**Dress Code**

by[nigelfannypatter](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=838904&page=submissions)©

My wife Kim was changed the way she dresses lately. She used to dress very conservatively, long skirts, pants and high collar blouses. But over the past few months she has loosened up considerably. I guess you could say she has loosened up a lot. Since the night at the grocery store, where she showed herself off to a very helpful deli counter worker, she has discovered that she likes to dress sexy. Short skirts; low cut tops and, on occasion, no underwear. With the exception of one time with some friends of ours, Kim's new outlook on how much she shows has been confined to strangers or for me at home.   
  
The other day she was getting ready for work. She had laid out her new white skirt and matching white blouse. The skirt was pretty short. Not ridiculously short, about six inches above the knee. She bought it intending to tease me when we went out. The blouse on the other hand, was very shear. It was white silk, through which her bra would show very clearly. I raised my eyebrows and asked her if that was for later on tonight.  
  
"We have a new dress code at work; we can wear sleeveless shirts, shorts and no more pantyhose," she delivered that last part as if she were delivering a suffrage speech.  
  
"I thought that since it is going to be rather hot today, I would dress for comfort," she told me, with a slight smile on her face. Kim always dresses very business-like at work, and this ensemble did not meet that description. She walked by me naked and grabbed a bra and panties from her dresser. Her panties were white lace and very tiny, the back almost being a thong. Her bra was one of those half-cup types designed to lift and allow the top half of the breasts to show. I watched as she slowly slid the panties up her smooth thighs. I noticed that she had shaved extra close this morning, leaving just a thin strip of auburn hair between her thighs. She fastened her bra and the effect was breathtaking. Kim's breasts are on the smallish side, but very firm and beautiful. The bra pushed them up, as if they were sitting on a shelf. Her nipples were just barely hidden from view.  
  
She pulled on her silk shirt and buttoned it up. The material was shear enough that you could make out the pink skin of her blushing breasts. Many women wore shirts that showed off their bras, but usually not to this extent. Kim pulled her skirt up her long legs and did a little twirl for me. The hem flew up exposing about halfway up her bare thighs.  
  
"Someone special at work?" I asked half teasingly. I was starting to get worried. Who was she dressing for?  
  
"No. I told you, it is supposed to be hot today and I want to be comfortable. I know that my skirt is a little short, but with the dress code loosed up, I figured this would be acceptable attire. I doubt I will have any 'accidents'."  
  
An 'accident' was Kim's code word for exposing herself to either me or someone else. Usually it was just to me, but on some rare occasions such as the night at the supermarket or at Wendy and Tim's house, some lucky guy was the beneficiary. She liked it when it seemed unintentional. She could play along like it was an accident and therefore maintain her innocent image.   
  
"What kind of 'accidents' do you think could happen?"   
  
"Oh I don't know," she giggled. "Maybe if I bend over like this," she bent at the waist facing me. This caused her shirt to gape open in the front and I could see the top half of her breasts bulging out of her bra. Her nipples were just barely hidden from view by the bra.   
  
"Or this," she bend over facing away from me. Her skirt pulled up in the back, revealing just a glimpse of her ass cheeks. Her panties had all but disappeared between her smooth cheeks.  
  
"Well, unless you are going for a promotion, I would keep the bending over to a minimum."  
  
She looked me in the eye, "Sometimes I drop a pencil on the floor...what's a girl to do?"  
  
With that she put on her white sandals and gave a kiss on the cheek and bounced out the door. The white virginal look was not lost on me, as her hemline taunted me the whole way out to the car. Getting in, she flipped her skirt up allowing her almost bare ass direct contact with the leather seat. She was in rare form.   
  
Twenty minutes later, I found an email awaiting me at work. It was Kim.   
  
From: Kim  
  
Sent: Monday, March 06, 2006 8:35 AM  
  
To: Mark  
  
Subject: A short skirt opens doors  
  
I forgot my ID badge at home. I thought I was going to have to go home to get it, but after five minutes of bending way over and looking in my briefcase, the nice guard at the front desk let me in. If I didn't know better, I'd think that he had been trying to look up my skirt. It is pretty short. With such tiny panties it might look to him like I wasn't wearing panties at all. I'm not sure if he saw anything, although he did have a big smile on his face when I went in.  
  
I stared at the message for at least five minutes. When Kim bent over for me this morning, she bent at the waist about half way and I could see the bottom of her ass cheeks. I wondered if she had put her briefcase on the ground and bent all the way over. If she had done that, he would have seen at least half of her ass. Her panties were indeed tiny. I'm sure, even with a little walking, would have been pulled up tightly between her lovely cheeks. I could picture the guard standing there watching her walk away, wondering if she was wearing any panties at all. I thought about calling her, but I got sidetracked with some things at work.  
  
An hour later, I still couldn't get Kim's email out of my mind. Had she really bent over and let the guard look up her skirt? She had never done anything like that without me being there before. I was going to call her when I got another email from her.  
  
From: Kim  
  
Sent: Monday, March 06, 2006 9:45 AM  
  
To: Mark  
  
Subject: You should have told me about my shirt  
  
Was sitting in the break room talking to the new guy from the mailroom. He didn't seem to want to go back to work. He seemed very preoccupied when I was talking to him and never really looked me in the eye. I am going to have to watch this new bra. I noticed it had slipped down a little, while I was talking. I wonder if he could see my nipple through my blouse? I know I could. They must have the a/c turned way up because my nipples were so hard they were about to poke through my shirt. Shame on you for not telling me my shirt was so see-through? Well, accidents do happen.  
  
I couldn't tell if she had actually let this guy see her nipple, or was she just teasing me? I stared at my screen for a full ten minutes visualizing Kim sitting there with her nipple peeking out at the mailroom guy. Her shirt was very transparent and if her bra had indeed shifted, it would have been very easy to see her erect nipple.   
  
I wanted to call or email her and find out if this was all just a tease or if she was indeed treating her coworkers to glimpses of her body. I was afraid if I contacted her, she would stop. And I wanted to see how this played out. I didn't have to wait long.  
  
From: Kim  
  
Sent: Monday, March 06, 2006 10:38 AM  
  
To: Mark  
  
Subject: This is fun  
  
I just had to sit through a presentation from a salesman. To tell you the truth, I'm not really sure what he was selling. He was cute though. About ten seconds into his sales pitch, I wanted to see if I could fluster this guy since he was a real smooth talker. I was seated across from him, so I very slowly let my legs part a little. I know it sounds bad, but I really wasn't showing anything. Well, not at first. I could tell he noticed, but he maintained his composure. Now it was a challenge. My legs verses his poise. He continued with his presentation and I let my legs part a little more. Now he could see a good bit of my thighs. He did pause for a moment, but to his credit, he plodded ahead with his sales pitch. Another few inches of exposed thigh and nothing. I spread my thighs apart a little and I detected a little sweat forming on his brow. I almost had him, but I would have to up the ante. I leaned back and stretched my legs out. Remember how short my skirt is? It is amazing what the sight of a few inches of lace panties will do to a man. He stopped dead. That did it. Mr. Smooth tripped up and I had won. He just sat there and stared at my exposed thighs and panties for almost a full minute. I didn't think that I was going to be able to do it, but I just sat there and let him stare. He must have finally realized that he was staring, because he jumped right back into his sales pitch but it was not as polished as he had been. After he finished I stood up and showed him the door. God, this is fun. I hope you are not mad that I am playing without you. I figured that you would enjoy hearing about my little "accidents".  
  
Mad. How could I be mad? My wife was flashing her panties at strange salesmen and her nipples at the boys from the mailroom. My erection betrayed my excitement. She would be in for a good time when she got home tonight.   
  
From: Kim  
  
Sent: Monday, March 06, 2006 11:09 AM  
  
To: Mark  
  
Subject: Damn drafty meeting rooms  
  
Wireless email is the bomb. I am in the middle of a development meeting with 12 other people and I have a little problem. The problem is with my panties. They are in my desk drawer on the other side of the building. You see, after that thing with the salesman, I felt very wet 'down there' for some reason. So I figured I would take them off in my office and let them and me dry out a little. So I slipped them off very discretely and hid them in my top desk drawer. I forgot about the development meeting at 11. No one will notice.  
  
No panties. Her skirt is pretty short. I was pretty sure that she was teasing me now. She wouldn't go into a meeting not wearing underwear. But, her style of dress has changed lately. Maybe she is becoming more comfortable with her body and showing it. Still she wouldn't wear a mini skirt with no panties to work. Would she?  
  
From: Kim  
  
Sent: Monday, March 06, 2006 11:22 AM  
  
To: Mark  
  
Subject: Just an accident  
  
Man, this skirt is shorter than I thought. I have to be more careful. We had to pair off and brainstorm new rollout ideas. I got paired with Alan; he is from another division on the west coast. I was seated in a chair facing him, when He started stuttering and pausing when he was talking. I finally looked up and saw that he was staring at my legs. I must not have been paying attention to how I was sitting, because I had let my knees fall apart a little. Well, maybe more than a little. I'm pretty sure he saw a good way up my skirt. I'm not sure but I think he could tell I was not wearing panties. Is that bad? I mean it was an "accident".  
  
An 'accident'? It certainly sounded like Kim did when she was playing at flashing. Could she be really doing it? Had she just let some guy see her pussy? I started to send her a reply when another email came.  
  
From: Kim  
  
Sent: Monday, March 06, 2006 11:30 AM  
  
To: Mark  
  
Subject: Leather sure gets sticky in the summer  
  
We are back at the conference table now. Most of the other people left, so all that is left is just me, Nancy who is one of the secretaries and Alan. I think he did see something he wasn't supposed to, because he keeps staring at me. This skirt sure is short. It keeps riding up when I sit down. The problem I've got right now is that it is bunched up around my waist, and my bare bottom keeps sticking to the leather chair. Neither of them can see anything but I can't just reach back and pull it down. They would notice. So I'm stuck until the meeting adjourns.   
  
It was a long twelve minutes until her next email.  
  
From: Kim  
  
Sent: Monday, March 06, 2006 11:42 AM  
  
To: Mark  
  
Subject: Something new  
  
I've never done that before. I just had an orgasm while sitting just three feet away from Alan and Nancy. I was sitting there with my bare bottom against the leather and I started to get excited. Well, more excited than I already was. Before I knew what was happening, my finger was sliding between thighs. I don't know what came over me. Very slowly and quietly I began stroking myself. And boy did I come quickly. It wasn't easy to cover it up, because it was a doosy. But I'm pretty sure it is my little secret (well, our secret). Just as I came, they got up and left for another meeting, so I am sitting here typing with my bare bottom against the chair (which is soaked by the way) and my finger still very wet. I'll let you smell my keyboard later for proof.  
  
I was stunned. She just got herself off in front of two co-workers. My fingers flew across the keyboard of my computer.  
  
From: Mark  
  
Sent: Monday, March 06, 2006 11:51 AM  
  
To: Kim  
  
Subject: New found hobby  
  
I see you have found a new hobby. I didn't know that you were such a natural tease.  
  
From: Kim  
  
Sent: Monday, March 06, 2006 11:59 AM  
  
To: Mark  
  
Subject: Hobby  
  
A girl's got to have hobbies. I hope you don't mind. It is only fun if I can tell you about it. I am headed back to my office now. I will let you know if anything good happens.   
  
I sat at my desk through lunch. I could have gone to eat and read her message when I got back, but I couldn't wait. Twenty long minutes crept by.  
  
From: Kim  
  
Sent: Monday, March 06, 2006 12:23 PM  
  
To: Mark  
  
Subject: Breezy Office  
  
Right now I am sitting in my office. That would not be unusual, except for the fact that my panties and skirt are laying on the floor under my desk. Gotta go.  
  
I was hooked. I sat in front of my computer for the next half hour waiting for Kim's next email. I was not getting much work done today, not that I was complaining. After thirty-five long minutes I saw the subject line of her next email. "I now have a friend." My mind raced.   
  
From: Kim  
  
Sent: Monday, March 06, 2006 12:58 PM  
  
To: Mark  
  
Subject: I now have a friend  
  
I forgot I had a meeting with Tina in my office at 12:30. You remember her from the Christmas party, the one with the big boobs and ridiculously low neckline. She is a real wild girl. She walked in right as I was emailing you. I guess you already figured out that I was still not wearing my skirt and panties. I have to be more careful. Well, maybe not. She sat in the seat next to my desk for a full 5 minutes before she noticed that I was naked from the waist down.  
  
At first she wanted to know what was going on, so I reluctantly had to tell her about our little game. After a few minutes of explanation and (because she insisted) showing her my emails, she laughed. But then she said that it sounded like fun. You want to know what she did next? Of course you do. And then, just like that, she hiked her skirt up and slid her panties down her legs and dropped them in her purse.   
  
For the record, because I know you are dieing to know ... blond, a racing stripe, and very cute.   
  
But, there is only one problem. When she left, she reached under my desk and took my panties with her. It happened so fast that I didn't have time to grab them. She just took them with her, saying "See you later." Now I am stuck pantiless for the rest of the day. I know you hate that.  
  
I remember Tina and her mile of cleavage. She was indeed a wild child. But I had no idea she was that wild. I was imagining Kim and Tina sitting there, no panties, looking at each other. And what was that crack about Tina's racing stripe being "very cute". I my head I was watching a very inappropriate scene, involving two girls and no panties, when another email popped up. It was not from Kim.  
  
From: Tina  
  
Sent: Monday, March 06, 2006 1:30 PM  
  
To: Mark  
  
Subject: The Pantiless Sisterhood  
  
Hi, it's Kim. I am emailing you from Tina's blackberry, we are at the food court in the mall. I have to tell you, she is a very bad influence on me. She is calling us the Pantiless Sisterhood. She said that there is nothing she could do to stop a certain someone from being there also to enjoy the sights. There is a table about twenty feet from us that is presently vacant. So if you were to show up secretly, I am sure the show would be worth it. But if someone else gets there first, I guess it will be their lucky day. I hope you haven't eaten already.  
  
I couldn't believe what I was reading. But you can be sure I was in my car in less than three minutes. I still wasn't completely sure that she wasn't just teasing me. But I was about to find out.