cunt during work but only on my command. Got it.”

“Yes Sir,” she answered timidly.

“Good. Now, the phones are yours. Any mistakes will be compiled by the computer. If you ever disagree with the computer, it wins. It makes far less mistakes that you by your track record.”

Kelli lowered her head, knowing that she was now paying for all of her mistakes.

“Enjoy your day Miss Matthews. See you at five.”

She heard the phone click and lowered the receiver. The butterflies in her stomach were turning to huge birds. She wanted to throw up but couldn’t leave her desk. She did not know what was to come and was frightened.

CHAPTER 2

Kelli spent the next hour working hard to keep up with the numerous phone calls that were streaming in. She tried to do her best but was unused to the corporation’s complex workings and had already made some mistakes. She hoped the computer wouldn’t notice.

But even if she had known the system inside and out, she knew she would have made mistakes…she was so conscious of being nude from the waist down in this very public lobby with the glass wall of her desk providing little to no protection from everyone’s view. She was also very aware of how moist her pussy was becoming, as if she was turned on by the possible exposure.

That fact was not lost on Mr. Fowdi, who was intently watching his new lobby receptionist via the many cameras that were trained on her. He was especially fond of the “cunt cam” as he liked to call it. He had set up a very high quality camera under the desk and it picked up nearly every detail of the bare pussy it was aimed at. After the first moments of hesitation when her knees were clamped together, he was treated to several spread-knees views of her slit as she forgot to clench her knees while trying to figure out the phones. The camera was so good that he could make out the moisture seeping out of her.

He glanced at the computer that tracked her errors. She was up to seven…not bad for a first day at the controls of the phone system but seven too many for this girl. He could not wait until the end of the day when she would pay for her mistakes.

“Margaret, come in here please and please plan to be here for some time,” he said into his intercom with a smile.

“Yes sir Mr. Fowdy,” a less than enthusiastic voice came back to him. He pushed his chair back and allowed his large cock to breathe free…he had been nude from the waist down during the entire meeting with Kelli and it took every ounce of his self-control not to jerk off as she stripped. But now she was gone and Margaret would take her place.

Out in the reception area, Margaret put her calls through to voice mail. She had gotten this request too often in her 13 years with the company to not understand what she was being called in for. She breathed a heavy sigh and reached under her skirt and pulled off her flimsy knickers and dropped them in her bottom drawer.

She had started at the firm right out of high school…a receptionist in the pool. She had been assigned to Jim Fowdy on her first day and was excited to hear that he was one of the men on the fast track at the company. She remembered running to the ladies room to freshen up and take a look at her clothes.

This was 1989 and she remembered that she was ghastly dressed in a hot pink miniskirt with white tights, a black blouse and a suit jacket with padded shoulders. She had bangles around her wrists, her hair was sprayed high in the front and she wore long, dangling earrings. On her feet were five-inch heels that had replaced her sneakers as soon as she entered the door.

Then she was the highest of fashion. Now, she thought the look was hideous.

She had gone to her assignment with Mr. Fowdy and found written instructions on her desk. How he liked his coffee and when. What type of phone calls to put through to him personally and which she should take. And lastly, one about office attire and demeanor.

This one made her face get bright red. It outlined the proper dress for any woman working for Mr. Fowdy. If she was willing to go along with the dress code, she would get double the pay. If not, she would be able to go back into the secretarial pool without any problems or questions.

The proper dress involved no pants or knickers at any time. She was permitted to wear three pieces of clothing plus shoes. If she chose to wear stockings, that counted as one piece of clothing; a bra was two pieces. A skirt, jacket and stockings would be all that she was allowed. A dress would count as one and she could wear a bra or stockings with it.

Her demeanor would also be subservient to Mr. Fowdy…she would have to do his bidding anytime he required during the work day.

Most of her wanted to get on her feet, rip up this degrading paper and storm out of the office. Who the hell did Mr. James Fowdy think he was to treat women like this? She had a brain and was not going to be used for her body.

But another part of her knew how silly this was. She had no job, no money and was nearly without a place to live. She was currently staying with her sister Laurel who was unfortunately moving out of the city for her job in two weeks when her lease expired. There was no way Margaret could afford to live alone on the straight secretary’s pay…not in this city. But double her pay would bring her up to $25,000, enough for a nice place and a life. She’d be a fool to turn this all down. Christ, she would be making more than Laurel, who was a college graduate!

Still, her hand was shaking as she took the pen and scrawled her name onto the paper, agreeing to the degrading terms written on it.  She then stood up, wobbly as her knees were shaking, and knocked on the door of her boss’ office.

“Come in Miss Whittingham,” he said. She gathered her strength and turned the knob, pushing her body through the door. She saw a handsome man, probably in his early 40s, just graying at the temples. He was sitting at his desk, with a large window behind him with a terrific view.

“Please, have a seat,” he said, motioning towards a straight back chair in front of the desk. Mechanically she moved towards it and sat down demurely, crossing her legs at the knee, making sure that her skirt was smooth and that there was no view up it to her knickers.

A smile crossed Jim’s face when he saw her contortions to make sure he was not getting any unintended views of her private parts. Women were funny, he thought to himself, wearing short skirts and then desperately working not to let anybody look up them. The smile was also for what he knew…that seeing her knickers in an upskirt was the least offensive thing he would do to her during her time working for him.

“Well, Miss Whittingham, have you read the terms of the position,” he asked and she nodded.

“Please use your words Miss, I do not want your answer misconstrued,” he said.

“Yes, I have read the terms.”

“Excellent, and have you signed the document,” he asked softly.

Again she nodded but then remembered to say “Yes.”

“Good, please hand it over. And welcome to the firm. May I call you something besides Miss Whittingham?”

“Yes, Margaret or Margie are fine,” she said in a quiet voice. It was not a voice that the outgoing girl used often but she felt small compared to this man.

“I think I will call you Margaret. Margie sounds like a little girl’s name and what you will be doing for me cannot be done by a little girl. How old are you Margaret?”

“I’m 18.”

“Just out of high school, I saw on your resume. That’s excellent, I love to give someone their first break. And trust me Margaret, this will be a great opportunity for you.”

The girl smiled and looked at her new boss. Maybe he wasn’t so bad, she thought. Maybe all of that other stuff was just a smokescreen.

“I am pretty well thought of by the bosses here,” he continued, “and I reward loyalty. Stay loyal to me and I will make sure that you get what you deserve. The bonus you get from my unique dress and comportment code will seem like nothing compared to what awaits.”

Margaret closed her eyes, dreaming of fortune.

“Well, that’s for the future. As for the present, I believe that you are currently not in conformance with the dress code. Unless I am wrong, but I thought I glimpsed a bra strap through your blouse and your knickers through your stockings when I looked up your skirt.”

She was mortified that he was looking at those intimate areas. Though most women instinctively know that men are looking at them, it was a shock to have it thrown in her face so blatantly.

“Don’t look so shocked…do you really believe that men don’t look up skirts or down blouses? You are 18 not 8 correct?”

He was laughing at her naiveté and she didn’t like it. But she knew he was now the boss and she was his secretary.

“OK, now get compliant with the rules before I begin to hold it against you and you earn some punishment.”

She tried to remember the rules…she was allowed three pieces of clothing only and her shoes. And knickers were not allowed. She kicked off her shoes and reached under her skirt. She tried to do this as discreetly as possible, not wanting to show the man her slit but he saw parts anyway as she pulled her tights and knickers down her long legs and off.

She stepped back into her heels and removed her jacket and draped it neatly over her tights and knickers. She looked down and saw her bra-covered tits pressed up against the silk blouse. She looked down and thought her bare legs looked obscene in this setting. And when she looked over, she cringed at the sight of her pink knickers tangled in the white nylon of her tights.

“You are still flaunting the rules Margaret. Which will it be, your blouse, skirt or bra?”

The girl knew it was a no-brainer. Of course she would remove her bra. But she was afraid to remove it here in front of him. He frowned at her and she knew that she would earn punishment if she didn’t hurry. Quickly she unbuttoned her blouse, a task made harder by her trembling hands. Finally she removed her blouse and stood before him in just her lacy, half-cup bra and skirt.

She reached behind and fumbled with the clasp on the back. She was surprised at how clumsy she was in performing this simple task that she had done every day since she was 12. But she was more nervous than she had ever been before, standing nearly naked in front of this stranger.

Finally she undid the clasp and she pulled the bra down her arms and off, revealing her perky, full breasts with long, hard nipples made longer by the coolness of the room. Mr. Fowdy liked to keep his office around 60 degrees, a fact that would cause her great distress through the years.

She struggled to get her silk blouse back on and saw that her nipples were threatening to poke a hole in the silk. Finally she was presentable again and stood before her boss.

“Excellent, now lift your skirt so I can be sure that you are bare under there.”

She gasped and stared at the man openmouthed. “Excuse me Mr. Fowdy?”

“No excuses Margaret. Lift your skirt and show me your cunt so I can be sure you are naked and not wearing a fourth piece of clothing. That would render our deal null and void and you would be fired.”

The girl started to cry but felt she had no choice. She reached down with both hands and grabbed the hem of her skirt. Slowly she pulled it up her legs, past her thighs and finally revealed her shaved puffy lips, which were obviously a bit wet.

“Well, well Margaret, enjoying the experience are we now,” the man said laughing. She wanted to curl up into a ball and die but instead just stood there, showing her pussy to this man.

“OK, that’s more than enough. I just wanted a peek but I appreciate the lingering look.”

“Okay then, blouse and skirt. That makes two…you could put your stockings on but that would ruin the look today. Well, for being slow to respond, you are only allowed two pieces of clothing today. You may let your skirt down and put your heels on.”

She was thankful to be covered up again as she let her skirt fall down to midthigh. She stood there waiting for more instructions.

“Sit Margaret.”

She did so, feeling very uncomfortable with her pussy being bare under her short skirt. She crossed her legs again.

“Well, see, that’s a no-no. You may not cross your legs in my presence.”

Without thinking, Margaret uncrossed her legs, sitting with both feet on the floor. She pressed her knees together hard but she knew there was still a gap where her skirt was raised.

“Okay, some basic rules of decorum. You may never cross your legs in my presence. Also, that hot pink skirt is way too garish for my tastes. You may wear gray, black or white. If there is another color, you may request to wear it but I make the final decision. Is that clear?”

She nodded, “Yes.”

“Good. Now, every morning you will come in here and present yourself to me. I need to be sure that you are dressed according to code. Three garments, no pants and no knickers.”

Again she nodded and he dismissed her.

That had been 13 years ago. In that time, the humiliation had gone from her appearance to public exposure to sexual relations. She had become his office slut, sucking his cock and letting him into her vagina and ass. He liked her so much that he had asked her for some of personal time as well and soon she was spending nights and weekends with him, basically serving as his sex slave.

But he had been honest in telling her that he was loyal. He had been named executive vice president of operations for the company and she was moved up the ladder with him. Soon she was making more than any other employee in the company that was not a VP. Margaret wondered how he managed it but of course she had fucked and sucked several of the movers and shakers in the company for his benefit anyway.

In the last few years, he had amused himself with other playthings, letting her just concentrate on her job as his administrative assistant and office manager. That job was enough without the other duties he assigned her. But, from time to time, she was still called upon to perform her special duties. She knew that when he called, she had to remove her knickers (which were allowed only on certain days) and enter his office, closing and locking the door. By the time she came out, usually two or more of her holes were filled with his juices and her knees were red and sore. All in a day’s work for her, she now knew.

She got up and walked into his office, her long bare legs beneath her short gray skirt. Her body had kept its gorgeous shape as hours at the gym, with a membership paid by Jim Fowdy, made sure of it.

She slipped in and locked the door. She had done this so many times in the last 13 years she instinctively removed her blouse and bra and then her skirt, leaving her nude in just her heels. He would decide if she should leave them on. He motioned for her to crawl to him and she inwardly groaned, but did what he commanded. In seconds, she had taken his large cock into her mouth and gave him the release he had been begging for since Kelli had left. The whole time her mouth was sucking him, his eyes were on the cunt cam, watching the spread nude lips of Kelli Matthews. It wasn’t long before his cum was streaming down Margaret’s throat and into her belly. It would be the only thing she would eat today…her lunch hour would be spent pleasuring him.

He stood her up and bent her over the desk. After the morning he had had, one fuck was not enough. He pointed her so that she was facing the screens of the bottomless Kelli and fucked her slowly from behind.

This was something that Margaret had learned to enjoy…a good, steady fucking from behind that touched those special points on the front of a girl’s pussy…she started to moan, causing the man to smile.

“After all of these years, you are still such a good fuck Margaret.”

PART 3

But Kelli Matthews was oblivious to the fucking her boss was giving Margaret. She was trying to handle the overwhelming amount of calls that seemed to be coming into the company. She had screwed up at least a dozen times she knew, calls that should have gone to purchasing on the fourth floor ended up in the business accounting office on the fifth floor. There was just so many things to take care of and she had no experience in doing so.

She was trying to figure out where to transfer the current caller when she looked up and saw the brown uniform of the delivery man staring straight down her glass desk at her exposed pussy. Instinctively she clamped her thighs together but the man got an eyeful anyway.

“Good morning, you must be Jane’s replacement,” he said smiling, his eyes never raising above her desk.

“Yes, I am, can I help you,” she said in retort.

“Yes you can. I have a cart full of packages here that you need to sign for,” he said, thrusting his clipboard towards her. She signed at the X indicated and looked away to answer the phone. All during the call (which she successfully forwarded to the human resources department), he stood there staring at her bare legs, feet and slit.

“Excuse me, are you going to stand there all day gawking at me or are you going to do your job.”

The man started laughing. “I’ve done my job sweetheart, I’ve delivered the packages to you. Now, I cannot leave until you clear my cart so I was just passing the time while I waited. And I must say that you have provided an excellent way to pass the time.”

The girl was mortified. How could she possibly get out from behind this desk and get those packages…with the delivery man watching her every move and who knows who coming and going in the lobby.

“You can’t be serious. Isn’t it your job to deliver the packages to me?”

The man gave her a condescending grin. “Yes, normally it is, but we have a special deal with your company. We bring the packages here to the lobby and the lobby receptionist handles it. We give them a discount for the obvious services you provide.”

Kelli rolled her eyes and then blushed some more. This was obviously going to be part of her everyday schedule.

She pushed her bare feet against the floor and rolled back from the desk so she could stand. She had pushed herself so far under the desk so she would not be seen. As she stood, she heard a gasp from the lobby and saw an older couple staring and pointing at her bare slit. She cringed while the delivery man laughed.

Kelli hurried around the desk, her bare feet slapping against the cold tile of the lobby. She easily took the letter envelopes and placed them in a pile on her desk. There were still three large packages to deal with. She bent with her knees together facing the cart and tried to lift the first box but it was way too heavy for this position. She tried the second but was unable to lift that one as well. Finally she was able to get the third one and she placed it on her desk as well.

She realized that she need some better leverage. So this time she bent with her knees spread and wrapped her arms around the package. As she came up, she gave everyone on the other side of the cart (a group which now numbered five, including the delivery guy) an excellent view of her bare slit. She turned a bright crimson as she turned and dropped the package onto her desk.

She finally did the same with the other package and the delivery man smiled at her.

“Thanks again. And, do you have a name or should I refer to you as the Girl with No Pants?”

His tone was more flirting than condescending and she appreciated any kindness. “I’m Kelli. What’s your name?”

“I’m Brad. See you tomorrow Kelli No Pants.”

She watched him leave, seeing his tight brown shorts and his muscular legs. His shoulders were broad and she remembered his eyes were soft and kind…a bluish green. Despite her embarrassment, she could get used to seeing him every day.

She settled back into her chair and resumed answering the phones. She picked up a call that she knew had come from inside the company.

“JRG Enterprises, Kelli speaking. How may I help you,” she said, knowing her lines by heart already.

“Yes, Kelli, you must be the new girl. Well, I cannot wait to see what you have on you or, more appropriately not have on. Anyway, this is Frannie in purchasing and I was wondering when I could expect my recent package from UPS.”

“Um, I don’t know, I guess I could bring it up now,” she said.

“That would be good…the packages are usually delivered from 10 to 11. I was just about to call Margaret and see if there was a change.”

Shit, no that would not be good, she thought.

“No maam, I was just about to take care of it,” Kelli stammered. “Sorry I am a little behind, it’s my first day.”

“Well, we are all looking forward to that little behind when you come delivering your packages. Good bye dear.”

Kelli started to get flustered. What was she to do? Meekly she picked up the phone and dialed Margaret’s number.

The administrative assistant’s special line, given only to the front desk, rang on Mr. Fowdy’s phone. Both he and Margaret knew who it was, had watched her make the call, and Margaret went to pick it up. She struggled to maintain decorum as she was currently being assfucked by her boss, her third hole to have his cock in it in the last 45 minutes.

“Yyesss this is Margaret,” the woman said, her body straining due to the reaming she was receiving.

“Margaret, hi, it’s Kelli…can I ask you a question?”

“Eh-eh, yess.,” she stammered as Fowdi did not let up even during the phone call.

Kelli barely noticed the strain in the voice. “I have these packages to deliver and wondered how I did that.”

Margaret closed her eyes tight and clenched her body as the man pushed further into her ass, his balls now resting on her slit.

“The The The Cart isss in the clossett AHHH next to your desk…put the packages on that and OH FUCK UHH!! Roll it around the building.”

“Margaret, are you okay?”

The woman nodded, her ass feeling stretched like never before. Now Fowdi reached around and grabbed her breasts hard, riding her like a bull.

“Ffinee…fforward the calllss to meee! AAAAHHH!!!”

“Okay,” Kelli said but she heard the phone click shut as Margaret hung up. Fowdi had just filled her ass with his cum, a feeling that sent her over the edge as well. She had gotten to like being mistreated.

Kelli, oblivious to the situation she had interrupted, figured out how to forward all calls to Margaret and then went in search of the cart. That meant leaving her desk with the precious covering that it provided.

She ran around the desk and found the cart in the closet that Margaret had mentioned. Quickly she wheeled it over to her desk where she had left the packages and transferred them to the cart. She was thankful that the lobby was empty for the first time all morning. She was unaware of the cameras that were filming her naked beauty and the two nude people upstairs watching while they fucked.

Kelli quickly began her rounds. She had wisely separated the packages into floors, hopefully cutting valuable time off her humiliating exposure. She went and pressed the elevator button and waited for the car to open.

Just then, a group of tourists entered the lobby and some of the women in the group screamed. She had forgotten that their building was added to the architecture tour provided the Chamber of Commerce. There were roughly 25 people, all of them with gray hair except for the tour guide, an attractive woman in her 20s wearing a short cotton dress that feel to mid-thigh.

Kelli was mortified. Her face was now a darker shade of red. She did not know that the tours were timed so that they would come between 10 and 11 and 2 and 3 when she would not be in the lobby. That way, there would be no problem.

But Kelli did not follow the schedule and was now totally exposed to these people. The tour guide, Heather, knew about the arrangement and was trying to draw attention away from her.

“Oh my, seems to be some sort of prank here, sorry folks. If you look at the ceilings, there are some great designs,” she said, trying to direct the gazes of the gawkers from the nude butt in front of the them to the angles of the ceiling. She saw (and Kelli noticed in the mirrored elevator door) that it wasn’t working.

“Okay, miss, would you please turn around and explain to our gathered group that this is simply a fun prank played on you by some co-workers and you are being a good sport by going along with it,” Heather said.

The last ting Kelli wanted to do was turn around…it was bad enough these people were seeing her bare butt and legs…now this woman wanted her to show them her pussy. But she knew there wasn’t another way out of this so she turned, arms at her side so as not to get in trouble with Mr. Fowdi.

She heard some low whistles from the old men, who were staring at her bare slit so prominent below her short blouse.

“Yes, I’m new here and this is a prank some of the other office girls played on me. When I get upstairs I’ll get my skirt back,” she said, hoping they couldn’t tell she was lying.

She wanted to close her eyes or at least put her hands over her mound, but she just stood there and let them ravage her with their eyes. Even the women seemed enamored with the nude girl and let them eyes roam up and down her long legs, from her bare toes and feet to her completely nude slit and back again.

Finally, the bell rang signifying the elevator had arrived. She gave a forced smile and a quick wave and pushed the cart into the elevator, breathing a sigh of relief as the doors closed tight.

CHAPTER 4

The deliveries went off without a hitch. Her face was burning with shame but surprisingly few people mentioned her nudity…it was as if they were used to it.

Truthfully they were used to it. For the past four years, bottomless women had been delivering the packages at the company, ever since Fowdi had convinced the high ups to let him.

Sure they looked, some longer than others. This one was especially pretty, with a cute little ass, a very prominent mound and bare slit. Very impressive.

Kelli wondered how she had missed this when Jane and the other girls before her had paraded around the office mostly naked. Then she remembered that the packages were dropped off to Margaret on their floor and she was way in the back. But she hadn’t even noticed that Jane was bottomless behind the receptionist desk…was she that unobservant?

Though she didn’t know it, her co-workers had hid Jane from Kelli during her time there…everyone knew that she was being groomed for that position and no one needed her to know the truth. Their boss’ happiness was too important.

She had been surprised to find Margaret’s desk empty when she arrived. She hesitated but left the packages on the desk for her. Kelli had no idea that her immediate supervisor was under Fowdy’s desk sucking on the man’s soft cock at that very moment.

Finally the cart was empty. She had been surprised that no one tried to grope her and she had even been helped by one of the men on the floor where the three big packages were delivered. Everyone had looked (a lot) but surprisingly no one had touched.

Finally she went back to her desk and figured out how to take the calls back from the call forwarding. She went back at it for the next hour until she felt her stomach start to rumble. She had skipped breakfast this morning, too nervous about her meeting with Mr. Fowdi. Now she was hungry and wanted lunch.

Tentatively, she picked up the phone and called Margaret again. This time, Mr. Fowdi answered.

“Sorry Sir, but I was looking for Margaret,” Kelli said. The sound of the girl’s voice gave a rise to the man’s cock, which was still lodged between the very tired lips of his administrative assistant.

“Margaret is unavailable right now,” the man said, smirking down at the woman under his desk.

“Oh, ok Sir, I was just wondering if I could come up and get my skirt and shoes so I could go to lunch.”

She heard laughter coming from the other end of the phone. “You want your skirt back? I’m sorry, is it 5 already?”

“No sir, but I have to go out and pick up my lunch…I didn’t bring one today. So I was hoping to get my bottoms back so I could go out.”

“No, sorry you can’t have them back. Enjoy your lunch though and I will have Margaret handle the calls.”

“But--,” CLICK! There was nothing but a dial tone on the phone. Kelli started to cry, not knowing what to do. She was so hungry but she wasn’t able to go out to lunch.

She looked out at the street beyond the lobby, which was getting more crowded with workers heading to lunch. They stopped briefly to look at her pussy and legs but most moved on quickly. There was a guy standing there off to the side who seemed to be doing nothing on his lunch hour but watching her. She was uncomfortable but tried to ignore him…pretty girls get used to stares but usually on their own terms. This was definitely not on her terms.

On the street, she saw several vendors selling hot dogs and sandwiches. She only wanted something little. She reached into her box and grabbed her purse. She had no choice but to go out onto a public street and get something to eat…she knew her body well enough to know that she had to eat something or she would pass out.

She turned in her swivel chair and walked out into the lobby, the cold, smooth tile feeling odd against her bare feet. The breeze of the outside drafting through the lobby onto her bare legs and slit. She could not believe what she was about to do.

She walked as quickly as she could through the people gathered in the lobby. They were surprised to see her walking around…Jane rarely left the desk and she was usually crying.

Kelli pushed through the spinning doors and went outside. The reaction she received out there was completely different than the nonchalance she had been getting inside. People stopped in their tracks, many pointed and gawked. She spotted several young men, probably around her age, cross the street after she was pointed out to them.

She closed her eyes for a second but gathered her resolve and kept going to where the hot dog vendor stood on the corner under his umbrella. The stand was crowded, she was about eighth in line, and she stood there in her place as if everything was normal.

But everything was far from normal. She was bottomless and barefoot on a busy public street and she was drawing lots of attention. Besides the eight business people ahead of her, several of whom were now blatantly turned towards her, she figured there must be barely two dozen people just looking at her beautiful legs, ass and sex.

Finally the line moved a bit and there were just two men ahead of her. Both looked at each other and motioned for her to pass in front. She smiled in thanks although she knew they just wanted a better look at her assets. She didn’t care…what was some more exposure as long as she could get what she needed and head back to the relative safety of her desk.

“Yes young lady, what can I do for you?”

The hot dog vendor was a bit perplexed by all of the attention. He could not see the girl below the waist and, although she was very pretty, she was far from the kind of beauty that could draw this kind of crowd.

“A hot dog with mustard and onions, a bag of chips and a diet coke please,” she said softly.

“Coming up,” he said, turning to get the dog out of the bin. Meanwhile, the whistles and the catcalls got louder. Kelli closed her eyes and choked back a sob.

“Why all the attention Miss,” the man asked her kindly. “I mean you are very nice looking but why so many gawkers?”

Kelli gulped and realized that he might be the only person in a five-mile radius that did not know she was naked from the waist down.

“Well, I guess it’s because I’m not wearing my skirt, knickers or shoes,” she said softly, her cheeks burning in shame at having to say the words.

The man’s face dropped and his mouth opened wide in surprise. “Now why would a pretty girl like you, who seems so nice, walk around like that?”

“It’s a initiation at work, you know, I have to prove myself worthy,” she said, lying again through her teeth. “It’ll all be better tomorrow, just have to get through it.”

The man’s face softened. If she was okay with it, so was he. “Well, can I get a look at what everyone else is seeing.”

The girl nodded and took two steps back. The man leaned out of the cart and lowered his gaze to her bare slit.

“Excellent…real nice,” he said, seemingly in awe of her beautiful cunt. “This lunch is on the house.”

He wrapped up the hot dog and put it in a bag with the chips and soda and handed it to the girl. She smiled, thanked him and walked quickly back to her office. The hard sidewalk felt so strange to her in the city…this was not supposed to be happening…she was a college graduate and here she was naked on the street, just trying to save her job.

She hurried back inside and sat down at her desk. She went to cross her legs by instinct but remembered the rules and quickly put both bare feet onto the floor beneath her desk, her knees spread apart. She opened the bag and began to eat, looking forward to the feeling of food in her stomach.

She had just taken her first bite. She saw the number on the caller ID was Margaret so she answered.

“Yes, Mr. Fowdi thinks you have taken enough time for lunch so I am forwarding the calls back to you,” an out-of-breath Margaret said.

“But I just got back to my desk, it’s only been 20 minutes,” she began.

“Sorry Kelli, but Mr. Fowdi is the boss,” Margaret said. “Here come the calls. And I wouldn’t answer the phones with your mouth full…that will earn some punishments.”

“Ok, thanks for the advice,” the disappointed girl said. She had gone out into public for nothing. She quickly wrapped up her hot dog again, put the chips back into the bag and picked up the ringing phone.

CHAPTER 5

As soon as the phone call was over, Margaret went back to her duty of sucking her boss to orgasm…she knew he was close to finishing, especially with the bottomless girl back at her desk to give him something else to look at. He had already cum four times that morning…his prowess in orgasms was well known and respected. He probably had four or five more in him today.

She lowered her tired, sore mouth onto his rock-hard cock and began to suck him off again. It was getting tough to keep her mouth wet since the only thing she had drunk since 8 a.m. this morning was his sperm. Twice he had cum in her mouth already in the last four hours and his cock had been inside of her for nearly the entire time.

She heard him moan and she felt his cock twitch in her mouth. She braced herself for another burst of his cum and in seconds she was greedily swallowing it, loving the taste of it in her parched throat.

Finally his orgasm subsided and he no longer spewed sperm down her throat. She relaxed her throat and body after the long session.

“Okay, Margaret, I think that will be all for now. No knickers for the rest of the day and no bra either. You may take lunch now but be naked and under my desk by 3…I want to be ready for Miss Matthews’ punishment session.”

“Yes sir Mr. Fowdi,” she said instinctively. Though it was not good news for her, she had certainly had worse in this office. And the lack of bra and knickers were no big deal…she had gone without more often than with since she joined the firm.

She left the office, relieved to actually be standing upright after four hours on her knees or bent over in fucking positions. She grabbed her purse from her desk and went out for lunch. She returned after an hour and tried to get some work done at her desk…she knew that once 3 hit she would be otherwise occupied and had no idea when she could be back to work.

At 3, she dutifully cleared her desk and went into Mr. Fowdy’s office. She noticed he was on a conference call but stripped as commanded, including her shoes, and crawled over to where he was. He slid his legs from under the desk and he pushed himself back. She climbed in under the desk and he slid back in.

Margaret saw that he had zipped up after their last encounter but the sight of her naked body had his cock pressing against the crotch of his pants. She smiled naughtily, happy that he was still turned on by her body 13 years later. She reached out and unzipped his pants and began lovingly sucking on it. He heard a low moan escape from his throat as she took his entire length in her mouth.

Her mind wandered as she absently-mindedly sucked on the cock…it had become almost second-nature to have something inside of her. She wondered how she had gotten this way…she had been nearly a virgin when she started working here…only two men had put their cocks in her, one oral the other in her vagina. Of course, she had many more in the years since and her boss had made use of her more times than either of them could care to count. She had gotten to enjoy her place in life…a cock sucker and slut who earned a lot of money and made a very successful, powerful man happy.

Margaret continued sucking slowly…she knew her job was not to get the man off…her job was to keep him excited. She was amazed that he could continue having this conference call while his cock was buried inside his secretary’s mouth…but his ability to concentrate had surprised her so often over the years.

She continued sucking him as he hung up the phone and finished some paperwork. Finally she heard him say, “enough, time for Kelli’s show.” Obligingly, she removed her mouth from his now rock-hard cock. Her jaw ached now after sucking for nearly two hours…she hadn’t noticed it when she was sucking on it but now she did.

“May I dress?”

He looked down at her as he zipped up.

“Yes you may Margaret. Thank you for a very productive day,” he said smiling.

“Thank you Mr. Fowdi,” she said demurely. Once he moved away from the desk, she crawled out and moved towards her clothes. She stood and pulled her skirt up her long legs, zipping it and securing the clasp. She then buttoned the blouse and slipped into shoes and looked like every other female employee, expect her braless nipples threatened to poke a hole into her blouse.

“Call Miss Matthews to the conference room please…and let the directors know that they will be needed at 5:15.”

She went out to make the calls, first to the directors and then to Kelli. The girl had asked if she could receive her skirt and shoes first but Margaret said the orders were clear.

Margaret stood up, locking her purse away again, and moved into the conference room to wait with her boss.

PART 6

Kelli sent the remainder of the calls into the company voice mail and gathered her purse. She saw that the lobby was getting crowded as people began leaving for the day. Again, she was the object of fascination as those who had missed her morning show were now getting a treat. Her face again flushed with shame…despite eight hours of constant exposure, she was still humiliated by being bottomless in this public area.

She wondered if there was another way to go besides the elevator…maybe the stairs. It was only 10 floors up to the conference room, she knew…she could easily make the walk. But she wondered if she was going to be timed and did not want to be late.

So she headed for the elevators doors, her bare feet against he cold tile. The gathered men and women in the lobby pointed and laughed…she heard the comments about her shaved cunt, her long, smooth legs, her pretty feet with the painted toes. She wanted to curl up and hide but instead kept walking, pushing the up button at the elevator wall.

She felt the people gathering getting closer and closer to her. She looked in the elevator door and saw her reflection and cringed…she looked vulgar and wanted to run back to her desk and wait until everyone left the building. But she had her orders and she knew that she had to follow them.

Finally the elevator dinged and the doors opened. Several people started out of the car and gasped when they saw the beautiful bottomless girl waiting in the lobby. She wanted to cry but somehow restrained herself as they poured by her…some touched her and she turned away from the abuse but was unable to go far. She seemed to be surrounded.

She pushed her way into the elevator car and pushed 10. Surprisingly no one came into the car with her…she had expected to have to fight off the groping hands the whole way up.

Kelli breathed a sigh of relief…she was finally away from prying eyes. But the elevator was no refuge. Here she was besieged with images of her nudity…the elevator had mirrors on three of the walls and the doors were shiny metal that also reflected her nude pussy and legs. She closed her eyes but her mind still held the image of her nude bottom.

The elevator came to a stop and she was back on her floor. Instead of going right towards her old office, she went left towards the large conference room. Here all of the major meetings of the firm were held and she had never been in it. The door was closed when she got there and she knocked.

The door opened an inch and Mr. Fowdi stood in the gap. “Yes Miss Matthews,” he said. “Um, Margaret said to come here,” she said.

“Yes. Well, you may enter but leave your blouse and bra out there. This room is for major corporate employees and someone at your low level must be reminded of her place. The only way you enter here is completely nude.”

She shook her head, “please Mr. Fowdi, no, please. I have done everything you have asked, but please not this. I beg you to have some pity on me.”

The man’s face hardened. “Pity? You want pity from me now? After you have taken advantage of my kindness for nearly a year. A year of fuckups and mistakes that I have fixed? And then, instead of firing you, I give you this other chance. And now, you want pity. Fuck you then, you are fired.”

The girl started sobbing. “No, Mr. Fowdi, please, look, I’m removing my blouse.”

The man smiled. “Good, a girl who listens to good common sense,” he said. The girl’s hands were shaking but she had finally managed to get all of the buttons undone. She pulled the garment off her arms and stood in just her lacy, half-cup bra. The bra covered breasts that were probably a 34B.

“Excellent, now the last piece and we can get started with the punishment phase.”

She reached around and unclasped her bra and let it fall down her arms. She wanted to desperately cover up but there was no use…she would only earn more punishment.

The man admired her small, but perky breasts. There were the perfect size, he thought. Her nipples were erect and pink, her breasts had some roundness to them but were barely more than bumps.

“You may enter Miss Matthews.”

The girl pushed the door open and came into the room with a chill in the air. The temp was set about 50 degrees and the nude girl certainly felt it. One glance at Margaret and she knew that the other woman was feeling the cold too. Mr. Fowdi was sweating in his suit however.

“This is how this will work Kelli,” the man said. “Every day after work, you will come up here and strip nude outside this room. You will then climb up on the desk and get on all fours to wait for punishment. If there is a punishment, someone will come in to administer it. If not, Margaret here will enter with your box of clothes. Does that make sense miss?”

The nude girl nodded, humiliated at just the thought of climbing up on that big wooden table in the nude and getting on all fours. She thought that the doggie position was just about the most humiliating one a girl could be in.

“Okay, up you go Kelli.”

That’s when the realization hit…she was going to have to do it right now. Her legs were quivering as she climbed up on the table…the cold, hard wood feeling strange against her bare knees and toes. She got into the position, her little tits hanging down, her ass thrust up and out, her slit prominent from behind.

“Kelli, you made enough mistakes today to earn 115 spanks. They will be administered on your bare buttocks and your upper thighs. Hopefully, you will do better tomorrow.”

Tears streamed down her face as she heard the words. She did not think she cold handle 115 swats on her bare bottom and thighs. She desperately wanted to run away but knew she had no choice but to comply…the alternative (losing her job and being homeless) were unthinkable.

“also, for causing that tour group to see you today because you were unable to follow a schedule, you will receive 10 swats with a ruler directly on your bare pussy slit.”

The naked girl started shaking her head, no, please no, she wailed. Her hair hung in front of her face in shame and desperation.

“Yes Miss, sorry to break the bad news. I will administer the ruler spankings myself right now.”

She felt the man walk towards the table. He placed his hand on her bare ass and rubbed her slit. She jumped but his hand kept her in place.

“Very moist here Kelli…do you like this?”

Again she violently shook her head no but her pussy was betraying her. Jim smiled…had he found another cunt that enjoyed this? Margaret had been a natural and many other girls along the way had finally broken in.

SPLAT! SPLAT! SPLAT! SPLAT!

Four quick hits from the ruler came down directly on her bare slit. She screamed and thrashed but did not move from her doggy position.

“Hold her feet Margaret…I’d hate for her to move and make me miss.”

Kelli was wild in pain…she had never felt anything so hurtful. She felt hands wrapping her bare ankles and then Fowdy’s arm wrap around her middle.

“Okay darling, six more and then on to the regular punishment.”

SPLAT! SPLAT! SPLAT! SPLAT!

The naked girl was crying out in pain and humiliation. The pain shot through her body, starting at her vagina and moving up and down her legs and torso.

“Okay Kelli, two more.”

SPLAT! SPLAT! The girl cried out and then felt it, a finger pressing into her sensitive lips…the pain and frustration caused her to react to it and the most powerful orgasm she had ever had coursed through her body. Her body tensed and then shook from the strain…her pussy was so wet that it was leaking down her leg and pooling around her knees on the table.

“Good girl…an orgasm right off the bat…certainly sooner than most, right Margaret,” Fowdi said laughing. The humiliation was complete for Kelli…her sobs were now racking her body instead of the waves of orgasm…she could not believe she had just cum in such a degrading fashion…her boss had barely put his fingers inside of her slit and she had cum with a power she had never known.

“Okay Margaret, please show in the directors,” the man said, wiping his wet finger off on her bare ass.

“No, please Mr. Fowdi, please no one else has to see me like this,” she begged.

“Oh please, nearly everyone in the company and the street saw your ass and pussy today dear,” the man said calmly. “These are just our highest ranking administrators.”

As he spoke, roughly nine men came walking in. Several were in full suits but some just in their dress shirts. They all eyed the nude girl’s form with admiration and disdain.

One sniffed the air dramatically. “I see you have already started Jimmy,” he said. “This one came already huh?”

The men all laughed, leading her to more humiliation.

“Yep, 10 smacks on the puss and just finger penetration and she was bucking like a bull. Thank God I was holding her waist and Margaret had her ankles. Though the table is pretty wet now.”

The laughter continued, making Kelli feel like a little girl who had done something wrong.
“Now, Miss Matthews, you have earned 115 swats on the bare ass. We have 10 men here…each of us will get 11 hits. Margaret will get the last four.”

The secretary standing in the corner gasped. She had been at several of these but had never been asked to participate.

Kelli was a quivering mess…the orgasm had blown her mind and now the thought of the pain of 115 swats on her bare ass were more than she could handle. She felt the men move towards her and then someone started to spank her ass. She lost track of the hits as her screams echoed throughout the large room. She knew that they each took more than 10 but had no way of really knowing. Finally each of the men had spanked her ass, which felt like it was on fire. Hardly any had chosen to spank her thighs but those that did had left a mark.

Her hair was matted on her forehead despite the temperature in the room being around 50. She had exerted enough energy to get heat flowing. Her ass was a fiery red and she knew that it would hurt to sit…even the cold air blowing on it was causing discomfort.

“Now Margaret, give the last four please…and do not be gentle or we can do a round with you on the table.”

It was the first time that anyone had alluded to Margaret’s lower stature in the room. Kelli barely noticed it but Margaret sure did…she had endured more than her fair share of sessions on this very table and would avoid it at all costs.

She placed her hand on the girl’s sore ass, causing Kelli to wince. Then she brought her hand down with precision, right on the left cheek.

“OH God, no, please Margaret no.”

The sound of the girl’s voice broke the woman up…she knew the feeling and hated having to be one of the people causing the pain. But she had her own problems to worry about.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! She brought her hand down on each cheek in rhythm and the punishment was over.

The girl was quivering and sobbing…the pain was intense but the relief at the event being over was foremost in her mind.

“Now Kelli, thank everyone for your punishment.”

Thank them, she thought. I hate them all! Instead she said, “thank you everyone for punishing me.”

The men all started laughing and left the room. With the body heat gone, Kelli instantly felt the drafts playing havoc on her nude body and started to shiver. She also felt her pussy dripping down her thighs.

“Okay Miss Matthews…you are done for the day. Margaret, help Kelli down and let her get dressed. See you tomorrow Miss Matthews.”

Fowdi left the room, leaving the nude girl alone with the secretary. “Kelli, I am so sorry I had to do that. But it was an order and you will learn that it is not good to disobey an order, especially from Jim Fowdi.”

The girl sniffled some of the remnants of her tears and winced as her legs stretched out and she stood. The punishment had taken 45 minutes but it felt like hours to the girl.

“Let’s go and get your clothes…then you can dress and I can take you home. I have a feeling you won’t make it on the bus after your day.”

The two women exited the cold conference room and Kelli was instantly glad to feel the heat of the hallway. Normally this would have been drafty but not after the conference room. She walked silently behind Margaret, who grabbed the blouse and bra that Kelli had left in a pile on the floor outside the room. The secretary went into the storage closet and grabbed the box of clothes. Slowly, painfully, Kelli pulled on her bra and blouse, wearing as much cover as she had all day.

With an anguished groan she bent over and pulled her skirt up. She cried out in agony as the skirt reached her waist and she buttoned and zipped it up. She then slid her feet into her heels and was dressed again.

“Okay, time to go,” Margaret said, handing Kelli her purse. “Tomorrow’s another day.”