**My Dilemma**

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This could only happen to me.

I have a tendency to forget things particularly when I am in a rush. This time my forgetful mind put me in a very embarrassing situation that I still can't believe was real, although I will admit up front that it left me quite excited.

Last week my boss asked me to run downtown and pick up a very important signed contract from a key client, whom I will call, Mr. X.

I knew how important this contract was not only to her, but also to the entire company.

It fairly represented whether we made our annual budget or missed it.

And I only had 45 minutes to pick it up before Mr. X left for vacation, where he refused to allow any interruptions from his family.

I rushed out to my car and allowed my GPS to guide me away from any traffic snarls that could delay me.

I arrived in front of Mr. X's office building and parked on the street instead of picking a parking lot, as I felt that the lot would just delay me more.

I had 15 minutes to spare and was feeling quite proud of myself as I gathered up my purse and a plastic envelope that I had brought along to protect the contract from the elements.

Oh, did I mention that it was pouring rain outside and in my rush I had forgotten to grab my raincoat on the way out of the office.

I was now in front of his office and had only a few steps across the city sidewalk to keep myself dry and pick up the contract.

I looked for traffic in my side mirror and when it was all clear, I quickly opened my door and jumped out to make my dash to the safety of the building.

Just as the car door left my hand, I realized that the keys were sitting on the front passenger seat right where I placed them when I picked up the envelope.

I jerked my body back towards the door, which caused my dress to fly out and slide a good portion of it inside the closing car door.

The door closed tight and I was caught from my hem to almost my waist in the door.

The term "if it wasn't attached, you would forget your head" just didn't apply as everything was attached, but I wasn't sure for how long.

I pulled on it and could hear the fabric start to rip, which was not an acceptable solution. This was my sister's favorite dress, which I borrowed for the day and I had to return it intact.

The fact that it was getting wet was bad enough, but could easily be remedied by a simple dry cleaning.

I looked at my watch and my 15-minute cushion was now down to 8 minutes.

I panicked as I considered my alternatives and the need to get that signed contract.

I called my husband as he had our extra set of keys on his key chain and got his voicemail. I left a message explaining my predicament as well as my location, but knew that he couldn't possibly arrive in time. I honestly didn't know what else to do, so I took a big gulp of air, reached behind me, unzipped the dress down to my waist, slipped it off of my shoulders and pulled it down to my waist.

The rain was coming down in sheets.

Right at this point, I remembered what panties I had put on that morning. I was wearing a very teeny pair of black sheer panties that had "Sexy Little Thing" across my bottom.

I started to scold myself for wearing such ridiculous panties to the office. The only place that I was comfortable being seen in them was standing in my bedroom in front of my husband.

However I had to get that contract.

I twisted myself sideways to be able to lift one of my legs high enough to free it from my dress. Once one leg was free, the next one was easy enough.

I was now standing on a downtown city street in a black demi cup bra, which threatened at any time to reveal my very erect nipples, black patent leather high heels, black thigh high stockings and my aforementioned sheer black bikini panties. Was it the rain or my predicament that was causing my physical reaction?

At least the rain made me invisible to passing motorists. At the same time caused my bra and panties to become virtually see through as everything now clung to my body.

My heart was beating out of my chest, while at the same time a warm glow was starting to stream through my body.

The warm rain cascading off my almost naked body was such a sexual sensation that my body was vibrating in response to it.

I kept telling myself that I was not getting excited, however the physical signs were difficult to ignore.

With as much dignity and courage as I could muster, I walked around my car, across the sidewalk and into our client's office.

Thank goodness no one else was in the reception area and the lighting was recessed so I wasn't standing in a bright light that would make me appear almost naked.

The pretty young receptionist immediately shot around her desk in an attempt to get me to exit through the same door that I came in. It occurred to me that she thought that I was some kind of stripper gram, although I had already stripped.

I pulled out my business card and attempted to explain what had happened and why I was there.

She went into a closet beside her desk and handed me a jacket that she said someone had left when visiting the office.

She also pointed me to the restroom so I could look less like a drowned kitty.

I quickly went into the restroom and started pulling reams of paper towels out of the dispenser and used them to dry myself off.

They also has an air dryer that I used on my hair and when that was dry I removed my bra and panties and blow dried them before putting them back on.

As I was standing naked in front of the air dryer, the receptionist walked in to inquire how I was doing.

She looked me over from head to toe with a smile that she tried to conceal and I could read the word "Nice' silently formed by her lips.

Instead of this making me uncomfortable, I found myself enjoying the subtle compliment.

As she left she said, "If you need anything, just let me know".

I thanked her for her help and the use of the jacket.

She told me that my client was ready for me and as soon as I felt prepared, she would escort me to him.

There was that warm flush again.

I was able to get myself presentable again, although I was still in my teeny sheer panties.

I put on the jacket, which reached almost to my hips. It was bright red, and was a perfect offset to my black embroidered panties.

It was funny to think that if I wanted to be overtly sexy, it was exactly what I would have worn to show off to my husband.

I turned around and looked in the mirror, and despite my best efforts, the jacket barely reached to the top of my panties. So "Sweet Little Thing" was still prominently displayed.

I went back out to the receptionist, and fortunately, I was still the only one in the reception area. She then apologized as she led me through the office past at least 20 employees, who could not help but notice a woman in a bright red jacket and teeny panties among their midst.

Everyone stared and I felt a tingling start to course through my body. It was a very unexpected and very pleasant warm surge that centered itself in that sensitive spot between my legs.

I could not believe that my exposure was turning me on.

Their looks were like an aphrodisiac for me as I saw their eyes open wide and watch me walk past them. Again and again I heard the same word that the receptionist had mouthed earlier, "Nice".

For I moment I thought that I had not completely dryed my panties, but quickly realized that I was getting wet from their attention.

I have often fantasized about walking through a business office of strangers in just my teeny panties and heels and now I was living that fantasy.

It was having a very pleasant but embarrassing effect on me as I felt my body start to flush and my breathing becoming quicker.

The impulse to touch myself was overwhelming. I knew that I needed to focus on why I was there and to get out as quickly as possible.

I was led into Mr. X's office, which was decorated in a beautiful masculine statement of black leather chairs, and an onyx topped desk. Everything on his desk was in sterling silver i.e. pen, pencil, letter opener, paper clip holder, etc.

It was intoxicating.

Mr. X, whom I had never met before, was an extremely handsome male with slightly graying hair topping a 6'2" frame with penetrating light brown eyes. He was impeccably dressed and carried himself in such a manner as to make any woman feel giddy around him.

I absolutely love my husband and would never consider cheating on him, however this man was beautiful.

The tingling in my body was coming back.

He asked me to sit down as he reached into his desk for the signed contract.

"I am so sorry about what happened to you and hope that you aren't too uncomfortable what with the rain and your current state of undress", he said in a very distinguished and caring voice.

The black leather chair enveloped me in luxury as I sat with my legs uncrossed and knees tightly together, which seemed almost ludicrous. No matter how I sat, my panties were fully on display, and Mr. X was having a difficult time focusing his eyes anywhere other than between my legs.

I felt another flush of warmth go through my body and realized that I was going to leave a wet spot on his chair.

My client came over from around the desk and I could feel his subtle sexuality, as he looked me over.

I reached forward to take the contract, which parted my legs, and caught his quick glance at my sheer crotch.

I tried to act perfectly comfortable in front of him, but my nerve endings were at hyper alert and every time we made eye contact, that same flush of warmth enveloped me.

I thought that maybe if I crossed my legs, I would be able to keep the moisture flowing from my lower body from soaking through my sheer panties.

I had forgotten what happens when a woman in teeny panties crosses her legs. The panties are essentially pulled down so far that only a teeny triangle of material remains above her legs.

Thank goodness I had recently waxed or I would have given my client confirmation of my true hair color.

I was so sexually aroused that I didn't think that I could calmly get up and leave, but Mr. X had just received a call from reception that my husband had arrived with a change of clothes and an extra set of keys.

I stood up and a quick glance at the cushion of my chair confirmed my earlier fear that I had left evidence of my arousal. My impulse was to try to inconspicuously wipe it off, but I knew that my action would be too obvious. Maybe he would think it was from the rain anyway.

I shook Mr. X's hand and turned towards the door not realizing that this would be his first look of my embroidered posterior.

He simply said, "I would have to agree" as he read the words "Sexy Little Thing" across my bottom.

I stupidly tried to pull my jacket down to cover myself to no avail.

The walk through the office area was even more arousing for me than before as everyone now knew about my exposure. My heart was racing so fast that I dropped the plastic file containing the all too important contract and had to bend over to pick it up, giving everyone an extended view of my embroidery.

I swear that if I had been a criminal and everyone there was asked to identify me, they would have been able to describe my panty clad bottom in detail, but probably had no idea what my face looked like.

This was probably a good thing for my reputation and me.

I found my husband and retreated to the ladies room to get clothed. As I put my clothes on I could not believe how turned on I was from this experience.

My panties were soaked and I realized that I needed to rinse them out and again dry them under the air dryer.

I then collected the extra keys, gave my husband a hug and a kiss, retrieved my dress from the car door and began my drive back to the office.

My whole body was tingling from the experience and each time that I recalled the look in everyone's eyes as they stared at me especially Mr. X, that warm flush of sexual excitement would go through me again.

As I entered the parking structure at work, I parked the car and sat back with my eyes closed. As the clear memory of this experience flooded my senses, I found my left hand pulling my skirt up my legs as my right hand explored between them. Within 2 minutes I was breathing like a sprinter as my body convulsed in the most delicious orgasm I have ever had solo.

Right at this point my cell phone rang and my boss not too politely asked, "Where the Hell are you." Thank goodness for hands free communication as I quickly pulled my hands out from under my skirt and replied, "I will be inside in just a minute".

I will admit that every time I replay this embarrassing experience in my mind and remember what it felt like to walk through a professional office in my black sheer panties, that familiar flush of warmth courses through my body and I want to be naughty again.

I have also found that my choice in panties has not become anymore conservative. Who knows when I might have to run an errand in my underwear again?