Sharon and Laura

Part 1 Private Messages

Tue Aug 28,

2007 05:5524.11.161.5

Sharon hit the snooze button. Another boring day at work lay ahead of her. She

went through the usual boring routine, showering, dressing, feeding her cat

Sylvester, grabbing a granola bar on the way out and driving to work. The job

wasn't bad, mind you, but database administration wasn't exactly the center of

excitement. Worse, she had to wear "business" attire: no pants, no bare legs,

modest top. She wasn't an exhibitiionist, but she didn't like to shop at the

House of Frump, either.

She arrived at work and logged onto her computer. Great, a few minutes early.

Time to visit her favorite site, Female Fashion Forum. The girls at FFF could

use her impeccable fashion sense and she felt it her duty to dish out advice.

Laura poked her head in the cube. "Hey, Sharon , what's up?"

"Same old crap. I wish something exciting would happen. By the way, that top

would look better if you untucked it just a bit from your skirt."

"You think so? I'll try it. Thanks."

"See you at lunch?"

"Sure, usual bench."

Looking back at her screen, she saw a private message from a FFF user. This

from a girl with username "Porcupine". Odd name, but she opened it.

>>> Porcupine>>> Since you're such an expert, I was wondering what you are

wearing to work today.

She sent back a PM to Porcupine:

>>> FashionBug>>>Today it is a navy blue skirted suit with a white blouse.

Then it was back to work. At morning break another PM from Porucpine:

>>> Porcupine>>> Wow, nothing underneath it? You're more fun than I thought

you'd be.

Ha ha, isn't she the funny one. She fired one back:

>>>FashionBug>>> Porcupine, I'm sorry but I'm not that much fun. I have the

usual underwear and pantyhose, you know panties, bra, camisole. Thanks for the

laugh.

As she worked up to lunch, she wondered why in the world another girl would

want to know what she was wearing. Oh well, maybe she wants to dress like me

and just is too bashful to ask. Finally, lunch time came and she met Laura.

"Hey, Laura, would you ever want to know what underwear I'm wearing?"

Laure looked at her like she lost her mind. "You know, strangely enough that's

never been a concern of mine. The way we have to dress around here, you'd

never see it anyway."

"It's just that one of the FFF girls asked me. I thought it was odd."

“What the hell is FFF?”

“Female Fashion Forum. One of the users sent me a private message.”

“So did you tell her?"

"Well, yes."

"So what's the problem? She's a stranger on the internet. She knows you wear

underwear. BFD."

"I suppose you're right. Anyway, maybe she just wants to know what's stylish."

Laura rolled her eyes at that one. "Well, I've got to get back and use the

potty before lunch ends." They walked back in and up to the office.

Sharon logged back on. A few minutes of FFF. Another message from Porcupine!

>>> Porcupine>>> FashionBug, what color/type underwear? Also hose and shoes?

Boy, was she getting nosy! Still, a lot of girls might need to know the proper

underwear for a skirted suit.

>>> FashionBug>>> Porcupine, I have a white back hook bra and cami of course.

Only white for under white. Always. And the panties are white brief cut.

Always match panty and bra. Always. Tan control top hose. Blue pumps to match

skirt. Satisfied?

Moments later, another message!

>>> Porcupine>>> FashionBug, are panties over or under your hose?

Of all the nerve! Sharon wanted to just go ahead and block Porcupine's

messages but still responded:

>>> FashionBug>>> Porcupine, Under, of course! Why would you wear them over?

With that she got back to work. She was upset that she even responded to her.

She found herself distracted and making silly mistakes as the day wore on.

Finally the afternoon break came and she logged back onto FFF.

>>> Porcupine>>> Because number one they show up better. Why bother wearing

nice panties if nobody can see them through your hose? Number two they come

off easier when you get a little naughty.

What a little slut! Sharon thought and quickly banged on the keys:

>>>FashionBug>>> Maybe some girls take off their panties but I sure don’t. And

you wear nice underwear for yourself, not for someone to see.

The reply came back in seconds:

>>> Porcupine>>> Tomorrow I want you to try to wear them over.

All right, this has gone too far.

>>> FashionBug>>> I’m sorry but I’m not into that sort of thing. It would be

best if you didn’t send me any more PMs.

>>> Porcupine>>> Let me know when you come around to doing it my way.

That was it. She wouldn’t respond to this one. Back to work. She concentrated

as best she could on her work. What kind of perverts are on the net, anyway?

At home she tried to take her mind off it. It would be a good day to organize

her undewear drawer. She folded her bras and pantyhose and started to work on

her panties. Let’s see, pantyhose in the middle, bras on the right side,

panties on the outside….what am I saying? That’s it, maybe I need to take a

break from FFF.

The next day she got to her cube and instead of logging into FFF she did a

Sudoku puzzle. Laura popped in the cubicle. “Hey there, how are you today?”

“Oh I’m OK. I cut off the conversation with that girl from yesterday. She

wanted me to do something strange and I wasn’t going to.”

“Do tell. What was so strange?”

“She wanted me to wear my panties over my pantyhose.”

Laura kept staring at her as if Sharon was going to add something. “That’s it?

Maybe it’s for the best. Maybe she’s the type to put her spoons on the left

side of the plate, too. Or maybe she doesn’t hang her dresses in her closet so

that the colors are in the same order as the rainbow.”

“Don’t be silly. Dresses are hung in order of hem length.”

“See? You’re a tight ass. Everything is so rigid with you and you just can’t

do different things.”

“Yes I can but this is just….different.”

“I rest my case.” Laura went back to her cube. Was she being too rigid? Was

she afraid to try something new? She thought about that as she worked until

morning break. Then she headed to the ladies room. When she got back, she

logged back onto FFF.

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>>> FashionBug>>> I switched them at break. Panties are now over instead of

under. Happy?

>>> Porcupine>>> Very good. I’m proud of you! Now wear them like that every

day. What are you wearing today? Be very complete and descriptive.

Of all the nerve! Daring to tell her what to wear! She fought the urge to

block her PMs and instead answered:

>>> FashionBug>>> Today is a red knee length dress with half sleeves and a

high neckline, coming just below knee. White full slip and red bra and panty,

nude pantyhose.

>>> Porcupine>>> What is the name of your convent? What a boring outfit.

Tomorrow you’re going to wear a skirt that buttons up the front. We’re going

to have some fun.

That did it! Now she’s gone too far.

>>> FashionBug>>> This is a business office! We have to dress respectably.

>>> Porcupine>>> And a skirt that buttons up the front isn’t respectable why?

>>> FashionBug>>> Well it can be but, well I don’t know.

>>> Porcupine>>> You DO know and you want to do it, you just don’t have the

guts.

>>> FashionBug>>> That’s it- goodbye.

What kind of freak was she dealing with, anyway? God what was she thinking

when she changed her panties to the outside? It was back to work. The rest of

the morning went by so quickly she couldn’t believe it was lunchtime. She

found Laura in the usual spot. “Guess what I did today?”

“Oh let me guess, you pulled a tag off a mattress?”

“Smart ass.” She leaned forward and whispered. “I put my panties on over my

hose.”

“Oh my God, how DARING! I wish I had HALF of your courage! How ARE the men

able to stay away from you now?”

“And you know what, she had the nerve to tell me to wear a front button skirt

tomorrow. And by the way, I think a higher heel would be better with your

skirt.”

“See there you go again. Offering advice but never taking it. What’s wrong

with your green skirt that buttons?”

“Well nothing.”

“So there you go. Upset over nothing again. You’re asked to wear a skirt that

you’ve already worn to the office. Wow, you better call the FBI.”

“Gosh, I don’t know. This is so confusing.”

“That’s all right. Just be confident and do what you want.” Lunchtime finally

passed and Sharon was left to ponder this for the rest of the day and night.

Somehow she found her experience with Porcupine to be, dare she say, erotic.

Morning came and she pondered her choices. What was wrong with that green

skirt anyway? She left for work early and logged onto FFF.

>>>FashionBug>>> Today I have a green skirt that buttons up the front, pale

yellow blouse and yellow bra and panties. The panties are over tan hose and I

have green pumps on. The skirt is knee length.

With some trepedation, she hit SEND.

>>>Porcupine>>> I’m glad you obeyed. How many buttons does the skirt have and

does it button all the way up to your waist?

>>> FashionBug>>> Eight. Yes.

>>> Porcupine>>> Excellent. No more hesitation now, understand?

Without knowing why, she typed the reply:

>>> FashionBug>>> Understood.

>>> Porcupine>>> Good. Let’s get those panties off. Slide them off right where

you are.

She might have known this was coming. Still, who would know. She hooked her

fingers into her waistband and pulled them down her legs and off, then put

them in her desk drawer.

>>> FashionBug>>> They’re off.

>>> Porcupine>>> Undo the bottom two buttons of your skirt.

How far was she going to go? And why was she doing it?

>>> FashionBug>>> Undone. Now I need to start work.

Good lord, what had she done? And why was this so exciting? She looked down at

herself and 2 buttons just revealed a touch of thigh above the knee, certainly

not something that would be noticed. When the morning break came, she stopped

in Laura’s cube. “See, I’m not as stuffy as you think.”

“Ooh, Miss Fashion has two buttons undone. Knee alert! Are the panties over or

under today?”

“They WERE over.”

Laura’s lifted an eyebrow in disbelief. “And now?”

“In my drawer.”

Laura sat in stunned silence for a moment. “Okay, maybe you are a little less

rigid than I thought.”

“Damn right. I don’t know why, but this is fun.”

“I still can’t believe it. See you at lunch?”

“Of course.”

Sharon walked back to her cube and had a minute before break was over.

>>>FashionBug>>> I am back.

>>>Porcupine>>> One more button.

She knew this was coming, perhaps she wanted it to come.

>>>FashionBug>>> Done. Back to work now.

Three buttons undone. Now her inner thighs were exposed a few inches above the

knee. More than she had ever shown before. Why was she doing this? She could

hardly wait for lunch to come. As she walked to the bench where Laura was

waiting she could sense some air on her thighs.

“Holy cow, I can’t believe you’re doing this”

“Neither can I. This is getting too distracting for me. I know I should quit.”

“So why don’t you?”

“Because maybe you’re right. Maybe I do need to loosen up a little. Maybe this

is what I need. I’m not going to stop.”

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After lunch Sharon had a moment to log back into FFF.

>>>FashionBug>>> I’m back.

>>> Porcupine>>> Two more buttons

Tha would only leave three. But without hesitation she obeyed.

>>> FashionBug>>> Done. Now the skirt has fully opened up. You can see where

my panties would be if I still had them on.

>>> Porcupine>>> Well done. I’ll leave you like that for today. Tomorrow

you’re going to wear a dress that buttons up at least as far as the waist. It

needs a zipper in back too. You’re going to wear panties over the hose so you

can slip them off. In fact, this is now a requirement for you from now on. You

may wear a bra but no cami. When you drive home today it will be with the

skirt removed. You will obey these and all further instructions to the letter

and without hesitation. Is that understood?

Sharon ’s hands trembled as she sent the reply.

>>> FashionBug>>> Yes.

So that was it. She was going to let this go wherever it was going. She could

think of nothing else the rest of the day. As she got in her car, she undid

the last three buttons and pulled the skirt off to the side. She didn’t know

how she managed to get home as she was almost dizzy with excitement. She

pulled the skirt under her and fastened the waist button and casually walked

up to her apartment. Once there, it came off. She searched her closet for a

dress that met the requirements and came up with her light blue print dress.

She made sure it wasn’t too see thru and set it out for the next day. A blue

bra and panties were set out as well.

After a restless night with lttle sleep the alarm sounded again. She quickly

got up and fed Sylvester then got into the required outfit. She rushed to work

to have plenty of FFF time before work.

>>> FashionBug>>> I have a blue print dress with six buttons on the skirt part

going from hem to waist. The zipper is on the back and goes down to my waist.

The dress comes just over the knee. Under it I have a blue bra and panty set.

And under that, nude pantyhose.

She trembled as she awaited Porcupine’s response. Then the window flashed.

>>> Porcupine >>> Pull the dress up to your waist so that you’re sitting on

your panties. This is how you’re going to sit all day.

What to do? Well if someone did come in she could always quickly stand up and

they’d be none the wiser. She pulled the dress up from under her.

>>> FashionBug>>> Done. I can’t believe I’m doing this.

>>> Porcupine>>> For now, let’s undo only the bottom button. I’ll let you

think about your fate for a while. Get back on at 10:00 .

>>> FashionBug>>> Done.

She thought she’d have undone more by now. Half disappointed and half

relieved, she got started on work. At morning break, Laura came by.

“Hey Sharon what’s….. WHAT? Do you know how you are sitting?”

“Yes, as a matter of fact I do.”

“Have you lost your bird? Why?”

"I was told to by the woman online."

"So she tells you to sit like this and you do?"

“Pretty much. It’s fun. Why not?”

“I don’t know, a little thing like keeping your job.”

“So if someone comes I stand up. As you would say, BFD.”

Laura shook her head slowly. “Don’t say I didn’t try to stop you” she said as

she walked away.

Finally. Ten o’clock.

>>>FashionBug>>> I’m ready.

She couldn’t believe herself. Why not just say "strip me now?"

>>> Porcupine>>> Very good. Two more buttons.

Sharon trembled as she undid the next two, leaving only three.

>>> FashionBug Done>>>

>>> Porcupine>>> Nice. Now take off your bra, right where you sit.

Sharon shuddered. She wasn’t expecting that. She reached behind her and undid

the clasp, then pulled one arm into her sleeve and through her bra strap. Then

she pulled her bra out the other sleeve. Standard girl trick. She put it in

her desk drawer.

>>> FashionBug>>> It’s off and in the drawer.

>>> Porcupine>>> Good job. We’ll see you again after lunch.

>>> FashionBug>>> I’ll be here.

She was already sitting when Laura approached her at lunch. Her dress had

opened slightly but instead of fixing it, she let it be.

"OK if I sit here or are you trying to attract a group of sailors?"

"Very funny. What's a little bit of thigh at lunch?"

"Oh nothing I suppose. This is just so out of character for you."

"And guess what? I took my bra off. The only thing under the top is me."

"You're playing with fire, girl."

"I know. And it's hot."

They got back from lunch a bit late so there wasn't time to log on. She sat as

she was instructed and logged back on at the afternoon break.

>>> FashionBug>>> I was late from lunch. I'm back.

>>> Porcupine>>> Panties off.

She had expected this earlier and without hesitation she slid them down her

legs and off and into the drawer.

>>> FashionBug>>> They're off and in the drawer.

>>> Porcupine>>> Undo the rest of the buttons.

Her hands trembled as she undid them from bottom to top. Her most intimate

parts were now fully exposed to anyone who might enter her office.

>>> FashionBug>>> They're all undone now.

>>> Porcupine>>> Let's get the shoes off now.

She slid the shoes off and left them on the floor.

>>> FashionBug>>> Shoes are off.

>>> Porcupine>>> Unzip the dress

She heart pounded as she reached back and pulled the zipper down.

>>> FashionBug>>> I'm unzipped.

Just then she heard footsteps and Laura's voice.

"Hi, I just came to see how---- HOLY SHIT!"

< TO BE CONTINUED>

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Sharon jumped. "Don't scare me like that."

Laura whispered "I can't believe you. You're really going to get naked aren't

you?"

"I have no idea. That's the fun is not knowing and not controlling."

"Are you nuts? You don't have to be Mary Poppins, but being Suzie Slut isn't

any better."

"Just go back before I change my mind."

Laura left and Sharon pondered her fate again. Would she go all the way?

>>> Porcupine>>> Pull the shoulders of your dress down to your elbows.

Why not? She had already gone this far. She pulled the shoulders down to her

elbows. The dress was virtually off her.

>>> FashionBug>>> Done.

>>> Porcupine >>> Are you ready?

She could only guess what that meant.

>>> FashionBug>>> Yes.

>>> Porcupine >>> Take the dress off and put it in your drawer.

This was it. The moment of truth. She eased her forearms out of her sleeves.

Now for the big step. She eased off her seat and pulled the dress to her feet,

then kicked it back to her and she tossed it in her drawer.

>>> FashionBug >>> I can't believe it. I did it!

>>> Porcupine>>> Take your pantyhose off now. Put them in the drawer.

There was little difference between being in her current state and being

totally nude anyway. She pulled the hose down her thighs, then picked up her

legs one at a time to pull the pantyhose off. She tossed it in her drawer. She

did it! Totally naked at work!

>>> FashionBug>>> You did it. I am now completely naked.

>>> Porcupine>>> Lock the drawer.

Sharon took her keys and found the right one, locked the drawer, and sat the

keys down.

>>> FashionBug>>> It is locked.

>>> Porcupine>>> Now toss the keys way under your desk

Sharon tossed them way under the desk. She'd have to crawl on her hands and

knees to retrieve them.

>>> FashionBug>>> The keys are tossed where it's hard to get to.

>>> Porcupine>>> Put your feet up on your desk about three feet apart. Get

yourself off. When you're finished let me know.

Sharon couldn't get those feet up fast enough. Her hand quickly found its way

to a very wet crotch. She began to rub, but instead of starting slow like she

usually did, she went directly to the furious hard rubbing. She quickly came,

not hearing the footsteps approaching. Finally she came down to earth and put

her feet down.

"Ahem"

She froze in horror. She looked back, hoping it was Laura. "Mr. Matthews!"

"Get dressed and get to my office right away!"

"Yes sir!"

Mr. Matthews was the division head. What has she done? Would she be fired? She

knelt down to retrieve her keys, then unlocked the drawer and quickly dressed.

She didn't want to keep Matthews waiting and entered his office.

"Close the door behind you." Sharon couldn't look him in the eye.

"I'm sorry, sir. I don't know what came over me. It will never happen again."

Matthews thought for a moment. "Your work record is very good. Up until now

you haven't caused any trouble. Until today. Let me warn you that if this is

repeated, you're fired."

"Thank you sir, I'll never do this again."

"However, I'm sure you know you were one of the finalists for the vacant

supervisory position in your unit. I'm afraid you've disqualified yourself for

that one. But if you keep your nose clean for a few years, who knows?"

"I understand. Thank you." She got up to leave.

Matthews punched some numbers on the phone. "Laura, please come to my office."

Sharon slunk back to her cube and sent a message:

>>> FashionBug>>> I can't do this anymore. I got caught naked at work.

Laura returned from Matthews' office. She got the promotion! Too bad it was at

Sharon's expense, but that's the way it had to be. She sat in front of her

computer and sent out a message:

>>> Porcupine>>> Sorry you got caught at work. But after work, you're still

mine.

Matthews never did ask Sharon why she left a note asking him to stop by her

office at 3:00. Perhaps if he had, Sharon would have caught on. As it turned

out, she never figured it out.

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