Office Competition

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The arrival of Richard Newman in the Finance offices of Thurman & Kite caused quite a stir.  Not only was he tall and incredibly good-looking, he was also, as rumour had it, single.  Most of the women in the office were attached and took no more than a passing interest, but an air of competitiveness immediately arose between the two youngest women: Claudia (22) and Marie (24).  Each went out of her way to spend as much time with him as possible, and amused the rest of the office no end in their attempts to attract his attention.

The first sign of trouble, however, started when Claudia turned up to work one morning in a miniskirt.  There was nothing unusual about this - it was one that she had worn a few times before - but this time she appeared to have scored a point against Marie, as Richard took one look at the skirt and commented that she looked very nice.

Claudia glowed, and Marie, who had overheard this comment, scowled.  I, the romantically overlooked manager, chuckled to myself.  As long as this rivalry did not affect the performance of the two girls concerned, I was not about to get involved.  I was content to sit back and watch the drama unfold.

And unfold it did.  The following morning, Marie arrived at work in a skirt as short as Claudia's.  I was not even aware that she possessed any miniskirts - she had certainly never worn one before.  I've no idea why not - her legs are lovely.  At any rate the new skirt achieved the desired effect, and Richard's eyes flicked to her hemline whenever he thought nobody was looking.  Foolish mortal - as if anybody in the office has eyes sharper than my own.

Claudia seemed incensed that Marie had worn a miniskirt.  She herself was wearing a different skirt this time, one that was slightly longer than Marie's and which drew less of Richard's attention.  I suspected that she would not make this mistake again.

Nor did she.  The following day, both women were wearing miniskirts ... Marie's was no doubt another new one, and was just as short as the one she had worn the day before - a little below mid-thigh, I would say.  Claudia's was shorter - this was one she had not worn to work before, though it was perfectly smart.  It raised a few eyebrows around the office, and Marie's face was a picture - I nearly choked on my tea when I saw her look of disbelief and annoyance.  The funniest thing was watching her cross and uncross her legs several times so that her skirt rode up her thighs until it was as short as Claudia's.  A crude strategy, but it seemed to work.  Richard actually came over to talk to her (work-related, I'm sure) and perched on the edge of her desk while he pretended not to look at her legs.  All in all, I think the result that day was a draw, with both women getting equal time and attention from the Incredible Hunk.

Then it was the weekend.  I didn't even think about the matter as I worked in the garden.  My pond was getting a little clogged and I spent some nicely therapeutic time cleaning it up.  On Monday morning I therefore arrived at work completely unprepared for what I was to see.

Think Ally McBeal at her most revealing.  You know, the episode in which she actually gets into trouble for wearing microskirts in court?  I cannot believe that the skirt Claudia was wearing was designed for an office setting.  She looked like she was preparing to go clubbing (except for the incongruously conservative blouse which saved her, as far as I was concerned, from being summoned into my office 'for a quiet word').  Marie's skirt, while shorter than any she had yet worn (and I'm sure she agonised for ages at home before making up her mind to wear it), was not quite as racy.

As the day wore on and Claudia worked her magic on Richard, Marie took a very definite back seat, seeming rather subdued.  I think she was coming to the conclusion that she could not compete with Claudia, and she tried none of the leg-crossing tactics that had proved so effective on Friday.  By the end of the day, I figured that the battle was finally won, the arms race over.

I could hardly have been more wrong.  I don't know where Marie bought the skirt that she arrived in on Tuesday morning, but since it matched her jacket I can only conclude that she radically altered a suit whose skirt had at one time been a reasonable length.  Fortunately the jacket was a short one, otherwise it might have come down lower than the skirt itself.  I considered for a while whether to invite Marie into my office for a stern chat, but heck, she looked pretty good!  She may have been dressed revealingly, but she was certainly still dressed smartly.

As it happened, Marie came into my office all by herself.  As she sat down, I was treated to a nice view of her white panties, which there was no way in hell that she was going to be able to avoid showing me.  When she crossed her legs, the outside of her thigh was uncovered all the way up to her hip.  She asked me candidly if I thought her skirt was too short.

I hesitated for a moment, then I told her I thought she looked great.  Maybe I was cowardly, I don't know, but of the two women I definitely like Marie the best, and I thought I might earn points with her if I supported her.  And maybe I did, because she smiled as she got up and gave me another look at her panties.

I saw her talking with Claudia afterwards.  Claudia, apparently, was astonished that I hadn't objected to Marie's skirt, and she stormed into my office to object strenuously.  Her point was valid, but her reasons for making it were highly suspect.  Her own skirt was a little shorter than mid-thigh length - quite conservative next to Marie's - but she had worn a shorter one the previous day and I reminded her of this.  She called Marie a bunch of names and accused me of favouritism, at which point I told her that I had no objection to short skirts as long as they were smart.  Claudia shut up, then, and marched out of my office, treating my door most unkindly as she went.

I decided I was going to have to do something about Richard.  I had no real objection to bare legs in the office, but I do take a dim view of work avoidance, and from what I saw, Richard got very little work done that day.  When he was not chatting with Marie, he was watching her either out of the corner of his eye or (more often) unabashedly with the front of his eyes.  I contemplated getting Marie to turn her desk around so that Richard did not have a direct view of her legs, but I dismissed this as being unnecessarily dictatorial.  My employees are paid enough to manage their own time - if they waste time and their results suffer, then I'll get on their case.  If they waste time and still get their jobs done, then perhaps I need to give them more to do.

Richard, a capable fellow, had settled well into his job, and I called him in to discuss additional responsibilities.  He agreed to take them on, and when he left I told myself that he would no longer be able to afford the time to stare at Marie's (or Claudia's) thighs for minutes on end.

The following morning I arrived at work with a sense of trepidation.  Claudia, I suspected, would try to outdo Marie, though there was no way in hell I was going to sanction a skirt shorter than Marie's of the previous day.  I settled myself behind my desk and waited for the women to arrive.

Marie arrived first, in a skirt just as short as the one she had been wearing the previous day.  This one was black, and there was no matching suit top.  I was less happy with this one than I was with the shortened suit, but it was still smart-ish, I suppose.  And she did look fantastic.

Then Claudia arrived.  She was clever, I'll grant her that.  The skirt was no shorter than Marie's, so I couldn't fault her on that score, and it was smarter than the things Claudia normally turns up in.  What was almost more immediately noticeable, however, was her lack of a bra.  The thin white top she wore was of a silky texture and was very nice, but from the way it moved as she walked you could easily tell that she was unfettered.  That, and the fact that you could see her nipples through the thin material.

Richard was practically falling over his tongue.  If it were not for his devilishly charming demeanour as he ogled Claudia's chest, he would have been branded an utter creep.  As it was, however, Claudia lapped up the attention.  And I was left feeling powerless to do anything about it.  I did not feel I could tell Claudia off for not wearing a bra - just how would I phrase that?  She could quite easily retort that I should not have been looking at her chest.  As, indeed, I should not.  But Richard was, and she did not seem to mind that...

Marie was getting uncharacteristically bold by this time.  Her job entails quite a lot of filing, and the filing cabinet is almost directly opposite Richard's desk on the far wall of the office.  Now call me old-fashioned, but as far as I know the correct way to access low places in a short skirt is to crouch with bent knees.  Marie seemed to have forgotten this, and bent instead at the waist in order to place paperwork in the lowest drawers of the filing cabinet.  My office being separated from the rest of the open-plan working area by a partition set with tall glass panels, I had almost as good a view of Marie's buttocks as Richard did.  I'm sure she was wearing a thong.

Both girls seemed to spend practically the whole day vying for Richard's attention, but they found it harder than usual.  I had more than an occasional smirk as I watched Richard hard at work on the projects I had given him, failing to notice some of the visual treats being offered up by Claudia and Marie.  Both girls seemed disappointed by his comparative lack of attentiveness, and I hoped that perhaps the competition might die down a little as a result.

More fool me!  On Thursday I arrived before the girls as usual, and watched with interest to see what they would be wearing today.  I would have bet money on their clothes being more conservative today, but if I had then I'd have lost it.  Marie arrived first.  She had apparently decided to follow Claudia's example and dispense with a bra.  Only instead of wearing a nice, smart, silky top like Claudia had done, Marie was sporting a low-cut tank-top that I considered totally inappropriate for an office setting.  Granted, it was a hot day, but we do get visitors in our office sometimes and I was feeling distinctly nervous at the thought of what my boss might say if he brought round one of our customers.  The sight of Marie's nipples poking through the fabric was arousing, certainly, but there is a time and a place for everything.

Yet what made me most nervous was Marie's skirt.  It was the shortest yet - a tiny blue number that barely covered her buttocks.  In fact it would not surprise me if she carefully measured it so that it would just cover her bottom and no more.  She glanced in my direction as she sat down at her desk, as if checking to see what my reaction was, but I was not about to give anything away - I was staring at my screen by the time her gaze reached me.

And then Claudia arrived.  Holy crap, and I thought I'd been shocked by Marie's appearance!  Claudia had on the shortest skirt imaginable.  Her panties were showing beneath her hemline even when she was standing up straight.  As she walked into the office, the small triangle of white cotton was mesmerising.  When she turned her back to me to get behind her desk, her buttocks were not so much peeping out as taking a good long look around.  And her top was as inappropriate as, if not more so than, Marie's.  Pale cream in colour, and made of a very thin material with buttons that she was not using, it was tied at the front in a big knot, the effect of which was to draw attention to her breasts, which were highly visible since the material was practically transparent.

Enough, I decided, was enough.  The arms race had gone too far.  I had an office to run, after all, and my employees were here to work, not provide fantasy material for the male staff.  I had to call a halt to this trend now, for if it continued, where would it end?  With both girls turning up to work naked?

I mulled this thought over in my mind for a while as I watched the girls vying for Richard's attention. Maybe I was being a little harsh, I thought to myself as I reached into my panties and began to stroke my pussy…

THE END