**Taming the Office Flirt**

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Renee scoffed. "No, I don't think so. I guess you're gonna have to deal with her."

The last thing I wanted was get involved, or be accused of favoritism. I wished it would just go away. "Maybe she's flirty like that by nature," I said.

"You know that's bullshit. She's an attention hawk for you specifically, hoping she becomes 'teacher's pet'. I'm not saying she's trying to fuck you, but she wants you to dote on her."

Then a thought hit me, and just for shits, I threw it out there. "Hey, Renee. Why don't we test her? Maybe push it a bit, to make her behavior more obvious, before properly calling her out on it."

"What? How?"

Renee was my first and only employee, until Susan came along. A recent uptick in business required the extra labor, and we were glad to have found someone qualified to fill the new role. But as mentioned, Renee and I shared a unique bond after a decade of working together. Regardless, we've never developed - or even risked developing - any sexual or romantic relationship. Sure, we flirt every now and then. Quips like Renee saying, "Nice bum, boss," when I get my coffee in the mornings, or me, making jokes about heavy lifting exercises, in regards to her tits. It was "locker room talk" but nothing that would be construed as crossing any lines, considering our long friendship.

"Remember that time you wore that navy blue skirt?" I asked Renee.

"The short one?"

"That's the one. That's when Susan started wearing shorter skirts. After seeing you in that."

"Short skirts is all she wears now," sighed Renee. "And the only reason I wore that blue one is because I had a Tinder date that night. I rarely wear it to work."

"How'd the date go?"

"Sucked."

I chuckled. "Point is, Susan witnessed you wearing that, saw that it is acceptable to wear, and she just flew with it."

"No doubt," agreed my colleague.

"I've noticed Susan always keeps one button undone on her blouse, showing just a hint of cleavage. Not much, which is why I think she bends over a lot, like you mentioned. She's trying to get me to look down the gap it creates, so I can see more. But we can't exactly prove that, can we? I'm just thinking we should try pushing her more."

Renee was nodding, smiling. "I get it. Do you want me to have two buttons undone, and show more than she does? See if she follows suit?"

"Why not?"

Renee giggled. "Hah, No matter what she does, she'll never show as much cleavage as I can."

"That's probably true, though I don't think I've ever seen yours." I smiled.

"Oh, you've seen it every now and again. Remember last year's Christmas party with our vendors? The point is, I don't make a show of myself, like Susan."

"Make sure you don't this time, either," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"If you undo two buttons, don't act all weird and flirty. You'll make it obvious that you are trying to provoke her, especially since you just had that talk with her."

"Some talk."

"Let this sit a week or so, and then show up with a couple buttons undone. I'll make sure Susan sees me looking at your cleavage. We'll see if it strikes a nerve with her."

"Oh, this is delightfully evil. I love it."

"Alright, then. If you're cool with doing it."

"I can do it, alright."

Renee was unable to wait a week. After the weekend rolled around, she walked in the following Monday with two buttons undone, allowing the center line of her healthy cleavage to peek out. It was probably about as much skin as most professional work settings would allow, but Renee didn't act any differently than usual. We went through our meetings, shared lunch and visited in the open lobby now and again. Whenever the two of us started yacking, Susan would always find a way to insert herself, like usual. I would periodically look to Renee's cleavage, making sure Susan saw me doing it, and I caught Susan gazing upon Renee's chest several times, too. Flush red from envy, it seemed. Her face burned.

"Did you see the look on her face earlier?" Renee said, at the end of the day. Susan had finally gone home.

"Yeah, definitely some jealousy happening. Maybe she just likes to be the hot one in the room, and feels threatened by you."

"Perhaps. Or maybe she actually has a crush on you. Have we considered that, Mark?"

I blushed and waved my hand back and forth. "No, no. I don't date, or fuck, co-workers. My best friend lost his entire business doing that."

"Yeah, but he was married."

"He would have lost a lot regardless. His secretary created hell for him."

"Well, he was an idiot. Anyway, maybe Susan just doesn't like me sucking up your attention, because she crushes on you."

"Maybe. Won't matter. I refuse to date colleagues. She could get stark naked and make a pass at me and I'd refuse. It's just who I am. Regardless of her motives, let's see if and how she responds to today's affair."

We should have guessed, but Susan showed up the very next day with two buttons undone. Not only that, she tucked her blouse loose, so that even more of a gap would be created when bending or standing in certain positions.

"Did you see the files I finished for Victor Lemons?" she asked me, leaning at the table during lunch. Susan's pink bra was just big enough to cover the goods, but there was plenty of flesh exposed. I was surprised by how much, actually. Not too large, but firm and full. It was hard to look away.

Renee stepped in the room, witnessing the act and scoffed silently, rolling her eyes again. Susan hadn't noticed her yet, too keen on making sure she had my attention. She shook her torso at me, to draw my eyes down, back to the folder she was holding. The perfect angle to look down her blouse.

Just before Renee stepped forward, she unsnapped the three top buttons of her blouse. I held my shit, but was flabbergasted. It was a lot of flesh being exposed, and Renee had the kind (and size) of tits, where if stressed, they risked popping out of her bra. Probably why she almost always dressed conservatively, until this little experiment.

The point is, I have never seen so much skin from my long term colleague, ever. I've avoided fantasizing about Renee in a sexual way, because that risked desiring a real relationship, but seeing her now, with so much flesh exposed, was highly erotic. My eyes were like magnets to that open cleavage. Susan snapped her head around, when she realized my eyes were locked on someone else. "Jesus Christ, Renee!" screamed Susan. "Why even bother wearing a blouse?"

"What?" Renee asked, innocently. "This old thing? It's a hot day, so I wore my old, thin blouse. No big deal."

Susan glanced back to me and I held my hands up, backing Renee up on the issue. "In the ten years we've worked together, I've never given one whit what one wears to the office." (That was true. What wasn't true, is the implication that Renee had dressed like this in the past.) "Don't go asking me to police a dress code around here. I don't have one."

Susan huffed, instinctively reaching for a button on her blouse, but then drawing her hand back, second guessing herself. I almost called her out on it, then and there. I was sure she would go back to her office and come back later, with yet another button undone. When we separated ways, I told Renee as much. "So when we have the end-daily meeting, why don't you come out with four buttons undone? Beat her to the punch."

Renee howled in laughter, slapping her knee. Visible flesh bounced and sent my imagination scrambling. I still couldn't keep my eyes off her tits. Renee looked at me, saying, "Text me when Susan comes in for the end-day. I'll wait until she arrives first. If she really shows up with three buttons undone, I'll think of something."

"Now you got me hoping!"

"Yeah, lucky you, huh? But I gotta admit, I'm having a blast. You see how resentful she looks when you keep looking at my tits?"

I laughed. "I know. It's so obvious how frustrated she is."

"Keep at it. I think she might explode."

About an hour before the end-day meeting, Susan stepped into my office to ask about something trivial. Sure enough, she already had three buttons undone, and when she leaned over, I could actually see all the way down to her navel. Her bra covered the important bits just fine. It was a sexy, pink number. Susan pretended not to notice me looking at her, but I made it obvious I was. I wanted her to know I enjoyed looking at her... when Renee wasn't in the room. I texted my colleague once she left. "Yup. We were right. Three buttons undone already."

"Of course," Renee texted back.

4:15 struck and Susan promptly walked in, still with the top three buttons undone and half her blouse open. A few minutes later, Renee barged in. She now had four buttons undone, and to my utter shock and disbelief, she was without a bra. Her tits bounced and shimmied all the way to the table. She bent over in an exaggerated way, as she sat down. The lighting wasn't great, but I swear I caught a glimpse of her nipples. "Oh, guys. My office is brutally hot. Huge window, with the sun blaring in. I had to take off that thick bra to cool down. Hope you don't mind. Just the three of us, after all."

Susan was aghast, looking to Renee's tits and then to my face, back and forth. She wanted me to insist that Renee go fix herself up properly, but I just shrugged it off, saying, "I don't care. I'm in my t-shirt. Fuck these hot summers."

"And your shitty air conditioning," Renee laughed.

The truth was, it was warm in the office, but not hot (and I often wear tees around the office, though always sporty, nice ones). It wasn't that hot at all, but I played along, and took a long gaze at Renee's plunging cleavage. The acreage of flesh being exposed was staggering. Her tits looked bigger, without a bra, than with. Maybe the bras minimized their size? It defied the laws of physics, somehow, in my opinion.

Finally, Susan audibly objected. "Mr. Swanson! If you are just going to look at Renee's tits during the meeting, why don't we just go all the way? It's OBVIOUS she's vying for attention." Susan snapped her head to Renee, calling back to the discussion Renee had with her last week.

Renee defended herself. "This has nothing to do with that, Susan. I'm just hot. We're going about business as usual. If you have a problem, it's on you." I realized Renee was using Susan's same defense. Clever.

For the next thirty minutes, I spent most of it ogling Renee's tits. Susan was furious, and bolted out of the room the moment the meeting ended.

"It's utterly killing her inside," snickered Renee. She was still dressed in this bold manner, and as far as I was concerned, could stay that way. I didn't tell her that, though. "Susan just can't stand it when she isn't the center of attention."

"Honestly, Renee, I think she's just competitive. Superficially competitive. Maybe her mother entered her in one too many beauty pageants or something, and it warped her mind. You're right, Susan is great at her work, but she obviously likes to be the house flirt. Why don't we just let her go back to her old ways and drop the issue? I think we might have hurt her feelings."

"Oh, you're probably right. I guess if it doesn't bother you, what the hell, right? I'll call a truce tomorrow."

I smiled, shaking my head. "Damn shame, though. I'm tempted to make that the new dress code." I pointed to Renee's tits. I don't think she realized how much flesh was still exposed.

Then, Renee completely surprised me again. I mean - let me be clear - the whole day has been a surprise to me, but this was way unexpected. In one quick motion, Renee pushed out her chest and pulled her blouse open, popping her tits out. Just as quickly, she snapped it back over, and began buttoning up. "Consider that your birthday gift, boss. One of only a handful of people on this planet to actually see my tits."

I was breathless, yet somehow managed to say, "It's a privilege, but my birthday's not until next week."

Renee laughed out loud, looking off to the ceiling. "Well, you're lucky. I was in the mood."

"Huh," I snorted. "Maybe I should turn the heat up more often."

Renee winked back, "Nah, I think this was a one time thing."

But she spoke too soon. The next morning, as Renee and I were getting our morning coffee and prepping for the morning notes, Susan came barging in. Stark. Naked. I literally dropped my coffee and began coughing, having swallowed down the wrong pipe.

"I decided, fuck it," Susan said boldly. "I can go buck naked and show less flesh than Renee showed yesterday, with those enormous tits of hers. You two say you don't care how we dress at work? That we never have foot traffic, so 'WHATEVER?' Well? Here's your whatever!" Susan stood tall, arching back. She had a classic, gorgeous figure. It was a mix of super-model, and girl-next-door aesthetics, and it immediately got me rising.

Renee was as stunned as I was, and I could tell she wanted to protest, at first, but something came over her face. Renee turned to me, while speaking at her colleague. "You're right, Susan. I actually love the idea." And without hesitation, Renee began disrobing.

"Hey, now," I said, lifting my hand up. "Just what are you two doing? You can't think I'm okay with this, can you?"

Susan barked, "Renee, you DON'T have try to dress like me, all the time."

"Me? Dress like YOU? The very reason we got this far, is because YOU kept dressing like me."

"Oh yeah, then why are you the one getting naked now? I was naked first!"

Susan was right. She'd somehow turned the tables on Renee, and just as Renee was unsnapping her bra, she realized it, too. She turned to me, while I started chuckling. "Can I just say something?" I asked. "You girls can work naked and all, but I might have to revisit my policy of fucking the staff." The girls stopped bickering for a moment, anxiously looking to each other. I broke the silence again, laughing. "I mean, come on. You know I'm joking, but you two are WAY too hot to be going naked. I won't be able to think straight with you working like that."

Suddenly, Renee and Susan starting laughing hysterically. Renee was waving her arms in the air, in tears, trying to catch a breath. "I'm sorry, Mark. I can't hold it together any longer." I didn't understand what she meant and looked to Susan, who was blushing deep, but still laughing with Renee. Renee pointed to her, "Mark... last night, after work, Susan and I hashed things out.

"What are you saying?" I looked to Susan again, who shrugged, smiling. "I'll let her finish," she said.

Renee continued, "Mark, Susan made me realize she's just a bit of a flirt with everyone, but it was my reaction to it... well, it was a little overblown, I guess. It bothered me more than I admitted. And Susan over-reacted, too. It spiraled out of control."

"And to settle things, you both get naked in front of me?"

The girls laughed and Susan shrugged, "As if you don't like it."

"What do ya say, boss," Renee chimed in, standing tall, showing off her completely nude form. "Make THIS the dress code for the day?"

"I'd be foolish to say no."

Renee stepped closer, pointing at me. "And maybe re-visit your policy on dating employees. I'm tired of waiting for you to figure it out."

"Figure what out?"

Susan broke in, "How perfect you two are for each other."

"What? No..."

"Mark, we get along like bread and butter. We've both been single a long time. I find you remarkably attractive, and sometimes I think you feel the same about me. We love our work, too. We'd be insane not to try."

Susan had jittery hands and was practically blushing while she watched Renee confess her feelings to me. I'd been so bound to my own little rules, I had been entirely blind to the obvious all this time, but it was like a dam breaking. I rushed to Renee, embracing her, feeling her skin press against my body. It made me realize how long I'd been secretly desiring this moment. Perhaps since the first day I met her, and while this moment was romantic, it was also erotic. I couldn't avoid a physical reaction. My erection pushed through my pants, holding parallel to the floor.

Renee whispered in my ear when we pulled back. "You know, Mark. Maybe you should try this, too. The new dress code?" She was already unsnapping my belt as she spoke. I looked to Susan nervously, thinking Renee must have forgotten she was in the room or something. Susan wasn't blushing anymore. Instead, she was biting her bottom lip and lightly touching herself. I don't even think she noticed me looking at her, too focused on Renee pulling my stiff cock out of my drawers, dropping them to floor, taking me into her mouth. "You've been wanting this a while?" I asked Renee.

Renee moaned, taking me in deeper. Susan quietly stepped closer, dropping to her knees, watching intently. Renee may have licked and sucked on my cock for ten seconds or ten minutes. It was like a sexual trip, without drugs involved. With Renee's masterful provocation, I climaxed, but with a rare caveat attached. I was as if I had full control over it, only giving her a little, pulling back, saving the most for last.

I picked Renee up from the floor. Her knees were shaky, as I realized she came, too, when she swallowed my seed. I turned her over, entering her from behind. Susan moaned now, and Renee looked to her, before pushing against me, forcing me deeper inside her. As if we had been practiced since the day we met, we found our rhythm, steadily increasing our pace, as we rose to another joint climax.

"Cum in me, Mark!" screamed Renee. Susan had two fingers deep inside, working herself furiously to match our timing. Seconds later, all three of us were screaming in orgasmic pleasure. I filled Renee so much, excess was gushing out, while Susan was making a mess of the floor beneath her. I felt another jolt of an orgasm erupt just as I was pulling out. Renee fell forward, her whole body shaking.

It took a moment for my head to clear, and all I could do was chuckle, which soon turned into hearty laughter. Renee pulled herself up, asking, "What, Mark? Are you okay?"

I was nodding, smiling at her. "Oh, yeah. Very okay. You were right. We should have been doing this a long time ago." I then turned to Susan. "I'm just surprised the first time was with an audience."

Renee snickered, too, now. "Let's just say I couldn't wait." She turned to Susan, winking. "And while we might not always have an audience, I had fun."

"I know I did," sighed Susan, finally speaking.

I stood up and began dressing. Renee protested. "Aw, I thought we were staying naked all day."

"If we do, I'd risk doing this to you every hour, on the hour."

Renee and Susan giggled, looking to each other. "Is it too much to ask if she joins in next time?"

I began disrobing again. "On second thought, I can go again now."