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.