**Upping the Ante**

by[Wonderstorm](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=211175&page=submissions)©

**Upping the Ante: Monday**

INTRODUCTIONS

Trudging up the stairs of Wonderstorm Entertainment, Owen knew he was being punished. Well, he didn't know, exactly. But had a suspicion. Why else would they assign him to the Advertising Department for the next two weeks? Sure, Leo Kelly said it was because the ad people needed a little bit more understanding about Adrenalyne. But why couldn't they send Zach, or Terry, or one of the other countless programmers that had worked on the game? After all, Owen had DESIGNED the game - if he weren't up here this week, he could be downstairs designing more games.

But no, instead, Kelly had decided that his time was better spent up here with all the "business-types." The title was spoken as an anathema by the programmers downstairs, who often got fed up with the office staff that worked on the third and fourth floors of Wonderstorm. He was dressed in his typical ripped jeans, stained t-shirt, flip-flops, and eye-brow ring that he usually wore to work, but now he was passing people in suits, shirts & ties, and business ensembles. He groaned, but opened the door to the second floor's advertising department, his sticker-covered laptop under his arm. The minute the door was open, Owen cursed the company’s president again. This was all Kelly’s fault.

Inside, the whole office was sort of a peach color. Mauve? Salmon? Whatever it was, it made Owen sick, just at the sight of it. How did they expect him to leave his dungeon and come work up here?

There were three desks in the main room as Owen entered. One was to the far right, where a secretary, probably about his age, sat in front of a single door. To the left was another secretary, but around her desk were two doors behind her, and one to her left. Across from him was a conference room, overlooking Gaslamp Boulevard. And, to his direct right, just next to the door, was a young girl, probably college-aged, sitting at a desk that seemed to be almost an afterthought, more than anything else.

"You must be Mr. O'Connell," the secretary to his right said, standing up. She was a brunette, with extremely short hair. "I'm Chrissy, Joanna's assistant."

The name Chrissy didn't mean anything to him, but then, she was only a secretary. Joanna, Owen thought to himself, was definitely the one in charge of the advertising department. Joanna Zayres. He had heard her name around the company for the past three years, and linked it to someone important.

"Owen," the programmer told the woman as he shook her hand. "Mr. O'Connell makes it sound as if I’m sixty years old, or I'm in trouble."

The woman smiled and gave a small laugh, being friendly. As Owen glanced around the department again, Chrissy knocked on Joanna's door and told her that Owen was here.

For the next half hour, Owen was guided all around the office, being introduced to everyone. Joanna herself was only thirty-seven, but in a company like Wonderstorm, that made her the most senior member of the office.

The other secretary, seated at the far side of the main room, was the very pregnant Karen DeYoung. Karen served as the office manager, which basically meant that she was the secretary for the three advertising associates that populated the rest of the office.

The younger girl that Owen noticed as he walked in the door was Suzanne Eastman, a junior at the University of Babylon. She was actually taking the fall off of school to intern here at Wonderstorm. Her desk HAD been an afterthought, trying to cram her into the small department that had been crowded from the get-go.

Marcus Flannery and Spencer Wesley-Brandt made up the male members of the advertising staff. How they had ever got stuck working in such an awful-colored office, Owen didn't know. But he felt bad for the both of them. Marcus was in his early thirties, going prematurely grey. Spencer, on the other hand, was roughly twenty-eight, Owen guessed. Both advertising associates were well dressed, especially in comparison to Owen.

The third advertising associate was definitely the member of the staff that caught Owen's eye the most. Catherine McIntyre was his age, 23, and a recent graduate of Green College. She was tall, gorgeous, and had brown hair that fell to her shoulders, no further. Most of all, she was friendly, joking around with him in a way that made him feel more welcome than anyone else had.

"So we're dressing down today, huh?" Cat teased, getting an eyeful of the programmer.

Coming from anyone else, this might have been an insult, but Owen could tell that she was just joking around, trying to make friends. She wasn’t looking down on him; she was just amused to see someone so sloppy-looking trudge into relatively formal office.

Because of the limited space, Owen was given the conference room to call home for the next two weeks. Chrissy got him settled, and soon Owen was up and running on his laptop, e-mailing his friends downstairs about how awful it was up on the second floor. Seriously, mauve? He spent the morning meeting with Joanna, helping the director of the advertising department get a better feel of his game, Adrenalyne, and helping to come up with at least a tentative strategy of how Owen envisioned the advertising.

LUNCHTIME GAMBLING

To welcome Owen, the whole staff stayed around for lunch, making Owen feel obligated to remain himself. They ordered subs from a deli around the corner, and Suzanne ran down to get them. Everyone settled in around the large table in the conference room, making themselves comfortable in a way that Owen hadn’t yet – despite the fact that this was technically HIS office.

They chatted though, and everyone was fairly friendly. That is, until the subject of "Teaser" came up.

To be fair, it wasn't Cat that brought the game up. It was Karen who joked that Owen should take a stab at trying to knock out the office "Teaser" queen. Karen explained that Teaser was a simple puzzle game, in which the player just tried to work their way through increasingly difficult problems.

Owen smiled at the mention of the game, and smiled again when Suzanne asked him if he had ever played. Owen laughed, and responded by saying that he used to play the game all the time.

"Were you any good?" Marcus asked.

"Oh, I could hold my own," Owen responded.

"You probably couldn't touch Cat, though," Suzanne said. "The game's spread all over the building."

"Yeah," Owen replied. "Terry Meltzer, who works in the office next to mine, is on that top score sheet – you know, the one that tracks high scores on the office intranet? I think he's number three."

"Well," Karen picked up bragging for Cat where Suzanne had left off, "you should probably check to see who's number one." She made a head nod towards Cat, who just smiled and continued eating. "She's got everyone else in the building by at least two hundred thousand points."

Owen smiled. "You know, I bet I could stand a chance, if I started playing again."

There was a laugh around the table, and Cat calmly reached into her purse. Silent, she pulled out two twenties and a ten, laying them on the table. "You want to make that official?"

"Don't do it," Marcus warned him. "She took two temps last fall, and Suzanne just a few weeks ago."

"She took me when she first started here," Spencer chimed in. "She really is the best you'll ever see."

"I don't know," Owen said. "I AM a game programmer. I probably stand a little better chance than the rest of you did."

Cat smiled, waving the fifty bucks back and forth. "I'm still waiting..."

Owen hedged. "I don't know...fifty bucks is kind of a lot of money, especially if you're as good as they keep saying you are..."

"Worried that I'll beat the pants off you?" Cat asked, teasing him. Owen smiled back, though his expression was a little difficult to read. Was it confidence? Was he scared? Cat couldn’t really tell, but it didn’t matter; there wasn’t anyone at Wonderstorm who’d been able to top her yet. Her eyes sparkled mischievously, and she put the money away. "You know what? Let's forget about the money."

Owen was silent; waiting to hear what Cat was about to say next.

"How about I really beat the pants off you?" she smiled, her grin widening. "You think today was casual? How about, if I beat you, you work all day tomorrow in your underwear?"

The room laughed, and Owen hedged a little bit more. Karen was laughing about the bet, while Marcus was desperately trying to warn Owen off. Cat continued to egg him on, though, until the programmer finally relented.

"Joanna, you're verifying all this, right?" Cat asked her boss.

"You know, it's fine by me. You're gonna have to stay in here if you're lounging around in your underwear," Joanna addressed Owen. "You can't go off around the rest of the building dressed like that.

"The same holds true for her, right?" Owen responded.

Joanna looked doubtful. "Yes, in theory, if she loses the bet, she'll have to do the same."

Cat looked extremely smug. It was almost as if Owen had been beaten already. Everyone else in the office was of the same mindset, though, and only Owen felt that he any confidence that he’d been able to beat his competition.

"Oh," Cat said slyly as Owen began retrieving the game from the network. "There's not going to be any 'double-or-nothings' or anything like that. If you want another chance at me, you can try again tomorrow, sitting here in your boxers."

Owen nodded his head. "Sounds fair..."

TEASER

"What's your high score?" Owen said a few minutes later, as he downloaded the game onto his laptop.

"Just under 700,000," Cat said. "You can check the actual number once you boot it up, though. The next highest is somewhere around 480,000 - some guy over in Accounting."

"Shit," Owen said. "That is high."

Cat smiled smugly, not at all worried at what was about to happen. As the game finished downloading, Owen booted it up and began playing right away.

Needless to say, the game itself was kind of boring to watch. Most people drifted back to work, but Cat opted to stay and work in the conference room that afternoon. She went and gathered her things, plopping down with Suzanne’s laptop at the opposite end of the table. Suzanne went and worked in Cat’s office, glad to be out of the main room for a awhile.

She glanced up and said to Owen, "You know, tomorrow, I’ll still let you wear the shoes and jewelry, if you really want..."

Owen just smiled back. "Why, thanks. But I hope you're not making that offer for my sake." He shot her a smile, and she smiled back.

Fifteen minutes rolled by, and Owen was still playing. As a half hour melted away, he was still alive and kicking, fast coming up on Terry Meltzer's third place score. As Owen passed by the 480,000 second-place score, the advertising office came to standstill. Everyone but Joanna stopped what they were doing, and came to watch Owen play "Teaser."

Owen hit pause, allowing Spencer to put the game up on display through the projector. Sure, they weren't getting anything done, but now everyone's curiosity was getting the best of them. Could Cat actually lose?

When Owen hit 600,000, Cat began sweating. She was still confident he wouldn't make it past her, but the confidence was waning. She held her breath as he passed 650,000. She pulled her hair as he passed by 675,000. By the time he reached 695,000, Cat was about to go insane. Could she really lose at Teaser?

Points clicked by, getting closer and closer to Cat's 697,280. Every time Owen got a new piece, Cat rooted against him. And every time that Owen successfully placed the piece, Cat swore under her breath.

Owen was now at 697,265. He was so close, but he was also on the hardest part of level 6. Cat crossed her fingers, but it did no good - Owen grabbed a power-up to reach 697,275. He was no only five points away from winning the bet.

Cat saw the fireball come at Owen, the same as everyone else. Owen, though, just evaded it without difficulty, defending his life, and earning ten moderately difficult points. 697,285. Cat cursed out loud, her heart dropping down into her stomach. She had just lost Teaser.

Strangely, the thought of spending a full day in her underwear wasn't the first thing that bothered her. What ran through her head at first was that her name would no longer be number one on the network list. Instead, it would be Owen's.

Owen, for his own part, committed suicide immediately after hitting 697,285. He didn't need to go any further, he didn't need to be any higher. He had won, and that was all that really mattered to him. He typed his name into the "high score" line, the same place where it said "CAT MCINTYRE" only moments earlier.

FOLLOW-THROUGH

"You're not seriously going to make me go through with this, are you?" Cat asked Joanna, obviously distraught.

Joanna looked at Cat, and said calmly, "Cat, if this were the other way around, and Owen were in here trying to get out of this punishment, you'd be going off the wall. You made the bet, you set the price - you've got to go through with it."

Of course, Cat knew she was going to have to. She HAD made the bet. And Joanna was right - there was no way she ever would have let Owen weasel out of the bet had it gone the other way. She definitely was not looking forward to Tuesday.

Owen, on the other hand, was sitting through a meeting with Spencer, thinking about the fact that all day tomorrow there'd be a half-naked woman running around the office. Perhaps the next week wasn't going to be bad, after all.

On his way out the door at five o'clock that afternoon, Owen stuck his head into Cat's door.

"You know, if you want, you can keep on your jewelry and shoes on tomorrow," he joked.

Cat shot him a fake smile, and said, "Yeah, gloat while you can. Tomorrow, I’m taking you down."

Owen smiled back, replying, "I look forward to it." His disappeared from Cat's door, and he was gone for the day.

Cat massaged her temples. God, she thought, how the hell am I going to get through tomorrow?

**Upping the Ante: Tuesday**

THE FIRST STEP

Cat stepped off the elevator onto the second floor. Dread increased with each step, and she thought about turning around. Actually, she had thought about turning around all morning. She was so tempted to call in sick. Anything - ANYTHING - to get out of what she had to do today.

Walking down the hall, she let herself into the office. She was usually the first or second one in each morning, but the stalling she'd been doing this morning put her in last. Suzanne looked up from her desk as Cat walked in, but couldn't offer up any more than an awkward "hello."

Despite the fact that she'd be spending the day in her underwear, Cat had dressed well that morning. She was wearing a green skirt and suit jacket, with a white blouse underneath. She let herself into her office, the eyes of everyone on her.

Once into her office, she sat at her desk for a few minutes. She had to catch her breath and work up a little courage before she started getting naked in the middle of her workplace.

After a few minutes of internal monologue, there was a knock at the door. Looking up, Cat saw Joanna, who was smiling with encouragement.

"Well," Joanna said, looking at the other girl like a little sister. "I'd just hurry up, get it over with, and try to get used to it. I bet it's not going to bother you that much by lunchtime. Besides - it's no more than walking around the office in your bathing suit."

Actually, Cat had been tempted to put her bathing suit on under her work clothes this morning. But, being that it was too close to cheating, Cat had opted to wear underwear, just like any other day.

"Now," Joanna began, "why don't you get undressed, calm yourself down for a few minutes, and then come see me in my office. That way everyone out there can be sure you're following the terms of your bet, and you can start getting used to the fact that they're going to see you undressed at one point or another today."

Cat smiled, still silent. "Sure," she said meekly.

With that, Joanna left, and Cat was alone in her office once again. The blinds were open, and she could see across Gaslamp to the building on the other side of the street. It was an old movie theatre - no windows for people to look through and see the half-naked woman traipsing around her office.

Well, Cat thought, it's now or never. She wished the latter were actually an option, though. Still sitting, she pulled off her jacket and draped it on the chair behind her. Slowly, she began unbuttoning the buttons of her blouse, her green bra exposed to no one in particular. She took a deep breath, stood, and slipped the blouse off. Folding it a neat pile, she looked at her reflection in her computer.

There she was, she thought, the office whore. Standing around her office in her lacy green bra. She unclasped her skirt, and let it drop to the floor, revealing a matching pair of lacy green boyshort panties. She wanted something sexy, but not too revealing, and had opted for the boyshorts. Stepping out of her skirt and sandals at the same time, Cat was suddenly a lot more casual than Owen had been the day before.

Gritting herself as she folded the skirt neatly on her desk, Cat prepped herself for the day. It wasn't the state of undress that she was in that bothered her, but the location where she was undressed. In college, she had lost a game of strip ping-pong, and had to forfeit her clothes altogether. There were a few other occasions like that back at Green College, but that had been college - she was at work now. A place where people were supposed to respect her. At the Same time, she thought as she started turning the doorknob, at least I don't have to be stark naked this time.

CASUAL DRESS

All eyes were on her again as she stepped from her office. Cat chose to meet them. She waved sexily at Spencer, who had positioned his chair in just the right spot to see her when she came out.

She even had a little wiggle in her step as she made her way across the main room into Joanna's. She wasn't going to let it seem like today bothered her. Quite the opposite - she wanted Owen to think that she was actually enjoying it.

After a short pep talk from Joanna, Cat decided that she'd tease Owen a little bit more. She picked up a binder from Joanna's desk, and covered her chest. Winking at her boss, Cat pulled the right cup of her bra down past her breast, exposing the whole thing. Clutching the binder to the naked skin, Cat left the office and strolled casually to the conference room.

"Owen," she said, as if she was trying to get his attention (his attention was all hers, though), "We're meeting today at eleven, correct?"

Owen nodded.

"Okay, well, why don't you have you look at the advertising work I did on Final Fury," she said. With that, Cat handed him the binder, exposing the nipple.

Owen had a shocked look on his face, as if he'd just been hit by truck. Obviously, he hadn't been prepared for Cat's boldness.

She turned, snapped the cup back over her nipple, and headed for the door, allowing Owen an appreciative look at her panty-clad ass. As she made the corner, she winked at him, and headed back into her office.

The morning passed without incident. Sure, having Cat walk around the office in her bra and panties was distracting, but it didn't keep Cat from doing anything she had to do. She had lost the bet, fair and square, and was now paying for it. And, as she had told herself before, she wasn't going to make it seem like the entire day was so humiliating she wouldn't be able to come into work the following day.

That being said, Cat wanted to put her clothes back on. Badly. But, she stuck it out, allowing Owen to ogle her chest all throughout the meeting she had with him. She could feel Marcus's eyes following her buttocks wherever she went. The women didn't bother her much, but she still would have felt much more comfortable in her clothes than on display for all of them to see.

Right before lunch, Cat had to go to the bathroom. Slipping into her office, she donned her skirt and blouse, and made her way to the department's door. She was still buttoning her blouse as she walked across the main room, when Owen called out.

"What are you doing?" he asked accusingly.

"I've got to use the bathroom," Cat said. "Or would you prefer that I pee in a cup somewhere in the main room?"

Behind her, Suzanne laughed at suggestion.

"Fine, fine," Owen said. "Whatever..."

Coming back into the department after using the ladies' room down the hall, Cat began undressing before she had even returned to her office. By the time she was at her door, her shirt was completely unbuttoned, her bra-covered chest exposed to anyone who looked over.

Soon, she was back to her underwear. She ate lunch in her office, but not out of fear around the office. While being in her bra and panties certainly wasn’t a trend that Cat looked forward to continuing, it didn’t keep her hidden behind her office door. She went about her daily routine in exactly the same way she always did – just with less clothing on. She had to steel herself up every time she stepped into the main office, but she never let anyone see how embarrassed she really was.

UPPING THE ANTE

At four o'clock that afternoon, Cat walked into the conference room, where Owen was working with Marcus. She put a piece of paper down on the table, having a picture of a man in a thong.

"Getting lonely?" Owen responded, not sure what to make of the picture. “You know, I’m pretty sure you’re not supposed to be looking up porn on Wonderstorm equipment.”

"Funny." Cat sat down next to him, and explained, "it's no longer just to your underwear - if I beat you, you have to wear a thong, and nothing else."

Owen looked at the advertising associate, astonished that this woman wanted to take it to the next step.

To emphasize her point, Cat repeated "Nothing else. No shoes, no undershirts, and you even have to take that damn ring out of your eye. Just the thong."

"Are you really sure you want to do this?" Owen asked. "I mean, I could've gone further yesterday, but I stopped."

"Am I sure?" Cat asked, as if she were astonished that Owen would ask her that. "Of course I'm sure. Yesterday was a fluke, and I think we both know that."

"Cat," Marcus began, "I don't know if it was a fluke. He looked pretty skilled - let it go."

Cat ignored him. "In fact, I’m so sure, that I’m willing to carry this thing out all week."

Both Marcus and Owen looked shocked.

"The loser spends the rest of the week in just a thong," Cat said, coming to a firm end of the deal.

"Fine," Owen replied, "I’m in."

"Marcus, you're the witness, right?" Cat said.

Marcus nodded. It was going to be obvious whom he was rooting for, but he'd keep it fair.

Cat had spent the entire day convincing herself that she could do this. And she honestly believed that she could. Obviously, yesterday had been a fluke. Obviously, this guy couldn't have the same luck twice.

And so, work ground to a halt for Cat and Owen that afternoon. Owen was on his own laptop, seated at one end of the table, Cat was at the other, using hers.

Now, Cat played the best game she had ever played that afternoon. There was no doubt about it. She even surpassed her old best score, and the new top score that Owen had set the day before. Owen even died earlier than she did, closing his laptop and waiting for the girl to finish.

Cat wouldn't let anyone tell her how much Owen had scored, though. She was going for a record now. And so, at 715,215, she was sure that she'd see the programmer in the office tomorrow, wearing nothing but a man thong.

The game closed, and up popped the high scores. Cat couldn't believe her eyes. She wasn't the highest scorer. She was the second highest scorer - after one Owen O'Connell with 725,000 exactly.

"What the fuck?!" Cat called out in rage. "How the hell did you get that?"

Owen shrugged. “Skill, maybe? I don’t know, but whatever it is, it’s clear that I have it, and you don’t.”

Cat banged her head against the desk. She couldn’t believe that she had lost again. "Fine, fine," she eventually conceded, hardening up a bit. "But we're going to take it up another notch tomorrow."

Joanna, who had come in before the game ended, shook her head. "Cat, I really think that you've gone way too far with this competitiveness. I’d concede while you at least have some clothing."

Cat blushed. She was being lectured by her boss, and she had just realized what tomorrow meant. Sure, no boyshorts, but that wasn't the big thing.

"Wait," she said. "I can't just walk around here with my tits hanging out. You've got to let me keep my bra..."

Joanna shook her head. "Don't talk to me - you made the bet with Owen."

Owen wasn't going to budge. Cat could tell that just by looking at him.

"I'll tell you what," Owen began, offering Cat a small glimmer of hope. "Follow through tomorrow, and I’ll give you a chance to win your clothes back for Thursday and Friday."

Cat groaned, and stormed out of the conference room. How had it come this far? How was she going to do this tomorrow?

She walked back into her office and donned her skirt. She put her blouse and jacket back on, and stormed out of the office. Tomorrow was going to be even less fun than today.

**Upping the Ante: Wednesday**

THE LOGO

Cat wore a simple black dress to work on Wednesday morning. Her logic wasn't looking good to and from work, but rather something that she could slip on and off easily, if she needed to go to the bathroom or something like that. She definitely wasn't looking forward to the week.

Unlike Tuesday, Cat was the first one at work that morning, arriving at eight, a half-hour before even Chrissy and Karen. She unlocked the door, turned on the light, and settled into her own office. Sure, she could wait until someone arrived before stripping down, but what was the point? As long as she was alone, she might as well get used to the state of undress.

The dress slipped easily over her head, revealing a thin, black strap running between her buttocks. The front of the thong was relatively plain, but bore the Wonderstorm logo. She had spent all afternoon yesterday searching for a place that would imprint a pair of thong panties with the design. If she was going to do this, she was going to do it all the way. She hadn't even bothered with a bra that morning.

What was the big deal, Cat thought to herself, trying to calm herself down. After all, she had let Owen see her nipple yesterday. They were just breasts. And Marcus and Spencer were both well behaved. Spencer was married, so it wasn't like he didn't see breasts all the time...they were just his wife's.

She began feeling a lot better. She strolled from her office to the coffee machine, pouring herself a cup. The long black dress was hung in the front closet by the door, as she didn't have anywhere else for it to go in her own office. She returned to her desk, curling up in the chair and flipping through her emails for the day. As much as she hated to admit it, she was definitely more comfortable sitting around in her underwear than wearing a full get-up to work.

Karen was the first one into the office that morning. Cat poked her head out the door, saying hello. She calmly strolled over to Karen's desk, and made conversation, trying to adjust to someone else seeing her like she was.

"I just wish I had your body," Karen said, halfway through the conversation. "I guess if I were you, I wouldn't have any objection to showing myself off."

"I would hardly say that I don't have any objection," Cat said, surprised that Karen thought she was enjoying this.

"That's not what I meant," Karen returned, booting up her computer. "I just mean, it's nice to see that you're confident about it."

Cat wondered at this. It was true, she was feeling pretty good about today. The butterflies had disappeared.

People began breezing in after Karen. Chrissy was next, and followed by Spencer and Marcus, who both tried desperately to look at Cat, without noticeably looking at Cat. They both, of course, failed miserably, but Cat was glad they were at least making an effort to treat her like a real human being. Owen came in, made a comment about Cat's designer thong, and joked about not being given one of those with his insurance plan.

The rest of the morning, Cat lounged around the office. She, of all people, didn't get much work done. Her tits hanging out for all to see, Cat had to admit that she was getting kind of horny. It had been almost five months since she'd last been laid, and the eyes that were on her wherever she went in the office made her feel extremely sexy. Was it a sense of power, of having her body out there to intimidate everyone else? Or was it the complete opposite, her lack of power, her vulnerability, that got her turned on?

Unfortunately, the advertising department got a visitor just before lunchtime. Cat was sitting on the far side of Marcus’s desk in his office, going over various different strategies that she had worked up to push Adrenalyne, whether in magazines, on the radio, or on TV. Marcus, for his own part, was trying his best to pay attention. But, he had a hard time listening to what Cat had to say while her breasts dangled freely in front of him.

As Cat snapped to get Marcus’s attention, she heard the door swing open from the lobby. A few seconds later, she overheard Leo Kelly’s voice in Spencer’s office next door.

“Fuck!” Cat said as she stood up, suddenly remembered her boss’s rounds. Kelly liked to tour the whole of the Wonderstorm Entertainment building from time to time, just making the rounds and saying “hi,” to everyone who worked for him. She looked, wide-eyed at Marcus, and asked him, “What the fuck am I going to do?”

Marcus shook his head back and forth, trying to get his composure back after getting caught by the sudden movement of Cat’s nearly naked body. “Uh, hide under the desk!”

Cat didn’t have much time – she already heard Kelly wrapping up his conversation with Spencer, and Marcus’s office was next down the line. She practically leapt over Marcus’s desk, and found herself crammed down below it. Marcus, still sitting in his office chair, glanced down at the huddled and naked Cat.

Cat’s head popped back up in Marcus lap, giving him a stern look and a sterner warning: “No, this isn’t going to be like porn, Marcus, so keep your dick in your pants.”

Marcus hadn’t even thought about it, but the warning definitely caused him to. As Cat receded back into her hideout, she could see a bulge rising in Marcus’s crotch. And though part of her knew that she should be disgusted by it, the rest of her couldn’t stop focusing on it.

“Hey hey, Marcus!” Leo Kelly said, stepping into Marcus’s office. For Cat, Kelly’s voice was muffled by the desk. He and Marcus kept talking, but Cat paid little to no attention – she was focused on how wet she had became almost instantaneously. No, she wasn’t attracted to Marcus, but that really wasn’t the point. There was a penis in front of her, albeit covered by a thin layer of cloth, and Cat wanted it. She couldn’t stop thinking about it, thinking about it inside of her, thinking about it in her hands. Cat wasn’t usually a very erotic person, but she’d been bordering on a state of arousal all day, and for most of Tuesday, as well.

She was shaken out of her daze by the mention of her name.

“Where’s Cat?” Marcus repeated Kelly’s question. “Oh, I think she stepped out for lunch already.”

“Tell her I said hello,” Kelly told the other man. And, in a hushed tone, he went on. “That girl’s got it all, huh? She’s got smarts, she’s got drive, and she’s got that absolutely heavenly ass. She’ll be running this place in no time.”

“Yes, sir,” Marcus replied, in the same hushed tone. “I’ve been noticing some of those very things over the past few days.”

With that, Cat reached up and pinched Marcus’s inner thigh. It was one thing for the old man to talk about her like that, but Marcus knew she was here, right under the desk.

“Well,” Kelly said as Cat heard the door slowly creak closed, “keep up the illusion of hard work, Flannery.”

“Yes, sir.”

There were a few moments of silence before Marcus finally slid out from the desk. “Jesus, what’s with pinching me?”

“What’s with you and Kelly talking about my ass?” Cat said as she crawled from her hiding place.

“Well, number one,” Marcus began, “it’s out there on display for me to comment on, isn’t it?”

Cat scowled at him as she stood up, her breasts dangling down in front of her.

“And number two, the old man didn’t mean anything by it. He really is fairly impressed by your work – he’s said so on more than one occasion.”

“And how about my ass?” Cat spat back. “How often does my ass come up in conversation?”

“Relax,” Marcus tried to calm her down, “he’s not looking because he’s a lecherous old man. He told me before that he thinks you’d be a good catch for his son. You know, what’s-his-name, Jacob?”

“Jay,” Cat replied, calming down a bit. The thought of Marcus and Kelly having conversations about her figure at once enraged her and made her feel good about herself. After all, they were talking about how good her ass was. Thoughts of Marcus’s penis flooded back, and Cat caught herself absentmindedly looking at Marcus subsiding erection. She wasn’t sure if the man had noticed, but she quickly shifted her attention. They both went back to work for a little while longer, until it was clear that Kelly had left, and Cat could go back to her office.

DOUBLE OR SOMETHING

It was around four that the day had just gotten nearly too much for her. Between Owen, Marcus, and Spencer looking at her chest, and even the looks from the women in the office, Cat was getting turned on again by all the attention. Was she some sort of exhibitionist? Did this mean she was some sort of sexual deviant? Cat couldn’t figure out what it was, but she wanted it over, done, and out of her system. Tomorrow, she was coming back into work with clothes on, and remaining clothed. The only way she’d be able to do that, however, was to beat Owen at Teaser.

“Haven’t you been humiliated enough?” Owen asked as Cat sat down in the conference room with Suzanne’s laptop. “I mean, you’re already spending the rest of the week in a thong-“

“So then how much worse can it get?” Cat interrupted. “So it’s on for the thong, right? Double or nothing?”

“Wait, so if Owen wins, then you go naked, right?” Karen asked, settling herself in beside Cat.

“That’s what I thought was fair,” Cat replied. “I mean, that’s the logical next step, right?”

“Right, but what happens if Owen loses?”

“Then I get to put my clothes back on, and he goes naked,” Cat answered, surprised by the question.

“Right….”Karen continued, “but that’s not double or nothing.”

“What?” Cat asked, looking at the girl.

“Wait, she’s got a point,” Owen said, looking down the table.

Karen looked at Cat, and apologized. “I’m sorry, Cat, but that’s not double or nothing. That’s like, double or something.”

“What do you mean,” Cat asked, still not following the secretary’s logic.

“Look, I mean, if you’re playing real double or nothing, what you’re playing for is par, right? If you were betting money, and you already owed Owen fifty dollars or whatever two days more in a thong might be worth, then a win would mean that you owe him nothing. You don’t win more, and end up having him owe you fifty bucks – that’s just not how it works. A double or nothing bet would mean that if you win, you get to wear clothes. But if you lose, you go naked. Any sort of punishment to Owen is above the call of a double or nothing bet.”

Cat stared blankly at Karen for a few seconds. “Aren’t you supposed to be MY secretary? Aren’t you supposed to be on MY side? Wouldn’t you rather see HIM naked?”

Karen shrugged. “I just wanted it to be fair, you know?”

Cat rubbed her eyes, while Owen cut in. “She’s right. Why should I accept a punishment? We should be playing for your right to wear clothes tomorrow, not mine.”

Cat wasn't pissed at Karen, but she felt that she had more important issues at that time.

“Fine, let’s play this way” she suggested. “If I win, then we both have to spend the rest of the week in our underwear. I get bra and panties, you get boxers or briefs or whatever it is that you wear.”

“And if you lose?” Owen asked, even though he already knew the answer.

“Then I spend tomorrow and Friday naked. Deal?” Cat asked.

“Deal,” Owen replied. “So how are we playing? Are we going head to head, or are you just going to try to top my score from yesterday?”

“Whatever,” Cat said. Her confidence had waned over the past few days, but she was sure that her losing streak was over. Owen was good, but Cat knew that she was better. She just hadn’t proved it yet.

“Well, I feel pretty confident with my score from yesterday, so I’ll just let you have the game,” Owen said, leaning back in his chair.

“Fine,” Cat replied, not even bothering to match his gaze. She booted up the game and began playing.

725,000. That was the score to beat. 725,000. 725,000. 725,000.

“Fuck!!!” Cat screamed as her player disappeared into oblivion. She hadn’t even gotten 1000 points. “Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!”

“You done already?” Owen asked, looking up from his end of the table.

Cat had been concentrating so hard on Owen’s score that she hadn’t really been paying attention to the game. She had been killed by one of those stupid bouncing razor blades. Teaser had killed her off all too easily.

“Oh, come on,” Cat protested to Owen. “You have to give me another shot.”

“You’ll get another shot,” Owen began, and Cat’s heart jumped, “tomorrow. You said it yourself on Monday – no second chances until the following day.” Cat slammed the laptop shut, stood, and stormed angrily out of the conference room. Her breasts bounced in every direction, her ass on display for the people in the conference room. She stepped into her office, and slammed the door behind her. “God damn it!” she said to herself under her breath, leaning her back up against the door. She couldn’t believe how stupid she was, how she’d lost the game as quickly as she had. For that matter, she couldn’t believe how stupid she was in even making the stupid bet. Owen had proved time and time again that he knew what he was doing when it came to playing Teaser. He was better than Cat, plain and simple.

There wasn’t much left of the day, and Cat spent most of it sulking in her office. Just before five, Joanna poked her head in the door.

“How are you doing?” she asked the brunette.

Cat made a grunting sound, not even bothering to turn around from her computer.

“Do you want me to step in and put a stop to this?” Joanna asked. “I mean, it’s one thing when it’s just bra and panties, but I can put my foot down and outlaw complete nudity in my office.”

Cat was tempted. She turned and looked at Joanna, thankful that the woman would do that for her. But no, she couldn’t bring herself to hide behind Joanna. “No, you were right on Monday,” Cat said sullenly. “If it were the other way around, I’d be raising hell about him welching on a bet. I made my bed, now it’s time to lie in it.”

“Well, at least consider giving up the whole gambling thing,” Joanna suggested. “You don’t seem to be terribly good at it. You’ve got tomorrow completely naked, and then Friday you’re back in your thong, right?”

“No, unfortunately. I’m naked for the rest of the week,” Cat answered. “But Joanna, I know I can beat him – I just haven’t yet.”

“Just be careful, honey,” Joanna said as she turned to leave. “You’ve run out of clothes to bet – how much more are you willing to offer this guy?”

Cat stared blankly out her office door, Joanna having left her alone. What WOULD she be able to wager tomorrow? How far would she be willing to go to prove that she could beat Owen?

After five o’clock, Cat headed for the door. Spencer was still at work in his office, and Suzanne was still busy at her desk, but the rest of the department had cleared out. Cat pulled her dress over her head, saying goodnight to Suzanne, and leaving for the night. As she walked down the hallway to the elevator, she shook her head – tomorrow, she’d be thinking about how lucky she’d been today with the thong. Tomorrow, her whole body would be on display.

**Upping the Ante: Thursday**

DIVESTMENT

"Oh my god," Cat thought to herself as she stepped into her office the next morning, "I can't believe that I'm going through with this."

She thought back to the afternoon before, when Joanna had offered to step in and prevent the bet from being settled. Cat could have gotten out of the bet; she could have worn clothes today at work. Instead, she had decided that she'd live with the consequences of her loud mouth, poor judgment, and inadequate gaming skills. "What the hell was I thinking, turning her down?" Cat asked herself. "Do I have some sort of desire for humiliation?"

The question reverberated in her head. Throughout the day yesterday, she'd found herself becoming increasingly turned on. The thought of other people in the office looking at her naked breasts, staring at her thong-clad, or trying to read the Wonderstorm logo on her crotch had gotten her hot and wet. She had practically begun salivating when she'd noticed Marcus's erection.

A shiver ran down her spine. What was wrong with her? Was she really an exhibitionist? The idea didn't sit well with her particular moral code, but she couldn't hide the fact that there was a part of her that enjoyed being on display, the center of attention. But while Cat couldn't deny the presence of that particular part of her, she also couldn't deny the fact that the rest of her wanted nothing more than just to have a regular, fully clothed day at Wonderstorm.

Unfortunately, today wasn't going to be that regular day. Cat watched her reflection in the blank screen of the computer as she pulled her v-cut white blouse over her head, revealing a silky white bra. Her reflection then slithered out of the red skirt that had accompanied the shirt, and an empty bra soon followed the rest of her clothes into a pile on her desk.

Cat looked at her reflection, standing in her office and clad in just a pair of white silk panties. Rather than meditating on her complete nudity, Cat decided to just get it over with, and slipped her panties down her legs. Looking at herself in the computer screen, Cat couldn't believe that it had gone this far. Tuesday had been bad enough, tromping around the office in the bra and boyshorts, but Cat had pushed through that. And if that hadn't been bad enough, she had only made things worse for herself, having to spend all day in just a thong on Wednesday. And now, here it was, Thursday, and she'd lost even that dignity. Her pussy was on display.

Cat shoved the bra and panties into her desk, but she gave the skirt and blouse to Karen to hang in the front closet. They’d be there when she needed to use the bathroom.

Joanna was the first to poke her head into Cat's office that morning. Chrissy and Karen had been at their desks when Cat came in that morning, but they had been the only ones. Joanna had a few words of encouragement, which Cat appreciated, but they didn't do enough to calm her nerves. She stayed in her chair, just swiveling her head enough to see her boss. Joanna probably got a view of breasts, but everything from her waist down stayed well obscured by the chair and the desk.

The same held true for Suzanne and Owen, who both said good morning to her at one point or another. Owen was clearly let down by the lack of sights to see, but he knew that he only needed to wait for a while. After all, he Joanna, and Cat had a meeting together at eleven.

WATERFALLS

Cat hid in her office all morning. She made phone calls. She worked on spreadsheets. She replied to all her e-mail. She did everything that she could to keep from leaving her office. But when eleven o'clock rolled around, Cat knew that she was going to have to leave.

Completely naked, Cat padded barefoot from her office to Joanna's, under the watchful eyes of Karen, Chrissy, and Suzanne in the main office. Owen had vantage point from the glass-walled conference room, as did Spencer, who had suspiciously rearranged his office furniture to allow him to see into the rest of the department.

“Joanna,” Cat said, getting the older woman’s attention.

“Yes?” Joanna said, looking up. There, standing in doorway, was Cat, completely naked, from her head to her foot. She had seen Cat topless yesterday, and now, though she wasn’t gay, she found her eyes moving down Cat’s body. The thong from the day before didn’t hide much, but Cat’s pussy was neatly trimmed, and Joanna guessed she had probably done that the night before. After all, if it were she, Joanna would have wanted to make sure that everything looked nice before she went showing it off.

“Um,” Cat began, trying to get Joanna’s attention back to eye-level. She was a little disturbed by Joanna’s wandering eye, but she honestly couldn’t blame the woman – it was hard not to notice her pussy hanging out for everyone to look at. “Do you think we could possibly have the meeting in my office?”

“So you can hide behind your desk?” Joanna asked. The tone didn’t suggest disappointment or a scolding of any kind, but it was clear that Joanna knew Cat was hiding.

“Well, it’s just…”

“Cat, I offered you an out yesterday. I’ll offer you another out now. But if you’re going to do this, don’t half-ass it. You made the bet, you lost, and you decided that you were going to deal with the consequences. So deal with the consequences,” Joanna told the girl.

Cat paused. “I know. It’s just that –“

Joanna interrupted her. “Besides, we can’t do it in your office. I’m presenting this Adrenalyne concept to Kelly tomorrow, and I need to practice it with the overheads. You and Owen both need to catch me on any screw-ups, so you both need to see the presentation. We’re doing it in the conference room.” With that, she looked at the nervous nudist there in front of her. “Are you ready? Just get it over with, honey.”

The brunette bit her lip. Joanna DID need to use the projector. And she was right – she just needed to go ahead with this, the Same as she had done yesterday with her tits hanging out, the Same as she had done the day before in just her underwear. Today was no different – she just had to suck it up, go out there, and act confident, like she enjoyed the nudity.

Owen’s eyes locked onto Cat’s body the moment she entered the room. As had been the case since yesterday, her emotions were conflicted: part of her was annoyed at Owen’s blatant lust, but the other part was getting turned on as she thought about the erection that she was probably giving him. Owen seemed to shake his dirty thoughts out of his head, though, and welcome Cat and Joanna into his temporary office.

Cat sat down in the chair next to Owen. The man’s eyes had shifted to the front of the room, but it was clear to Cat that he was trying to get as much as possible from his peripheral vision. Cat, for her own part, just crossed her legs and leaned back, not bothering to cross her arms across her nipples. She was strong. She was confident. And it was more than just an act – part of her was enjoying this.

For the next hour, Joanna went over her presentation. The advertising concepts had been compiled from the work that Cat, Marcus, Joanna, and Owen had been doing all week. They had different ideas for slogans, campaigns, and the game’s rollout itself. The meeting went just like any other for a while, aside from Cat’s noticeable lack of clothing and Owen’s lack of attention to the presentation.

About forty-five minutes into the meeting, Cat reached for the pitcher of water on the desk, and began pouring herself a glass. The handle, though, had worked up a fair amount of condensation, and Cat, only half paying attention, let it slip through her fingers and thud onto the table. For a second, Cat thought that everything might be okay, that the pitcher might have landed on its base. But gravity toppled the pitcher and sloshed water across the table, against Cat’s chest, and down into her lap. She was soaking, sopping wet.

Out of sheer reflex, she stood quickly. Owen was treated to drops of water glistening in Cat’s pussy. Water ran down her body, and was everywhere – on her breasts, on her stomach, and down in between her legs.

“Shit!” Cat cursed, and reached for a few napkins. With them, she patted down her body, but she was already able to tell it wasn’t going to be enough.

“Do we have towels or something?” Joanna asked the rest of the office, half leaning out the conference room door. The response was overwhelmingly negative.

“Don’t worry about it,” Cat said, slipping by her boss and making her way to the front closet. She didn’t have a towel in there, but she had the next best thing – unused clothing. She took her blouse off its hanger and began dabbing her body with it. She wiped the shirt across her breasts. She ran the fabric down her stomach. And she rubbed it between her legs. The touch of her hand, through the shirt, against her pussy was absolutely electric – a jolt of pleasure ran through her crotch. In just a few seconds, her wetness had gone from being an exterior thing to an interior - and very personal - one.

“God, not now,” Cat cursed herself. She only had a few seconds to reflect on the warmth in her groin, before she remembered that she was standing in the main room, on display to anyone who cared to look up. Joanna walked over to the front door and asked her if she was all right.

“Yeah, I’m fine. I just used my shirt as a towel. That was just kind of stupid,” Cat replied.

“Don’t worry about it,” Joanna said. Under her breath, she added, “Erection Boy finished cleaning up in the conference room, so whenever you’re ready, I think he’s waiting.”

The thought of torturing Cat with her body was somewhat pleasing. Sure, being naked all day was a punishment for her, but Owen, Marcus, and Spencer were all suffering, as well – just in a slightly different way. She followed Joanna back into the conference room, the confidence coming back into her system.

LOCKED AWAY

After she had finished her lunch, Cat had to go to the bathroom. This wasn’t such a big deal – she simply put her skirt and blouse back on by the front closet, and headed out the door. The blouse was still sopping wet, and Cat was almost positive that her right nipples showed through, but it was only a short walk to the women’s room, so she risked it. She passed no one in the hall, saw no one in the bathroom, and made it back to her own department without incident. It was when she came back in, though, that she screwed herself over.

Cat pulled the blouse over her head, and neatly hung it back up in the closet. She began pulling her skirt down her legs, but it was only half way down her thigh when her phone began to ring. The skirt was kicked off, and Cat tossed it into the closet on the top shelf, rather than hanging it up. She shut the closet door, and turned quickly to go back to her office.

Unfortunately, in Cat’s hurry to get undressed, she hadn’t noticed Suzanne wheeling a pushcart up behind her. The intern was moving files from the Ad Department downstairs to the basement, and had borrowed the pushcart from the people down at the loading dock to do so.

Cat slammed into Suzanne, causing arms, legs, and breasts to go flying everywhere. Even worse, Cat’s foot caught the bottom part of the pushcart, where the boxes were sitting, and snapped the whole thing to attention. The effect was like Cat had stepped on a garden rake, and the handle shot up, past Cat’s body, and connected with the doorknob.

Apologizing to Suzanne, Cat paid no attention to the pushcart of the closet door, instead rushing off to catch the phone call. With all the commotion, though, Cat’s voicemail picked up before Cat herself had a chance to, and she decided she’d head back and apologize to Suzanne, and see if the girl was all right.

“I am, yeah,” Suzanne began, “but I don’t think that the doorknob fared as well.”

Cat looked at the knob, and saw a large dent in the side. It took a few seconds before Cat even thought about the consequence of the dented doorknob, but once she had, she cursed her miserable luck. She grabbed at the closet’s handle, hoping to prove herself wrong, but was granted no such reprieve. The door was jammed shut.

Cat didn’t give up. She banged on the door. She jiggled the doorknob. The nude brunette did everything in her power to the closet open, but with no success. She was on one side of that door, and her skirt and blouse were on the other.

“Well, at least you still have your bra and panties,” Spencer offered, after Cat and Suzanne had explained the problem to him and Karen.

“I can’t exactly head down the hall to the bathroom in my bra and panties!” Cat explained. She was beside herself. “I can’t exactly ride the subway home dressed like that!”

“Relax, Cat,” Karen consoled her boss. “I’ll call maintenance and have them send someone up. Worse comes to worse, I’ll have them take the door of its hinges, and we can get your clothes out. You’re not going home naked today.”

Cat glanced down at her completely nude body. In all the commotion about losing her shirt and skirt behind the door, and stressing over the thought of having to catch a taxi home in her panties, she had forgotten about her current state of nudity. Karen was right. She shouldn’t be so worried about her clothes in the closet – they’d get someone to fix it.

Unfortunately, by three thirty, maintenance had yet to send someone up. Karen had called down to the maintenance people three times by three thirty, and the secretary down there swore that someone was on their way up, as soon as they finished with an overflowing toilet on the first floor. But for Cat, that wasn’t going to be good enough.

She had to use the bathroom. She had felt the desire to use the bathroom ever since the doorknob incident, probably because she knew she was inhibited from doing so. By three thirty, it had gotten so bad that she didn’t know what she was going to do.

“Sorry, Cat,” Karen told the nude brunette. “I feel for you, I really do. But I’m not going to give you my shirt and pants.”

That had been Cat’s solution. She honestly didn’t know what else she was going to do. She needed to use the bathroom, and the key to doing so was locked behind the busted closet door.

“Cat, I’ll take you,” Suzanne offered.

“What?” Cat asked, surprised that the college-aged girl had even overheard her.

“I’ll take you down there,” Suzanne offered again. “I’ll play look-out. There aren’t usually too many people in the hall – I’ll just make sure the coast is clear.”

The idea wasn’t appealing. Not in the least bit. But it really was Cat’s only option, and she wasn’t sure how much longer she was going to be able to last.

“Fine,” she said, giving it a few seconds worth of thought. “But Karen will scan the hall, you scan the bathroom.”

Cat’s naked ass had found a seat on Suzanne’s desk by the door. She was squirming, waiting for the go-ahead, and dressed in nothing but her sandals. She had decided that being caught in her bra and panties really wasn’t that much better of an option than being caught naked, so she stayed naked in hopes of expediting the whole process.

Karen stood in front of her, glancing down the hall, until she got a thumbs up from Suzanne. When she got the signal, she nodded to Cat, who jogged down the hall, her breasts swinging wildly with each step. She wanted out of the hallway as soon as possible. Suzanne stood by the sink as Cat stepped into the first stall in the women’s bathroom.

When she was done, Cat sighed with relief and stepped from the stall, but Suzanne shook her head.

“It looks out maintenance guy finally showed up,” Suzanne explained.

“Fuck!” Cat replied. “The guy had to pick the worst possible time of the day, huh?”

“Well, at least he showed,” Suzanne said, searching for a silver lining. “You’re not going to be spending the night here at Wonderstorm.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Cat answered. “Why don’t you head back to the office – I’ll hide out here in one of the stalls until you come and get me.”

Suzanne agreed, and started down the hall, leaving Cat to retreat back into her stall. Between the water, the doorknob, and now being stuck in the bathroom, her day hadn’t exactly been easy. Out of it all, being naked wasn’t the worst part – it was just causing all sorts of other difficulties. She sat back down on the toilet, and rested her head in her arms.

UPPING THE ANTE

After the maintenance man had fixed the closet door, Cat returned to the office. Her day had been a nightmare, and it was Owen’s fault. It was Owen who had beaten her in the first place, and caused her to lose most of her clothes. Then, when she’d tried to beat him, she’d lost everything. She had spilled water all over her body. She had locked her clothes in a closet and couldn’t get them out. She spent nearly a half hour in the women’s’ room. Spencer and Marcus were taking every opportunity to gawk at her that they could. She was going to beat Owen at Teaser, no matter what. All in all though, the nudity itself didn’t bother Cat as much as she thought it would have. The thought turning Spencer, Marcus, and Owen on was satisfying in a very deep way. As for the women in the office, it was nothing that any of them hadn’t seen before, so it wasn’t any different than being in a women’s locker room.

Cat had gained some confidence after the water spill. She had walked around this department in a thong yesterday, and how much more cover did a thong give, anyway? She had kept her legs crossed when she was sitting at her desk or in the conference room, and for the most part never offered anyone a view of the pussy itself, even if they did get to see the pubic hair advertising its presence. But Cat went about her day, acting as she normally would, and pretending that the nudity didn’t bother her at all. Towards the end of the day, it actually had stopped bothering her quite so much – though she was, honestly, dying to get back into her clothes.

“Look, I’ve been thinking about it,” Owen said just before five, as Cat strutted into the conference room, “and there’s really not much more you can bet. I mean, there’s more that you can bet, but that crosses the line into something blatantly sexual, and I’m not sure that sort of thing is really beneficial for the office.”

Cat didn’t sit down in one of the chairs that lined the circumference of the table. Rather, she placed her nude buttock down on the table itself, and felt her pussy rub up against the edge. The feeling turned her on. “Yeah, I was thinking the same thing earlier,” Cat said. “But I think I have a solution.”

Owen looked interested, but shook his head. “Cat, seriously. I’ve beaten you three times now, don’t you think that it’s time you gave up?”

Suzanne and Spencer were both seated in the conference room as well. Suzanne was working on her laptop, apparently sick of working at her own desk. Spencer, it appeared, had given up on work for the day, and sat in front of a widespread Babylon Gazette. Both of them looked on in interest.

“Owen’s got a point, Cat,” Suzanne interjected. “Just give up. It’s over. He beat your old high score. He beat your new high score. And yesterday, you were so worked up that you didn’t even make it past the first level.”

“Look,” Cat said, shifting her attention from Owen to Suzanne, “I’ve been playing Teaser since I was a sophomore in college. At Green College, I had the single highest score on campus, and we had a few more people than Wonderstorm. He’s really only beaten me twice – I don’t count yesterday’s screw up. All I want is another chance to beat his high score. 725,000.”

“Fine, fine,” Owen relented. “You can have your way. Tomorrow’s my last day here among you advertising gurus, so might as well make it memorable for me.” He looked at Cat, giving her a sly grin. “What are you going to do? Touch yourself? Take pictures for me? Get something pierced?”

Cat didn’t bother responding to his questions, instead saying, “If I beat your score, I get to wear all my clothes tomorrow, and it’s your turn to go naked all day.”

“That’s still not double or –“ Owen began.

“It’s not supposed to be,” Cat cut in. “This is a brand new bet. New bet, new terms, new punishments. Okay?”

“Fine,” Owen said slowly. “But what happens if you don’t make it past 725,000? I mean, you’re already naked. You can’t get any more naked than you are.”

“I beg to differ,” Cat smiled, and slid something across the table.

It was a razor.

“If I lose, I work tomorrow COMPLETELY naked.” She flashed Owen a kinky smile. Next to her, Spencer’s jaw had dropped, and drool had begun to trickle down the side of his mouth.

Owen hesitated a few seconds, but eventually nodded. “Fine. You’re on. It’s your grave.”

Cat wasted no time. She stole Suzanne’s laptop again, and made herself at home on one end of the conference table. Suzanne opted to stay in the conference room, though, and began working on paperwork that had littered her desk. Spencer remained, as well, glancing up from the comics time to time to sneak a peak at Cat’s breasts from around the laptop’s screen.

100,000. Cat reached the first benchmark without much difficulty.

200,000. After almost screwing up like she had the day before, Cat managed to survive, and make the next round score.

300,000. By the time Cat hit level three, she had entered into a rhythm. She knew that this time was going to be it. She was going to beat Owen.

400,000. The thought of actually wearing clothes tomorrow had already entered her head.

500,000. But thinking about it, she still wanted to wear something sexy, something slinky. If Owen were going to be naked, she wanted to make sure that he was rock hard all day long – that would only add to his awkwardness.

600,000. And Owen didn’t even have an office to retreat to. Instead, he’d be stuck in the conference room, like a fish in a fishbowl, allowing everyone to see him.

700,000. Cat decided that maybe she’d schedule a meeting for tomorrow, just to discuss whatever was on anyone’s mind.

710,000. Her whole body was sweating, and she could feel a drip work its way from neck down her spine, right into her ass crack. She was stressed – she had to do this.

720,000. She was within striking distance. It was almost over.

And then, at 724,995, it ended. Cat was so confident about hitting Owen’s score that she failed to see a falling star come shooting down one of the slides. And that was it.

“Noooo!!!” Cat cried as she watched her player spin dizzily into oblivion. “Noooo!!!” She banged her head down against the table, not bothering to look down the table at a widely grinning Owen.

Instead, she heard something slide down the table. Looking up, she saw the razor that she had brought into the office with her.

Owen was at the far end of the table, smiling away. “Probably want this back.”

**Upping the Ante: Friday**

SKIN

Cat was wet. And it wasn’t like usual. After shaving the night before, she had suddenly become very aware of everything going on with her pussy. She could feel the dampness, even now, as she swished her legs together. She hadn’t bothered to wear panties, knowing that she’d be taking them off in short order anyways. But now, she began worrying about the thought of her juices running all the way down her leg.

Leaning up against the elevator wall, Cat began thinking about last night. After she had finished shaving her pussy, she had been more excited than she’d been in a long, long time. It HAD been five months since she’d been laid, and she was starting to feel it. The minute she was out of the shower she was on her knees on her bed, with one hand desperately rubbing at her crotch. Her ass in the air and her face on the bed spread, Cat looked as if she were waiting for someone to take her from behind. She knew it was different than how most girls masturbated, but that didn’t really matter. There was something so dirty about this position, whether during sex or on her own, and that just added to Cat’s excitement.

Cat tried to shift her thoughts away from her pussy as the elevator pinged to her. This was her floor. She stepped through the doors, and headed towards her department.

Five times.

Cat stepped through the door of the department, said hello to Chrissy and Karen, and went into her office. There looked to be a message or two her phone, probably from yesterday afternoon, when she had been busy playing, and losing, Teaser.

Five times.

Cat grabbed the bottom of her tank top and pulled it over her head to reveal her naked breasts. No need to wear a bra, she had thought to herself that morning.

Five times.

She jammed her thumbs into the waistband of her stretchy black pants, and wriggled right out of them. An outfit of just a tank top and a pair of pants was far more casual than she usually wore, even on Fridays, but it was practically a tuxedo, relative to her state of dress now.

She had cum five times. Cat honestly couldn’t remember having ever orgasmed that much, with the possible exception of her night with Mason MacNeill her senior year of college. On her own, she never orgasmed more than once, not really seeing the point of continuing if she had already reached her peak. But last night had been different. She’d been lost in her memories of week, of stripping down to her bra and panties for that first time, on Tuesday morning. Of Marcus’s erection, only a few inches from her face, as she hid from Leo Kelly. Of the water running down her body, and into her pussy. It was if the whole week had been nothing more than a long, drawn-out foreplay session.

“So what point am I at now?” Cat asked herself. “Afterglow? Or am I in that stage where all I want is more?” The thought seemed utterly mischievous, and Cat lost herself in fantasy as she stepped from her office.

“Nice haircut,” Karen teased as Cat strolled past her desk. Coming from anyone else, that sort of comment might have been demeaning, but Karen was just joking around. Cat shot the girl a wink and headed towards the mailboxes.

Her whole crotch was completely devoid of hair. Cat had shaved herself before, and had always felt naughty about it – a good sort of naughty. And now that her work was going to be on display, out there for anyone to see, it was just that much more naughty. Cat was walking that same fine line she had been all week, terrified and humiliated on one side, but excited and horny on the other. Today was going to be the last of it, though. Monday morning everything could go back to normal.

Of course, she knew that wasn’t completely true. As she flipped through her mail on the way back to her office, Cat thought about Monday. Yes, Owen would be gone. Yes, she’d be wearing clothes again. But everyone in the advertising had seen her completely naked, and getting more so as the week had gone on. Would she have the same amount of respect that she had had before? Would Marcus or Spencer be able to look at her without remembering her naked body? For that, matter, would the women? Would Karen still be able to look at her as a superior, or would she just see her as a waifish little girl who had spent a week tramping around the office with her pussy out?

The thoughts brought her down from her morning’s sexual high. There was definitely going to be fallout from this week – she just didn’t know what it was going to be.

CONFIDENCE CONFIDENCE CONFIDENCE

“So, did you do it?”

Cat had been working at her desk for almost an hour before she heard Owen’s voice. The programmer never arrived before nine thirty, so today wasn’t going to be any different.

Confidence, Cat thought to herself. Confidence. I have to make him think that this isn’t so bad.

Silently, Cat turned in her chair to face the door. Silently, she shot him a wicked smile. Silently, she uncrossed her legs to show him her handiwork. Spread out before Owen was a completely bare crotch. There was nothing but white skin and pink pussy.

Silently, Cat turned back around and returned to her work. Owen had gotten his proof, and a show on top of it. Cat smiled to herself, and gently touched her pussy when she was sure that Owen had left. She was wet again.

By noon, Cat had isolated herself in her office. She hadn’t bothered to hide today, as she had yesterday. She had repeated the mantra of confidence to herself, and went about her day as usual, getting cups of coffee when she wanted them, talking to secretaries when she got bored. Her pussy was out there, for all to see, but Cat didn’t let it bother her. Or, at least, she didn’t let it seem like it was bothering her.

But noon was the meeting between Joanna and Kelly. Though it was originally scheduled to take place up in Kelly’s office, the president had decided they would order Chinese food and run through proposals down in the advertising department. That meant that Cat was restricted to her office, and Kelly was going to be told that she had called in sick for the day. Cat flipped the light switch in her office off, and turned her attention to the Internet. No one was going to barge in on her, so Cat began to goof off, aimlessly searching for random things on the Web.

A few minutes into his meeting with Joanna, Leo Kelly’s pager began to buzz.

“Hold on,” Kelly said to Joanna. “It looks like my contact at Tekkei Electronics.” Standing, the old man asked, “Do you mind if I use the phone?”

“No, go right ahead,” Joanna replied, thinking that the man was going to use the phone in the conference room. Instead, he stood, stepped from the conference room, and took a few strides towards Cat’s office. Before Joanne, or even Karen, could stop him, Kelly had barged into Cat’s office.

There was definitely a very awkward moment of silence as Cat and Kelly took each other in. There, sitting at her desk, was a completely naked brunette, one of Wonderstorm’s most up and coming young executives. She was reading some sort of article on nudist camps, as far as Kelly could make out, and seemed perfectly at ease. She was just lounging around her office in the buff.

Cat was shocked. Absolutely shocked. It was as if the whole incident had just frozen her brain, and she was waiting to reboot. Seconds ticked by, and Cat couldn’t even bring herself to move.

Kelly seemed to be suffering from the same affliction.

There wasn’t any screaming, there wasn’t any awkward stuttering. Instead, Kelly simply nodded at the nude brunette, and said, “I’m sorry I didn’t knock, Miss McIntyre.” With that, he stepped from the office, closing the door slowly behind him.

BETTING THE BOSS Kelly’s muffled voice could be heard on the other side of the door, just as it had been audible on Wednesday from beneath Marcus’s desk. “Joanna, could I have a word with you in your office?” Cat leaned back in her chair and repeatedly banged her skull against the wall. That was it. She was done. No more advertising department. No more Wonderstorm Entertainment. Her job here was over with. Leonard Kelly, the President of Wonderstorm Entertainment, had seen her naked. He had walked in on her, as she sat hiding in her office, and found her just lounging around without her clothes.

The minutes ticked by, and Cat hadn’t heard Joanna’s office door open. Joanna and Kelly were obviously talking about Cat, but Cat wondered exactly how long they’d be able to do so. Her question was answered soon enough, though.

“Knock, knock,” Kelly’s voice came from the other side of the door. “May I come in?”

Cat swallowed hard, and nervously responded, “Sure, come in.”

Kelly stepped into the office, with Joanna a few steps behind him. Once her boss and her boss’s boss were both in Cat’s office, Joanna closed the door behind her.

The old man sat down on a corner of Cat’s desk, a little bit too close for Cat’s current comfort level. But she really wasn’t in a position to protest – she just simply crossed her legs, and then crossed her arms over her breasts. Instead of looking nervous and uncomfortable, Cat looked remarkably at ease. Confidence. Confidence. Confidence.

“Now, obviously, today is casual Friday,” Kelly began, searching through his head for the right words. “And while I personally feel that casual clothing does not affect work performance, there are those in the company who may disagree. But I think we can both agree that there is a certain line that has to be drawn, don’t you?”

“Let me just explain,” Cat jumped at her chance to speak.

“No, no,” Kelly said, putting his hand up to stop her. “Joanna’s already taken me through the whole process. I understand that you made a bet. Or four. And I understand that you lost. Repeatedly. I’m not going to fire you, so rest a bit easier.”

Cat breathed a sigh of relief.

“But,” Kelly continued, catching Cat off guard, “I would like to make a little wager with you of my own.” The old man pulled a quarter out of his pocket. “Heads: Joanna makes the presentation, and you stay in here, hiding from me, and looking up whatever it is you were surfing around for before.”

Cat blushed. She had honestly just found the nudist page – she was trying to ascertain whether sexual excitement was a normal thing in women when they were on display like she was. Kelly had burst through her office door before she had had a chance to find an answer.

“Tails: You make the presentation.” Kelly smiled at the prospect.

“But I can’t –“

“Miss McIntyre, I’m still the boss here. I know for a fact that you helped brief Joanna on the whole presentation, so you should be fine. And besides, Joanna will be there, too, to help you if you hit a snag.” With that, Kelly tossed the coin, effectively ending the conversation. The coin hung in the air for what seemed like minutes, Cat unable to wrap her head around what was happening.

“Damn,” Kelly said, showing Cat the eagle that graced the tails-side of the quarter, “it’s just not your lucky week.”

Kelly paid little attention to the presentation. Not that that sort of behavior was unusual for him – Cat had sat in many a meeting where the President lost interest in what was going on and played with his laptop. Kelly seemed to feel that he had remarkably trustworthy people, and if it was okay with them, then it was okay with him.

Today, though, Kelly kept his eyes fixed on Cat, if not the PowerPoint presentation.

“Dirty old man,” Cat thought as she neared the end of the slideshow. “I can feel his eyes on my nipples, on my pussy. God, why did I shave last night? Why?!! Not only is Kelly going to think that I’m an exhibitionist, but he’s going to think that I’m some sort of sex fiend.”

Of course, Cat wasn’t entirely convinced that she wasn’t. All throughout the meeting, she had felt herself getting wetter and wetter. Joanna and Kelly were both on the far end of the table, so it was not like hr pussy was right in their faces, but she prayed that they wouldn’t notice. And though Kelly was more than twice Cat’s age, there was something about him that just got to her. It took her a while before she realized what that was, but as she finished the slideshow, she hit on it – power. Kelly had all the power, and Cat had none. She hadn’t been turned on all week just at the thought of eyes on her – she had been turned on by the lack of control over her own body.

The thought bothered her. After all, she had graduated from Green College, one of the nation’s most elite schools. She considered herself a strong, liberated woman of the next century. But she was getting turned on by her own weakness, her own lack of power.

“Excellent presentation,” Kelly said as Cat concluded. “Stunning. Beautiful. You did a wonderful job, Miss McIntyre.” The old man stood.

“Well, you know what they say,” Cat replied, “Just picture your audience in their underwear.”

Kelly smiled at the joke. “Well, I’ll be moving Owen back downstairs to the dungeon next week, so Joanna, why don’t you get your office rolling on getting the ad campaign started.” He started out the door of the conference room, but turned back around to look at Cat one last time. Even as he lustfully looked at the young woman’s naked breasts, he said to Joanna, “Definitely, definitely excellent work this week on the part of your staff. You should think about this sort of motivation more often.”

With that, he turned and left the Ad Department, a naked Cat still standing in front of the screen. She didn’t stay there for long. Stepping briskly out of the conference room, Cat made no eye contact with Joanna, no eye contact with Karen. As she passed the second woman, though, Cat told her, “I’m going to make a few phone calls, Karen. Make sure that no one else comes bursting through my door.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Karen replied, only to be answered by a closing door.

Cat didn’t waste any time. The minute the door was closed, she was on her knees with her legs spread apart. She propped herself up on the seat of her chair with her left arm, and used her right to get herself off. She wanted to make noise. She wanted to scream in pleasure. But instead, she muffled the sighs coming out of her mouth by pressing her face against the chair.

Cat certainly didn’t cum as many times as the night before – only once, unfortunately. But what she lacked in numbers she made up for in quality…and speed. Cat had never cum as quickly as she did after her meeting with Kelly. It was almost as if that past hour had been foreplay, just allowing Cat to work up to climax she was enjoying right then. She didn’t even have time to break a sweat, though the orgasm drained her of all her energy.

The brunette collapsed against the wall of her office, her naked back pressed up against the drywall. It had been a long week. But it had been a good one.

CREDITS

Near the end of the day, Cat casually strolled out of her office to get a cup of water. Owen was back in the conference, apparently opting to finish out the day here on the second floor, rather than heading back down to his fellow programmers. Cat smiled as she filled up her mug at the water bubbler; she doubted that she’d be in a hurry to leave if there were an attractive naked man strolling casually around the office.

“So,” Owen began, watching Cat stroll into the room, “are you looking forward to Monday? A chance to dress up for work again?”

“I guess,” Cat replied. She lowered herself into the chair next to Owen. “I mean, I’m started to get a little more comfortable.”

“Well, I’m sure that no one here would mind if you continued your trend,” the programmer said. “I’d certainly drop by for a visit.”

Cat smiled. She’d be lying if she said that the thought of getting naked on Monday hadn’t crossed her mind. She WAS starting to get more comfortable with herself. But, no, it was time to end all this – she had started to worry herself with her sexual excitement from this. She couldn’t believe that she had actually masturbated in her office today.

“Well, I’m sorry to disappoint,” Cat replied. “Besides, I don’t think I have anything more to show.”

There were a few minutes of silence, until Cat finally sighed heavily. “I still can’t believe that you beat me.”

Owen raised an eyebrow.

“No,” Cat responded. “I’m not playing you again. I admit it. You’re better than I am. It’s over.”

Owen smirked, but it was a friendly smirk.

Cat looked out the window. “It’s just…you know, I’ve been playing Teaser forever, longer than anyone.”

“Well, don’t be so sure,” Owen replied. He began booting up the game.

“What are you doing?” Cat asked, looking over his shoulder. “I don’t want to play you again. You win.”

“No, I just want to show you something,” Owen said as the game opened. He moved the mouse over to “Credits.”

“You know why I beat you?”

“No,” Cat replied. “I have absolutely no idea.”

Owen pointed at his name on the screen. “Because I wrote the game in high school.”