**The Shower Room**

by[TheHiddenPen](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=959605&page=submissions)©

"Alice, I suppose I don't need to explain to you why I have asked you in here," I said despairingly.  
  
Alice looked worried about what was coming. Normally when she came in to my office she was smiling, enthusiastic, delighted to tell me about how she was getting on or to receive praise from me for her latest work.  
  
Alice was one of our brightest and best employees, our first graduate trainee. At 22, she was our youngest employee, and also our first female employee. An attractive blonde, she received a lot of attention from the six guys who worked for the firm, and didn't seem to mind.  
  
I had been a bit concerned before she came to work at the firm, how she would fit in with an all male team, but she got on fine with everyone, and the fact that she had a boyfriend meant there was no danger of any work-based relationship starting up.   
  
However, this was the third time over the past couple of months that I had had to invite her into my office over a slightly awkward situation. As three of the guys cycled to work, the previous year we had had a shower room installed, so that they could shower and get changed when they arrived at work.  
  
As Alice didn't cycle to work, this hadn't posed a problem when she originally started at the firm. However, a couple of months ago she had been to the gym before work, then got a call about an urgent meeting, and had to hurry back without having time to shower at the gym. Later on that day she'd asked me if it would be OK for her to use the shower room at work; as all our cyclists had already showered for the day, I said it was fine.  
  
After that, she had started using our shower room quite regularly, enjoying the privacy of that room over the communal showers at the gym. The room had a couple of open showers in it, and no lock on the door, as there had been no privacy issue when it was built and was only being used by guys. Now that Alice was using it too, we'd implemented a system where anyone wanting to use the room had to knock before entering.  
  
Unfortunately this morning, for the third time, Alice had managed to walk in on one of the guys showering. She had already walked in on Derek, about six weeks ago, and on Rob about a month ago. And this morning it had been Chris who had been in my office complaining that she had got an eyeful of his naked body.   
  
The first time, she admitted to me slightly red faced that she had totally forgotten to knock; she usually went in a bit later than the guys, so had got used to the room being empty. The second, she swore that she had knocked, though Rob insisted that she had not.  
  
After Alice walked in on Rob, I installed a lock on the door, which had solved the problem up until now. However, my handiwork had been a bit shoddy, and the lock had started to stick. Therefore the previous day I had removed the lock, and called a professional, who was due to come over the next few days. I'd told Alice and the guys what I'd done, and reminded them that they should knock before they entered.  
  
"I'm really, really sorry," Alice said. "I just totally forgot that the lock wasn't working. I just pushed the door like normal, it was unlocked, so I walked in."  
  
"Alice, I did tell you yesterday," I said, not wanting to upset her, but keen to convey the seriousness of the situation.  
  
"I know, I know, I just wasn't thinking," she replied.  
  
"Listen, Alice, I don't want this to become a big problem, because you've done a great job here," I said. "But Chris was really upset this morning. I tried to calm him down, but he knows that you walked in on Derek and Rob as well, and he feels like you don't take it very seriously. He even said he thinks you might do it deliberately."  
  
Alice looked genuinely shocked.  
  
"I walked in on him on purpose?!" she exclaimed. "I've got a boyfriend! I don't want to see Chris naked!"  
  
When Alice had walked in on Derek and Rob, I'd never thought for a second that it was deliberate. Both were much older than her, and hardly had film star good looks. But Chris was in his late 20s, and had even done a bit of modelling work in his spare time. Whilst I could see that the experience of walking in on overweight fifty-something Derek might have been as unpleasant an experience for Alice as it was for Derek, I wasn't sure that she would be all that upset at this morning's error. Besides...  
  
"Chris says..." I wondered how to put it tactfully. "That you looked at his... penis."  
  
Now Alice went bright red.  
  
"I... well..."  
  
I raised my eyebrows. Perhaps I was right.  
  
"It was just... an instinctive reaction... you know..." she stuttered. "Just automatic - I didn't... want to see it!"  
  
"Just to be clear, Alice," I said, starting to enjoy this a little bit now. "You admit that you looked at Chris' genitals?"  
  
"Yes, but..."  
  
"Yes or no?"  
  
"Yes," she conceded.  
  
"Alice, I have to tell you that Chris has made an official complaint about you," I continued.  
  
"I'm... what does that mean?" she asked.  
  
"I have to start our formal disciplinary procedures," I said.  
  
"Will I... be fired?"  
  
"I don't know," I conceded. "I really should have already passed the complaint to the CEO. It's his decision."  
  
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Later on that day, Alice was back in my office.  
  
"Alec... if... is there any way I can stop this complaint going to the CEO?" she asked.  
  
"No, I'm sorry," I said. "I really don't want to have to pass it on, but Chris is insisting."  
  
"What if... what if Chris withdrew the complaint?" she asked.  
  
"Well, if he withdrew the complaint then yes, there wouldn't be a complaint to refer to the CEO, I suppose," I said. "But I've already tried to talk him out of it. He won't budge."  
  
"I've been thinking," Alice said. "I didn't do it deliberately, but I admit I looked at his... private parts. Maybe if I showed him my private parts we'd be even?"  
  
I was taken aback by this suggestion. I hadn't expected her to try to resolve the issue like this.  
  
"You're suggesting that you would take your clothes off for Chris if he withdrew his complaint?"  
  
"Yes," she responded. "I don't really want him to see me naked, but it's better than me being sacked, and I guess I deserve it after what I did."  
  
"OK, so do you want to talk to him about it?"  
  
"Um... could you?" she asked. "He's been refusing to talk to me all day, and I feel awkward enough about this as it is."  
  
I thought about it for a second.  
  
"OK, so what exactly are you suggesting I offer him?" I asked.  
  
"I'll let him walk in on me on the shower. And he can, you know, look wherever he wants." She looked down, avoiding eye contact, blushing slightly.  
  
I had to fight hard to avoid moving my eyes down her body myself, imagining what was on offer to lucky Chris.  
  
"OK, I'll speak to him," I offered.  
  
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Chris had asked to think about the offer overnight; this had initially surprised me - after all, what straight guy would turn down the opportunity to see a beautiful girl like Alice in the buff? But when he came in the next morning, it was clear that he had wanted time to plan out exactly how Alice was going to repay him for her careless error.  
  
"OK, so I will drop my complaint against Alice, on the following conditions," he started. "She has to take a shower in front on me, Derek and Rob. She has to undress in front of us, then once she's naked she has to take a full shower, at least 5 - 10 minutes, during which she can't cover anything up. After the shower she has to let each of us spank her butt, then finally she has to show us all her pussy."  
  
Wow, Chris had really given this some thought. I wasn't sure whether Alice would agree to put on a show for all three guys - it was one thing letting the hunky 20 something guy whose cock she had taken an interest in see her naked, but letting all three of them watch, let them spank her, having to spread her legs for them - I really wasn't sure that it was worth that to avoid a complaint.  
  
Still, I called Alice in and put the proposal to her. Her expression became increasingly surprised as I outlined the details of her proposed penalty. By the end of my description her face had gone that familiar shade of red that I had seen a lot over the past few days.  
  
"I'd... I'd have to check with my boyfriend," she said finally.  
  
"Fine," I said, surprised she was even contemplating it. "But I'll need to know by tomorrow."  
  
"OK," she nodded.  
  
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"I spoke to Pete last night," Alice started.  
  
"And?" I asked, after a short gap during which she didn't seem keen to continue.  
  
"Well, I had to, you know, admit that I'd looked at Chris' cock," she continued.  
  
I couldn't believe I'd just heard Alice use the word "cock". Falling from the lips of this attractive girl, in her rather well-spoken accent, in a conversation with her boss, it sounded odd. But I suppose no odder than the conversation itself.  
  
"And he wasn't happy. So he agreed that I should be punished."  
  
I could feel myself starting to get an erection. Was she seriously going to offer to comply with Chris' request? I was so jealous of Chris, Derek and Rob.  
  
"He agrees that I should take a shower in front of them, and that I should show them my pussy. The idea seemed to turn him on a bit, actually," she conceded.  
  
"His only condition was that he wants to watch too," she finished.  
  
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On Chris' request, I scheduled the "showering", as it became known, for the end of the following week. The delay built up the tension around the office, with Alice spending the entire week knowing that by the end of it, the guys would have seen her most intimate parts, and all three of the lucky guys knowing that Friday was going to be their best ever day at work.  
  
Within a few days, the news of the big event on Friday had spread round the office, and suddenly it seemed that all of the guys were keen to use the showers, hoping that they would also be the "victim" of Alice walking in on them, and therefore earn themselves an invite to Friday's showering. There was general disappointment when the guy came to fix the lock on Tuesday, and I reminded everyone that if they didn't use the lock, it was their fault if someone walked in on them. Nevertheless, Alice seemed to err on the side of caution, and went back to using the shower at the gym.  
  
I had never seen the guys in so early, come Friday morning. It was as if they had all panicked that some major disaster would befall the city that morning, closing off all transport links and forcing them to miss the thing that they had looked forward to all week.  
  
Alice was in at half eight as usual. She looked like she had taken particular care of her appearance this morning, her makeup still subtle but perhaps a little heavier than usual, her hair carefully pulled into a ponytail. She had chosen to dress more formally than usual, wearing a skirt suit that she usually reserved for meetings, as if perhaps the professionalism of her dress somehow off-set the rather less professional nature of what was to come.  
  
Nobody seemed keen to do any work that morning, with constant glances at the clock, waiting for the appointed 10am. At half nine I went down to the shower room to check it out. For once, the guys had left it neat and tidy. I took in the room, imagining Alice under one of the showers. The showers were open, just shower heads suspended from the walls, nothing at all to protect Alice's modesty.  
  
At quarter to ten, a guy arrived at the front desk identifying himself as Pete. Alice's boyfriend. I went to meet him. He wasn't what I had expected; he wasn't exactly ugly, but he was certainly punching above his weight dating a girl like Alice. I wondered what Chris would think when he saw Pete - Chris had recently split up with his girlfriend - would he decide he was well placed to challenge Pete for Alice's heart - and, well, body?  
  
Pete seemed if anything excited about what was about to happen. I suppose that he was looking forward to showing his girlfriend off, having the guys jealously watch her shower, knowing that it was him that she ended up in bed with at the end of the day. If I was lucky enough to have a girlfriend like Alice, I think I'd feel the same.  
  
Pete and I sat in my office as we waited for the appointed time, and I tried to make appropriate smalltalk.  
  
"How does Alice feel about this?" I asked.  
  
"She's really nervous; she's never done anything like this before," Pete explained. "I'm her first boyfriend - we met at school, so nobody other than me has ever seen her naked."  
  
Wow, I wasn't surprised that Alice was nervous.  
  
"She made me wait years before I ever got to see anything," Pete continued, smiling at the memory. "She surprised me on my eighteenth birthday by wrapping herself up in wrapping paper, and letting me unwrap her like a present."  
  
Both of us sat there is silence for a moment, him clearly recalling what was obviously one of the best moments of his life, me doing my best to imagine it.  
  
"Do you think she'll go through with it?" I asked.  
  
Pete thought for a few seconds.  
  
"Yeah, she will. She genuinely wants to sort things out with the guys here; she's a lovely girl and she feels really bad about what's happened. She doesn't really want to show everything off to them, but if that's what it takes to show them she's sorry and make things OK."  
  
"Plus," he continued, "she loves this job, and if showing her lady parts is what it takes to keep it, that's what she'll do."  
  
I wasn't sure that was the whole answer. I'd seen the way Alice talked about Pete. He was the love of her life. If he'd decided he wanted to keep her lady parts to herself, there was no way she'd be showing them off today. Yes she might feel that she deserved some embarrassment as a punishment for her errant knocking, and she might be keen on keeping the job, but surely a large part of this was about putting a smile on Pete's face too.  
  
"The thing she'd most nervous about is the spanking," Pete concluded. "She's never been spanked before - it's not something I'm into, so it's not something we've tried. I don't mind her being spanked to embarrass her, but I don't want her hurt."  
  
"That's fine," I said, agreeing whole heartedly with the sentiment. This was about giving the guys an eyeful, and a bit about embarrassing Alice, but her crime, such as it was, only merited that, nothing more.  
  
Pete asked if he could have a chat with Alice before things started, and I went to speak to the guys. I told them to enjoy the show, but to remember that Alice was a colleague, and they were still going to have to work with her after this, so not to push things any further than Alice had agreed, and to keep the spanking friendly. I reminded them that Alice had only walked in on them by mistake, and she didn't have to agree to repay them like this, and I hoped that once this was done with they would all feel like Alice had fairly repaid them for the embarrassment she had caused.  
  
At 10am the six of us - Chris, Derek and Rob, Alice and Pete, and me, walked down to the shower room, the other guys looking on enviously. Not a word was spoken on the way down the corridor. Alice looked nervous and Pete put his arm around her to reassure her.  
  
As we got to the door, I turned to leave them.  
  
"Alec?" Alice asked, not looking directly at me.  
  
"Yes?" I asked.  
  
"Pete and I have been talking and... we... if you want... you can come in too?" she said.  
  
"Are you sure?" I asked, immediately mentally kicking myself for even questioning the offer.  
  
"Yeah... I mean, you've organised all this, so... it would seem a bit unfair, if, you know..."  
  
I wondered whether it was Alice or Pete who had come up with the idea of letting me watch, but didn't want to question any further.  
  
"Um, yeah, OK, thanks," I said.  
  
We all walked into the shower room. The two shower heads hung from the wall directly ahead. There wasn't much else in the room except for a rack and a couple of hangers for clothes to be left on. The room wasn't really designed for six people, but fortunately we all fitted in OK. Once the door was closed and locked, I stood against the door, three other guys against the wall, and Pete a little further into the room, against the side wall.  
  
Alice placed the crisp white towel that she had carried down with her on the towel rack, and then placed the little shower bag she had been carrying on top of it on the shelf next to one of the shower heads. She then stood facing us, seemingly wondering what to do next. I decided perhaps I needed to say something.  
  
"OK, Alice, get yourself undressed then get in the shower like you normally would. Just make sure you're facing us at all times, and you keep your hands out of the way of your bits."  
  
I couldn't believe I was issuing that kind of instruction to one of my employees, but I tried to make it sound as professional as possible. I looked over at Pete, whose eyes were fixed firmly on Alice. I guessed that no matter how many times he had seen her naked, watching her undress was still a treat.  
  
Alice closed her eyes and started to shed her jacket.  
  
"Alice, keep your eyes open and on us," I instructed, without even thinking about it. "Remember who you are undressing in front of."  
  
Out of the corner of my eye I saw Pete shoot me a look, but it didn't seem to be disapproving. I supposed he was getting turned on by seeing his girlfriend's boss issue orders to her like this.  
  
Alice opened her eyes and focussed them directly on mine, almost demanding that I hold her gaze and not look down at her body. Her suit jacket was soon shed, and she made a big job of hanging it on the hanger, delaying the inevitable.  
  
She seemed to pause for a second to decide what to remove next, then bent down to remove her high heels. Remembering my instructions, she kept her eyes focussed on the guys, shifting her gaze from Chris to Derek to Rob. As she neatly placed her discarded shoes by the wall, I took a second to glance sideways at the guys. All of them - Chris, who had dreamed up this event, Derek, who was old enough to be her father, and Rob, who from the stories I had heard had bedded a fair few women in his time, were focussed directly on Alice, clearly enjoying even this early stage of the show.  
  
Now it was time for us to see a bit more, as Alice nervously started to unbutton her blouse. As she got about half way down we got our first glimpse of her white bra, which seemed pretty plain; a businesslike bra to go with her business suit. I wondered how much time she'd spent this morning on choosing her underwear, knowing that for the first time she was going to be revealing it to her colleagues.  
  
I looked up to see her eyes focussed on mine, watching me watching her. The expression on her face now was determined, the same expression I had seen many times before, when she was given a difficult task, but was determined to complete it to the best of her ability. As she shrugged off her blouse, only the thin floral patterned fabric of her bra stood between her breasts and the gaze of us five guys.  
  
Her blouse joined her other discarded clothes, but Alice kept her body facing us as she hung it up, allowing us all to stare at the curves of her upper body, her flat stomach, her full firm breasts encased in that lacy bra. Pete was certainly an extremely lucky guy. I'd have to speak to him later for tips on how to get a girl who is so far out of your league.  
  
Next she reached behind her to unfasten her skirt, and my eyes (together with I'm sure the eyes of all the other guys) moved downwards. I was glad Alice had chosen to dress so formally; the fact that it was a black work skirt that she was soon to remove from round her body was a reminder of exactly what was happening; this was one of my colleagues, our only female employee, that enthusiastic young woman who I worked with on a daily basis, who was about to show us parts of her we'd never expect to see.  
  
The skirt came loose, then down her legs, revealing that she had chosen matching underwear this morning. Her knickers preserved her modesty for now, but it was only going to be a minute more before they made the same journey as the skirt. Alice stepped out of the skirt, leaving just her underwear to remove.

Alice took a deep breath, steeling herself to show those breasts that only one guy had ever seen to four more. Pete had been made to wait years to see her puppies, and now he was doing the generous thing and sharing them with the four of us. As she reached behind her back, Alice looked over at Pete for reassurance. He seemed as intently focussed on her chest as the rest of us and took a second to notice. He gave her a reassuring smile, and she let the straps fall loose.  
  
Alice had no doubt shed her bra in this room many times before prior to taking a shower, but the room would always have been empty before. She could hardly pretend that there weren't five guys in here with her. Perhaps then her bra left her boobs slightly slower than it ordinarily would have done, but as it parted company with her body she at least made no attempt to hide what was being displayed.  
  
Alice's tits were perfect: firm, round, of ample size without being huge. She had quite large nipples surrounded by equally prominent areolas. There was a cute little mole just to the side of her left nipple. Her nipples seemed to be slightly erect; whether this was from excitement, nerves or both, I wasn't sure.  
  
"You're a lucky guy, Pete," Chris muttered.  
  
Bizarrely this, rather than the exposure of her breasts, was the first thing to cause Alice to blush.  
  
As she placed her bra on the side, we all knew that there was only one piece of clothing left. I wasn't going to let her get away with looking at her boyfriend for reassurance as she exposed the final part of her body.  
  
"Alice, make sure you look at Chris as you take your knickers off," I instructed.  
  
Alice's eyes had already moved over to Pete, but she did as instructed and looked Chris straight in the eyes. He held her gaze for only a second before looking down at her crotch, ready to see what was normally resolved for her boyfriend.  
  
Alice's face went even redder now, and she paused for a few seconds with her thumbs in the waistband of her knickers. Her boobs had clearly not been nearly as much of a sacrifice as her crotch.  
  
Finally they came down, as quickly as she could, dropping down her legs to show her completely shaved crotch. Despite Alice's best efforts to keep her legs together, the top of her pussy just peaked out. As she stepped out of her knickers I did my best to catch a better glimpse of the pink lips between her legs, but she did it so quickly I didn't get a chance.  
  
Alice stood there completely naked now, her clothes neatly laid out on the side, no longer performing their usual job of preserving her modesty and keeping her private parts private. Though I was sure that it was tempting for her to use her hands to keep her more intimate parts out of our view, she kept them by her side, allowing us to feast our eyes on the banquet laid out in front of us.  
  
I ran my eyes up her body, starting at her cute bare feet, up her long smooth legs, lingering on that completely hairless crotch, on what I could see of her womanhood, the part she had only ever shown to one guy before. Up over her flat stomach, the product of those gym sessions which had ended up getting her in the trouble that had landed her here. Up to those bare breasts, that I longed to touch and play with. And up to that beautiful face, those lively eyes that watched us, almost inquisitively, studying us studying her. She even seemed to have a hint of a smile on her face, perhaps flattered at the undivided male attention.  
  
"Do I show you my lady bits now?" Alice asked, almost conversationally, as if she was asking which order to do her work in, or what time a meeting was.  
  
I looked at the other guys, who seemed very keen to answer yes, and I admit that it was an offer that was difficult to refuse. But we were here because Alice hadn't followed the rules, and it was important that we set a better example. Besides, good things come to those who wait.  
  
"No, Alice," I said, patiently, as if explaining a difficult point. "Shower, get spanked, then show us your lady parts."  
  
Not a sequence of words I'd ever anticipated using at work.  
  
Taking the instructions that I had previously given her very seriously, Alice didn't even turn away from us as she walked into the shower, stepping backwards until she was under the shower head. She tapped the button on the wall, and the warm water started to flow, running down her back. She stepped backwards slightly, allowing the water to caress her hair, to run down the front of her body, over her boobs, dribbling down her front, making her flawless skin glisten.  
  
I looked over to Pete, who seemed engrossed in the show. I wondered whether he ever watched Alice shower at home, perhaps even joined her. I wondered if he was wishing he could join her know. The lucky bastard - out of all of us, he was the only one who would get his hands on everything we were seeing once it was all over.  
  
The water continued to run down Alice's body, and she seemed to visibly relax. I'd never really thought before about the fact that she regularly stood under this shower, deprived of her clothes, just yards away from my office. Now I was never going to be able to get this image out of my head. This beautiful goddess, our blonde superstar, letting us watch her wash her stunning body clean.  
  
Alice reached into her shower bag and took out a bottle of shampoo. Pulling the band from her hair, she let her damp hair fall free. Filling a hand with some of the liquid, she rubbed it into her hair. It lathered up quickly, and the suds started to run down her body, like the sexiest ever TV advert. She clearly wasn't going to rush this; she'd promised us a shower, and that's what we were going to see.  
  
It seemed somewhat unfair on Alice that a momentary glimpse of Chris' cock had led to us enjoying this extended viewing session of her own private parts, but that was the deal, and, as always, Alice was performing her task to perfection. I enjoyed a long look at her bare breasts, soft but firm under the assault of the water, nipples very definitely standing to attention now, soap suds making their way down the slope of her chest at leisurely pace.  
  
After rinsing out her hair Alice paid attention to the rest of her body, soaping up her smooth underarms, washing her arms and body, then spending a little time massaging the soap into her boobs, a privilege I would have given anything to have, taking her time, seeming to enjoy the power she was having over her senior colleagues.  
  
Alice clearly took her personal hygiene seriously, as she next spent more than a few seconds rubbing her soapy hands between her legs, making sure that her lady parts were at their most presentable for their forthcoming outing. I wondered whether she was giving this part of her body rather more attention than usual, perhaps even obtaining some sneaky pleasure from the act, though she was careful not to give anything away.  
  
Finally she bent forward to wash her legs clean, giving a very welcome alternative view of her boobs as they hung down from her body, swaying slightly from the movement. The fragrant smell of the soap, the pattering of the water on the floor, the visual treat of Alice's exposed body, dripping with water and soap; I was so grateful to Pete for ensuring I got an invite that I hadn't really deserved.  
  
Finally Alice hit the shower button again, and the water ceased. She stood there dripping for a few seconds, before making her way over to her towel. She looked over to me for permission to temporarily obscure her body, and I gave her a slight nod. She towelled herself dry, our eyes following every movement of the fabric, wishing we could take the place of that towel.  
  
Finally the towel was discarded. Alice gave a slightly longing look at her clothes, obviously wishing that she could once again enjoy the privacy to which she was ordinarily accustomed. But for now that fabric that ordinarily had the privilege of adorning her body stayed where it was, so close and yet so far.  
  
"OK, Alice," I said, slowly, enjoying every second of this. "You have agreed to our rather... bespoke disciplinary process. But the important thing is that you accept that you did wrong, that you deserve this, and that this will teach you an important lesson."  
  
Alice nodded.  
  
"I want you to look each of the guys in the eyes, apologise for what you did, and ask them to spank you."  
  
Alice looked up and down the line of the three guys, knowing that each was going to spank her, but having to make the decision as to who would be first to redden her bottom.  
  
Finally her eyes settled on Derek, who was struggling to keep his own eyes at the correct level to make eye contact.  
  
"Derek," she started, ignoring the fact that he was still staring at her tits. "I'm really sorry; I know it must have been really embarrassing me walking in on you, and I can assure you that I've had plenty of embarrassment today to make up for it. Please will you spank me so I can be properly punished for what I did?"  
  
Whether or not Alice really thought that she deserved a spanking from Derek I wasn't sure, but she made a convincing job of asking.  
  
Derek squatted down and patted his knee. Alice seemed reluctant about the idea of draping her naked body over the knee of a colleague, never mind one who was so much older than her, but she did as she was told. She had been positioned so her bare bottom was facing me, Rob and Chris, and the position she was in presented it nicely to us. Her close observance of my rules meant that up to now she had kept the front of her body facing us, and whilst that was an extremely pleasant sight, this close up view of her backside was no less enjoyable.  
  
I knew we were all about to witness Alice's first ever spanking, and glanced up at Pete, wondering how he felt that it was this stranger who was going to be the first guy to spank his girlfriend. Despite his earlier claim that he was "not into spanking", he seemed to be very "into" seeing his girlfriend spanked by someone twice her age.  
  
Derek gently touched Alice on her left butt cheek, and I half expected her to jump up or at least to flinch, but she stayed still, taking her punishment like a professional. Derek raised his hand then brought it down hard on the exact part of her soft backside that he had just touched. The spank made a satisfying "smack" sound as his hand made contact with her bottom. Alice didn't react.  
  
"I'm going to spank you twice more," Derek told her. "So that will be three in total, once for each time you have walked in without knocking."  
  
"Thank you, Derek," Alice said clearly, as if she genuinely meant it. Being placed over her colleague's knee and spanked didn't seem to have affected her unfailing politeness.  
  
Derek touched her other butt cheek now, indicating to her where the second smack was going to land. I was sure that he must have done this before, though surely not in such unusual circumstances. He pulled his hand back and seemed to pause for a second, building Alice's anticipation, then landed a firm smack right where he had promised. This time Alice let out a short "eek", but more of surprise than of pain. He'd timed it perfectly, catching her off-guard.  
  
Her backside visibly tensed up after the second smack, and Derek obviously noticed. He placed his hand right where he had delivered the first smack but left it there, waiting.  
  
"Alice, relax your bottom," he ordered.  
  
It must have been hard for her to follow his instruction, having the hand of a senior colleague resting on that personal part of her body, knowing he was about to place a hard smack on it, but after a few seconds pause she did as she was told, and the smack was delivered almost instantly. This time Alice kept her composure and took the penalty with good grace.  
  
With Derek's lesson clearly finished, Alice stood up. During the spanking she had kept her eyes focussed on the wall ahead of her, but she now shot Pete a glance. His excitement at having seen his girlfriend have her bottom smacked by a senior colleague was entirely obvious, and a slight look of surprise played across Alice's face, but was soon removed.  
  
Alice approached Rob now, and with her body still devoid of clothes her womanly charms were once again on full display. Rob did an admirable job of keeping his eyes focused on hers though as she apologised for walking in on him and said that she would be grateful if he would now make matters right by spanking her bottom.  
  
If Rob's reputation was anything to go by he had probably tried this fetish among many others countless times, but I wondered whether he had ever had such an attractive girl as Alice across his lap.  
  
"Alice," Rob said, landing the first spank on her left cheek, "I'm not going to lie to you," he delivered another two smacks in quick succession, alternating between her right and left butt cheek, "you're an extremely... attractive... girl", he emphasised each of these words with a further spank, exceeding the number of punishment whacks that Derek had given her, but keeping his much lighter.  
  
"And you can walk in on me," he continued the alternating spanks as he spoke, "any time you like if this is going to be the result." He finished off with a couple more spanks before letting her stand up again. Alice did not seem perturbed by Rob's speech, and indeed looked visibly flattered if anything. I suppose for a girl who had only ever had one boyfriend the experience of having her body admired by other guys was somewhat flattering.  
  
Alice seemed to be taking her spanking very well. I was sure that many girls would have found this absolutely humiliating and have run screaming by now, but Alice didn't seem to. She had always had an underlying confidence, an ability to talk to people, befriend people, give anything a try, and as always she had been thrown into an unfamiliar situation and adapted remarkably well. She knew that, despite the fact that she was naked and being put over the knee of her colleagues, ultimately it was her we were all here for, her body we were all admiring, her bottom we were all desperate to spank.  
  
As Alice faced Chris, I sensed a little sexual tension. After all, it had been Alice who had originally offered to show her body to Chris, and it had been Chris who had been so keen on the details as to exactly how she should show her body. They'd always seemed to get on very well around the office, Was Alice actively looking forward to being put over Chris' knee, to having his strong hand say hello to her bottom?  
  
It may have been my imagination, but Alice's request for Chris to spank her was almost flirty, suggestive. I looked over at Pete, expecting him to be jealous, but he seemed more than happy with the flirting. I suppose that he trusted Alice and knew that, for all her flirting with Chris, it would be his cock between her legs tonight.  
  
Chris chose a different position for Alice to be spanked in. Getting her to stand under the shower that he had been under when she walked in, he asked her to face the wall and lean forwards, pushing her hands against the wall. Next he made her arch her back, pushing her bottom out towards us in an incredibly sexy pose. He stood back and admired his target for a few seconds then, without warning, delivered his first smack to Alice's backside.  
  
"Ow!" she protested.  
  
"This is what happens to naughty girls," Chris said.  
  
Another smack, the sound of which echoed out around the room.  
  
"Ow!"  
  
"They get sore bottoms."  
  
Smack. "Ow!"  
  
Whilst Chris was a fit, strong guy, it didn't seem that he was smacking Alice's bottom any harder than Derek had; her cries of protest were part of the game with Chris, a game he was happy to play.  
  
"What do you deserve Alice?" he asked.  
  
Alice paused, deliberately teasing him, and received another whack on her backside for her trouble.  
  
"Ow! A sore bottom!" Alice exclaimed. Despite her protests, she made no attempt to alter her posture, leaving her bottom protruding towards Chris and in the perfect position to be spanked. Either this was a more than admirable example of her professionalism, even in these odd circumstances or, more likely, she was enjoying herself.  
  
Chris placed another well aimed smack on Alice's bottom, but this time in defiance she stayed silent. A further smack delivered to the exact same place did the job, eliciting what sounded like a genuine "OW!"  
  
Though I was sure that the showdown could have gone on for hours, and certainly I would not have complained about the perfect view of Alice's backside and the sizzling sexual tension, Chris seemed to feel this was enough, and returned to join the rest of us.  
  
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It seemed to take everyone a minute or two to recover from what they had just witnessed (or, in Chris and Alice's case, taken part in). Alice stood there, looking at Pete, at me, sneaking a glance at Chris but keen not to do any more than that.  
  
Finally, it was Chris who made the next move.  
  
"OK, Alice, so the reason why you're hear is because you walked into this room last week and looked at my cock," he said, clearly enjoying the reversal of positions that saw him now the one wearing clothes and her the one exposed.  
  
"So, fair's fair, you've seen my cock, now it's time I saw your pussy."  
  
Knowing how sensitive girls could be about their lady parts, I wondered whether, faced with the prospect of having to openly display hers to us all, Alice would back out. I wouldn't blame her. Still, I supposed it was a fair exchange - a pussy for a cock. Alice had so far used the benefits of female biology to keep her most intimate part (mostly) hidden, but now it was time for her to waive that privilege, for us to show us what ultimately we had all come here to see.  
  
Alice seemed uncertain as to exactly what to do; Chris, who I was sure had spent plenty of time fantasising about this, had no such reservations.  
  
"Sit down and spread your legs," he instructed.  
  
I wondered it Alice had ever assumed such an explicit position even for Pete - perhaps only her gyno had seen her so blatantly exposed before.  
  
Taking her towel, Alice laid it down on the floor, then sat down. Taking a deep breath, she parted her legs as wide as she could, finally exposing her pussy lips for our viewing. One thing was immediately clear; Alice was extremely aroused. Her lips had swelled, opened, glistened with her juices. Whilst some may disagree, I have always found a woman's vulva, her entry door to pleasure, that secret place she normally reserved for the one she loved, to be one of the most beautiful sights in the world, and Alice's was no exception.  
  
I haven't had the pleasure of that many women spreading their legs for me over my years on this earth, but I have appreciated it very much every time I have. Vulvas are like snowflakes, every one is different, which makes every one special. Give me a real vagina over a porn pussy any day. Alice's lips were on the larger side; more to play with, as I liked to think, and her clit peaked through her parted lips. I totally forgot where I was, or who Alice and I were, and just wanted to play, to touch, to make her cum.   
  
She had obviously shaved very recently, as there wasn't even the shortest of pubes to get in the way of our view. I wondered if she had shaved especially so that we would get the best possible view of her lady parts, and imagined her nervously running a razor over her private parts that morning, knowing that a few hours later numerous pairs of eyes would be focussed on that most intimate part of her body. I wondered if she realised then that it would be a completely aroused womanhood that we would be seeing.  
  
Alice must have sat there exposed like that for a couple of minutes, the room gripped with complete silence, as if we were viewing fine art. I stole my gaze away for a second to look up at her face, and although it was a little red, that could have been more the excitement rather than embarrassment. She was staring at the row of bulges in trousers, looking surprised, flattered almost, at the effect she was having. Her eyes lingered longest on Chris' crotch, and I imagined she was probably wishing she'd spent a bit longer looking at it when she'd walked in on him.

Finally it was Pete who broke the silence.  
  
"OK, guys, I think you've had a good look at my lady's private parts," he said in an upbeat tone. "Can Alice get dressed now?"  
  
Nobody was keen to bring proceedings to an end, but we all had to accept that Alice had more than made amends for her careless actions, and each grunted a noise that could be taken for agreement.  
  
Alice stood and walked over to where her clothes had been deposited. We watched as her body was once again concealed, lapping up every second. The knickers coming back up her legs, that last glance of her smooth crotch before that was covered. Eyes moving up for a last look at those perfect breasts, flushed red with arousal, nipples standing to attention, begging to be touched. Within a few seconds that plain white bra was concealing them, showing only an admirable cleavage.   
  
After seeing everything in such graphic detail, her underwear clad body seemed somewhat modest, but as my mind reminded me exactly where we were, and that Alice was an employee, someone I was supposed to manage, the sight of her standing there in just her undies, leaving what was beneath them to my imagination, was equally arousing as what had just passed.  
  
Next she regained her skirt, then her blouse brought her back up to a more usual standard of dress. Finally her jacket re-adorned her, and she stepped back into her shoes, now every inch the young professional we were used to. It felt almost improper to be standing there still in possession of an erection in the presence of this lady, though I knew that underneath her clothes her body would still be equally aroused, and she had just proved herself to be not quite as lady-like as we may previously have assumed.  
  
It's strange; every woman has a set of lady parts nestled between her legs, but somehow once you've actually seen them, fully exposed a few feet away from you, you feel differently about her. If you know a woman is in a relationship, you know she's going home and having sex with her partner at the end of the day, getting herself aroused by sexual thoughts, but you don't really think about that until you've actually seen her lips moist with her juices, seen her bare breasts flushed with sexual excitement. Of course you know women have fantasies too, but it's only when you've seen her live one out in front of your own eyes that it really comes home to you.  
  
Derek and Chris headed off to the men's room, I assumed to do something about their enraged libidos. Rob, who had himself visibly very much enjoyed the show, mumbled something about a meeting he had to be at and disappeared off. Alice and Pete didn't seem to be able to take their eyes off each other, looking as if they had discovered something new about the other, and were rather pleased about it. I decided to head to my office and try to actually concentrate on getting some work done, then head off early so that I could relive the whole experience in the privacy of my bedroom.  
  
Almost immediately on returning to my office, I started to worry about what had just happened. Having left that humid, sexually charged environment of the shower room, my sexually aroused state started to slip a little, and I started to wonder whether what we had asked Alice to do was inappropriate. What if she was now regretting it? What if it made it impossible for her to work with me and the other guys who had just seen her expose herself so blatantly?  
  
Eventually I headed off to Alice's office to check that she was OK. When I arrived, her door was shut. Our office has an open door policy (except for in respect of the shower room, obviously!), and doors are only usually closed when the office is empty. Perhaps she was still talking things through with Pete. I decided to go in and leave her a note to come and see me when she got back.  
  
I pushed the door open, fully expecting to find nobody inside, but to my amazement, there was Pete, and he was... wow.  
  
Alice was bent forward over her desk, her clothes once again discarded, knickers sexily still hanging uselessly round her ankles. Standing behind her was Pete, his own trousers and boxers round his ankle, shirt removed, and he had her body wrapped tightly in his arms. He was thrusting his cock into her pussy in quick, strong thrusts, each eliciting a moan of pleasure from Alice, and the odd grunt from Pete.  
  
For a few seconds, neither noticed my presence. Alice's eyes were closed, and Pete was nibbling at her neck, something she was clearly enjoying. Her moans were unrestrained, clearly relying on the office walls to keep them for Pete's ears only. Pete roughly massaged her left breast with his hand, obviously adding to her ecstasy.  
  
I felt like I should leave, but my own arousal, which had started to subside, was back in full force, and I'd never forgive myself for walking out and missing out on this display. I walked slightly further into the room so that I could get a better view of Alice's face, that face I was so familiar with, but not like this, not scrunched up with the pleasure that Pete's caress and thrusts were delivering to her.  
  
Alice's unrestricted right boob jiggled with each thrust, Pete's spare hand placed on her bare tummy, gripping her tightly towards him, keeping a firm hold of his prize. Her upper body was bent forwards slightly over her desk, legs parted to allow Pete the access they both desired.  
  
Suddenly Pete caught me out of the corner of his eye, and his head turned, lips and tongue separating from his beloved's neck, looking straight at me. I expected him to stop what he was doing, maybe grab hold of me, throw me out. But he didn't. Just as he had clearly enjoyed me watching his girlfriend shower, get spanked, and expose her lady parts earlier, he was now enjoying me seeing him fuck his girlfriend, his cock, not mine, plunging in and out of that beautiful pussy.  
  
Alice, who clearly was unaware of the reason for the kissing stopping, gave a moan of complaint, and Pete returned his lips to her neck, which Alice greeted with a sound of satisfaction. Alice was clearly a very vocal girl in the bedroom, and the odd expletive escaped her lips as Chris delivered a particularly well placed thrust. Hearing normally politely spoken Alice let out a gasped "fuck!" as Chris got it particularly right almost sent me over the edge.  
  
"I'm gonna cum babe..." Alice breathlessly informed Pete, still unaware that there was anyone else to hear.  
  
"Me too," he gasped, their heavy breathing synchronised in a way that evidenced their total familiarity with each other in carnal matters.  
  
Alice and Pete's final sounds, her moans and his grunts, were a matching pair of his and her declarations of approaching climax, and when it came she let out now a scream as such, but more an elongated "yeeeeeeeeee...s", the final "s" echoing with complete satisfaction, the finalisation of long pent up arousal. Pete managed a couple more thrusts before he let out a quieter but no less satisfied celebratory noise.  
  
Letting himself slip out of her, Pete turned Alice round to face him, each wrapping their arms around the other. Alice opened her eyes which were inches from his, staring deeply into the pupils of her soulmate, and each uttered a whispered declaration of love for each other. Enraptured in the show of desire for each other, I didn't even think of slipping out of the room, and after what seemed like hours, Pete broke his gaze with Alice to look at me. Alice instantly followed her loved one's gaze, and a look of total shock took over her face. She quickly broke her bond with Pete, and used her arms to cover up her breasts and crotch, which seemed like a rather pointless gesture following the events of that morning.  
  
"Alice," I said, after a long pause. "Do you think this is appropriate conduct? Having sexual intercourse in your office?"  
  
"I... but... but you walked in without knocking!" Alice complained, rallying against the unfairness of this in a way she hadn't about the punishment she had "endured" that morning.  
  
"We have an open door policy," I replied, coolly, "there's no need to knock."  
  
Alice gave me an angry look, clearly convinced I had walked in on her and Pete on purpose.  
  
"Listen, listen," Pete said. I'd forgotten he was still there. It was a rather bizarre showdown, the naked Alice with her arms protecting what modesty she had left, Pete with his pants around his ankles, flaccid penis still glistening with Alice's juices, and me there dressed in my business suit.  
  
"We're all in the wrong here. I shouldn't have persuaded Alice to have sex with me in her office. Alice shouldn't have agreed. You shouldn't have walked in without knocking."  
  
I had to admit that there was something in what he was saying. I could hardly complain, having just had the opportunity to witness such a fantastic show. And even if I was justified in walking in, I wasn't really justified in watching.  
  
"So what do you suggest?" I asked.  
  
Pete's eyes met Alice's, and with the familiarity that comes with having known each other so well for so long, a mutual understanding formed.  
  
"I'm sure we can come to some arrangement," Alice said, smiling.