**Working late or One Possible Explanation**

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Long ago in the days of lists and yahoo groups someone created a character named Jenny. She was a young married woman with a husband named John or sometimes George. Innocent and well meaning, she simply couldn't keep her clothes on. The artist, Biker, adopted her and began illustrating various scenarios and Jenny adventures. She acquired a best frenemy named Ashely. About that time I met her and was smitten. This is a recently rediscovered story written by me in 2004 to explain a Biker drawing of poor Jenny standing in an alley wearing only a blouse and high heels. Rain was pouring down and the broken umbrella she's holding is doing its sad best. Hopefully, even those not familiar with the Jenniverse can still enjoy the story.  
  
**WORKING LATE, or One Possible Explanation**  
Jenny leaned back in her chair and stretched extravagantly. The tiny buttons of her blouse fought valiantly to hold the thin silk blouse closed over her lush breasts. Her work was finished and she still had time to meet John for their night out.  
  
The outfit he had chosen and insisted she wear was short, low-cut and tight. Jenny blushed at the thought of appearing in public wearing it. It would be awful to be seen like that but the sex afterwards would be so good she didn't have the willpower to say, "No."  
  
Jenny stood and laid the new clothes out on her desk. Her office had enormous windows into the corridor, which usually attracted the office men like moths to the flame but with the staff all gone she could safely change there. The distracted blond had forgotten about the closed circuit security cameras but the guards were unlikely to complain.   
  
She quickly kicked out of her conservative 4-1/2 inch heels. Still nervous despite her imaginary privacy, she fumbled a little unzipping her pinstriped pencil skirt but after a brief struggle was wiggling it over her full hips. The open lace of her knickers enhanced rather than hid the curves of her luscious cheeks and her other cheeks turned reflexively pink at the unveiling. Jenny plucked open the buttons of her shirt and shrugged it off her shoulders. It landed on the pile of discarded clothes with a silky whisper.   
  
Standing in the middle of her office dressed only in her undies, Jenny hesitated. Her arms twisted up between her shoulder blades and her fingers gripped the bra clasp irresolutely. The hairs on the back of her neck prickled and her heart thudded loud and fast in the after hours quiet. All the feelings of her many public embarrassments flooded from her memory and she broke out in a cold sweat. Then as suddenly as it arrived her panic subsided. Jenny drew a deep, chest lifting breath and gave a shaky laugh. She slipped out of the dainty bra and tossed it aside almost gaily.  
  
The shrill ring of the phone caught Jenny completely by surprise. Her leftover adrenaline lifted her in the air and her long legs tried to dash several directions at once while her hands flew to cover her bouncing breasts. Her startled shriek rattled around the empty offices. The second ring froze her place like a deer in the headlights then with a disgusted roll of her eyes she picked up the handset.  
  
"Hello?"  
  
"Ah, Jenny. I'm glad I caught you.," said her boss.  
  
Jenny was momentarily distracted by the naughty fantasy of her attractive boss catching her naked but managed to respond in a somewhat coherent manner to his questions about her project  
  
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"That's very good work, Jenny but the pressing reason I called is to have you accept an urgent delivery this evening. We must have it for an early meeting tomorrow. Please, sign for it and leave it on my desk" He ordered politely.  
  
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"But, sir, I was just leaving", she objected.  
  
"Not to worry. It should be arriving shortly and then you may go. Thanks!" and he broke the connection without waiting for a reply.  
  
Sure enough as she replaced the receiver the front door buzzer pealed. Jenny knew the regular messenger notoriously impatient and wouldn't wait long for an answer. She definitely didn't have time to get fully dressed. With a muttered curse, she slipped on her shoes and snatched up her blouse. Click clacking down the hall she fought her tangled shirt back on and buttoned up far enough to pass muster. Although she was showing a lot of cleavage it would have to do.   
  
Jenny opened the door and popped her head and shoulder around the edge. The messenger seemed taken aback at her sudden appearance but managed to sputter out, "Package for Mr. Bigger".   
  
Generally, he just tossed the deliveries and dashed off to his next stop but tonight he was drawing the exchange out to the maximum. At first, he stared at the unrestrained jiggle of her breast and she blushed hotly when she realized her nipple was clearly visible through the thin material. Then he raised his gaze and looked pointedly past her right shoulder. Jenny smiled gratefully at him as she accepted the envelope and his clipboard. As usual, the naïve blond was misinterpreting the situation.  
  
While he was averting his gaze from her chest, he was getting an eyeful of her scantily clad ass in the mirrored foyer wall behind her. It was possibly the best he had ever seen in life or in extensive cruising of the Web. Also, he was pleased to observe those legs did indeed go all the way up. When she dropped the pen and bent to retrieve it he felt his breath catch in his throat. Happily unaware of her exposure, Jenny passed back the pen and clipboard without understanding why his hands were shaking and his eyes were glazed over.  
  
"You look as if you may be coming down with something. You should go straight home and climb into bed," she suggested sympathetically.   
  
With a last sweet smile she swung the door shut.  
  
Jenny almost ran down the hall with all her best bits jingling merrily but when she got to her boss' office she found that the door locked.  
  
"Darn automatic locks" she muttered to herself as she set the package on his secretary's desk and then headed back to her own office.  
  
Back at her own office she tried the doorknob without result. Despite the early warning at Mr. Bigger's door and her own history, Jenny was honestly surprise that she'd locked herself out yet again. Pressing her face to the glass she could see her employee ID/keycard taunting her from the desk. The ironic achievement of having separated herself from her daywear, club clothes and the emergency set in her bottom drawer was lost on the flummoxed blond.  
  
After kicking the door hard didn't work she looked about for another possible solution. Jenny looked at the open transom light above her door speculatively. She'd probably break her neck if she tried to climb all the way in but maybe she could reach through and lift the latch from the inside. Gauging the distance from the top of the door to handle, she realized her arm wouldn't quite reach. She needed a short stick or loop of rope to make to last few inches  
  
. Hopefully, she looked around but the bare hall offered nothing helpful. With a sigh for the unfairness of it all, Jenny shrugged her shoulders and peeled out of her knickers. There was no time to waste. The clock was ticking and soon the cleaning staff would be arriving.  
  
Jen kicked off her shoes and started climbing. The door didn't offer many secure footholds. After clambering on the handle she grabbed the transom and pressed a bare foot to each side of the frame. An inch at a time she wriggled into the narrow opening. It took tremendous effort but finally she was balanced precariously on the top of the door.   
  
With her legs spread wide for stability, Jenny carefully reached for the latch. Her bare breasts and left hand pressed on the cold glass as she tried to tease the waistband of her panties over the just out of reach hardware. Unfortunately, Jenny's plan ran afoul of her top-heavy nature. Leaning in a bit farther, she suddenly felt herself slipping. With arms flailing and legs kicking wildly she fought to regain her equilibrium but when she overcorrected the other direction gravity grabbed her by the ass and yanked her back into the hall.   
  
" Ow, ow, ow", complained the luckless Jen as she rubbed her bum and head in equal measure.  
  
Naturally, she had dropped her knickers on the wrong side of the barrier and when her eyes swam back in focus she saw the transom had slammed shut behind her. That she assumed was related to the rapidly growing lump on the back of her skull.   
  
Plan B. Whatever that is, she thought but at that moment she heard the elevator arrive. With reflexes honed by long practice Jenny dived for the cover.  
  
The cleaning crew trooped off the lift and unlocked the first office. Jenny bit her lip and considered her options. For now one branch of the T-shaped corridor concealed her but as soon as they reached the intersection she would be completely exposed. The story would be all over the building before mid day tomorrow. She liked her job and didn't want to give it up due to another public humiliation.  
  
Cautiously, the trapped woman peeped round the corner and while watching the crew advance up the hall she got an idea. All of the wastebaskets were being emptied into a giant rolling bin which because of its size it was left in the hall as they tidied each office. If she moved quickly then she could jump inside, burrow under the rubbish and ride it to someplace where she could sneak a phone call to John. It was an icky plan but the only option that presented itself.  
  
Jenny waited for her moment and when it came exploded out of the blocks like an Olympic sprinter. Falling into the pile of mostly paper, she quickly dug her way into hiding. She held deathly still as the cleaners added an additional layer to her cover. All she could do now was stay quiet and wait for them to finish their round.  
  
Despite the initial success of her plan, Jenny was less than happy with her situation. The sharp edges of the papers either gnawed at her soft flesh or tickled in some extremely sensitive areas. The smell of somebody's discarded Chinese lunch was making her stomach churn but worst of all there was a potent chemical odor, which was making her head swim. Her last fuzzy though was Take shallow breathes, Jenny....  
  
Jenny stood near the center of the bullfighting ring with her hands tied behind her back. Her only clothing was a short tartan kilt. The sun was hot and the stands were packed with screaming fans chanting, "El Banana! El Banana!" and waving their Chiquitas in the air. All around her the ground was littered with discarded peels. In front of her was Mr. Bigger dressed as a matador complete with a cape but oddly, no shirt. Instead of a sword he carried a headmaster's cane. Poor Jenny's only weapons were the diamond hard tips of her rigid nipples. Mounted picadors circled the antagonists with their long lances pointed to the sky.  
  
"Come on, Jenny! Let's give them a show", Bigger urged then flipped his cape at her mockingly.  
  
Jenny thrust her chest at him and charged. He twisted easily out of her path with a swirl of his cape. Her feet pounded the dusty ground as she thundered past and she gave a bark of pain when his cane slashed across her bum.   
  
"Bigger is better", he shouted as she turned for another pass. The crowd echoed him.   
  
His pants said, "Prepare to meet your fate, girl."  
  
Jenny stopped short and complained, "Please, Mr. Bigger. Instruct your pants to be more respectful. I am a woman, not a girl!"  
  
"Don't be absurd." he explained "Pants don't talk. That was my cock."   
  
Her opponent then ripped open his trousers releasing his tool as proof. It stared at her with black reptilian eyes and whistled wolfishly. Horrified, Jenny made a desperate attack that nearly succeeded. It came so close one nipple tore a long ragged gap in Bigger's jacket as he backpedaled frantically. Staggering off-balance he didn't even attempt to use his cane but Jenny had a new problem. When she pressed her advantage the talking prick brushed along her hip. Its velvety skin sent a jolt of erotic energy through her body so powerful that it rolled her eyes back in her head. She wobbled away on buckling knees as she tried to regain her composure.  
  
Jenny never came closer to winning than that. Bigger easily thwarted each of her subsequent efforts with a swirl of his cape and a cut of his stick. When she did manage to dodge the stroke she often brushed against his other "weapon" to the detriment of her concentration. Worse, with every pass the cock grew thicker and longer until the panting woman wondered how the matador could maintain his balance.  
  
The crowd, which had been roaring, was nearly silent as the action paused. Jenny's head spun from the seesaw effects of pain and sexual pleasure. Her chest heaved as she tried to suck in enough oxygen for one last exertion.  
  
Slippery with sweat, Jenny had freed her hands without her tormentor noticing. She knew she could still win if she could grab the penis by its ears and "bulldog" it rodeo style. Carefully, she circled and gained a few steps toward her wary antagonist. With every ounce of her remaining strength she leapt toward her target. Wait, she thought, they don't have ears! But it was too late.  
  
When she hesitated the billowing red cape dropped over her head. Like something living it tightened its grip on her voluptuous torso as she fought to throw it off. Soon her arms were pinned at her sides and it was squeezing the breath from her lungs. Staggering blindly, Jenny's foot came down on one of the banana peels. The audience roared with laughter as her legs shot in the air and she landed chest first on the hard arena surface. Winded but game Jenny tried without success to scrabble to her feet. The impact had driven her hard nipples deeply into the ground. She was hopelessly stuck.  
  
Bigger and his anatomy were arguing as they approached her.   
  
"But she's been such a good sport and it will make for awkwardness at the office" her boss objected.  
  
"Shad'dup, Willy! It's too late to stop and besides everyone gets it in the end. Anyway, you don't hear her complaining, do you?" it rationalized.  
  
When Jenny opened her mouth to voice her objections a wad of cape forced its way past her lips and all she could manage was a faint grunt.  
  
"All right, boys. Get her ready."  
  
The picadors flipped her skirt above her waist and gripped her legs. Their sweaty callused hands forced them apart despite her strenuous resistance. Someone grabbed her ass and roughly spread the cheeks.  
  
"Raise it!" the penis ordered.  
  
Jenny was positioned on her knees with her rump pointed in the air.  
  
"Higher" it demanded.  
  
Jenny was extremely uncomfortable with her feet pointed to the sky and her face and breasts pressed to the ground but she could do no more than wriggle ineffectually.  
  
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"More" it insisted.  
  
Jenny felt her nipples pulling free as the men hoisted her higher. She tried to warn them but they ignored the frantic moans leaking around her gag. A tremendous geyser exploded from the ground and shot the whole group in the air. Jenny and the cape separated when they splashed back down. It flapped away like a giant red manta and she found herself floundering in a rapidly expanding lake of slippery goo.  
  
The picadors and horses were swimming away for all they were worth. Jenny started to follow suit when she saw Bigger's trouser anaconda undulating in her direction while dragging its screaming "master" behind. The geyser burped to an end as the rising tide washed over the stands. From somewhere under the lake came a deep ominous rumble and slowly, at first, but with quickly increasing velocity, the liquid started to swirl around the ring. A gaping maw appeared at the center of the vortex as everything was swept irresistibly inward. The sound of falling water filled Jenny's ears as she plunged into space.  
  
It was pitch black and something was jabbing her sharply. Her head felt like it was splitting and the nearby sound of rain drumming on a hard surface wasn't helping. The familiar disgusting smell of her trash chariot told her where she was. Jenny slowly extended her arms. In the deserted service dock the heavy lid of the dumpster lifted. The disoriented blond poked her head above the lip of the container.  
  
Vague images of Spain added to her confusion. When she moved to climb out she discovered she had retained her grip on her shoes and in her other hand was clutched the item that had prodded her awake, an old but functional umbrella. Jenny put on her shoes and shimmied from her grubby refuge. Sheltering under her windfall, she sighed for small blessings.  
  
Jenny scanned the area anxiously but she was quite alone. Standing semi-naked in the pouring rain she was at a loss. Each of her plans so far had moved her further from her clothes and safety. One more "plan" might end with her deported or taken by white slavers. Any policeman was liable to take her for a drunk and arrest her. In the after hours business district casual passers-by weren't likely to help. Take advantage of her distress, yes. Help, no. Where the hell was John she fretted?   
  
A dark vehicle swerved into the alley and caught Jenny in the cone of its headlights. Still feeling the effects of the chemical fumes, penniless and dressed in less than the bare minimum of clothing, she had little choice but to stand her ground. The mystery vehicle rolled to a stop uncomfortably near. She could hear the slap of the wipers as she tried to peer past the glare. Fully expecting a minivan bulging with Scouts or Ashley dressed in the latest dominatrix gear, the sound of her husband's voice was a welcome shock.   
  
"Why can't we just have a nice evening out" he asked in mock exasperation but she knew the recitation of her adventure would excite him more than any romantic date. At least, he would be excited once he stopped laughing Jenny thought as she dashed for the shelter of the car and the warmth of home.