**Chairside Manners**

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I quit college in my husband's senior year and began working as a dental assistant in a two person dental office. I was done with my all-girl's school education and rules.

All of us in the office still had that high school girl mentality believing that showing off our legs was cool. So we all wore very short dental uniforms. These uniforms reached all of 3 to 4 inches past our buttocks. It took very little for them to reach above our buttocks as well. I wore pantyhose like everyone else, since any stockings would have shown completely below my uniform. My pantyhose was always sheer to the waist, since I never cared for the ones that had the darker color in the form of shorts at the top. After all how are you going to see my panty color if I have a dark shade of hose covering them?

I used to love Wednesdays, which were half days, as I would take the bus from work and ride it to my future husband's apartment. Once I got there I would remove my pantyhose and give him all of the peeks of my panties that he could take before getting so worked up that he would attack me in a very pleasant way. I got a lot of deep breathing exercise with him. I made a point of trying to wear bikini panties in the same color as my uniform. So white panties with a white uniform, light blue with light blue, lime green with lime green, etc. Although I would sometimes wear black, red or leopard print panties under my white uniform, since I knew that the darker colors or patterns would show through the white fabric, particularly since my uniforms really hugged my butt.

It was fun to tease the two older dentists in the office, although I had no idea at the time how much I was really teasing them. I thought that they were just getting good looks at my legs. Little did I realize that they were seeing a bit more of me than I expected.

I worked there for about a year before we got married. One morning, while I was bending over the table at home to pick up my purse and car keys to head off to work, my husband asked me if I bent over like that in the office as well. I said, "Sure! I am always bending over my desk to pick up a patient's file for the dentist or to answer the phone while assisting with a patient. My desk was positioned immediately outside the examining room, so if I needed a file or to answer the phone, I simply walked out of the examining room and bent over my desk to retrieve the file or get the phone. My bottom faced directly into the examining room as well as the dentist's and the patient's view. My husband said that when I bent over that morning he could clearly see the color of my panties under my hose and a good portion of my butt. I felt my face flush as I told him that now I understood why the dentist with specific male patients always asked me to retrieve something from my desk while I was assisting in the examining room. This had been going on for well over a year. Being very young, I thought that the dentist and his male patients whose ages ranged from late thirties to early fifties were all dirty old men, since they had tricked me into exposing myself to them.

Instead of feeling angry or embarrassed, I wanted to take control of the situation. Even in a professional office, I didn't see it as a big deal that the dentist and his male patients were catching peeks of my panties. In fact it gave me a little tingle throughout my body to realize that I was flashing every time that I bent over my desk. I almost wished that I wasn't required to wear panty hose with my short uniform. Although the thought of being tricked still upset me. Now most young ladies would have taken the time to walk around the desk before performing any task in order to not flash the dentist and patient, however we have already established that I did not quite fit the common definition of a lady. From that time forward, I made it a point of wearing brightly colored or patterned bikini panties under my uniform. Whenever the dentist asked me to perform a task that required me to bend over my desk, I purposely stayed in a bent position for a much longer time than was necessary, knowing full well that my exposed bottom was facing the dentist and the patient. I would look over my shoulder to tell him that I couldn't find whatever he sent me for, and then place both of my hands upon the desktop to bend further forward in my attempt to find the missing file, or so they thought. After all if they wanted a peek of my panties, than they should get a good long peek of my panties. I always caught them staring at my butt and then they would quickly look elsewhere to pretend that they hadn't been looking. I couldn't help but smile and laugh to myself about the whole situation.

I also observed a pattern that indicated a preference for leopard print, black or red panties over my pastels. I had a pair of very teeny red bikini panties that barely covered my bottom and showed very well through my white uniform. I found that I was asked to find lost files much more often on red panty days than on other panty days. I enjoyed choosing which panties to wear on a given day just to see how often I was asked to reach over my desk. Red panty days became my favorite days.

It was so much more fun for me to control what they would see as well as for how long and yet have them believe that they were pulling the proverbial wool over my eyes. In a manner of speaking I was pulling the Lycra fabric of my uniform over theirs.

I even noticed that the number of male patients that my dentist saw on a regular basis seemed to increase while I worked there. I guess they enjoyed my chair side manner as much as I did.