Office Clothes

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My husband asked, "Zandra, are you really going to wear that dress to work today?"

I replied, "Why not?"

"It's a bit sexy for the office place, don't you think?"

I smoothed the little floral print dress down my side and over my butt. "Last week you complained when I wore my little black dress. This one has a full top."

He smiled. His mind must have flashed back to last week. The little black dress is indeed little. It is more like a skirt with a neckstrap. The only thing that kept my breasts covered in thin strips of material was a small buckle.

Jason said, "Everyone will see your knickers if you wear that dress to work."

I put my hands on my hips and shifted my weight to my right foot, "Okay, Mr. I Can See Your Knickers, what color are my knickers?"

"Green. I watched you get dressed."

I laughed, "But no one at work has, and they still won't know what color my knickers are by the end of the day."

He kissed me, but pulled me over to the bed to sit me down. One glance down,and he shook his head. I argued that the bed was much higher than any chair atwork. His little demonstration wasn't fair.

Jason said, "Why do you wear a dress to work? Why not go to work in your braand knickers?"

I said, "I don't want people to see my underwear."

He said, "So your dress is adequate to keep people from seeing your underwear?"

I crossed my arms. I knew this was his logical mind at work. "Yes, my dress isadequate to keep people from seeing my knickers."

He went back to tying his tie, "So take off your knickers. The dress will hideeverything important."

I looked at him to detect his odd sense of humor. I didn't think he was kidding. "You want me to go to work today without my knickers?"

Jason said, "I'd rather you not wear the dress."

I snapped, "I'm not just wearing my bra and knickers buster."

He turned around and gave me a kiss. To my forehead. "I didn't mean that way, dear. I meant wearing a different dress."

I explained that on Fridays some of us girls in the office went out to eat at lunch. Everyone would be wearing something sexy, and their husbands don't complain. He countered with, "None of their husbands have a wife half as sexy as I do." Okay, corny, but effective. I gave him a little kiss for it.

He said, "I'll give you your choice: 1) Change the dress." I shook my head no. "2) Since the dress is showing your underwear, go to work without the dress." I laughed. "3) Take off your underwear if you think the dress is adequate for modesty."

"I don't like any of those options."

He looked at his watch and said, "Pick one. We have to go right away."

I looked at the clock and realized our little argument wasted most of our

morning freetime. I decided I really only had one option and not lose the

argument or be late for work. I reached under my dress and removed my knickers.

I then informed him, "The bra is built into the dress. I can't remove it.

Let's go." I dangled my knickers on my finger and passed them under his nose and left them resting on his suit coat.

Okay, by the time I reached the car, I knew I made a mistake. The dress was too short to wear without knickers. But admitting that would only make him give me more rules. I choose to ignore the fact my pussy was nearly on display for every truck driver along the highway. I just kept my knees tight together.

It took me a couple of hours at work to finally relax. Who could see under my dress when I sat at a desk all day? It wasn't until lunch that I was reminded I wasn't wearing knickers. One of the girls asked, "Zandra, are you wearing knickers?" She might as well yelled it to the restaurant. Even our waiter heard it as he was returning to fill our water glasses.

I waited until all the other tables and eyes were back to their own business. Then I recounted the morning to the girls. They either thought it was hilarious, scandalous, or insane that my husband forced me to make a decision like that.

Together, the girls and I plotted my revenge. It would take awhile to execute, but they really thought it would work.

The next Monday, as I was getting ready for work, I didn't bother with underwear at all. I wore a reasonable skirt and blouse, and pulled on a button up sweater that I left open.

Jason looked at me funny, "No underwear?"

I told him, "No need. My outfit is perfectly decent without any. Why should I bother?"

All week, I went without underwear. I wanted to prove to him that what I wore was perfectly decent, and by his logic, if I was willing to wear it without underwear, it must be fine. Well, that sort of back fired. He decided if I didn't need underwear he could donate my lingerie and get a huge tax write-off. I protested, but he had my stuff to the donation center that very evening.

When he returned, he said, "Now, you will be forced to wear more decent clothing all the time."

"You didn't seem to mind my sexy outfits when we were dating."

"I'm your husband now. Things are different, and hoping better, too. Right?"

He gave me his little kiss to my forehead. I pouted.

The girls in the office thought it was all too funny. They said, "You need to start wearing your sexiest outfits. Once he realizes you don't mind showing people, he'll have you back in the lingerie shop buying whatever you want."

"Really? You really think so?" Some did, and some thought it couldn't hurt to try.

So, I did just that. I started wearing shorter dresses and skirts. I wore blouses that if not for pockets or a sweater, would leave little to the imagination.

Jason never said a word other to mention how good I looked. I suspected he knew my plans, and he was trying to outlast me. I was determined.

I even went dress shopping to get some really risque numbers. Those weren't for work, but for our nights out. One Saturday visiting friends, she mentioned my short little outfit, and how I needed to be extra careful since I wasn't wearing knickers. She saw that. I was embarrassed, so on a trip to the ladies room, I explained the situation to her.

She told me, "The problem is that he still thinks you will be embarrassed to show anything. You have to show him that he is wrong."

"How much more can I be showing without getting arrested?"

She suggested we have the guys take us dancing. As we dance, slip open a few buttons, explaining it is too hot.

Everything went according to plan, except to get Jason questioning my sudden exposure. He rather enjoyed it.

So, on Monday, I decided to leave my blouse half unbuttoned. That did get him to question whether it was right for the office. "I'm fully covered and decent. If I'm not, you let me show too much at the club the other night." HA! I got him with logic. He accepted me going to work wearing a short mini skirt and a blouse half open.

When I grabbed a sweater, he took it from me. "I don't think you need that to be decent. Leave it here."

At work, I did fasten the blouse in the elevator once I was alone. The girls were all excited by my stories. One suggested I push the limit. She saw a dress that had to worn with knickers. She said, "If you wear that one day, he'll definitely change his mind."

She was right of course. He changed his mind. He wanted me to change my entire wardrobe. Short and shorter. He even found blouses that had no button holes on the top half.

When I realized I lost the battle I decided to buy a pair of knickers and wear a longer skirt for an evening out with our friends. My husband didn't say a word until we slow danced. "Wearing knickers?" I nodded. "I thought we had a deal. Go to the ladies room and either return without the knickers or without the skirt."

I complained, "But this is the first time I've worn knickers in weeks. Besides, the skirt is practically to my knees."

He spun me around. Okay, the skirt is a spinner, and it flared up. I went to the ladies room to remove my knickers. My friend joined me. What she said surprised me, "You do realize if you take off your knickers, he will spin you again on the dance floor. Everyone will see your bare pussy and butt."

She was right, but what could I do? She told me I had another choice that would keep people from seeing my butt and pussy - take off the skirt and wear the knickers. She was certain he would change his mind. So was I. At least I think I was sure. No other reason could explain why I would toss a perfectly good skirt into the wastebasket in the ladies room and walk across the dance floor to my husband and my friends.

Rather than being upset, Jason seemed delighted by my choice. We danced until we were asked to leave by security. Jason invited our friends to coffee before calling it a night, but rather than driving home, he pulled into an all-night diner.

He wanted to show me off in a blouse and knickers. I got a strange look from the waitress, but she never said a word.

By the time we dropped off our friends and got home, I was sexually charged like no other night.

Sunday, Jason took me shopping. Not only did he by me sexy outfits, but he also bought me sexy lingerie. He made me promise to never wear both at the same time.