It’s too darned HOT!   
  
It’s been very HOT in England these past few days. 30ºC or more and I   
have to go to work today, it being Monday The question was ‘What to wear’.   
I had shaved my legs up to my navel and my underarms on Sunday so I   
was already for something light and cool. I selected a skimpy cotton bra that   
only just covered my nipples comfortably and stopped my 36Bs jiggling about   
too much when I walked. Don’t want to distract the guys at work too much my   
being a married woman. I don’t like too skimpy panties in hot weather. Those   
with a string at the back that slips into my bum crack are most uncomfortable   
for work and make me want to keep hitching it out. So I selected a nice pair of   
those ‘shorts’ panties which rest on my hips by keep my bum covered. Some   
seats get very hot to bare cheeks in this weather. Finally and reluctantly a   
dress. Must be cotton, no sleeves, a scoop neckline and short. Just the one! A   
shift. I slipped it over my head and tugged it down. Was it too short. Would I   
reveal my undies if I stretched upwards to get a file off a shelf at work? I stood   
in front of the mirror and raised my arms. Well, it was just about OK so long as   
the shelves were not too high. High heeled sandals completed my ‘cool’   
ensemble - that’s French - and off to work I went.   
It was not too hot on the journey in and I felt nice an cool. Our office has air   
conditioning but this was fighting a loosing battle with the sun and it got   
warmer and warmer. I looked round the office. The other girls were fanning   
themselves with folders and the guys just looked hot. A quick check showed   
that none of them had vests on and with the collars open I could see oodles of   
chest hair. Yummy! - at least on the younger ones.   
That damned bra was getting very moist under my tits and was sticking   
furiously. I had to go to the loo and took my handbag with me. Dragging my   
dress up I unclipped the back of my bra and with great dexterity eased the   
shoulder straps down my arms and it was off and in my bag. Was it just my   
imagination or did every guy in that room know I was now braless? Maybe it   
was all in my mind as I felt my tits having a good time under my dress as I   
went back to my desk. Amazing how many guys needed help with a piece of   
paper that afternoon and stood behind me as I explained what I had done. In   
these days of sexual equality I suppose they felt as I was looking down their   
shirt there was no reason why they should not have a peek down the neck of   
my dress.   
Afternoon break came round and we went for a cooling drink. ‘You haven’t   
got a bra on,’ said Sarah accusingly.   
‘I pulled the front of my dress out and peered into it. ‘That’s right. I   
wondered why I felt cooler.’   
Sarah continued her discussion of my clothing. ‘I can see your nipples, too.’   
‘No you can’t.’ Being a blonde my nipples are quite pale and I had checked   
that the areola couldn’t be seen through even that dress.   
‘Not the colour, they are poking out like corks. Or at least they are when   
you’ve been walking.’   
‘You’re just afraid your boobs will drag on the floor if you took your bar off.   
Mine are nice and perky. At least the guys seems to think so.   
‘Cheek! Sarah surveyed the room before reaching up behind her back to   
pop her bra open. I bit of a struggle and it was off and screwed up in a ball so   
it wasn’t recognisable. ‘See, firm as the day they were arrived.’   
‘Is this a private striptease or can we all join in,’ asked Jane, ‘With all those   
eyes following you I’ll think I’ll keep mine on for another day.’   
There had been peals of laughter from the lads table and glances in our   
direction but now we were back at work. Fun over or was it?   
I sat at my desk and started to move papers from ‘IN to ‘OUT’ with a few   
going into ‘PENDING’ which meant I did not know what to do with them and   
hoped they’d be forgotten when the phone rang. ‘hello, Jenny, could you fetch   
me the Aabsuss file, please?’ asked the Boss waving to me from the other end   
of the room. Now our files are on shelves. Aabcuss is at top left and requires a   
stretch to reach it. If he had asked for ZZTtropics that would have been   
bottom right and easy to collect. I walked down the room only too aware that   
the agitation of my unfettered tits was being observed along with a feeling my   
bum was behaving like two eggs in a hanky.   
I stretched up to get the file and there was an almost silent gasp from the   
guys as it was only too apparent with a stretch like that that I did have   
knickers, quite extensive ones, on. Money started to change hands as I smiled   
sweetly and took the file into my Boss. ‘Thank you, Jenny. Most helpful.   
Back to my desk still smiling sweetly at the trouser tents visible and so to   
the end of the day. ‘They were disappointed you had knickers on you know,’   
commented Jill, ‘There was a lot of money riding on you having a bare bum.’   
I hitched up the hem of my dress and slid down my pantie shorts and put   
them in the plastic cover from a magazine I had opened. BE PREPARED and   
all that jazz. Didn’t want my damp panties polluting my handbag. I had our   
MGF in the car park, topless as it was so hot. I slid a towel onto the seat to   
prevent it searing my bare bottom and got in. With a wriggle I eased my dress   
up so it was more or less round my waist and the cool air curling over the   
screen or blowing full blast from the fan on my bare legs and fanny made me   
feel cooler than I had all day. I parked neatly in the Supermarket car park and   
having decided not to put my damp panties back on I got out of the car   
decorously keeping my knees together. After all none of the Super market   
shelves were very high.   
I clipped my list to the trolley board and started on my shopping. At first I   
forgot that I might not show anything reaching up I would certainly do so when   
I bent down. After hearing a gasp from behind I corrected this by bending my   
knees for all the lower purchases. Pay up and all was tucking the shopping in   
the boot of the car and ready for home. I wound up the slightly smoky side   
windows and look down. Unless somebody peered over the to of the side   
windows they would be able to see nothing if I took my dress OFF! So I did to   
sit naked in the car except for the flattie shoes I kept for driving. What a buzz   
and how nice an cool it was with the air flowing freely over my entire body. I   
took the country route home to avoid sitting beside lorry drivers who would be   
able to see in and gloried in my freedom.   
Now I am sorry to disappoint you but I was not pulled over and cavity   
searched by the cops I just got home and parked in my drive with the back of   
the car towards the front door. The object of this was that the once I had   
raised the boot (American: Trunk) lid I would not be seen from the road and I   
could stay naked while I carried the grocery in. I popped the front door lock   
and dumped my handbag before collecting the groceries. It was during my   
second trip that I heard my neighbours voice. ‘Hello, Jenny dear. I’ve got some   
interesting news for you.’   
Now Mrs T is retired but still slim and wears nice fashionable clothes so we   
get on well together but neither of us had seen the other naked.   
There I was stark naked and holding two bags of grocery that covered my   
tits but did nothing for my smooth lower down bits. ‘Oh! I’m sorry spluttered   
Mrs T, ‘I didn’t know you hadn’t got.... were ..... well hot.’   
She didn’t seem likely to run screaming for the police but just stood there   
waiting for me to take the grocery indoors. ‘Sorry about that I was just well,   
very hot,’ I confessed as I dumped the bags, ‘Go on through I’ll make some   
tea.’   
My dress was in the car and there seemed little point in putting my bra and   
knicks on particularly as I heard Mrs T say, ‘Don’t bother to dress, dear, it   
really is too hot for clothes.’   
The kettle boiled and I made the tea before slipping upstairs and putting on   
my silk dressing gown that did at least cover me to halfway down my thighs. I   
collected the tea and went through into the lounge - and nearly dropped the   
tray. Mrs T was sitting there as naked as I had been. ‘I didn’t want to   
embarrass you, dear, so I thought I’d join you. Why don’t you take that   
dressing gown off?’   
  
Jenny.