## Caught At Work

To make a little extra money at college, Donna was working as the manager of a warehouse.  Donna was in her office, surfing the 'net, when she came across an erotic story that seemed strangely familiar.  It was a story about a sexy warehouse manager who wore a thin white dress on an oppressively hot and humid day.  The beautiful girl's sweat had soaked through her dress, making it almost transparent.  One forklift driver was so distracted by this girl that he crashed his forklift into a pallet of liquid fabric softener, drenching the floor with slippery goo.

She looked up from the screen, startled by the coincidence.  *I work in a warehouse, and two weeks ago, I was wearing the exact dress described in this story.  It's not my fault that I soaked the dress -- the air conditioning failed.  And although I hate to go without knickers, I had to, because knickers would show through this dress, it's so thin.*

During the heat wave a couple weeks back, some of the girls who worked in the office had asked Donna if it would be OK to strip down to their bras and knickers, just until the A.C. got fixed.  At first, Donna said no, but they begged, and so she finally agreed to let the girls do it as long as they all stripped.  It wouldn't be fair, she argued, for some girls to strip, and others not.  The girls all agreed to strip down to their underwear, and began disrobing.

But one of the girls, Zoe, wasn't taking off her skirt.  When Donna asked why not, she admitted she was wearing thin knickers that were semi-sheer, and was embarrassed to strip.  Donna told her not to be so silly, that even sheer knickers cover enough, and she would be fine.  Zoe still refused to strip, so Donna asked two of the girls to hold Zoe while a third stripped her.  They took off her skirt while Zoe kicked and fought.  When they were done, Donna could see Zoe had been turned on by her ordeal.  Her hairless pussy was exploding with excitement.  Well, sheer knickers are better than nothing, Zoe admitted.  But Donna ordered the girls to strip Zoe's knickers off her too, as punishment for disobeying her.  Be glad I'm letting you keep your bra on, she said.

Debbie wasn't wearing a bra, so she didn't want to take off her dress.  But seeing Zoe's treatment, she thought it wise to take off her dress anyway.  At least she had knickers to cover her pussy, she thought, casting a glance at Zoe's wet pussy.

For a few minutes, the half-naked girls went about their normal jobs.  But after a while they started to collect by the water cooler and talk about the way they talked into stripping by Donna.  Zoe said, "but it was our idea, wasn't it?".

Debbie looked at Zoe's pussy, and sighed.  "Not entirely, Zoe.  I'm sure you would have preferred to keep your knickers on, and I'm not happy about parading around topless, especially since I have to work on the loading dock with the truckers.  They seem to think just because I'm topless that they can pull my knickers down, too.  Twice, so far, one of these guys has pulled my knickers down around my ankles while I've been checking their manifests.  I try not to let them see it bothers me, but I do find it a bit annoying."

Then one of them said what they were all thinking.  "What about Donna?  Why doesn't she take off her dress?  Is she too good for that?"

The group of half-naked girls came after Donna, and found her in her office.  They said it wasn't fair for her to keep her dress on.  At first, Donna said she didn't have to follow the same rules because she was in management.  But the girls came at her from all sides, clawing at her thin white dress.  She was afraid they would rip it, so she agreed to take it off -- but just until the A.C. is fixed.  She started lifting her dress over her head.  The girls gasped when they saw she wasn't wearing any knickers.  One of them said she was sorry, she didn't know, and started to say Donna didn't have to strip, but one of the others put her hand over that girl's mouth.  Donna took off the dress, and started to put it in one of her desk drawers, when one of the girls snatched it, and said she would hold onto it "for safekeeping" just in case Donna had any second thoughts.

The girls left Donna naked in her office.  They left, giggling, their panty-clad behinds wiggling as they left her office.  Donna was all alone with her nudity, and her thoughts.  Thoughts like *How did I get myself into this pickle?* and *It's a good thing I've let my bush grow back, because at least I have something to cover my vagina, just in case I have to go out onto the floor for any reason.*  Just then, that reason surfaced: Donna's boss called her on the phone to say a group of very important customers was coming in about 15 minutes to tour the warehouse, and he wanted Donna to show them around.  Oh, and try to get the girls to put their clothes on, too, he said.

Donna had to work fast.  She had no choice but to leave her office and go out on the floor to find the girls, and beg for her dress, and get them to put their clothes on.  She went to the ringleader, who agreed that the girls would put their clothes back on, but only if Donna would remain naked.  Donna did everything she could -- begging, threatening, appealing to her sense of fair play -- but the best she could get out of the girl was a guinea tee.  Donna put it on, and found that the straps covered her nipples, although you could still see them, she was chagrinned to discover.  But it wasn't long enough to cover her ass or her pussy.  Still, this was better than nothing, and her pussy was covered by her bush, so in a way, she was decent.  Decent enough to lead this group of dignitaries on a tour of the warehouse, anyway, Donna rationalized.

Her boss called her to say the visitors were here, and so she went to the reception area to greeted them.  She saw them looking at her bush, and explained, "The air conditioning is broken, so we've relaxed the dress code."  Everyone nodded.  Apparently, that was a good enough explanation.  Donna had become almost comfortable facing the visitors.  Her breasts were covered by the straps of her guinea-T-shirt, and her pussy was covered by her pubic hair.  The only thing that was bothering her now was that her ass wasn't covered at all.  Her pussy was watering at the thought that soon she would have to turn around, and she knew all the visitors would be ogling her ass.

But there was little she could do at this point other than to turn tail, and conduct the tour.  "Follow me," Donna said, and turned to walk out onto the floor.  The men and the ladies alike couldn't take their eyes off Donna's beautiful ass.  It was so tight that her asshole was clearly visible between her nicely rounded cheeks.  Donna could feel them eyeing her butt crack, and her vagina below it, and it felt as if their gaze was warming her nether regions.  When she stopped at the first point of interest along the tour, she felt her pussy was quite warm and moist.  She hated to do it, but she had to spread her legs apart, just a bit, to try to cool off, while she explained the systems of the warehouse.  As she continued the tour, she got more and more excited, and on a few occasions she was afraid she would actually cum.

Somehow she got through the tour without cumming, although her pussy was very wet and visibly excited from the attention it had been receiving.  Finally, after what had seemed to Donna an eternity, the visitors thanked her, and left.

Her boss called her into his office.  He was mad.  He demanded an explanation for her bottomless attire.  She explained that she had to bargain away her dress in return for the girls putting their clothes back on -- not exactly true, but the best story she could think of -- and it must have worked, because the boss was satisfied.  In fact, he told Donna he liked the new look, and he would like her to go bottomless from now on.  *Totally bottomless?*  Donna asked, incredulous.  Well, you can wear tops that come down exactly even with your vagina, but no further.  I want you within a fraction of an inch of flashing all the time, do you understand?  Donna nodded.  *Well at least I can keep my legs together, and so my muff will hide my vagina from view*, she thought.  But in a second, that hope was dashed, too.  And another thing, the boss said.  I want you to shave completely.  I want everyone to see your feminine beauty -- it'll brighten up the office, I think.  Donna unconsciously put her hand over her pussy, and moistened at the thought of how much more naked she will feel without any hair to hide those sexy folds of skin.  Is that all?  Donna asked, and turned to leave.  She paused, with her back to her boss, waiting for him to dismiss her.  He eyed her lovely ass, and her pussy lips that were clearly visible below it, and pitched a tent in his pants.  Yes, he said, that will be all.

Fast forward to the present moment.  Two weeks had passed since that fateful day that the boss changed her dress code.  She was wearing a clingy top that showed off her curves, and no bottom.  The people around the warehouse had grown accustomed to seeing her strut about wearing the tiniest minidresses -- really just shirts -- they had ever seen.  To the great frustration of everyone, her pussy was always just covered from the front by her dress when she was standing, so they could only steal glances at her beauty from the back, or when she would sit down.  The lack of bottoms combined with her high-heel shoes really showed off her long legs, but Donna was growing more and more resentful of having to parade herself, naked, before the entire warehouse staff and management.

Still, her condition had a silver lining.  She was in her office, surfing the 'net, stroking the moist flesh between her legs when she came across the story of the warehouse manager in a heat wave.  Right away, she recognized herself in the story, and sat up.  She read the whole story, including the dialog that took place between the main character and her boss.  A lightning bolt went through her when she realized it was her boss who had written the story!

Donna wasn't a mean girl, and she didn't want to get anyone in trouble, but it slowly began to dawn on her that she had some information now that could be used to her advantage.  Now she knew her boss had posted erotic stories on the 'net, and maybe she could use this information to renegotiate the agreement governing her attire.

She marched into his office, and confronted him with her new information: that he's been writing erotic stories, and posting them on the internet.  She told him that this changes things.  He asked "How so?" so she explained.  Unless you want me to tell the district manager about your little stories, you'll do exactly as I tell you.  He sank into his chair, knowing he was in big trouble.  What do you want me to do?  He asked.  That's better, Donna said.  First, you're going to going to use your tongue to give me an orgasm, right here on your desk.

She lied down on his desk, lifted her tiny skirt, and spread her legs apart.  Can I close my office door, first, he asked.  No, Donna said.  Leave it open.  I want everyone to see this.  Tentatively, he began licking her hairless pussy.  She grabbed him by the hair, and forced his face into her twat with such force he could barely breathe.  She screamed with joy.  He tried to tell her to be quieter, but his voice was muffled.  Donna laughed at the though -- his voice was MUFFled -- and she screamed even louder.  She drew a crowd at his office door.  He saw them gathering, and tried to tell Donna, but she wouldn't hear of it.  She kept on screaming until she came, and then she let out a long wail, which served to let everyone in the office know that she had turned the tables on her boss.

The next day, Donna wore a longer dress and knickers to work for the first time in quite a while.  It was a relief to be covered up again, and not have to parade her pussy around for all the men to look at.  But when it was time for her boss to satisfy her, she didn't have any qualms about taking off her clothes.  This time, she stripped in the middle of the warehouse floor, and summoned her boss over the public address system.  He got down on his hands and knees, and satisfied her once again.  She enjoyed cumming again, but even more, she enjoyed this feeling of superiority over her boss.  As she put her clothes on again, she noticed his pants were wet.  Apparently the boss got a but of enjoyment himself from this humiliation.

Oh, you can't leave those pants on, Donna said -- they're wet.  He looked down at his crotch and saw his cum had soaked through his pants.  Then he looked at her.  She repeated: take them off.  He hesitated, but knew he was her slave, so he took them off.   The underwear, too, Donna said.  So he took it off, too.  Now go about your business.  Bottomless? he asked, incredulous.  Sure, Donna said.  That shouldn't be a problem for you, should it?  It certainly wasn't a problem for me when I had to do it.  You'll get used to it, don't worry.  He covered his dick, which had gotten hard again from being humiliated this way.  Don't cover your manhood, Donna said.  Be proud of it.  He took his hands off his dick, held his shoulders up, and walked back to his office.  Donna stood triumphant as everyone in the warehouse cheered and clapped at Donna's victory.