**Robin's Problem**

by [AnonymousPerv](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1367666&page=submissions)©

For over three months, Robin McGhee had suffered a terrible body rash. From the neck down, her skin was red, splotchy and itchy. As much as Robin tried to keep from scratching, she simply couldn't resist. Her nails always seemed to find their way into her skin throughout the course of each day While providing some temporary relief, the act of scratching mostly just served to inflame the condition.

Robin dared not wear shorts or t-shirts in public as her rash had spread completely over her body, save for her face. Considering her role as a local cable news anchor, if the rash had appeared above her neckline, she wouldn't have been able to continue working.

Dr. Philip Guillermo was the best-rated dermatologist in the city and after discovering him online, Robin had scheduled an emergency appointment. That very day, the doctor got her in his office and subjected her to a battery of tests. He prescribed a mild anti-inflammatory while waiting for the results from the lab to come back. Now, two weeks later, as Robin once again found herself in the lobby of Dr. Guillermo's office, she prayed he had discovered the source of her problem. The anti-inflammatory had done nothing to improve her situation.

"Robin," said a petite nurse, appearing from the hallway, "The doctor can see you now."

Robin picked up her purse and followed the young nurse to the back, where the main consultation office was located. The doctor was seated behind a large, cherry-wood desk and he waved Robin in while signaling for the nurse to leave.

"Robin, nice to see you again!" he said, not getting up. "You may have a seat."

Robin sat down, taking the opportunity to scratch her itchy back against the hard leather of the chair. The action was habitual by this point.

"Robin, we ran blood tests, skin tests, allergy tests... everything. We threw the book at this problem. I want you to know we do have some good news, but it's tricky." Though of Spanish origin, Dr. Guillermo carried a thick Italian accent, having spent most of his youth and there. He'd moved to America during university for an internship and never left.

Robin was thrilled to hear there was good news coming and let out a sigh of relief, yet it appeared the doctor was holding back. She sensed a degree of hesitation in his voice. "So does that mean there is a cure?"

"Oh yes, of that I'm confident!" exclaimed the doctor, smiling back while Robin let out another deep sigh. "Your cure will happen, but it will take effort on your part."

As he spoke, the doctor looked Robin up and down. At 32, she really was a "knock-out" in every sense of the term. Well, at least when her skin wasn't so irritated. She had full and firm breasts, a thin waist, a flat stomach, nice curves at the hips and a striking face. She could best be described as sharp in features, but soft in appearance. Perhaps having no children helped to explain the longevity of her youthful figure. Staying active, while wearing the right kinds of sports bras had probably helped, too. It seemed gravity had a lot of work in store before showing any signs of taking its toll.

Dr. Guillermo stood up, walked to the front edge of his desk and propped against it. "Robin, you have a condition known as Desparo's Disease.".

"Excuse me? What disease?" asked Robin. She didn't like the term "disease" being thrown around.

"Desparo's Disease," the doctor reiterated. "Desparo was a mythical Mayan god. It's where the name derives from, is all. The legend is he could not wear clothes, for any fabric would burn his skin. He'd been cursed at birth."

"Uh... tell me how a mythical god's ailments would affect me?"

"Oh, it's only where the name of the disease comes from. The story isn't actually true, of course, but you do have a skin disorder similar to his legend. It's a rare disease you were actually born with... the result of an unusual gene mutation. The good news is this disease causes nothing more than what you're currently experiencing. It is not fatal in nature.

"In fact, even though some people with this gene mutation have the disease, it often isn't as bad as your particular case. Many people don't manifest symptoms of it until well into their 50s or 60s. Some never show any ill effects at all. Robin, I'm afraid you're just one of the unlucky ones."

"What exactly do you mean, doctor?" asked Robin. "Will I have to take some medication or go through a surgery or something?"

"Unfortunately, there is no one-time, permanent solution."

"I thought you said I could be cured."

"Allow me to clarify. It's not so much a cure, but rather a treatment. You see, your skin, like the legend Desparo, reacts badly to fabric. Think of it as an allergy to any kind of fabric, really."

"What? You must be joking."

"Unfortunately, I am not. At best, one-hundred percent cotton fabrics may be the least irritating material for you. Even still, prolonged contact with any fabric will likely cause swelling, redness, itchiness... everything you've been experiencing for some time now."

"But, doctor. It started just all of a sudden, just a few months ago. Certainly..."

The doctor cut her off. "As I said, Miss McGhee, it just comes up when it comes up. You've had this gene mutation since the day you were born. Perhaps the symptoms are triggered by some biological event or an immune system deficiency. We really don't know for sure. I will say it's rare to show up in one so young, but it's not unheard of. About one in seventy million are afflicted like you are. Being so rare, it's why it took as all this time to discover the source of your problem. We ruled out everything else first, believe me."

"Well, if no medicine exists for this, how can you cure ... uh, I mean, treat me?" Robin, incredulous, leaned further back in the chair. She was visibly upset at there not being a pill or a shot that would resolve the issue.

"Robin, if you want to be free of the rash completely, we are going to have to determine just how sensitive your skin is to fabric. Specifically, pure cotton fabric, as that will be the only material you should wear from this point forward. I am very sorry if you favor others."

Robin was currently wearing a polyester and cotton mix blouse. Not exactly silky and fancy, but certainly not as casual as most full-cotton garments.

"Unbleached denim will be okay, as it's made from cotton," continued the doctor. "Any other cotton shorts, pants or skirts. But I'll warn you, once you're cleared up, rash-free, I highly recommend you wear as little as possible, even when you do wear clothing. Keep contact with the skin to a minimum."

"What do you mean when I wear clothing?" asked Robin.

"Robin, in order to clear the rash, you will have to stop wearing clothes entirely for a period of time. In the advanced state like it is now, it might take at least four or five days for your skin to clear up. That is, with the help of some prescription topical medicine we will provide. It's a cream that helps speed the healing of the rash along significantly. Otherwise, it would probably take two weeks or more to heal up. And again, that's only on the condition you leave your skin free from touching fabrics."

Robin paused, letting this sink in. Finally, she asked. "So there is a medicine, though? You said so."

"Only to treat the rash, not the disease. It's a cream." said Dr. Guillermo. "And you must follow the application precisely or it could actually make a flare-up even worse. You see, this cream raises your pH balance dramatically. It serves as a catalyst to the healing. If you don't apply it routinely, any sharp drops in your pH level could aggravate the situation significantly. Do not fail to apply every four hours until the rash is completely gone."

The doctor reached behind him and handed Robin a very large, brown tube. Other than some simple text printed on it, there were no fancy graphics. Definitely pharmaceutical prescription, rather than over-the-counter.

"So I need to apply every day, every four hours?"

"Exactly. From morning until night, and until the rash is completely gone. Don't wear clothes and apply the cream into your skin liberally. Once cleared up, if a rash begins to develop, begin using the cream on it immediately. When used early in a break-out, it can work in a matter of hours, rather than days. That's powerful stuff you got there in your hands."

"So how am I supposed to work if I can't wear clothes?" asked Robin.

Robin lived alone in her own home, so prancing around naked there was doable. However, being a television anchor posed a major problem. She was WQTV's best asset and she explained this to the doctor. Their evening ratings were dwarfed in comparison to the major networks, but it was the highest rated program among all the local cable channels.

"Obviously, we'll have to inform your bosses that you need a two or three-week medical leave starting immediately. During this this, we will get your skin cleared up, and hopefully have enough time to discover how long you can tolerate wearing fabric each day without having flare-ups.

"For now, if you don't want a rash, you're going to have to get accustomed to living in the nude, I'm sorry to say. Not to mention, even when you sleep, laying on your sheets could prove an issue. Try not to sleep for more than six or seven hours for the time being. Sitting down for prolonged periods will also be an issue. Thankfully, you're in terrific shape and should be able to manage being on your feet all day. Might take some getting used to, though. Your life is going to change, Ms. McGhee. Dramatically for a temporary period, but with good behaviors moving forward, it will hopefully only be a minimal nuisance."

Robin didn't like what she was hearing and was wondering if she needed a second opinion. "Are you sure there isn't anything else we can do?" she asked. This whole situation sounded terrible to her!

The doctor got up from his desk and gave Robin a long stare. "We need to show you how to apply the cream properly, Ms. McGhee. You may also need help getting it coated on your back. Allow me to call the nurse in. You may remove your clothes once she arrives."

The doctor stepped out of the room and Robin sat motionless, stunned thinking this terrible news over in her head. For a brief moment, her mind was so overwhelmed she'd forgotten how itchy her skin felt. If anything, it would be nice to get over this. It had been too many months of agony. A moment later, the doctor and escorted the young nurse from the front desk into the room.

"Ms. McGhee. Please, stand up and remove your clothes."

Robin stood up and reluctantly began stripping. She didn't like showing off her inflamed skin to others, but had already done it once before in front of him, when first being examined a couple weeks ago. He was a doctor, she thought, and surely he was used to this. A minute later, she stood before the doctor and nurse stark naked. If her body hadn't been so blotchy and irritated, it would have been a wondrous sight to behold, not that it was all that bad even with the skin condition.

"Go ahead and put a healthy amount of cream in your hands," said the doctor, handing the tube to Robin. "It is vitally important you don't miss an inch. Again, apply liberally and we'll see where you have the most trouble putting it on."

Robin was quite flexible. After spreading the cream all on her front side, she reached behind and managed to get all but the upper-middle portion of her back. It took her about five minutes to cover her body entirely, and secretly, both the doctor and the nurse very much enjoyed watching her actions. He may have been a doctor, but Peter Guillermo still appreciated the sight of a beautiful figure. Watching Robin rub the thick cream into her firm fleshy mounds almost caused an erection. He was barely able to maintain professionalism, yet he needed to be sure she did exactly as instructed.

Dr. Guillermo erred on the side of safety and allowed the nurse to apply the cream on the one remaining area of Robin's back that Robin herself could not reach, just above her bra line.

"You may want a family member or friend do this for you. Absolutely no irritated area should go untouched. Understood?"

Robin nodded meekly at the doctor, but couldn't imagine asking her brother to help rub this into her skin, and he was the only family around. She didn't have a boyfriend.

The nurse spoke up. "You can probably get an applicator for your back. Like the ones used for baths."

"Grand idea, Shelly," said the doctor. "In the meantime, Robin, you're going to have to stay naked until you are all cleared up. Sleep on pure, cotton fabric and no more than seven hours at a time. Less, if possible. Outside of that, keep away from any fabrics touching your skin, until you are completely healed. Afterwards, we'll experiment with allowing you to wear clothes for a few hours each day and getting more sleep, monitoring closely."

Robin's mind was exploding. Here she was, buck naked in front of her doctor and his nurse, being told she wouldn't get to wear clothes like anyone else on the planet. It was completely unfair!

"Ms. McGhee, did you drive yourself here today?" asked Dr. Guillermo.

Robin nodded. Did they really expect her to drive home naked? Were they crazy?

"Give Shelly your keys. I'll have her pull your car behind the building. You can make your way out unnoticed. Put your shoes on and you can throw the rest of your clothes in here." The doctor handed Robin a large plastic bag he procured from one of the cabinets.

Flustered, Robin did as she was told without protest and found herself driving the eleven miles home stark naked, bewildered she was in this position. Just before she'd left, Dr. Guillermo hastily handed Robin some reading materials regarding Desparo's Disease that he'd printed. He also gave her a doctor's note explaining her condition which was to be kept on her person at all times should she need to explain her nudity to anyone. Especially, if God forbid, a police officer pulled her over. The doctor promised he would call WQTV and explain the situation to her boss, Dan Freeman. Not that she'd be working there much longer, thought Robin, as she drove home in her daze, afraid of what the future held.

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Robin tried not to think about how humiliating it had been riding in the buff all the way home. Traffic was heavy and more than a few people caught glimpses of her nudity. One man even made lewd gestures at her and Robin did her best to cover herself with her arms.

Once parked in her drive, she ran into the house at full speed, hoping no neighbors were looking out the windows. Fortunately, she lived in a modest, middle-class home, rather than an apartment complex and it was a relatively quiet neighborhood.

Four hours later, as Robin stood in the kitchen applying her second application of the cream, there was a knock on the door and a turn of the handle. In Robin's haste, she'd forgotten to lock the door.

"Hey, Robin," yelled a voice. With only a hallway between the foyer and the kitchen, Robin clearly made it out to be Jonathon, her brother.

'Oh, damn it!' thought Robin. 'It's Tuesday night!'

Jon came over every Tuesday to visit and watch movies. It was their way of staying close, even though they'd both been out of their parents' home for some years now.

"Jon, stay in there! Or go to the living room!" screamed Robin. "I'm in the kitchen and will be a minute!"

"Well, why can't I come in there?" asked Jon.

Before Robin could respond, Jon stepped into the room.

"Oh my God, Jon! I said go to the living room!" This time Robin yelled even louder.

"What in hell are you doing?" And it was then that Jon caught the obvious sight of his sister's irritated skin condition. "Oh, Robin, what happened?"

Robin, realizing she wouldn't be able to hide from this forever and quickly explained the situation, making little attempt to cover herself while her brother looked on at her blotchy skin. She was comforted knowing he was expressing true concern, though.

"Robin, I am so sorry, that's just terrible. I wonder if I should get checked. But... uh... well, look, if you don't want me around, I understand."

"I don't guess it matters, Jon. If it did, it would probably mean I wouldn't see you that much, if ever. If the hours out of my day I can wear clothing are so limited, I may as well reserve that for when I'm only out of the house. Besides, you're my brother. If the roles were reversed, I'd understand and I wouldn't make you feel bad about it. I know you understand."

"That's right, sis," said Jon. "Don't worry about it. I'll even help as much I can. If you need me to run errands for you, whatever."

"Thanks, Jon. I really appreciate it."

"For now, just take a couple weeks and clear that misery up," said Jon. "You must be anxious to be rid of all that rash. I'll do the grocery shopping and drop by each night to make sure you don't need anything."

"You don't have to do that," said Robin.

"Eh, don't worry about it."

Jon opened the refrigerator and grabbed a beer. Though he remained calm and supportive, he had to admit he certainly didn't mind seeing his sister naked. It didn't necessarily turn him on in a twisted, incestuous way, but she was an attractive woman. With those beautiful curves and long legs, she was eye candy to anyone. Nevertheless, he had no intention of mentioning that to her, being her brother.

With the exception of Robin standing naked for the entire visit, the rest of the night went like any other she and Jon shared together, enjoying a movie and cracking jokes. In the dim light of the TV, Jon couldn't make out too much of Robin's rash problem, but somewhere in the back of his mind, he was thinking how much more he was going to enjoy their time together in the future.

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Dan Freeman wasn't thrilled about how things had been going at WQTV over the past two weeks. With Robin off for medical leave, he'd had to fill in her slot with Theresa Dempsey. Theresa was a pretty girl, thin and young, but too inexperienced to hold an audience's attention like Robin.

Dan had been made aware of Robin's condition, from several talks he'd had with her over the phone, as well as a personal call from her doctor. Dan had been forgiving of her unique problem, but with ratings dropping fast, if he didn't get her back in the anchor's chair soon, he'd have to find a permanent replacement; someone more capable than Theresa.

Just then, Margaret Pennywise, Dan's personal assistant of over six years, walked into the office. Margaret was nearing fifty, but held it together for a woman her age. With her confident swagger and well-defined physique earned by hours spent every day at the gym, she could have passed for someone fifteen years younger.

"Robin's on her way," said Margaret, handing Dan a thick stack of papers. "Here are the ratings results from last week... and a list of advertisers who've bailed on us since the report came out."

Word was already spreading. That's the last thing Dan wanted to hear. He was relieved Robin was stopping by the office today.

"She'd better be ready by Monday," he muttered to Margaret, as his secretary began heading out of the office. Monday was four days away; the date Robin and he had agreed to have her return.

"Oh, I think she planned on coming in for tonight's broadcast, actually. She says she's cleared up and ready to get back to work."

Margaret, just like everyone else at the station, was aware of Robin's problem.

"No kidding!" sighed Dan. "Thank heavens! Make sure her dressing room has everything she needs. Make her happy!"

Margaret left the room and Dan leaned back in his chair. If things didn't change soon, he'd be answering to the board and he didn't want it to go that far. He was thrilled Robin was getting back in front of the camera.

Twenty minutes later, nearing five o'clock, Margaret opened the door to Dan's office, escorting Robin inside. Robin pushed her way through, thanked Marge, pushing the secretary back out of the room and closing the door behind her.

"It's great to see you, Robin!" exclaimed Dan. "Back in tip-top shape?"

"I hope so," she said. Robin was draped in a grey overcoat, rather unusual for the warm weather. "Look, Dan, I have to get out of this immediately. For the time being, the doctor recommended no more than two or three hours that my skin should be in contact with fabric, other than when I am sleeping."

Dan, knowing full well of Robin's condition, still had a hard time wrapping his head around it. Was she really prohibited from wearing clothes? Anything? He planned on asking her more in depth questions once they had a spare moment, but with Robin due in the anchor's chair by 5:30, he doubted they had time to discuss it just now.

Robin peeled off the overcoat and finally plopped down into one of the chairs opposite Dan's desk. Dan nearly swallowed his toothpick, a crutch he'd had ever since quitting smoking almost a decade ago.

All Robin had on was a tiny, white G-string and a thin, white cotton tube-top that wrapped around her formidable breasts, just wide enough to cover the nipples. She was almost as good as naked.

"My god, Robin! Is that what you have to wear these days?"

"Less. Usually," said Robin, sounding a bit exasperated. "But I'm getting used to it. Look, I won't be wearing this in the office or on the air. I'll dress as formally as usual when in front of the camera, but please understand I won't be able to put long hours in public like I used to."

As Robin spoke, she leaned forward on Dan's desk. The tube-top, not quite positioned perfectly, began to slip and her right breast came spilling out into view, exposing a light, puffy nipple. She quickly pulled the tube-top back in place.

"Yeah, I'm still not quite used to this," she said, ensuring the adjustment covered her areola completely.

"Jesus, Robin. Don't get me wrong. You're a treat on the eyes, but I can't have you prancing around like that all the time."

"Uh, I appreciate the compliment, Dan, and yeah, you're right. I can't be prancing around like this. Still, we'll have to work something out."

Truth be told, Robin was very comfortable around Dan. They'd been working together since the day she started and though she knew she was hired for her pleasant appearance in front of the camera, Dan never once acted inappropriately around her, when plenty of other staff members had. She was ogled constantly by the crews. Dan was the consummate professional. Still, Robin wasn't comfortable with the idea of being naked (or close to it) around anyone else at WQTV.

"Well, tell me you're going to be dressed for this evening's newscast!"

"Absolutely, Dan, I already explained that." said Robin. "I'm going to head to the dressing room now, but once tonight's broadcast is over, I'm out. I don't want to push it. Last thing I need is another rash breaking out."

"Alright," said Dan, shaking his head. "We'll figure out more of the details later. You go get ready."

That night's broadcast went off without a hitch and just as the segment ended, Robin dashed to the dressing room to peel off her clothing. She was so happy her rash had finally disappeared and so far, when she felt one coming on, applying the cream early diverted the breakouts. Still, Robin knew wearing nothing at all was the best solution and she'd developed a habit of preferring to stay naked than dressed, in a very short span of time. It almost felt weird putting clothes on at this point. Once she was out of the tight-fitting clothes she'd worn for the broadcast, Robin threw on her overcoat, quickly told everyone at the station she was leaving and zipped out. Dan never got the opportunity to ask more questions about her condition.

Robin continued to perform her job duties in this fashion every day for the following month. She'd rush in just before air time, and zoom out just as quickly when it was over. It began to show in her presentation, too. Not being familiar with the stories, not knowing any new program changes. It was frustrating Dan and he finally brought it to Robin's attention as she was just about to leave following her latest broadcast.

"Look, you're going to have to be here for the work, Robin. You need to be briefed on these stories, participate in the meetings and do the job we hired you to do, disease or no disease. You are more than just a teleprompter."

"Well, what do you expect me to do? Go naked everywhere? I can't wear clothes for more than a few hours a day without it causing problems! You don't understand. The doctors and I are trying everything and closely monitoring my activity. If I touch fabric more than nine or ten hours a day total, and this includes my sleep time, my skin gets irritated and starts developing those terrible rashes. They're unbearable, Dan!"

"That's not my fault, but you are going to have to do whatever it takes. Personally, I don't care if you work naked, just so long as you get the work back up to a satisfactory condition!"

"As if that wouldn't be breaking the dress code, Dan." Robin crossed her arms, scowling.

"Oh, come on, Robin. You know damn well we support the Disabilities Act at WQTV. We've had to make accommodations for others before you, you know."

Robin was fuming, yet she knew Dan would never be telling her to go naked to suit some perverse fantasy of his. He was just being pragmatic. And now he was flat-out telling her that either she put up with having rashes, go naked or get out.

Finally, Robin screamed, "Fine!" and began stripping off all her clothes right there. A couple of the stage hands heard the commotion and peeked in the door to see what was happening.

Robin was stark naked in seconds. Blemish free, too, thanks to the good practices she had picked up over the past two months. She stood no more than a foot in front of Dan. She was also well aware of the two men gawking at her from the door, too. Her slender 5' 8" figure and impressive breasts had everyone speechless.

"This is what ya want? This is what you get!"

Robin turned around and marched straight to the other offices in the building.

"Post-show meeting still a thing, right?" she asked, as she reached the door. "Conference room?"

Dan, coming to his senses, cleared his throat and shouted, "I'll be there in five minutes!"

By the time Dan got to that meeting, the six other people in the room were all sitting down except for Robin, who was standing to avoid having her skin touch the fabric of the chairs. All eyes were of course fixed on her and she was rapidly firing answers to their questions. Frankly, she stunned she was willingly standing naked before them. Even Theresa and Margaret were impressed by Robin's natural beauty. The men, however, likely appreciated it more and the youngest, James Lockheart, struggled to hide a developing erection. Robin pretended not to notice, but considering he sat closest to where she was standing, it wasn't easy.

Barging in, Dan immediately took control of the conversation. "So now you see how it's going to be with Robin, get over it. I expect everyone to be professional about this. I also do not want this getting out to the public. It's very brave for Robin to continue working, considering her condition. She will appear clothed in all newscasts and interviews, and behind the scenes we will respect her, understand her struggle, and I better not hear one word about any harassment or inappropriate comments. Is that clear?"

Everyone agreed without objection. Some in the room felt sorry for Robin, though a few others mistakenly assumed anyone so gorgeous wouldn't mind being seen naked. As Dan continued to speak for Robin, James, Dennis and Marshall never took their eyes off of her, especially pausing for long periods at her tits. Robin wanted to say something, as she noticed their stares, but found the subject too uncomfortable to broach.

In fact, in Robin's humility, she found herself beginning to get aroused. A tingling sensation brushed over her body and her clit began throbbing, as if in anticipation of something. The more the men and women in the room paused to look at her, the more intense she felt this rush, like riding the edge of an orgasmic wave.

She didn't (couldn't) contribute much to the meeting and jetted out the moment it ended. Dan wanted to stop her, but relented thinking better not to push it. It was good she'd finally put in some effort, he thought.

Robin slammed the door of the dressing room behind her locking it, before sliding down to the floor and rubbing two fingers against her clit. Her other hand grabbed her left breast, gently squeezing, as she now sprawled out on the floor. Her pussy soaked her fingers as she quickly erupted in a near-spiritual orgasm. A moment later, sweaty and exhausted, she finally managed to get to her feet just as her cell phone rang. It was Doctor Guillermo on the caller ID. She immediately picked up.

"Robin, I am so glad you answered."

"Yes, doctor?"

"Look, we just got word back from the pharmaceutical company regarding the cream you have been using."

Immediately, Robin's mind jumped to terrifying thoughts, such as cancer-causing properties being in it.

The doctor continued. "It appears there has been an unusual side effect or two being reported. I think it fair that you know."

"Well, is it safe?" asked Robin, wishing he'd hurry up and get to the point.

"Oh, yes, yes. Just that apparently because of the hormones in the cream, some women are experiencing unnaturally high levels of uh... erm... arousal. That is to say, they claim to be irrationally horny."

Robin almost wanted to laugh. This explained so much!

"So what do we do? A different cream?" asked Robin.

"Oh no, I'm afraid there isn't one. No others have proven to be as effective against your particular brand of rash. Nothing even comes close. They are working on seeing if they can neutralize or minimize this side-effect, but testing has just begun on that."

"So no cream, then?"

"That's up to you, my dear," said the doctor. "I wouldn't recommend that you stop using it, especially if you feel a rash coming on or begin to get itchy skin. You just need to be aware of the issue."

"Well, okay," said Robin, while quietly digging her fingers inside her. "I'll keep that in mind."

Robin hung up and thought this out. So standing naked in a room full of people made her horny... or perhaps it was the cream that got her horny, and the situation she was in only magnified the issue of her arousal. Either way, now she knew that during times she was using the cream, as she had earlier that morning, she probably needed to keep socializing to a minimum. Regardless, right now she knew she needed relief again. She propped one leg against a chair and worked fast to once again feel the rush of an orgasm envelope her body.

'Why me?' she asked herself, as she brushed herself off and headed back to her office.

It was two weeks later when Robin finally confronted Dan head on.

"I am getting horny all the time, Dan. This isn't fair! You don't understand. It is unreasonable to ask me to stand naked in front of everyone, all day, every day and not expect me to experience a reaction. As a result of this disease and the treatment it entails, I can't even lie down and masturbate, because it irritates my skin. I have to do it standing up. I think I should take permanent leave and receive worker's compensation. I've been with you for almost ten years. I deserve this!"

"Robin, if you need to get off, then get off. We don't care. Fuck yourself all you want. Just perform your job, too. There's no reason you shouldn't be able to both work and manage your horniness throughout the day!"

"You can NOT expect me to masturbate at work to ebb my horniness, Dan!"

"And why not? The whole point of the Disabilities Act is to allow those with handicaps to work just like the rest of us. If climaxing is the only way for you to focus on work, due to your unique condition, I see no reason to keep you from doing it."

Robin scanned the desk and picked up her hair brush she'd used earlier, before that evening's newscast. She crammed the handle end as far as it would go into her pussy. "Is this what you want, Dan? You want me to humiliate myself like this?"

Robin began pumping it hard, getting excited at the thought of her boss watching her succumb to her condition, even though she was also revolted by the action. She knew it was the cream that compelled her to act out. She really was insatiably horny many times throughout the day. Yet in her mind, she also recognized how humiliating her situation really was. Apparently, not enough to supersede the need to orgasm.

Just then, Theresa bounced in and almost choked on her tongue at the scene. "Oh my God!" she screamed.

Dan rushed to explain the situation to the surprised staffer as Robin, now giving up on thinking of the humiliation, just kept pounding the brush inside her, feeling that wave of climax grow inside her.

"You have to be kidding me, Dan," said Theresa after she finally understood the gist of Robin's problem. Theresa turned, looking at her. "So you HAVE to get off throughout the day?"

"Something like that," said Robin, looking up at Theresa as she continued driving the hairbrush inside herself.

"How can you even do that and work at the same time?"

"I don't know. I'll have to figure it out." Her voice cracked as her first orgasm erupted, sending her body shaking.

"Well, that was quick," said Dan.

Robin held up a finger while still pumping with the other hand, before again caving into the rush of another climax. Theresa snickered and whispered, "Nice one, girl."

Finally, Robin was able to compose herself, carefully removing the brush, unsure whether to hold it or place it back on the dresser.

"Feel better?" asked Dan.

"Much," she said quietly.

"This place is getting weird," said Theresa, turning to leave, but just before she was exiting she paused and looked back at Dan. "Hey bosss it's one thing to allow an employee to work naked, but another to masturbate in public. It might make some of us.... react in some ways."

"I expect professionalism," he said, flatly. "Always."

"I know that, but damn, man, that was hot! You have to admit it. You didn't get hard watching that?"

Robin blushed deeply from the shocking comments and Dan wanted to scold Theresa for being so bold, but the truth was that his cock had nearly achieved a full, involuntary erection and it was still in that state. Dan had been careful not to draw attention to his crotch, yet now both girls were now looking right at it and his condition was obvious to them.

"Uh... look... you know what I mean... I expect professionalism."

Theresa winked at Robin. "Oh, I think we can keep it professional, boss. Since now I understand the scope of Robin's problem, I believe I may have a perfect solution."

"What do you mean?" asked Robin.

"Well, truth is," said Theresa. "My boyfriend and I are pretty kinky. I just so happen to have something that I think will be appropriate for you, that will help you with your condition. Certainly better than that hairbrush, anyway." Theresa looked over at Dan. "And it's professional, I promise!"

Robin had no idea what Theresa was talking, but she soon discovered when she arrived at work the following day. As usual, Robin pulled off her overcoat the moment she walked into the lobby. She was absolutely accustomed to being naked in front of everyone, so this had become a recent habit. Robin was also aware that the medicine cream kind of egged on the exhibitionist side to her. She may have been slightly embarrassed, but she secretly loved the attention.

Robin's jaw dropped to the floor when she opened the door to her office. Inside was a very unique object setting on the floor. It looked like a small gym horse, one used by acrobats. A power cord came out the back or it, while a long cord came out the side ending at a remote with a couple of buttons and dials.

In the middle of the horse, rising out the top, was a long pole that was perhaps two and half feet high. At the end attached a very healthy-sized dildo, maybe ten inches in length and with enough girth to make any woman blush.

It then hit Robin. This was the item Theresa was referring to. Using a dildo or vibrator that worked while one was standing would make things a lot easier for Robin. It was tough work masturbating standing up, truth be told, but sitting in a chair or lying on a couch with fabric touching her skin made it necessary.

It really was a thoughtful solution and Robin thought to thank Theresa for the gesture. That was, until Robin really understood the scope of what was happening, as an hour later she found herself in a pre-shoot meeting. Robin was standing in the front of the room with the machine pounding into her vagina. As fast as it was, it was at least quiet, but Robin made plenty of involuntary grunts and groans as she continued to have her pussy worked by the machine.

"I know what you're all thinking," Robin said, her voice quivering yet she still managed to hold it together. "I know this is awkward, but I will be able to participate in these meetings. Thank you for understanding."

Robin the squealed as an orgasm hit her, sending juice flying. Most hit the floor, but a bit landed on the edge of the table. Theresa, being closest, leaned over and took a rather long, silent look at it. Finally, she turned to look at Robin again who still had the machine pumping inside her, even if she had just climaxed. Her breasts were lightly bouncing up and down, forced by the motion of the fast-pumping dildo.

"Robin, if it means anything, I'd give anything to trade places with you, rash or no rash. Best disability ever."

The room erupted in laughter. To think, just weeks ago Robin thought she had a problem that might end her career. She overcame it just fine.