**The Joys of an Empty Office**

by[Tlerone](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4448173&page=submissions)©

Of all the things Diane expected to greet her when she arrived at her desk this morning, the sight of Emma Collins, her co-worker perched there with a more than devious grin on her face was not high on that list.

Not than Diane disliked Emma, they got on well enough and were both accomplished in their own regard for the work they do. But Emma always seemed to have a disliking for her, what with dirty looks when she thought she wasn't looking or offhand comments when she thought she wasn't listening. So Diane was more than a little cautious when approaching the petite brunette, removing her black hooded jacket and placing it on the back of her chair.

"Hey Emma, didn't get the memo about social distancing huh? Diane asked, trying her best to keep her tone light-hearted and jokey, but the look Emma was giving her was unnerving to say the least. Their staff the past few weeks had really dwindled to probably about 20 people between the five-story office block their company inhabited. And on the fourth floor Diane, Emma and another of their co-workers were the only ones keeping their department afloat. So there was really no reason for Emma to be as close as she was.

"Oh I did Diane," There was something off with Emma's tone of voice, but Diane tried her best to ignore it, "But it's just us girls here, and besides I was just wondering if you had got the memo about the dress code?" Emma finished her sentence by raising her eyebrow, a sly smile making its way onto her lips.

"Dress code?" Diane was genuinely confused. Their office's dress code was practically non-existent. Diane was wearing her typical high waisted black pants, and a long-sleeved black top. Her black sneakers with a flame pattern on them that finished off her gothic attire were maybe a little unprofessional, but far from the worst she's ever seen in the office (seriously, David in accounting showed up in his boxers and dressing gown one day and didn't even get a verbal warning), and by all accounts she wasn't dressed any differently from any other day.

"Yeah Diane, I'm seeing a lot of violations right here." Emma stood up from where she was perched on the desk, coming face to face with the goth girl, eyeing her up and down. Diane only stood around 5'5 but Emma at a petite 5'3 was dwarfed even by her, though somehow Emma managed to look intimidating. Looking at Emma, she seemed to be wearing the same plaid shirt and worn jeans Diane saw her in every day as well, showing no evidence of any sort of drastic change to the dress code.

"What are you talking about, I'm dressed the same way I do every day? No one from management is even here, when could they possibly have changed this?" Diane was trying her best to remain calm, but the grin spreading across Emma's face was filling her with dread. Was she just messing with her? Was this some sort of build up to a joke at her expense? Emma had never been so forward with insulting her before.

"Well you see Diane..." Emma finally backed away from her, walking around their bank of desks to her own, her stride indicating to Diane that bad things were in store for her, "With all the managers off sick or isolating, I've been given a temporary promotion, overseeing things and making sure the workers we have left are doing their jobs."

That didn't really surprise the goth beauty, their company regularly temporarily promoted staff members to manager for a day or two to keep things running smoothly when managers were absent, and it doubled to give the employees a bit of perspective of what managers had to deal with. And Emma was a good employee, so it wasn't so far out of the realm of possibility that they'd give it to her, especially since their floor which usually seated up to 30 only had a tenth of that in these days.

"And as my first official act of temporary manager, I've decided to make a change to the dress code," Emma accentuated her decree by pointing to a new sign, freshly laminated hanging on the office wall behind their bank of desks. From where Diane was all she could make out was thick bold lettering (In comic sans! The hell was Emma smoking?) stating DRESS CODE, with smaller writing underneath, "And you seem to be violating it."

"Very funny Emma, but fine I'll play your dumb game, how exactly am I violating the dress code?" Diane wasn't usually so crude, especially with Emma, but the brunette was clearly just trying to be mean to the raven-haired goth, and Diane wasn't having it as she approached Emma, starting to read the laminated sign.

DRESS CODE

* All employees must follow the previous dress code guidelines
* The only exception being if your name is Diane Brown
* In this case, all articles of clothing can be counted as a dress code violation
* Failure to comply with the dress code can result in punishment at managers discretion

Diane blinked, opening and closing her mouth, words escaping her, her beautiful milky white skin beginning to turn pink around the ears, a blush beginning to inhabit her usually pale cheeks. Emma couldn't really be serious about this, could she? Sure, they had their differences, but this was going a little far, even as a joke. But looking back towards the brunette confirmed to her, that she was not in a joking mood.

"I'm serious, it's been updated into the work code of conduct." Emma smirked, coming to stand face to face with Diane, the goth's arms wrapping around herself as Emma did her best to intimidate her co-worker.

"So... Uh... I guess I should go home and change?" Diane laughed nervously, backing away from the brunette, tugging at her collar. Emma was really starting to freak her out, and Diane was willing to play along for the time being if it meant not pissing off the shorter brunette anymore. Emma clearly had more of a grudge against her than first thought.

"Change into what exactly Diane? I don't think you read the dress code closely enough..." Emma stated with her same sing-song tone of voice she'd been using since Diane got in, "ALL articles of clothing can be counted as a dress code violation." Emma repeated, pointing towards the sign on the wall, turning back to Diane, eyebrow raised.

Diane's cheeks grew red as Emma confirmed her thoughts. She thought that's what Emma meant but she was holding out hope that she was just kidding her. Though the expression on Emma's face told the goth beauty that she was not in fact messing with her. "So... so what should I..."

"Strip." The words came out of Emma's mouth as if it was nothing out of the ordinary, business as usual, "Unless you want a week's suspension for violating the company's dress code."

Diane was lost for words. Emma had just told her to strip off her clothes, get naked right here in the middle of their office. Sure they were the only two on the current floor, but another co-worker was due in soon, and there were people on other floors!

"R...right here?" Diane asked nervously.

"What, you wanna strip in the bathroom? You're going to be out here naked regardless." Emma replied snarkily, rolling her eyes at the younger girl's pitiful attempt at delaying this. She could see Diane looking around nervously, arms crossed over her bust, biting her plump lips.

"Oh fine, for the love of God, but we're going now!" Emma snapped, deciding to humor the younger woman.

Diane was surprised at Emma's action of pity, but didn't have time to dwell on it too long as she felt Emma violently tugging he arm towards the double doors at the end of the office, leading out to the elevator lobby and bathrooms. Diane tried to protest and pull her arm away, but Emma was strong, especially for someone as petite as she was. Emma dragged Diane all the way into women's bathroom, the two of them realising that they're no longer alone.

"Oh, hi girls! Fancy seeing you two here." The last of the three employees left on that floor greeted her co-workers cheerily, rinsing off her hands in the sink "Sorry for being a little late, can never be too careful with washing your hands these days!"

"Don't worry about it Helen, Diane was just rectifying her violations of the dress code..." Emma finally let go of Diane's arm, staring down the goth expectantly. Diane's heart was thumping in her chest, now Helen was here too and that made her even more nervous.

"Oh I heard about that! What are the chances that you happened to be named Diane Brown?"

Diane... didn't know if Helen was joking or not... and seriously, had the updated dress code been emailed out or something?

"Emma, can't we talk abou..."

"No Diane, you're not getting out of this, do you want to be suspended!" Diane shook her head quickly at Emma's words, her face growing redder, "Then strip, before the offending items are forcibly removed."

Diane practically squeaked at that threat, hurriedly kicking off her flame pattern sneakers. Stripping was bad enough but being stripped? Just the thought gave her butterflies in her tummy. Diane rolled her socks off her feet, stuffing them into her shoes, before looking back up to Emma who had a wicked grin on her face as she watched the goth, and Helen who was drying off her hands.

"Pants next, then the top."

Diane froze at the shorter brunette's orders. She was making a real show out of this, and it, making the pale girl's face blush even deeper. With wobbly hands she reached for her high waisted pants, her thumbs hooking in the waistband of the soft material, as Diane took a deep breath, her hands sliding the pants down her legs, as pale milky white as her face (had she not been blushing furiously), exposing a pair of black and white Jack Skellington panties. She heard a chuckle from Emma before her pants continued their decent, pooling at her ankles, the goth stepping out of them completely, and looking back up at her temporary boss/tormentor, eyes pleading for some sort of mercy. Only for the brunette to make a keep going motion with her hand, sealing Diane to her embarrassing fate.

"Well, I'm gonna go get started on some files, see you girls in there!" Helen had finished washing and drying her hands, making her way towards the bathroom door. Helen hadn't seemed to be paying attention to Diane this entire time, something the raven-haired goth was insanely thankful for, but still having one less person looking at her while she was stripping was sure to make it easier for her. Emma turned to her co-worker, innocence (very poorly) faked on her face.

"Oh, but Helen I need someone here with me to help supervise. Code of conduct dictates there must be an impartial third-party present when correcting workplace violations." Emma seemed to say that too confidently for Diane's liking. Helen turned back, blonde ponytail whipping around, her face clearly in thought.

A few seconds passed before she finally came out with "You're right, section 4, subsection 14. Sorry Diane..."

Diane let out the breath she hadn't realised she was holding. Helen's disturbingly astute attention to detail on the code of conduct answered her question on how she already knew about the dress code change, but Diane was still mortified that she was about to be completely in her underwear in front of two of her co-workers. Reaching for the hem of her top, she slowly pulled it up, exposing her midriff before coming to the bottom of her breasts. Rather embarrassingly, she had to pull the top forward slightly to get it past her bra, her ample breasts coming into view beneath a matching black and white bra, pulling her top over her head, dropping it down on the floor.

"What are you thinking with these ridiculous things..." Emma was muttering, the half-naked Diane looking up to see Emma had grabbed her shoes from the floor, looking at the flame pattern on the side, "Oh don't stop on my account. Panties next, I want to save those jugs for last."

Diane swallowed stiffly, barely hearing Helens retort of "Don't be so crude Emma." As her hands rubbed her trembling legs. Taking off her underwear? That was all too much. Every area of her body was heating up at the thought.

"Emma can't I just..."

"Diane, one more word and your underwear's getting ripped off!"

Diane frantically whimpered out 'ok ok ok!', hooking her thumbs in the waistband of her panties, jaw clenched and her entire body shaking slightly, in one swift motion, pulling her underwear down her legs, raising one leg, then the other to step out of them, holding the little piece of cotton over her now exposed pussy, eyes shut tightly as her face absolutely burned with shame. It was only when the goth heard Emma clear her throat, looking expectantly at where her hands were over her crotch, that Diane finally dropped her panties on top of the rest of her clothes.

"Huh, wouldn't have pegged you as naturally that dark haired..." Emma's eyes were locked right between Diane's legs, the goth's hands going to cover her trimmed bush and exposed pussy. Now standing in front of two of her co-workers in nothing but a bra, the raven haired girl could feel herself shaking, her legs trembling, as she looked down at her bare feet in shame, hoping, praying that Emma would stop here, proclaim this all to be a joke, and let her get dressed. But the evil smirk on Emma's face told her that was in fact, not what was going to happen.

Diane reached behind her back, arms going to the clasp of her bra, her only remaining piece of clothing. Diane's nervous fingers fiddled with the hook, her legs rubbing together nervously as she was about to expose her large breasts to two people she worked with every day.

"Wow, taking the bra off without being asked! That's the spirit!" Diane cringed at Emma's comment, not having realised she was about to strip willingly without being directly ordered to, "Don't stop on my account, that bra's obviously stuffed anyways, it'll be nice to 'get it off your chest!'"

Emma laughed at her own crude joke, while Helen shook her head disapprovingly. Diane's trembling hands shakily unhooked her bra, briefly considering holding the cups to her chest to prolong her short time left with clothing, but as she noticed an eyebrow on Emma's forehead raise, she decided to just go for it, throwing the straps off her shoulders, throwing her sole garment on the floor along with the rest of her discarded clothes.

"Holy shit they're real!" Emma exclaimed, sounding half in disbelief, half delighted. Diane's arms shot to cover herself, both arms doing their best to cover her ample boobs, feeling her nipples hardening in the cool air, shifting nervously from foot to foot on the cold tile flooring of the ladies room.

"I was convinced you were padding! I owe Kate five bucks..." Emma remarked, looking Diane up and down, even walking over to get a peek at the goth girl's pale ass "At least your butt's smaller than mine..." Emma crossed her arms over her chest, walking back around to the pile of clothing in front of her bare buxom co-worker, reaching down, and gathering them in her arms

"So, time to get back to work?" Helen asked happily, turning to Emma. The brunette nodded, turning back to her naked co-worker, a victorious grin on her face

"Yes, it is, come on Diane. We've got a lot of work to do..."

Diane continued covering herself, very much aware of how exposed she was. Every little movement she made, every light breeze against her oversensitive body just reminder her that she was naked, nude, au natural, not a stitch on her in the middle of her office. Diane's entire body heated up, her face having been a continuous red for a while now, her arms fidgeting as she covered her sizeable bust, her legs trembling as she slowly stepped forward to follow her co-workers making their way back out of the bathroom.

Her bare feet against the rough carpet of the elevator lobby made her shiver at the foreign sensation, rubbing her thighs together as she shuffled towards the door of the office. Diane was terrified, her heavy breathing reflecting this fact, that she was naked in a place where she, and hundreds of other people were commonly every day, the windows in the lobby reminding her how public her nudity really was, despite being a little to high up in the building, and a little too far away from the window to be properly seen from the street below, a fact that only minorly comforted her, as she stepped through the door being held open for her by Emma leading to their office.

"Come on, get a move on!" Emma gave her a smack on the butt, making Diane jump and let out a yelp, her feet moving faster through the door, Emma adding "Can't let those huge knockers slow you down!"

Now standing in the office, Diane could only feel her heart beating in her chest and her, at this point body-wide, blush. Diane was standing in her workplace, somewhere she'd been everyday for the last year and a half, only this time, she wasn't wearing a stitch of clothing. Diane could feel her entire body buzzing, an unfamiliar sensation building slowly within her, she looked around at the empty chairs and desks inhabiting the office, imagining that they were in fact inhabited by her co-workers, familiar faces she saw daily, all of them looking on at their goth co-worker in such a shameful state, walking slowly naked down to her desk, one arm shooting to cover her dark bush, that feeling inside her seeming to grow stronger.

"Helen, why don't you get started on that productivity report, doesn't have to be anything fancy, just make sure to include my correction of a code of conduct violation." Emma stated proudly to her blonde co-worker from her desk, watching Diane slowly approaching her own workstation. "Diane, I've got a few odd jobs I'll need you to do around the office today, why don't you start with wiping down the windows?"

"Isn't that a job for the janitors?" Diane whined, her arms still covering her intimates. If she got right up to the windows, there was a pretty good chance people on the streets below could see her, not to mention that she wouldn't have her hands free to cover up her crotch and breasts.

"They're all on special leave due to the pandemic, a PR stunt by the big bosses to show the company cares for it's staff..." Helen chimed in from her own desk next to Diane's. Diane didn't know if she should be surprised at the kind gesture from the company or mortified at how she was being treated because of it.

"Diaaannneee," Emma's voice rang out, making Diane cringe even more at hearing it, "Come on! I already got you a cloth and bottle of Windex, you don't want to be disobeying an order from a manager, do you?"

Had Diane not been blushing furiously at her comment, she would have turned her nose up at her co-worker. She shook her head not wanting to be punished 'at managers discretion', face scrunched up at the discomfort of her situation, as the bare goth stepped towards where Emma has left the cleaning supplies for her, looking around herself sheerly by force of habit, even though they were the only three on the floor. Taking a deep breath, she uncovered her privates, exposing herself to her two co-workers, and with shaky hands she grabbed the cleaning cloth and spray bottle.

Diane did her best to ignore her co-workers not so subtly taking in every inch of her pale, unclothed body, as well as the burning of her cheeks and the increased pace of her heart as she made her way over to the large windows of their floor. Her now unsupported breasts jiggled as she walked, bringing back that strange feeling from earlier, heating up her body.

Never feeling more humiliated than in that moment, Diane began cleaning the large windows, spraying them down then wiping them off with the cloth. From here she had an unobstructed view of the streets down below, all the people walking not knowing that four floors up, there was a busty naked goth girl cleaning windows, giving them all a great view of her large breasts, her dark pubic hair being very noticeable particularly against her pale milky white skin. Diane worked as quickly as possible, not wanting to prolong her exposure to the general public any more than she needed to. She knew from personal experience that she would be visible from the ground below, she was able to spot her own co-workers on more than one occasion while on her lunch break, and the thought of some unsuspecting passer by glancing up and seeing the raven-haired beauty in all her nude glory really didn't seem appealing to her.

"Make sure you don't miss any spots..." She heard Emma tell her when she was about halfway through. Despite rushing, she had been doing a good job, and Diane turned to her brunette co-worker to say just that, only to see her standing over her desk, putting her clothes into her drawer.

"...and don't worry about these, you'll get them back before you leave today if you're good." Emma finished, locking her drawer with a key. Diane felt her heart sink, she was now even further away from her clothes, literally locked away from them, further escalating her nudity. Diane could still feel her blush on her face, seemingly not having disappeared since she was first ordered to strip. Looking back to the window, Diane could see a small crowd of about three or four people all looking up towards the window, clearly having spotted the naked goth beauty. Diane jumped, covering her chest with the cloth and spray bottle, humiliated that others have spotted her shameful display.

"Diane, quit stalling and finish the windows!" Emma yelled at her from her desk going though papers and files, eyes locked on the dark-haired girl's assets, "Those things could be seen from space, you're hardly gonna hide them with just your hands!"

Diane squeaked and returned to the window, seeing the small crowd had thankfully dispersed for now, but who knows what they had done, they could have very easily pulled out their phones and taken all kinds of photos or videos. Diane's face scrunched up in discomfort, once again feeling the strange out of place sensation throughout her body, particularly her lower belly and even a little lower than that...

She quickly returned to cleaning the windows, trying her best to ignore that feeling, as well as making sure not to miss any spots to avoid any further 'punishment' by Emma. Diane ignored the occasional person who would look up, obviously having spotted her in favour of getting the job done quicker, and before she knew it, she had finished.

"I... I'm done..." Diane stuttered out, having not even noticed she was slightly out of breath. That was strange, she wasn't moving that much, and while she could feel her boobs and ass jiggling as she cleaned, it was hardly strenuous exercise. Emma got up, going over to inspect the job Diane had done on the windows, looking at each pane closely, and passing by a little too close to Diane for comfort. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Emma turned back to the goth beauty, a sated expression on her face.

"Hmm, fine I suppose this is satisfactory. I left some case files on your desk and emailed you the details." Diane put down the spray bottle and cloth, relieved that she could finally sit down at her desk where she could get some extra cover, wiping her forehead with the back of her hand, feeling and accumulation of sweat, both hands returning to covering her breasts and pussy.

"Come on, that's an important file on your desk, get a move on!" Emma once again gave a smack to Diane's round ass, prompting the raven-haired girl to move faster on her bare feet, back to her desk where she quickly spun around her seat, seeing that Emma had also taken her jacket from the back of her chair, not even noticing how Helen next to her was currently eye level with the dark curls of her crotch, the blonde not even seeming to pay it any mind. Diane sat down on her chair, the fabric an unfamiliar feeling against her bare ass, Diane jumping slightly at the feeling, blushing as both Helen and Emma turned to give her a look.

Diane quickly got to work on the file, eager for any distraction from her current state of dress. A task which was becoming harder and harder as she could feel every breeze against her body, every move of her feet against the carpet, and every slide of her ass against the chair. her arms still cupping her breasts were making her not very productive on the case file. Diane's body was heating up, and despite her best efforts of trying to ignore it, it was very obvious what was happening to her body, even though she didn't like the answer. Diane was trying her hardest to focus on the file in front of her, but after only 15 minutes her constant shifting and fidgeting had become obvious to both Helen and Emma, the later having approached her, sitting on her desk.

"You feeling okay Diane? You're a little flushed..."

"I'm having an unexpected problem" Diane kept her voice low, arms still cupping her perky breasts as she addressed her two female co-workers.

"A bigger problem than being bare ass naked in work?"

"I'm on fire" Diane whispered through gritted teeth; face flushed though her cheeks a seemingly eternal crimson. Diane was stiff as a board, back straight and bare thighs slammed together as if in a death grip, her bare toes curling in the carpeted floor.

"It's not that hot in here..." Helen's look was of genuine concern, hand going to the goth beauty's forehead, feeling just how much sweat had built up the past few hours.

"Not sure that's what she means Helen." Emma snickered from her place perched on Diane's desk, noting how the younger girls' static and focused expression seemed to turn to one of shame and humiliation, refusing to meet the brunette's eyes, "I can smell tuna from all the way over here."

Diane cringed at the implications of her temporary bosses' words. It was one thing feeling the heat her body was producing, specifically between her legs, but to have it pointed out in such a straightforward manor, she felt her humiliation skyrocket. Emma backed up her humiliating comment by sniffing near the goth, making her arms instinctively go to cover her hairy snatch, feeling the heat radiating off it even more.

"Can't focus on that file?" Emma's concern seemed genuine for the first time today, and Diane was shocked. Was she going to show some mercy? Give her some clothes back? "That's okay, I'll handle that after I finish shredding some documents." With that Emma, got off her desk, moving around the back of the naked girl's chair, but still a little too close for comfort, as the brunette reached over her bare shoulder to grab the file spewed across her desk. Still Diane felt a little bit of relief, Emma seemed to finally be throwing her a bone.

"While I do it though, I need you to run an errand for me..." There it is, Diane knew Emma wouldn't back down that easily. Still, if it meant getting away from her and Helen seeing her for a little bit, Diane was all for it. Not that she could let Emma know she was thankful for that...

"That... seems fair... What do I need to do?" Diane asked, choosing her words carefully. Emma probably just wanted her to look through the file cabinets for something, which she could hopefully do while out of sight of her two co-workers. Though that mischievous grin retuned to Emma's face as soon as Diane had finished speaking.

"I need a particular file..." Emma spoke slowly, Diane raising an eyebrow at the brunette. She had figured she was getting a file, but Emma clearly had more in mind. "...from downstairs."

"From... downstairs?" Diane felt her heart stop in her chest, the incredible heat her body was producing magnify. Emma wanted her to go all the way downstairs? Completely naked! She had to be joking! Though Diane knew full well, that Emma hadn't been joking about anything so far, she was sitting at her desk butt naked after all! Diane felt her cheeks burn at what she was being asked to do.

"Emma, I'm naked here! I can't do tha..."

"It wasn't a question Diane... It was an order." Emma's smirk disappeared, her eyes narrowing looking directly at the goth beauty, "It's the one of the high-profile ones from yesterday. You're getting that file or you're getting suspended." With that, Emma resumed her work at her desk, leaving Diane sitting there, mouth opening and closing as if trying to find something to say in response, her words failing her. Emma really couldn't have been clearer with her ultimatum. Looking beside her, Diane saw Helen seemingly not caring in the slightest, focusing on her work and acting like Emma had just asked Diane to do another everyday office task, not walk down in front of an entire other floor completely naked!

With shaking legs Diane carefully stood up from her chair, one of her arms breaking away from covering her pussy to cover across her large boobs and overly sensitive nipples, Diane feeling them poking into her pale arm, as she slowly made her way towards the door of the office. The raven-haired beauty looked back over her shoulder as she went, seeing Helen still focusing on her computer screen, while Emma was staring at the goth's ass as she walked away. Diane could feel the similar humiliation she'd been feeling all day bubbling up one again, that heat from earlier now being accompanied by a tingling sensation. While the humiliation was there, the sensation wasn't altogether unpleasant.

Diane didn't want to give Emma the satisfaction, keeping her arms in their covering positions instead of covering her ass like she was sure Emma was expecting her to. Instead Diane quickened her pace to the office door, trying her best to get out of sight from her temporary boss, while at the same time, not giving Emma the satisfaction of having humiliated her so much.

Once outside of the office, back in the elevator lobby however, Diane's demeanour changed considerably. Her legs started trembling again, her entire body shaking with nerves, and Diane could feel her face burning, a feeling shared by her entire body, particularly where Diane had a hand held, covering her dark bush. How the hell was she supposed to go downstairs like this? She didn't even know how many people there were downstairs right now! Their floor had been hit hard, but there could be ten or more employees in the department below!

"How the fuck am I going to get the file like this?" Diane thought aloud, around the elevator lobby. There was no way in hell she was going to take the elevator like this, so the stairs were her best bet, luckily she only had to go one floor, but then what? She couldn't face everyone on that floor naked! Just the thought of it was so embarrassing! So humiliating! So...

...No! She wasn't feeling... that! Anything but that...

Diane shook her head, getting rid of those thoughts that were plaguing her mind of her body betraying her. But seriously, how was she supposed to get that file? Diane wracked her brain, trying to think of something... Maybe, just maybe, she could sneak down, she knew the file Emma was talking about, and approximately where it was downstairs. If she was careful, she could get down there and back with the file, without exposing her pale nude body to anyone else!

"As good as an idea as any I suppose..." Diane steadied herself, still wary that she was in a public place, exposed to the world. Diane shivered, beginning to make her way towards the stairs, once again blushing at how the carpet was tickling her bare feet. Diane's legs were shaking as she started her decent to the floor below, going down the stairwell completely naked. Diane couldn't believe her current predicament was actually happening and couldn't believe that part of her was at least enjoying it!

Diane ignored her unsettling feelings and tried to focus on how to get the file without being seen bare ass naked by anyone. She didn't know how many people were on the third floor, it could be as little as two or three like her own floor, but had heard that there were still as high as ten or more people on some floors of the building! Her only hope was that there was such a small number of people on the floor below that she could sneak passed them all to get the file without any of them seeing the goth girl naked!

Reaching the bottom of the stairs, the raven-haired goth could feel felt as though all her senses were on fire, still cupping her breasts and pussy as she entered the third-floor elevator lobby. She felt even more humiliated having gone even further away from her clothes, with no hope of covering up with anything other than her hands. Though her hand covering her bush was proving to becoming something of a problem. Her hand could feel nothing but heat radiating off her nether region, and every subtle move she made was only casing unwanted stimulation, in an area of her body that was already particularly sensitive, never mind how overly sensitive her nude state had made her.

Crouching down, Diane slowly approached the door to the work floor. With any luck, only two or three people would be down here, and she could stealthily get to the file Emma wanted without exposing her naked and shamefully sensitive body to any more co-workers. She approached the door, pressing her body against the door, her breasts being squished against the material, the cold wood against her nipples making her jump, the shock just confirming to her even more what she already knew, and was trying hard to deny...

She was turned on... shamefully so...

Diane tried her best not to think about it, raising herself up to peek through the window on the door that let her get a look at the floor.

"Fuck..."

Diane's heart sank as she looked across the floor. There were easily ten people there, some she knew personally, and some she didn't. Diane had no hope of ever attempting to sneak past all of them. The only way she could get that file would be to walk in there, completely naked, her body exposed to everyone on the floor, her large bosom, her pert ass, her trimmed bush, she would have to face down those co-workers like this! And the thought was heating up her core even more!

Diane bit her lip, wanting those dirty thoughts to leave her head. She wasn't that kind of girl! No, she wasn't turned on by being naked and humiliated! She would show herself! She was going to walk right into the office bare as the day she was born and ask for the file for Emma. It was going to be embarrassing sure, but it wasn't going to be arousing!

False confidence suddenly motivating her, Diane stood up at the door, both arms going to cover her large tits. She could do this, opening the door, Diane started walking into the office, feeling sweat dripping from most pours of her body, heat radiating of the goth's cheeks. No sooner had she reached the first bank of desks than did she notice heads start to turn, getting a full look at her unclothed form.

"Yes! Her tits are real! Emma owes me 5 bucks!"

"You'd think she'd shave her privates, especially being so dark haired."

"I can't believe how pale she is! Well except for her cheeks..."

The goth beauty tried her best to ignore the comments from the co-workers she was walking past, as well as ignore the feeling it was causing for her lower down. She kept her arms cradling her breasts, feeling her rock-solid nipples poking into her arms, as she approached the managers desk at the back of the room, after having walked past almost every employee on the floor completely naked.

"Um... I think Emma Collins emailed you... asking for a file?" Diane tried her best to stop her voice shaking, but considering her current predicament, it was a losing battle. The man (Jerry, right?) looked up from his desk, not even reacting to the raven-haired girl's state, despite being eye level with her dark bush.

"Oh yes, Emma Collins, who changed the dress code... That must make you Diane..." Jerry looked down at his computer clearly in search of the email Emma had sent him. Diane's eyes widened, realising Emma had posted the updated dress code to everyone! Every member of staff, even those working from home will know about her naked state!

"Ah yes, the Peterson case, I have that one right here." Jerry muttered under his breath, reached into his desk drawer, pulling out one of the thicker files Diane had ever seen, handing it to the goth girl and looking back to his computer.

Diane could barely mutter a thanks before placing the file to cover her pussy, looking back towards the rows of employees, all who weren't taking any notice of her, all seemingly having returned to work. Looking around, Diane could see that she was no longer the focus of attention within the office, and too that as her cue to leave, turning around and heading back towards the lift elevator.

With only the file to cover her pussy and one arm to cover her breasts, Diane still felt more exposed than ever. The fact that she was covering somehow made this all worse, and weirdly enough, walking past all the employees not even paying attention to her was fraying her nerves even more. She was holding in a groan of frustration, not even wanting to think about what kind of face she was making right now.

Entering the elevator lobby, the naked goth wasted no time in making her way back up the stairs, her hand and an A4 page file being the only things she was covering her exposed form with. Every touch of her bare feet to the carpet of the stairs, every small breeze going past her exposed body, and every twinge of foreign arousal just made Diane blush even more, the raven haired girl reaching the top of the stairs, feeling more out of breath than she probably should have climbing one set of stairs.

The goth made her way back onto her thankfully emptier floor. She hadn't actually considered how happy she was that only Helen and Emma could see naked body on this floor, compared to the ten sets of eyes that were baring down on her on the floor below. Just the memory of it made Diane shudder against the file she was holding against her bare crotch.

"Well, you sure took you time..." Emma's voice rang out, making Diane cringe once again at her temporary bosses' words, the busty goth approaching her desk with the file. "At least it seems you can follow simple orders..."

Diane handed the file to Emma, ignoring the shorter brunettes' comments, and looking back towards her seat. She saw Helen staring directly in Emma's direction, she had never seen the blonde's eyes so wide before. The naked girl spun around looking back at Emma, the brunette still staring at the file in her hand, having not mover a muscle since Diane had hurriedly handed it to her. Diane looked at what it seemed both women were staring at...

The file was soaking wet.

Looking at it, there was a noticeable wet mark on the front, right where Diane had been holding it over her pussy. The raven haired goth went pale, realisation hitting her like a freight train as she looked down at her own dark curls, seeing her quivering labia, slick with her own juices. Apparently this shameful experience was more arousing than the goth had initially though, her dripping pussy and the stain on a work file being a testament to that. Diane was frozen, looking directly back at Emma, the shorter women still looking down at the soiled file In her hand, before looking back to Helen, the blonde seemingly returning to work on her computer, her eyes still occasionally roaming over to Emma from beneath her glasses. Diane finally regained control of her body, both of her hands very slowly moving to cradle her dripping womanhood, her blush returning in full force to her cheeks as she continued to look on at Emma.

"Diane..." For the first time in a while, Emma was at a loss for words, looing back at the goth girl. Emma took a second to regain her composure, before speaking again, "You're actually horny from this? I was kidding earlier but... damn..."

Every word made Diane cringe more and more, the fact that she could now feel her juices leaking down her hands covering her pussy didn't help with that. This was easily the most humiliated the raven haired goth had ever been in her life, a fact that only proved to turn her on even more!

"Well... since you're a little slut who gets off on basic office rules..." Emma's voice for the first time today seemed a little unsure, as she handed the file back towards Diane, "Why don't you call the client. They're really high priority at us for the moment, so try not to moan down the phone to him..."

Taking a shaking hand away from her pussy, Diane grabbed the file stained with her own lady goo, her own hand getting some more on it in the process. Not wanting to argue with Emma at the moment, Diane made her way back to her desk. The raven haired girl jumped when she felt her bare ass against the material of her chair, causing both heads to turn to look at her. It was all too much, they knew how turned on she was from this humiliating experience!

With shaking hands, Diane pried the soaked pages of the file apart, trying her best to familiarise herself with the contents before giving the client a call, all the while trying her best to ignore the wet patches on the pages she would come across while reading. It was all a reminder of her still growing arousal, shifting slightly in her seat she could feel the sticky residue between her thighs, her throbbing pussy pulsating at the thought.

Finally managing to focus for more than 30 seconds, the goth girl managed to get the gist of what was going on with this particular client, as well as finding their contact number. Something else she shuttered in her seat at...

This was going to be a tough one...

The case itself wasn't overly complicated, a fifteen minute phone call should be more than enough to satisfy this client, but the thought of doing that completely naked? That was not something she ever thought she'd ever find herself doing, calling one of their company's highest profile clients without a stitch on her body? And as aroused as she was? That thought was making her squirm in her seat, and despite her best efforts, a small moan escaped her plump lips just as she was reaching for the phone.

"Seriously? Can't hold it together for one phone call?" Emma's voice made the raven haired goth girl jump, her bare feet against the carpeted floor sending tingles up her body. Diane's eyes were wide as the shorter brunette approached her from around the bank of desks, dropping the phone, she did her best to once again cover her assets.

"Look at your chair!" Emma practically yelled at her as if she was scolding a toddler. Diane was confused, before looking down at what Emma was referring to. Jumping to her feet in shock, the dark haired girl was shocked to see her blue fabric computer chair stained white with what she could only assume was her own sticky juices, having accumulated over the past few minutes she was sitting there

"You really shouldn't be vandalising office property like that Diane..."

"It's not like I did it on purpose Helen!"

"Quiet." Emma held up a finger to the taller girl, making her freeze in place, arms still covering her large breasts and wet bush. "Since you can't seem to sit on a chair without ruining it like the file, you can just stand for the call... I'll clean this..."

Diane let out a breath as it seemed Emma turned away to go back to her own desk, dragging Diane's soiled chair along with her. Turning back to her workspace, Diane grabbed the phone she had dropped, before looking at how to best take this call. Kneeling on the floor, she would be too low down to effectively see the information in the file or on her computer screen, the reverse being true were she to just stand up.

The most effective way she found was to awkwardly lean over her desk, bent at the waist in order to see all the information in front of her while being on the phone. Of course this also had to effect of letting her giant breasts hang down, while also giving the entire empty office, an unobstructed view of her bare ass, her wet pink pussy lips poking out in between her legs. With one hand on the phone and the other looking through the information in the file and on the computer, there was no real way for her to cover herself either...

Deciding she may as well get this over with before she started dripping on the carpet, she dialled the number on the phone, listening to the ringing while mentally preparing herself to try to hold a cohesive conversation with the client, while keeping her arousing thoughts at bay.

All things considered; the start of the conversation went well for the most part. As well as it could for a naked girl trying to talk business while ignoring exhibitionistic arousal coursing through her. If anything, she was breathing kind of heavy, but in the grand scheme of things, she was doing alright. Until about five minutes into the call, when Emma started staring at her. Not talking, not pointing, or making faces, just looking directly at her.

Looking down at herself, Diane was overcome with the same view that Emma must have had, her large tits swaying in front of her, her dark bush, covering her sweet quivering pussy, dripping with dew, evidence of her lewd libido. The goth couldn't help herself, she felt a spike of arousal in her lower tummy, sending a pleasurable twinge directly to her clit, she let out a moan on the phone.

Trying her best to cover it up with a cough as she was still talking to the client, she saw Emma blink, her head suddenly snap up to meet the raven haired girls eyes, before looking back to her own computer screen. Emma looking at her, all of her, why was it making her so horny? She had never had an experience like this, she couldn't be turned on by it! She's a good girl!

Trying her best to slow her heartrate and cool down her overheated body, Diane did her best to wrap up the call as fast as she could. All in all the client seemed satisfied, something that couldn't be said for the lust still building withing Diane, but after a mere ten minutes, Diane had finished up the call, shakily putting the phone down on the receiver before letting out a shaky breath, her head falling, dark hair splaying all over her shoulder. Feeling her legs shake, she felt little droplets of what she hoped were sweat rolling down her legs (but in reality, she knew what it was) as she looked back over to her temporary boss for that day.

"Hope that all went well, think you earned a little rest period!" Emma's wicked grin had returned, the brunette seemingly having regained some of her confidence that had been shaken earlier. Diane stood up straight again, her hands once again returning to cover her overheated body, trying not to groan at the particular placements of her arms against her rock hard nipples and dripping pussy. Diane's legs were still shaking from her time on the call, something Emma seemed to take notice of.

"If you think you can avoid leaking all over our office equipment, I think you can have a seat." Diane almost let out a sigh of relief, before she remembered that there was always a catch with Emma. The brunette having seemingly taken notice of Diane's hesitance, looked over towards the photocopier, sitting against the wall between the two banks of desks. "You can sit on top of that for now."

"That's... hardly proper use of that office equipment..." Diane quipped, her breath still uneven as she felt her cheeks blush for the thousandth time today, imagining herself sitting on top of it, her bare ass and pussy pressed against the glass bottom.

"Actually Diane, with your tendency to... uh... leak? That's the most waterproof piece of equipment in the office... or at least the easiest to clean..." Helen spoke up once again from her desk near Diane's. Despite the odd look here and there, which she would have done any other day anyway, Helen really hadn't taken much notice of Diane's current state. Something that at the moment, Diane wasn't sure if she was thankful for or not...

"Emma..."

"Diane?"

The raven haired goth opened her mouth and closed it a few times, trying to think of ways to argue with the shorter brunette that wouldn't end with threats of her being fired. Unfortunately, nothing came to mind for the goth, her still flaring arousal distracting her from any reasonable sort of argument.

Bare feet shuffling along the carpet, the naked goth girl made her way towards the photocopier, arms still in place covering her privates, feeling her arousal spiking at the two sets of eyes looking at her. Still on her weak legs, Diane was thankful to at least be sitting down for a while, no matter where that was.

Reaching the copier, Diane hesitated for a moment, before climbing on top, shifting slightly before sitting her bare ass down, her legs hanging over the side, the cold of the glass making her moan. Emma seemed to smirk a little, as both of Diane's hands came to cover her large bust.

"No, you just sit there, that's an order!" Emma stated, in one swift motion pressing a button on the machine before turning back to return to her desk.

Diane's eyes went wide, hearing the photocopier powering up, and beneath her, the machine starting to vibrate. Diane's eyes went wide, feeling her already throbbing pussy be assaulted with the vibrations coming from the machine. Diane made to try to get off the machine, before hearing Emma's voice once again from her desk.

"Diane, I am ordering you not to get off!"

Finally letting a moan out, Diane felt she had no choice but to sit there, as the machine continued to vibrate beneath her. Every time she looked down past her dark bush, she saw the lights of the machine scanning her lower body, and felt another spike of arousal directly on her clit. Before long, Diane realised what was about to happen. She was about to have an orgasm sitting on the photocopier. In the middle of her office, in front of her co-workers!

"Uhh... Emma?" Diane said, voice shaking as the vibrations continued to assault her. She was shamefully close to cumming, she needed to get off the copier now!

"I don't wanna hear it Diane!"

"But Emma I'm ooooohhHHHHH GOD" Diane's entire body spasmed as she felt her pussy erupt, her entire body overtaken by a massive orgasm. The goth moaned and moaned, her hands going from covering her large breasts to fondling them, amplifying her pleasure. Diane looked to her sid, seeing the pages being printed into the tray from the photocopier. Copy upon copy of her ass and leaking, contracting pussy, only serving to heighten the euphoria the raven haired girl was feeling.

With aftershocks still wracking her, the goth girl finally stopped moaning, taking a deep breath as her orgasm subsided, before looking around at her two co-workers who had just watched her shameful display, eyes wide at her. Diane went pale, as Helen and Emma seemed to look at each other for a moment as if to confirm that they had both just witnessed the same thing. The copier stopped printing, followed by a few seconds of the loudest silence Diane had ever heard, before finally Emma spoke up.

"Did... did you just cum on the photocopier?!"

"You ordered me not to get off!" Diane yelled in her own defence, redness returning to her cheeks at once.

"Uh Diane... I don't think you followed that order..." Helen added, before turning back to her computer screen.

Maybe it was the post orgasm bliss, maybe she had just finally snapped, but for the first time today, Diane let out a genuine laugh. It wasn't a belly laugh or a full on giggle fit, but it was enough to draw Emma's attention, the brunette having a blush to rival Diane's own at this point. After a few more seconds of silence, Emma let out a sigh.

"Well... since you're so..." it seemed as though she was choosing her words carefully, "Since you're so eager, why don't you get off the copier now... I have another task for you..." Emma's usually venom was still in the sentence, and as she was currently sitting in a puddle of her own lady juice, Diane didn't feel like arguing with her anymore, slowly sliding her way, feet back to the floor, a few drips of her honey following her to the floor as she did.

"Go get us some coffee, I'll take a latte." Emma's command was short and simple, tossing Diane a credit card which the goth struggled to catch, still shuddering with aftershocks of her climax. Diane looked down at her naked body, no longer covering herself, in all it's glory before what Emma had said really registered in her brain.

"You want me to go to the coffee shop? Like... outside?" Diane was at her limit. Surely Emma wouldn't do this, everything today had been humiliating, but she couldn't actually expect the goth to walk outside into the public eye completely naked?!

"How much clearer could I have said it you slut?" Emma snapped, her patience clearly wearing thin, her fist were now clenched. The fact that Diane, or her perverted body at least, seemed to actually be enjoying her naked embarrassment was clearly pissing off the short brunette, "Go. Get us. Coffee. Do I really have to tell you what will happen if you don't?"

Diane wasn't sure how Emma would phrase it, but it would probably be some variation of you're fired. And the raven haired girl knew there was no chance she would be fighting Emma on this issue. Not only was she committed to humiliating her, but she was now also angry. Not wanting to enrage her temporary boss anymore, Diane once again started making her way towards the elevator lobby, arms once again coming to cover her sensitive privates.

"Milk, no sugar!" Helen added, just as Diane was about to enter the elevator lobby. Diane simply let out a little squeak in response, removing one arm from it's covering position to open the door.

Entering the elevator lobby, Diane really started to freak out. Her heartbeat was rising quickly, and she had never felt as much heat radiating off her blushing face as she did right now. She might have even started crying, if it weren't for the fact that she could once again feel herself getting aroused at the thought of walking outside into the public view and then walking to the coffee shop next door. So soon after cumming, and she was already finding herself horny!

The stairs would probably be the least risky option, but they would take a lot longer. It was at this point Diane thought, why would she bother trying to hide? The whole building knew she was naked, and probably half of the people in that day had already seen her! She would only be prolonging her exposure by taking the stairs all the way down. As embarrassed as she still was by the thought of taking the elevator...

Finally getting her breathing under reasonable control, the raven haired goth hesitantly made her way towards the row of elevators. With a shaking hand, she pressed the call button, her nether region practically drooling at the thought of it arriving with someone in it, seeing a naked girl standing there. Watching as the numbers at the top of the doors slowly made their way up towards her floor, Diane could feel her breathing getting heavier once again, pressing her back towards the wall next to the elevator, so if someone was in there, they wouldn't immediately see her.

\*Ding\*

The sound of the elevator arriving was far louder than Diane remembered it being, but her current state of dress and arousal probably contributed to that. Arms still clutching her large breasts and sensitive lower lips, the goth poked her head around, just enough to see inside the elevator.

"Oh thank god!"

Diane let out a heavy breath confirming to herself that the elevator was indeed empty, before hurriedly slipping her naked body into the small space, hitting the button for the ground floor lobby, leaving a small amount of her girl cum on the button. She cursed herself, wiping her sticky hand on her bare thigh, before returning it to it's covering place over her still moistening pussy, just as the elevator doors closed.

Cursing herself for getting turned on again in a situation like this, the raven haired girl could feel her heartbeat rising in time with the throbbing in her loins as she felt the elevator moving down. In mere moments she would be on the ground floor of the building, able to be seen by everyone walking outside the building, very limited cover being available for her. Diane uncovered her breasts for a moment to wipe her forehead, feeling just how sweaty the day's events had gotten her.

Just a day ago she was a respected employee, fully clothed in doing her job, and not at all turned on during work. It was amazing how something as simple as Emma changing the dress code had lead her to this moment she thought, as she felt the elevator slowly come to a stop at the ground floor. Striking the same familiar pose she had been using most of today, Diane took a deep breath as the elevator door opened.

In an almost cartoon fashion, the goth girl poked one bare leg out of the elevator in order to keep it from closing, shivers wracking her naked body at the feeling of her bare foot touching the tiled flooring of the lobby. Diane closed her eyes, as if trying to awaken herself from a nightmare. Poking her head around the corner, her breathing was ragged as she opened her eyes, seeing the glass pain windows that made up the front of the building, and the public city streets through them.

For the first time today, it seemed luck was actually on her side. The streets were pretty much empty! Not really a total surprise, considering the pandemic, but still! The coffee shop was right next door, if she was quick, she could get there, get the coffee and get back upstairs to her floor with minimal exposure of her naked body to anyone else!

Deciding that was as good a plan as she was going to think of, Diane took a deep breath, readying herself for what was about to happen. She was going to move as quickly as possible, though with her uhm... 'larger' bust, she wouldn't be able to move awfully fast. But at any rate, she had to get a move on!

Taking a small step, the goth beauty's bare leg came into view of the public, followed by the rest of her body, as she stepped out of the elevator, eyes wide and heartbeat rising at an extraordinary pace. She quickened her steps, one after another making her way through the lobby towards the door, being sure to take as much advantage of the few people currently outside as possible. Yet ever step of bare foot to cold floor, ever move of sticky thighs against one another, every twinge of pleasure from her sweet pussy, just served to remind Diane of how exposed she truly was, never being more clear than when she was at the front door of the office building, looking directly out on to the thankfully deserted streets.

Wasting no time, the raven haired beauty uncovered her bush to push open the door, an immediate blast of cold air hitting the sweaty naked goth and making her shiver as she stood, completely bare assed naked on a public sidewalk. Were Diane not trying to be as fast as possible, she would have noticed her body's reaction to being naked in public, her nipples tingling, her pussy beginning to drool traces of her arousal once again. Trying to be as quick as she could, Diane began making her way, brain going a million miles a minutes with thoughts of how she was currently naked on a public city street!

The feeling of the tarmac beneath her bare feet, warmed up by the sun was sending shivers up her overstimulated body. Diane was a mess, hands shifting, unable to stay in one place as she walked towards the coffee shop. The shop was literally next door, and no one was currently on the street, but still, the was the most humiliating experience of her life, nothing else even came close. But she would be back indoors soon, she could just get the coffee and...

"Fuck."

Staring into the coffee shop, there were easily 20 people in there! So much for social distancing! They were all just sitting there, having their coffee and chatting as if there wasn't a naked woman standing out front! Unfortunately for Diane, that didn't last long. One woman looked up from her cup, staring right at the naked goth through the pane glass windows, then another, before long, every person in the shop was looking at her. Diane was frozen, standing there completely naked, unable to think let alone move. It was only when she felt another rumble, followed by a spike of arousal from her lower tummy that made Diane moan out loud at everyone looking at her, did she finally realises that the best thing she could possibly do in this situation was to get inside, get the coffee and leave.

The air conditioning in the coffee shop was nice, but for Diane, it just gave her goose bumps all over her exposed body. The goth beauty hesitantly joined the line, which thankfully only had two other people in it, another person getting in line behind her just as she did. She was trying her absolute best not to look around at all the people in the suspiciously quiet coffee shop. All she could hear were the hushed whispers of conversation, she was sure was about her from the shop's patrons.

"Next! Naked girl, that's you! "

Diane jumped, having been lost in thought, as the barista addressed her (as 'naked girl' none the less, just hearing that from a barista gave her another spike of arousal.) Diane hesitantly approached the counter, entire body trembling with both humiliation and arousal, as she bit her lip in moan suppression, before taking a deep breath, and with a shaking voice, gave her order to the barista.

"Sure thing cutie, should only be a few minutes," The barista said, staring Diane up and down as her co-workers got to work on her order, "So what is this, a lost bet? Or do you just enjoy the thrill"

"N.. no!" Diane felt the blood rush to her face with shame at the barista's words, and her arousal shoot to unbearable levels.

"You sure? Cause you might be the horniest thing I've seen in years..." The dark skinned barista stated in a seductive tone. Diane could feel it, the same feeling from earlier when she was sitting on the copier, more turned on than she'd ever been. Better than any fantasy of hers, more than the hardest she'd ever been fucked, she was unbearably horny, and this random strangers words, as well as her current situation, being naked in a coffee shop with so many eyes on her were the cause.

"Order should be ready in a moment; I need to do some mopping..." The barista came out from behind the counter, grabbing a nearby mop and approaching Diane. It was only when the raven haired goth looked down did she realise what the barista was talking about, her face paling...

She was dripping on the fucking floor...

Her sweet pussy juices, dripping onto the floor of this coffee shop. Diane was barely able to mutter an 'oh god' before moving out of the way, moaning at the arousal that started coursing through her more intense than It ever had before. The barista just smirked and started mopping up the little puddle Diane had left behind, as the patrons just giggled, some looking on with amusement, some with disgust. But all Diane could register, was she felt like she was going to cum.

She couldn't! Not here! She tried to think of unsexy things, and not how a barista was mopping up her lady goo because she was naked in a coffee shop and couldn't control herself. Finally, she saw her order of three coffee's being put on the counter, and hurried over to it, thinking her nightmare was finally over. Diane shakily handed the credit card Emma had thrown her, before the barista appeared next to her...

"Don't worry about that cutie..." She purred in her ear, "It's on the house..."

With a final word the barista delivered a spank to Diane's bare ass. A hard one at that. Diane went cross eyed, the spank having set her off, all the arousal that had been building within her...

She came, hard. Her entire body went into spasms and she moaned out loud, another puddle forming at her bare feet as yet another orgasm wracked her naked body. Diane slammed both hands down on the counter next to her coffee, using all her willpower simply to remain standing, the entire store looking on at the goth as she had an embarrassing climax, one or two of the patrons taking out their phones to record the spectacle. Feeling the spasm's in her pussy begin to subside, the raven haired beauty, couldn't even bare to open her eyes, to look at the people she just came in front of.

Finally opening her eyes, and thinking on her feet, Diane muttered a small 'thank you' before grabbing her coffee, and turning around, seeing every eye in the building on her. Despite having cum seconds earlier, Diane could already feel herself getting aroused again. With one hand busy with the coffee, Diane could only cover her large tits as she walked slowly on unsteady legs towards the exit of the coffee shop, not being able to make eye contact with anyone in the building. Reaching the door, she decided she could never visit this particular coffee shop again...

The haze of her mind so soon after orgasm must have made Diane more confident, or more likely, made her care a lot less, because she was soon outside walking towards her office building. She hadn't even checked to see if there was anyone on the streets before she did. In any case, that would probably just make her more horny than embarrassed Diane thought, as she started coming to terms to the fact that yes, her body really liked being naked in places she should not! The two strongest orgasms of her life so far were a testament to that!

The afternoon sun on her body and the cool breeze against her once again hot and engorged labia that she was unable to cover with the coffee in her hand just made her all too aware of just how horny she was already, her senses slowly returning to her as she was once again naked in a public place. Quickening her pace once again she soon found herself at the front doors to the office building, uncovering her large swaying breasts to open the door and hurriedly made her way towards the elevators.

With the thought of the nightmare finally coming to an end overtaking the overwhelming embarrassment and arousal the goth was feeling, she was quick to push the call button for the elevator, shifting bare foot to bare foot, eager to get back upstairs as the exposure of being down here was just making her more and more aroused again. She wasn't sure she could take another embarrassing public orgasm without changing her name and moving to a different country, which she was considering doing anyway!

With a ding, the elevator arrived, Diane not even bothering to check if anyone was inside before hurrying in and pressing the button for her floor. Her breathing was considerably more under control than It had been when she was going down in the elevator, probably relief that the ordeal was over. All she had to do now was stand there, covering her breasts with her hands and wait to arrive at her floor...

\*Ding\*

Diane gasped as the elevator stopped at the second floor, the doors opening before Diane could even react. Standing there covering her large tits with one hand, coffee in the other, legs crossed in an attempt to cover her dark curls, and a shocked expression on her face, Diane was staring back at a redhead girl, taller than herself, but just as well endowed in the breast department. The difference of course being this girl was fully clothed, though her blush could almost rival Diane's own.

Hesitantly, the redhead stepped in the elevator, obviously trying not to look at Diane too much, reaching past her a pressing the button for the floor above Diane's. Diane pretty much closed her eyes, being in such a small confined space with this attractive woman, completely naked and not being able to do a thing about it. Her co-worker was clearly trying not to look at her, though from her lack of questioning, Diane got the impression that she had read the updated dress code as well...

The elevator ride only lasted a few seconds, but to the goth beauty it felt like an eternity, as the elevator finally approached her floor. Diane finally opened her eyes, giving a nervous smile to her redheaded co-worker, and hurrying out, back into the familiar elevator lobby, hearing the sound of a camera snap on a phone, as the redhead took a picture of her bare ass. Diane squeaked turning around just as the doors closed, before turning back and making her way back into the office.

"Well finally!" Emma's exclaimed from her position sitting next to Helen, the two looking back at the naked goth carrying their coffee walking towards them. Diane tuned her out at this point, putting the coffee down next to her co-workers, body still shaking from every event that transpired that day.

"Wow Diane, you're even more turned on than when you left..." Emma teased, taking her coffee and heading back to her desk, her and Helen returning to their work.

Diane couldn't find the words to respond, Emma's teasing just serving to send more waves of embarrassing arousal through her naked body. She could feel herself getting to the same levels of arousal she had been on the photocopier and in the coffee shop, her sensitive body trembling, Diane not even wanting to cover up her privates at this point out of fear of bringing unwanted stimulation to her sticky crotch.

Sitting down at a chair at the end of the bank of desks, she jumped and let out a moan, her pussy having rubbed the wrong (or right?) way against the fabric of the blue seat, sending shockwaves through the raven haired girls sensitive body, pushing her even closer to orgasm. The events of the day replayed in her mind, stripping in front of Emma and Helen, cleaning the windows completely naked, going to get the file and exposing herself to everyone downstairs, practically soaking through her chair and having to take the call with the client. Diane hadn't noticed her hand subconsciously beginning to rub her outer lips, pleasure coursing through her as she remembered cumming on the photocopier, and then the coffee shop, Diane's breathing was getting heavier and heavier.

"Diane!?!"

She could barely hear Emma's exclamation, one hand coming up to fondle her large breast, pinching at her sensitive nipples, shudders running down her as she began circling her quivering clit, her juices running out of her as she continued masturbating. She didn't care anymore, she had humiliated herself so much today, all the nudity and exhibitionism has gotten her more turned on than she ever had, she just needed one more...

"Ahhhh"

With a graceful cry, Diane came by her own hands, her body once again shuddering at her orgasm, curling in on herself, her hand did not let up on her clit, stimulating her throughout her climax. Waves after waves of pleasure descending upon her, Diane could no longer deny, she loved being naked and exposed in public.

Coming down from her orgasm, Diane's senses slowly started returning to her, her eternal blush never more obvious on her cheeks than right now when compared to the rest of her pale sweaty body, her milky skin practically glowing in the aftermath of her climax. When she could finally register hearing again, the only thing that she heard was a slow clap. Looking over, Diane discovered the source, her college Emma...

"Well done Diane, glad you enjoy using valuable work time for your own pleasure." Emma was as sarcastic as ever, that damn grin never once leaving her face, "Why don't you head home for the day, Helen and I can finish up, not like you were doing much while you were here anyway..."

Diane stared at her brunette boss in disbelief, before looking over to Helen, the blonde giving a friendly nod in approval. Was it over? Her nightmare of a day was finally coming to an end? She could get dressed and go home, try to forget this day ever even happened?

"Can I... have my clothes back?"

"Your clothes?" Emma seemed genuinely confused by the question, "Oh right! There was a... problem with your clothes..." Emma's wicked smile returned in an instant, simultaneously a pit forming in Diane's stomach.

"Your shoes were far too unprofessional for this building, so I took the liberty of throwing them away..." Emma started, "And you see... Your panties got caught in between some documents I was shredding."

Diane could only listen on in disbelief at what Emma was saying, her eyes wide, her blush getting deeper, and her arousal beginning to flare up again.

"I had to clean your chair and the photocopier, the only things I could find absorbent enough to soak up your cum was your pants and your shirt. I didn't think you'd want those back after that so I got rid of them too..."

"So what do I have left?!?" Diane exclaimed, panic and arousal beginning to bubble up inside her. Emma simply sighed and tossed Diane her bra, Diane hurriedly putting it on before looking back to Emma as if expecting more clothing. Emma simply shook her head...

"Lucky you, that was too big to fit through the shredder... well happy trails, see you tomorrow!"

With that, Emma began leading Diane towards the door of their office, Helen shouting a "Bye Diane" as she went, before Diane once again found herself in the elevator lobby, wearing nothing but her large bra to cover her massive bust. Diane sighed, claiming her hands once again over her moistening crotch.

"Great, have to try to get home like this!" Diane thought, for the first time a grin accompanying her humiliating thought, her arousal building once again as she hit the elevator call button, "Oh well... the joys of an empty office I guess..."