**Just wear the shirt**

by base

Melissa really hated the uniform her boss made them wear. It was a regular buttondown shirt with the store's logo plastered on the back. Everyone's shirt had their name stitched in it. Those were the parts she didn't mind as much. the colors he selected were awful. A blind man had better color coordination. The collars were huge! She wondered if these were rejects from the 1970s.

Each couple of months, he gave them new shirts, and most were worse than the previous month's shirts. Her latest shirt was just dreadful. It appeared someone tried to bleach it. The color was uneven, and she hated it. She went into Mr. Jacobs office to complain, again. He heard the complaints many times. This time, he tried to push off the conversation. He was preparing to go out of town. He sounded sincere, when he said, "I'll think about."

Her friend and co-worker laughed. "He'll think about finding something worse is what he meant." Silvia was a good friend. A bit crazy, but fun crazy. She wore the shirts, but she was known to leave the blouse unbuttoned to expose a lot of cleavage. She liked the guys coming into the store to look down her blouse. She wore skirts, and generally of the shortest types. Her other fun tease was to climb up the ladder to get things off the top shelf for customers. She'd ask them to hold the ladder, and she watched their expressions as they realized she never wore panties. Melissa loved seeing Silvia play this game. She never considered playing it herself.

The next day, she received a message from her boss. "I'm still thinking about what you said, but please just wear the shirt until I get back."

Melissa showed Silvia the message. Silvia took a step back and said, "Let's do it!"

Melissa was confused, "Do what?"

Silvia said, "Let's just wear the shirts!"

Melissa said, "What? If anything, we know he'll be gone for a week. We can wear whatever we want."

Silvia said, "Read the message again to me."

Melissa replied, "I'm still thinking about what you said, but please just wear the shirt until I get back."

Silvia waited. No response from Melissa. So Silvia read it to Melissa, "I'm still thinking about what you said, but please JUST wear the shirt until I get back."

"Huh?"

"He told you to only wear the shirt. 'JUST' wear the shirt."

Melissa was finally getting the joke. Joke? Silvia slipped off her skirt. Then Silvia raised the shirt tails to show her friend, she was just wearing the shirt. Melissa did not need to be flashed. Everyone who came into the store sooner or later learned Silvia refused to wear panties. Her shirt was open far enough to show no bra, too. Silvia stopped wearing bras after high school. The closest she comes to wearing a bra is a bikini top. Melissa didn't need her to flash her breasts. She knew.

Melissa said, "You're crazy. You are going to get caught!"

"Caught doing what? Doing exactly what he told us to do!"

As the night worn on, Silvia loved helping customers, customers that greatly appreciated her new uniform style. Her down blouse and upskirt tricks were made easier in that she played around with her shirt buttons, sometimes lower the upper buttons below her navel, and sometimes having just one button fastened. climbing the ladder only happened twice, but she gave a good show.

Melissa refused to strip and show off like her friend, but with 30 minutes before closing, and no customers in sight, she finally agreed to taking off her shorts. That was not good enough for Silvia. She demand Melissa take off her underwear as well. Melissa checked to make sure no customers were pulling up in the lot. Then she hid behind the counter to take off her panties.

Silvia said, "I said all your underwear."

In order to remove her bra, she would have to take off her shirt. She figured no more customers that night, so she quickly took off the shirt and bra, and Silvia held tight the shirt leaving Melissa naked for nearly a full minute. Melissa thought it was closer to 15 minutes. She got her shirt back on, not buttoned, just as a man walked into the store. Melissa ducked behind the counter to fasten her shirt as Silvia waited on the man. When Melissa stood up, Silva had her shirt completely open. The man was all smile.

After the customer left, Melissa asked Silvia, "How do you do that? Show off your entire body to a stranger?"

Silvia said, "Exactly because he is a stranger. I really don't care what he might think of me. He's meaningless to my life. I worry more about what my friends might think of me flashing strangers."

Melissa said, "I think I love your free spirit. you are completely crazy, and I love that about you."

The two girl hugged. And Silvia knew her bare breasted hug made Melissa uneasy, so she held on for a few more seconds, just to make it more awkward. It worked. Melissa blushed. Silvia did a little happy dance.

They closed up, and agreed on a time to open the next day. Silvia got Melissa to promise another night wearing just their shirts. Of course, Silvia was late. But she came to work wearing just the shirt. Melissa was easier to convince to work the full shift in just her shirt, too. She admitted she had fun. It was something crazy, and that's why she was such good friends with Silvia. Melissa could be a little crazy around Silvia and no one would notice. Plus she gave her word. Once given, she would follow through.

Silvia was leaving her shirt nearly open all night, and she did open it completely the last hour, but alas, no customers.

Each day, Silvia seemed to open her shirt more and more. Melissa was still wearing shorts to work, but ditched them as they opened the store. No panties or bras by the end of the week. Melissa did join her friend on the last night of working the final hour with her shirt open. Silvia told her, "When will you ever get this chance again? Do you want to be sitting in the old folks home with me telling everyone you chickened out?"

It was something Silvia always pulled. They would be sharing a retirement home together many, many years from now.

Melissa was quite nervous as two men came into the store just before closing. The guys thought they won the jackpot. Silvia knew how to handle the guys. "Look, don't touch. We sell tazers and know how to use them." That was not an idle threat. The guys appreciated the views, and let the girls know how much they enjoyed the views.

When closing the store, Melissa reminded Silvia that Mr. Jacobs would be returning tomorrow. Melissa was shocked Silvia intended to come to work the next day in just her shirt. She repeated back to Melissa, "He told us to just wear the shirt, and that is what we need to do! Why did you do this all week if not to get Jacobs to change his mind? Why would he change his mind if he does see use just wearing his awful shirts?"

Melissa knew her friend was right, but she wasn't sure she could do it. She thought of what Silvia said about strangers, and yes, a total stranger was easy. Mr. Jacobs was not a total stranger. He was someone she saw on a daily basis. The next day, Silvia came over to Melissa's place wearing just her shirt held together with one button. Silvia walked the several blocks, and Melissa knew she walked those blocks just as she was with the one button. How? Silvia had cut off the other buttons. That way Mr. Jacobs could not make her cover up. Melissa buckled to Silvia's pressure. She would walk to work in just her shirt, but she was not cutting off any buttons. Silvia teased her the whole way lifting her shirt tails on the street corners. She promised to stop if Melissa unfastened buttons. Silvia didn't stop, and Melissa knew she probably wouldn't until Melissa had her shirt wide open. Both girls walked the final block with their shirt tails blowing in the wind. Melissa did fasten a few buttons, and convinced Silvia to fasten her one button.

Mr. Jacobs had already opened the store as the girls entered the store. He was stunned by their outfits. Melissa giggled as she explained his message. All week, they JUST wore the shirt. She acted surprised when he tried to explain what he meant. She excused him of telling her one thing, and expecting her to do another. Silvia was proud of the acting Melissa was doing. She didn't have to say a word other than "That's what Melissa said you told her."

He admitted he was wrong, both in his wording and his decision to force them to wear those shirts. Yes, he bought them from highly discounted sales. There was nothing he could do that day. The girls worked in just their shirts all day. Seeing Silvia tease the customers was something Jacobs enjoyed as much as the customers did. Melissa finally opened her shirt completely when stocking the shelves. It was just for Mr. Jacobs viewing. When a customer entered, she buttoned the one button as Silvia had been wearing her shirt, too.

At the closing, Mr. Jacobs gave the girls the link to the website where he orders the shirts. He told them to pick one design for them both to wear, and he'd order it. He's condition was "But you have to wear just that shirt."

the girls went back to Melissa's place and reviewed all the designs. Of course Silvia wanted a shirt that was a bit short to wear without panties. Melissa wasn't a prude in her choice. It was very low cut, but the material covered the hips. They could not agree, so they figured they'd let Mr. Jacobs decide. Maybe he'd order one of each?

Jacobs explained that buying one each was expensive. Buying two cut the price. Both these shirts were more expensive of the highly discounted ones he ordered. He did find one design that was a compromise between the styles, and came in various lengths. He said, pick your lengths, and I'll average them to place the order. Both girls agreed.

Melissa order the length she thought was appropriate and yet daring. Silvia didn't tell Melissa which length she picked. Jacobs said, "Really? You want me to average these?" Both girls agreed. When the order arrived, Melissa choked. Silvia had selected the cop top. Averaged with Melissa's short hem, left them wearing a belly shirt. The exact length Silvia had originally picked.

Melissa was thinking the old ugly shirts were not as bad by comparison, but she let Silvia remind her, "You made a promise. You aren't going back on your word, now, are you?"

Mr. Jacobs was amazed these two girls would work bottomless. Customers were delighted. Sales were up. Jacobs was happy, too.

Silvia enjoyed walking to work bottomless. Melissa always feared her friend would get arrested. Never happened. Silvia did get Melissa to wear tiny skirts on their walking commutes.

Both girls had selected the next shirt. A tank crop top with large armholes. They might as well have worn nothing. But there was just enough material for a scaled down store logo, and their monograms. Melissa never quite understood why she loved baring it all working with Silvia, but she did know, without Silvia, she would never have done it, nor would she continue to work like this.

Melissa never wanted Silvia to think less of her. Silvia never would.