**When the Boss is Away...**

by sluttyally ©

I left school at the end of last year and, although I got into a good university, I thought I'd take a year off to earn some money - and have some fun!

A few of my girlfriends from school did the same thing, but I was

different from them in one important area. While quite a few are what

you'd call 'party animals' and like flirting, kissing and fucking with

boys, none of them enjoy what I like best: showing off.

Even when I went for job interviews over the summer, I'd show off.

One middle-aged manager in a computer company said to me, as he was eyeing

my legs up and down, "And what would you consider appropriate work

clothing for this job?"

I'd worn high heel sandals with my short black dress, the one I know most

guys drool over. He was obviously getting a bit hot and bothered, because

through the interview, he didn't know where to look. I'd been crossing and

recrossing my legs until my hem had ridden almost all the way up my thighs.

"Well, in summer, like on a hot day like today, I don't think it's

necessary to wear stockings", I answered, turning my long brown legs in

front of him.

He just glared at me disapprovingly.

"I usually dress for comfort when I'm at work", I added with a little smile.

At another one, I wore a thin beige knitted top with a scoop neck which

looks sensational with my favourite push-up bra. From time to time, I'd

lean forwards to make a point, knowing that the interviewer couldn't help

seeing a lot of cleavage.

"So what sort of image do you think it's important to present at our

company?" he asked, looking directly at my tits as I pushed them out and

stretched the fabric of my top.

"I think it's important for customer service staff to be warm and friendly

- and to dress in a way which encourages good customer contact", I said,

grinning.

I'm not sure if he understood my little joke; probably not, because I

didn't get that job either.

The place where I finally got a job had a great youngish guy doing the

interviewing.

"So, tell me, what's the most important thing in a job for you?" he asked,

looking directly at me.

"Well, I want to be me. That means doing my job, of course, but also being

able to inject my personality into my work, if you know what I mean", I

replied, leaning back in my chair and stretching out my legs towards him.

As the company was a small IT startup, I'd worn pretty casual clothes for

the interview: a short pleated burgundy skirt and a tight pink shirt. Just

a tiny bit of midriff was showing but I made sure to wear very high heels

to show off my nice brown legs.

"I think I do know what you mean!", he laughed, looking down at my

outstretched legs.

He winked at me. "Well, there's one way to find out if I do, huh?"

I started my job there the next week. I was to be a kind of

receptionist/gofer for the team, which was ten people, eight of them guys.

All of us were young; the general manager, Chris, who interviewed me, was

only 35 and his off-sider, Gabe, was only in her mid-20's.

For the first day, I thought I'd be a bit modest, so I wore a tight

knee-length skirt and a red satin blouse which I'd buttoned up properly.

"Is this sort of clothing OK?" I asked Chris.

"You look great", he said. "If anything, a bit too dressed up. You can

pretty much wear anything you like here, as we don't have too many clients

visiting us in person".

It was true. The guys seemed to get around in cargo pants and t-shirts;

the two girls wore all sorts of funky things. I took my lead from Karen, a

shy 20-something gothic chick who liked to flash a bit of cleavage at the

guys. She was a pretty, plump girl who wore long, low cut black dresses.

Pretty flimsy ones sometimes - I could see her nipples through the bra

under her lacy dress on my second day.

"Nice dress Karen", I said as we stood together making a coffee in the

lunchroom.

She smiled at me and said, "I'm glad you like it".

"It shows off your breasts really well", I added, with a little grin.

Karen looked away and blushed. I could tell she enjoyed hearing it, but

didn't know how to reply. Perhaps she thought I was trying to come on to

her.

So the very next day, I thought I'd play a wild card and see what

happened.

\* \* \*

You'll see from my internet name that I like the word 'slut'. It's the

biggest turn on for me when a guy I'm out with calls me "his little slut"

or says that what I'm wearing makes me "look like a total slut". Although

I didn't want to get a slutty reputation at work - not just yet, anyway -

I wanted to dress in a way that made me seem a bit daring, a bit cheap and

loose.

An outfit I love to wear out on weekends is my crocheted white miniskirt with a boob tube. Sometimes, I even leave my knickers at home and let people peek through the gaps in the skirt at my pussy.

To work, naturally, I had to wear knickers and I chose a white pair that blended with the skirt. I couldn't exactly wear a boob tube to work, so I chose my tightest satin shirt. No bra, but I did it up so three buttons below my tits held it together tightly, with a nice display of cleavage. A pair of black strappy high heels completed the outfit.

"Nice blouse!" said Karen, when I arrived.

"I just love this fabric!" Her hand brushed my breast and I could feel a shiver as my nipple became erect. Karen just stared and smiled before walking off.

She must have told all the guys how I was dressed because, over the course of the morning, they all came by to ask favours or 'just to have a chat'.

I enjoyed feeling their eyes on my tits as my nipples pushed against the tight satin and, as I swivelled in my chair, my legs ached to stretch even further out from the frilly hem of my skirt.

One of the programmers, Josh, kept leaning over my cubicle to make small talk. He couldn't keep his eyes off my legs, so I thought I'd give the poor guy a treat.

"Have you got a girlfriend, Josh?" I asked him.

He turned red. "Um, no, not really", he stammered.

I like to see a guy a little bit embarrassed so I put one foot up on my desk. Leaning over to unfasten my sandal made my skirt ride up very high on my thighs. I could hear Josh draw in a breath and he stopped what he was about to say.

"Do you like slim girls, or larger girls Josh?" I teased, as I leaned back again, my foot still on the desk.

"Well, I like the girls who like me", Josh finally said, still beetroot red.

I would have loved to keep teasing the poor boy, but Chris came over to

ask me to do something. He caught a look at my bare leg just as I took it

off the desk, but my skirt was still high up on my thighs when I put my

legs together.

I thought he'd give me a disapproving look but all he said, glancing at my

exposed thighs, was, "Giving young Josh a bit of a show there?"

For the next month or so, then, I started coming to work in sexier outfits; nothing too over-the-top but I made sure each one would accentuate a different part of me. White pants so tight that, without knickers, my pussy lips could be seen outlined clearly when I bent over; a jacket with just a bra underneath, worn in such a way to compete with Karen's wobbling cleavage; a herringbone miniskirt short enough so that people could look right between my thighs to my knickers.

I became pretty popular with the guys, as you could imagine. They were always playing games to get me to 'accidentally' show off.

"Could you please fax these?" asked Nick, knowing that I'd have to lean over to use the machine.

"Could you hand me the phone directory?" asked Paul, who'd then have a good stare down the front of my dress as I'd lean over to get it for him.

Josh and I were caught one day playing a stupid game in the lunchroom. I lay down on the table and he ate nuts from my bare belly. I was wearing my white pants and a halter midriff top and I simply couldn't help stroking my hard nipples through my top as he nibbled my stomach with his lips.

"What the hell's going on here?" asked a loud voice in the doorway.

"Oh shit!" said Josh, spitting out his nuts and standing up.

I sat up and could see Gabe, Chris's deputy, glaring at us.

"Oh, Gabe! I'm really sorry", I said. "It's not what it seems. We were just mucking around and I dared Josh to eat something off my belly".

I always believed honesty is the best policy, especially when you accompany it with a sexy smile, which I did.

"Is that true, Josh?"

Josh just nodded.

"Get back to work, both of you", Gabe said. Josh scuttled out the door as fast as he could go.

To me she said, with a little smile, "I can see you like games, Ally. I suppose that's good for keeping these boys in line, isn't it?"

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With the weather as warm as it was, several of us started eating our lunch in this little secluded park only 2 blocks from our office. On hot days, quite a few people would be there from the surrounding offices, a few of them sunning their legs and arms on the grass.

I enjoyed this a lot, especially as it meant three or four guys - and, sometimes, Karen too - staring at my body. I'd take a light rug and lie out in the sun, hitching my skirt up and exposing as much leg and midriff as possible.

"See that girl over there?" Nick said one day. "The one with the bikini top on?"

I looked over and saw one of the girls from another office had taken her blouse off and was sunning in just a bikini top and her business skirt.

She had athlete's legs and soft, heavy breasts.

"I think you should do a bit of that", Nick said.

"A bit of what, exactly, Nick?" I asked.

"Well, you like to suntan, don't you? You should just wear a swimsuit under your work clothes".

"You'd like that, Nick, wouldn't you?" I smiled.

He reddened a bit, but quickly answered, "I think several people would!"

"I'll take that as an invitation", I said to the group surrounding me.

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The very next day was another hot one.

"Who's coming to the park for lunch?" I asked everyone.

Four guys put up their hands - Josh, Nick, Phil, Aaron - and Karen too. I noticed that she seemed a little bit anxious and kept fingering the front of her low-cut top, so I walked next to her, chatting.

Finally, she said it.

"You know, the guys told me what you're going to do today".

"What's that Karen?".

She blushed a little and turned her eyes to the ground. "Well, that you're going to strip in the park".

I swallowed and I think I blushed myself. I could feel a little horniness build up as I thought to myself that I'd love to do that.

"Karen, let me put you straight on this", I said gently. "I've brought a bikini from home so I can catch some sun. The same as plenty of other girls do. It's quite private there and I'm amongst friends, aren't I?"

She nodded and apologised.

"Those guys are always bullshitting me!", she sighed.

"Well, kind of", I added and winked at her.

I'd worn a fairly loose summer dress that day, a nice short one to get the boys' attention off my tits for a change. When we got to the park, I sat down on the rug and lifted my dress up to my waist. With my legs outstretched, kicking off my high heeled shoes, I asked for a volunteer.

"Who's going to help me with this?"

Aaron - one of the cutest programmers - came forward and kneeled behind me. I could feel his hot breath just behind my ear as he took my dress and leaned against me. As he lifted it upwards, I could feel his hands trail up my waist and brush against the sides of my breasts.

"Thanks Aaron", I whispered, "That felt nice!"

All eyes were on me and I felt amazingly sexy.

I'd never stripped off like this in broad daylight in an open space - it was certainly a different feeling to taking my dress off at the beach.

Underneath, my favourite black bikini top squeezed my tits in and up, with plenty spilling out the sides as well.

"Mmmm. The sun feels great!" I said to nobody in particular as I stretched out on my back. They'd all sat on the edge of my rug or on the grass too, and had started chatting.

After a few minutes, I noticed they were closely watching me every time I re-positioned my legs or applied some sunscreen, so I ostentatiously parted my legs and 'adjusted' the crotch of my g-string with my finger.

"These things ride up between your legs, don't they Karen?" I looked to her, my finger still loosening the tight fabric.

"Yeah, Ally. They do . . ."

Karen had a look on her face that was a cross between admiration and embarrassment. She went on, now with a little grin, ". . . especially if your pussy is shaved".

She looked at the guys to see what effect her words had. They were all staring at the spot between my legs where my little triangle of black fabric was being stretched by my finger with its long painted nail.

Aaron was obviously the brave one today because he said, "So, Ally, are you?"

"Am I what?" I smiled.

"Shaved, like Karen said. From where I am, it looks that way".

I'd started to get horny, first just by undressing in public and, now, with Aaron's provocation, my finger just millimetres from my pussy lips.

Karen was bright red and could hardly look my way, but the guys eyes' were glued to my g-string.

Aware that my juices were starting to flow, I said to Aaron, "Well, if you'd like to see, come have a look".

I pulled up the front of the g-string so I could see my own shaved slit.

Aaron's face was soon close by mine, looking over my shoulder into my knickers.

"Well?" I queried him, twisting my torso and leaning into his bare arm with the naked soft flesh of the edge of one of my tits, "What can you see, Aaron?"

"I can't see as well as I'd like to", started Aaron mischievously, looking at his workmates, while leaning against me, "but it seems like Ally's pretty smooth down there".

The others started to crowd around to see, so I took my finger away, causing the front of the g-string to fall loosely back into place.

"Awww, c'mon Ally", one of them said.

"Well, Karen can join in the fun, too. Perhaps she'd like some attention as well".

I meant this as a way to include Karen, not make her feel self-conscious, but she turned even redder as the guys all looked at her, before she started to speak.

"Ally, that's great if you want to show off, but it's not for me. Not out here, anyway". She forced a smile, before continuing, "I'm not offended, OK; I think it's great if you're brave enough to do this".

I smiled at Karen, wanting her to understand that I didn't mean to cause offence.

We sat in the sunshine and finished eating our lunch. I stretched out and played with my tits a little bit, which seemed to turn the guys on. I didn't reveal anything but, when I turned over, I did let them watch while Phil rubbed lotion on my back, legs and butt.

"You're taking your time with that Phil!" I called out, while the other laughed.

After I turned over again, they all begged me again to let them look under my g-string. I felt myself getting turned on by their request, but I knew I had to be careful in public.

"Hey, guys, I'm not really sure this is the best place to do this. Let me suggest something else. Aaron, could you throw my dress over?"

I pulled my dress on, gathered up my lunch things and stood up, ready to go. "We should get back to work, huh?"

The guys were all collecting their stuff when I swiftly dropped my knickers and stepped out of them.

"Hey, look at that!" I laughed, pointing at the ground at my feet.

Several amazed faces looked down, as I gracefully leaned down to pick up my knickers, giving them a very quick flash of my bare butt and smooth pussy lips. Giggling, I put my underwear in my lunch bag before sauntering off back towards work, smoothing my short dress down over my hips.

On the way back, Karen ran and caught up with me. "Hell, Ally, what are you going to do back at work?"

"An afternoon without underwear on such a hot day is a good idea, don't you think? Chris and Gabe are out with clients today, anyway", I winked.

Once we were back, I started to enjoy the feel of my leather chair against my bare butt and pussy. So I squirmed around to make the most of it and, when nobody was near, began using my fingers to pleasure myself as well.

If anyone came by, I'd simply pull my hand out or roll my chair hard under my desk. Most of the guys came over, repeatedly, trying to catch glimpses of my pussy but, for most of the afternoon, I sat with my thighs together.

"Hey Ally?" Aaron asked, when it was nearly time to go home. "Tell me honestly; have you been sitting here all afternoon without your knickers on?"

I appreciate a straightforward kind of guy, so I thought I'd respond honestly. "Of course, Aaron. You saw me take them off in the park".

He looked me calmly in the eye before giving me one of his wicked winks.

"I think, Ally, you should do that whenever Chris and Gabe are out of the office".

The look on Aaron's face, coupled with his suggestion, made me instantly wet.

"Would that turn you on Aaron?" I asked, with a little pout.

"It'd turn us all on!" was Aaron's reply.

Only then did I realise they were all in on this suggestion together.

"I see! Aaron, tell me something. Is this all your idea, or is this something everyone's been discussing this afternoon?"

He reddened slightly. "Well, um, . . . It's something we've all been talking about - even Karen".

The thought of all my colleagues sitting around imagining me showing off my half-naked body made me even hornier and wetter. I couldn't help reaching down and lifting the front of my dress up.

I parted my legs wide, giving Aaron a clear look at my now wet wide-open pussy. Two fingers went straight in and my thumb started rubbing around my clit. Aaron was rooted to the spot, totally silent, breathing heavily.

He let out a low whistle and raised his eyes, as I continued masturbating.

"Stay there Aaron. Just watch, honey, OK?" I said.

Because I'd been playing with myself all afternoon, I had lots of sexual energy built up that I just had to release, quickly. I rolled my chair back and lifted my heels up onto the desk. Faster and faster I moved my hand and I could feel my orgasm growing.

"Aaron, come and lick me, quickly!" I cried.

He was around the desk in a shot, manouevring between my legs. The moment

his tongue made contact with my clit, I came.

"Oh God!" I cried, trying to muffle my voice. My nails gripped Aaron's head and pushed his face into my pussy, as the waves of my orgasm continued.

I knew I'd made too much noise and I was right. Pretty soon, I could see the heads of Karen and Nick looking around the corner.

"Oh Shit, Aaron. Look!"

He took his head away from my sopping pussy and turned to look at our

colleagues.

"Lucky guy, Aaron!" called Karen, laughing, as she and Nick approached my desk.

I took my legs off my desk and swivelled clear of Aaron, so I could put my feet on the floor.

"Hey guys, are you going to say anything to Chris and Gabe?" I asked them.

My main concern right then had rapidly swung from my orgasm to my job.

"I don't think so, Ally", said Karen softly. "That depends on whether you keep entertaining us, though".

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After that day, I let Karen and the guys have their little 'conspiracy'.

They kept our little secret from our bosses and, in exchange, I'd give a little 'show' whenever Chris and Gabe were out for a half day or more.

"We need to meet to discuss my admin tasks when Chris and Gabe are away",

I suggested to the team one day when both managers were out of town. "Just so we all understand each other, OK?"

I ran the meeting in our boardroom, having diverted the phones at a time when we knew that nobody was scheduled to visit the office. I was wearing what Chris once laughingly called 'Ally's nurse outfit'. It was one of those zip up polyester uniforms, quite short and tight - the sort of thing female admin workers everywhere wear.

The difference today was that I'd unzipped it almost to my navel, letting my braless tits wobble provocatively with every move. I'd also swapped my 'respectable' white hose for a pair of fishnets which I kept in my drawer - the ones with the ripped crotch I sometimes put on to go for a drink after work.

I sat on the edge of a table, legs dangling slightly apart, aware that everyone could glimpse my bare pussy lips, which I'd lubed up already when I was masturbating earlier in the day.

I started the meeting by saying, "So, you've all enjoyed seeing me around this office without my knickers . . ."

"Like now!" Paul called out.

"Shut up, Paul!" someone else said. "Let Ally run the meeting".

The meeting was rowdy and, without the restraint of Karen, Nick and Aaron, it might easily have finished up as a gang bang. As it was, I ended up lying on the boardroom table, just in my ripped fishnets and high heels. I let Karen play with my tits and Aaron lick me while I fingered myself in front of them.

After I'd orgasmed and several guys had put their swollen hard-ons back into their pants, Josh spoke up with a worried look on his face.

"I don't like this, Ally".

"What do you mean, Josh?" I asked flirtatiously, as I swung my legs off

the table and faced him with my thighs apart.

"Well", he started, looking first at my still slippery pussy and then around at everyone who was still there, "this is all good fun, right? But I'd like us all to remember that we are in very serious shit if anyone finds out about this".

"But Josh", I challenged, "there's no sex, OK. Just a bit of touching and licking. That's our rule at work, isn't it?"

To reinforce my words, I leaned back on the table and pulled my feet up, with my knees wide apart.

"Yeah, sure, Ally, but what if Chris were to walk in right now and you were to tell him that we'd assaulted you? We'd be stuffed. All of us. Even Karen". He looked at each person with a serious look as he said this and then at me, with my pussy wide open.

I pulled my legs together and gave him a slightly hurt look. "So, Josh, you're saying that you don't trust me to keep quiet".

He didn't say anything, but just stood, looking slightly guilty as he took little peeks at the folds of my pussy lips just visible behind my thighs.

The others came to my defence, telling Josh that he was worrying about nothing. But, I worried about Josh after that, not sure that he wouldn't say anything to Chris or Gabe, so that was the first - and last - of our little 'meetings'.

I did, of course, continue my show off adventures at work - some even involved Chris and Gabe as well - but I'll share those with you another time.