## The Dress Code

After a couple of weeks on the job Gina had finally settled into a routine and was feeling comfortable about herself and her job. She had worked for a long time at waitress jobs putting herself through secretarial school and was now working in a real office and was excited about the future. She wasn’t as excited about her company which commissioned and produced videos and films, many of them adult in nature but she could overlook that because she worked in a professional environment at a modern office with dozens of others. One thing that was hard to get used to was the wardrobe. Standard office wear was suits and smart casual which meant she had to spend more than she wanted to on clothes and dry cleaning but the up side was that she loved her new look. That would change soon however. One day the office manager, Nick, called all the secretaries into a meeting. They were on the verge of signing the biggest contract ever with a Asian company to produce dozens and dozens of films and videos that had an adult nature to them. But there was one sticking point with the president of that company, Mr. Nagato. He had visited the company several times during these negotiations and commented about all the lovely ladies in the office but was very disappointed at how conservatively they were dressed. Our president explained to him that in this country this is normal business attire. Mr. Nagato said that in his country, it was common to have your employees dress however the boss wanted and especially in this industry he expects his girls to wear appropriately sexy attire at all times and with this contract he expects to be here very frequently and wants you to dress how he likes. Gina looked around at the other girls in the conference room and saw lots of tentative faces, she felt the same. So far she has heard no details but didn’t like the sound of this. I wonder just what sexy attire means, she thought. She was about to find out. Nick explained that Mr. Nagato was particularly fond of great legs in short skirts, and he made it clear that he means extremely short skirts. Gina gritted her teeth. She had a nice body with good legs and wears modest length miniskirts often but she had a queasy feeling that the minis she was used to were not going to be mini enough. She was right. Nick went on detailing the new dress code in surprising and agonizing detail. Beginning next Monday, he said, all of you will wear skirts or dresses with hemlines no lower than one half inch below the bottom of your knickers. You may choose whatever style of dress or skirt you want such as tight, stretchy, loose, a-line, pleated but you are expected to vary between styles and colors. You will either wear white knickers or no knickers at all. You have the choice of wearing or not wearing hosiery. If you choose to wear hose they must be sheer to the waist pantyhose in either suntan or nude shades. Again, you are expected to rotate between these combinations too so you cannot wear knickers every single day. As Mr. Nagato put it during our negotiations, each time he visits here he doesn’t want to have to work very hard to see knickers and bare bottoms. Shoes must have a 3 to 5 inch spike heel and may be in the style of pump or sandal. The looks of the girls in the room were utter astonishment. Gina figured most would simply quit instead of complying but Nick countered this obvious reaction before anyone could say anything. Ladies, he said, Mr. Nagato understands that in this country this is a very unusual request that would not be warmly received so he has offered to triple the salary of every girl that stays on and complies with the new code. Now the girls looked at each other again seemingly not sure of how to react. Gina quickly did some math in her head about what kind of money that meant. She could pay off so many bills and get a new car and and and.... the possibilities were intoxicating. Ok, she thought, I can be an exhibitionist from 9 to 5 if I have to. She raised her hand and said she will do it. The other girls had no doubt done similar calculations and one by one said the same. The final couple of girls simply did not want to be seen as prudes and did so as well. Very good, said Nick. One last thing, at Mr. Nagato’s direction, you will each find a $1000 credit in your name at the department store around the corner. He does not expect you to cannibalize your entire wardrobe for him so he expects you to buy a number of outfits at the store and alter them as accordingly. The girls spent the next couple of lunch hours picking up various skirts and dresses. Since no department store sold such super short micro minis they realized that they had to shorten each of their purchases to comply with the code. After spending several hours over the weekend at the sewing machine carefully measuring and altering, Monday finally arrived. Gina had finished breakfast and was still unsure of what she would pull out for that feared first day. The only thing she was sure of was that knickers and hose would be worn, going bare bottomed in a ultra short micro would not be happening on the first day. She dejectedly reminded herself that according to the rules she would have to go like that at some point. She decided that a skirt was slightly safer than a dress and settled on a gray wool skirt and a white blouse. Suntan pantyhose with black 5 inch pumps were added. From the hips up she looked entirely professional and dignified. Oh my she exclaimed, Iooking in the mirror, the bottom of her knickers could be seen through her sheer pantyhose at almost any angle she assumed. Only when she was standing straight up and tugging down just a bit on her hem did the gleam of white disappear. She remember now that she wore black knickers last night when she shortened this and tried it on. No wonder I didn’t catch it. She briefly thought about changing into something a little longer but grudgingly realized that longer meant very very little in this case so she gulped and decided that she might as well go with what she has got on. She headed for her car and took off for work.

**Part 2**

As Gina was arriving at the parking lot at work she realized something that should have dawned on her before. Her company’s office was part of an office park and her building had a dozen or more other companies in it besides hers. She had about a two hundred yard walk from her car to the front door and into a spacious and busy lobby. With warm weather she didn’t even think about wearing a coat so she had no choice but to allow herself to be seen in this outfit to dozens and dozens of people that were not in her company. So took a deep breath and walked for the lobby. She was grateful that she did not choose a spandex microdress as it would have been impossible to keep from riding up. As it was, no matter how upright she tried to stay her white knickers could not be prevented from peeking out. The lobby fell silent as she strolled past and into the elevator. She was mortified. She felt like a hooker in such a tiny skirt. She made her way to her desk and then quickly to the office kitchenette for coffee. There she found 4 other girls standing and talking, it was pretty obvious they felt there was safety in numbers and Gina felt them same. Gina examined each of the other girls outfits as they did to her. Susan was in a navy blue microdress. It was long sleeved and had a high neck. From the waist up was rather tight while the skirt fell off her hips in a simple and looser manner. She wore nude pantyhose and white knickers. She offered to pour Gina a coffee and turned around for the minor reach across the counter to get the pot, but with long sleeves combined with a non-stretch fabric, her already micro hemline launched up allowing almost all of her knickers to be seen. It looked more like a figure skaters dress. Wow, said Gina, do you know how much of your knickers showed when you went for that coffee pot? Susan just growled a little and tried to pull her microdress down but there was no reward for her effort. Karen wore a dark green tight spandex microdress, also long sleeved. Her hemline seemed a bit longer than it should be but as soon as she took a step it was obvious why. Karen chose a stretchy dress in the hopes of pulling it lower than it’s natural length and also hoping it would giver her a little buffer to bend a little without exposing her knickers. As soon as she started to move in it, the hemline started to work up and very soon also revealed a flash of white knickers. The last girl, Sarah was dressed in a peach colored micro skirt with tiny pleats along with suntan hose and a lightweight navy pullover sweater. It turned out to be a tennis skirt. If it were not for her heels it really looked like she belonged on the tennis court.

So It looks like everyone wore knickers and hose today, said Gina to break the silence. I just couldn’t wear anything less just yet, I can’t get used to letting my knickers be seen like this said Sarah. You realize that we will all have to go bare bottomed at some point, probably very soon don’t you, Gina replied. All the girls just stared. Gina continued, it’s obvious nobody is going to volunteerly wear a micro with nothing underneath so we need to figure out a way for everyone to wear each combination equally and fairly. They all nodded. I think I have an idea which will work. We will meet each morning at 10am right here and decide what each of us will wear the next day and I think I have a fair way to do it. I’ll show you tomorrow. There wasn’t much to protest, they all knew they were going to have to display their bare bottoms from impossibly short micro hemlines and they didn’t want to volunteer to do it so some sort of system made sense. The rest of the day was very uncomfortable for the girls. Susan had the worst time, her nonstretch microdress didn’t allow her to move at all without having her hemline hike up, and she had to spend a large amount of time at the filing cabinets at the far wall of the office. No matter how much she tried to bend at the knees or reach around to pull down her microdress she simply could not prevent it from rising up to expose a significant portion of her knickers and the guys in the office were lapping up the show. Karen thought she was the wise one in wearing a spandex stretch microdress but it backfired on her frequently. She had to carry things across the office a lot and had to use both hand to keep her load from falling. This made it impossible for her to keep tugging her hem down. Inevitably, with each step, her microdress rode up allowing several inches of her white knickers to be exposed in the front and back. One time after a mis-step, her microdress snapped up to almost to her waist. She had to leave it there for about twenty steps before she could unload her arms and fix it. She could have died. Sarah also thought that she was being sly with her tennis skirt, after all she wore it several times a month when she played and was quite comfortable in it but this turned out to be different. Tennis knickers were meant to be seen not the white cotton knickers she was wearing. Along with her pantyhose and high heels she definitely did not feel like she was on a tennis court. She thought she got a little reprieve when she sat down because she could drive her skirt down into her crotch for coverage but that just caused the back of her microskirt to rise up. Everyone who sat near her could see her knickers from the back when she was seated. She didn’t find that out until late in the day and was not at all thrilled about the show she inadvertently gave. Gina had it a little better but not much. Her simple straight microskirt did not expose as much as Susan’s microdress when she moved but it was even shorter due to her sewing error so even when she simply stood up she knew that everyone could see a little of her knickers. She spent most of her time at her desk but it was an open front desk and she could not cross her legs so no matter how tightly she kept her legs together there was a very noticeable white triangle of panty to be seen from almost any angle. She felt grateful that she didn’t have to get up and move around very often but when she did she knew that most of her white knickers could be seen. At the end of the day the girls happened again to be in the kitchenette and recounted their awful experiences. Gina reminded them that they should meet at 10 tomorrow for outfit assignments for Wednesday. They each grimaced a bit and acknowledged the time and silently were thankful that they could put off the worst for one for another day. See you in the morning they each said.

**Part 3**

The next day everyone assembled as planned in the kitchenette. Gina was the first to arrive a had already set up what she brought. Predictably, all the girls again wore knickers and pantyhose even though they could not avoid a micro short hemline. After the first days experiences they all wore skirts, there were no microdresses to be seen in the office. They each saw something on the wall with a covering over it. When all had arrived, Gina began. Ok we all know that nobody’s going to voluntarily go bare bottomed while wearing such microscopic tiny skirts and dresses. And we also know that we are going to catch hell if we don’t start so I’ve come up with a plan that is fair. Gina then unveiled her idea. The girls saw in front of them three wheels much like you’d see at a casino with a spinning arrow at it’s center, but instead of numbers it had labels. The first wheel was divided in half, one half read knickers and the other half read no knickers. The second wheel again was divided in half, one for pantyhose and one for no pantyhose. The last wheel showed one part labeled dress and the other said skirt. Gina continued. Ok each day we will come in here and spin each wheel. The next day we will wear or not wear what ever the wheels dictate. This is fair and totally random. Each girl was silent and looked at the others, nobody could argue the logic even though someone wanted an out that would keep them from the worst combination. They all nodded and grudgingly accepted the idea. Ok then, let’s spin and see what we’ll wear tomorrow. Susan was first up, her first spin came up with knickers, she said a silent thank you. Her second spin came up with no pantyhose and her last spin dictated a skirt. She sat down silently thinking that it could be worse. She was not thrilled about the idea of allowing her knickers unobstructed viewing by others. Karen came up next and spun no knickers, pantyhose and a dress. She took a big gulp, her mind raced wishing she could wear thick tights but sighed deeply when she knew that sheer to the waist nude or suntan was mandated. With the restrictive physics of wearing a microdress, no matter what it was made of, there was little hope of keeping her bottom and even pussy from being seen by others. Sarah was next and was also the most lucky. Her spin gave her knickers, pantyhose and a skirt. She grunted out a suppressed “yes” and took her seat. Gina went last. Her first spin came up with no knickers, ok girl she said to herself, it had to happen eventually. Her second spin came up with no pantyhose. A chill went down her spine. She desperately needed the last spin to come up ‘skirt’ to allow her to try to save some dignity but it was not to be the case. The arrow pointed to a dress and she just froze as did the rest of the girls. Each one knew that this was the absolute worst combination and that each would have to wear it eventually but Gina was the first and thus had to endure the trauma of it. Gina did a quick inventory of her dresses in her head. There were no good options. She was careless in buying her microdresses and chose close to the same construction for all. Since she had to shorten everything after buying them she chose inexpensive simple fabrics that could easily be cut and hemmed and they were all very similar to Susan’s microdress that she wore the first day. In other words stiff, inflexible and would launch her hemline very high up every time she made even the slightest bend, stretch or reach. She quickly realized that even when she was to be seated that her bare bottom would be in total and direct contact with whatever she was seated on, oh my she thought. All the girls headed home, most dreading the next day. The next day Gina gritted her teeth and chose her microdress. It was green, short sleeved, tight waisted with a modest square cut neckline and a simple skirt that very briefly fell straight off her hips. She stood in front of her mirror to examine herself. She breathed a sigh of relieve when she saw that the front of the dress ever so barely covered her crotch. Then she turned around and found that the news wasn’t quite as good in the rear. While pretty much covering her bottom, there was no mistaking that there was about a half inch of cheek peeking down from each side of her micro. She tried to rationalize that if she had worn white knickers, a half inch of them would show like a beacon and would have attracted more attention. She had hoped that by avoiding long sleeves she could minimize how high her dress might go when reaching so she made some tests. She raised her arms straight over her head and gasped. Her dress went so high that it was only and inch or so below her navel. Bending over with her knees straight exposed all of her bottom from behind, not most, but all. She froze, what about another microdress? But all her microdresses were similar or worse in design. Then she began to talk herself into accepting this. She thought to herself: ok, the only way to get through this is to act like I am either enjoying this or show that I have total comfort and confidence in what I am wearing. Ok Gina, she said to herself, you are about to display you bare bottom to the world and there is nothing you can do to prevent it so why not make the best of it.

**Part 4**

Gina realized that the worst thing she could do was to struggle to hide herself with the microdress she had to wear, that would just call more attention to herself. The best way to handle wearing it was to act like she didn’t care a lick whether anyone could see her bottom or pussy. She would not openly display herself on purpose and would act lady like as best she could but bending and reaching were normal activities at the office so exposing herself could not be helped. Perhaps she could use this to her advantage. Yes she thought, this could work for me! She confidently strolled into the office and headed for the kitchenette for her coffee. Sarah happened to be there and saw Gina’s dress and quickly also saw that her bottom could be seen with even the slightest movement. Gina, that microdress doesn’t give you a prayer of staying covered, why did you choose it? Well, all my micro dresses are pretty much the same, Gina said, so it really didn’t matter and after I thought about it last night I realized that this may be able to work out very nicely too. Whatever do you mean? Asked Sarah. Gina just said, keep an eye on me today and you’ll see. Gina then went back to her desk. Soon enough, she had to get up to file something away. She walked to one of the file cabinets and opened the first file draw which was chest high but in order to get to the row she needed she had to raise her elbows somewhat. This caused the hem of her dress to rise enough to show about 3 inches of her bare bottom to anyone who was behind her. Gina knew this and knew from recent experience that at least one of the guys in the office would make it a point to be near. She turned around and saw Ken from accounts payable standing about 20 feet behind and quickly look down at a printout pretending like he really wasn’t spying on her. Ken will be perfect, Gina thought, he was all talk and no action on so many things. Ken, oh Ken, would you come over here please in a fairly loud voice. Ken was mortified. Up to now the rules were easy, the guys got to see all they wanted and the girls were the embarrassed ones who shied away. In a continued semi strong voice so that others could hear, Gina said, Ken were you trying to look up my micro mini dress? Ken’s jaw dropped and just let out an “ah...ah”. Gina continued. Ken, could you see my bare bottom? This is the first time I’ve worn this microdress and I was a little afraid that it wouldn’t be short enough to let my bottom peek out and I might get into trouble. Ken continued in aghast silence. Do you think I should shorten it some more Ken? I just don’t know? Gina strolled back to her desk and Ken turned around to many giggles aimed at him. Gina knew she got him and it felt good. Sarah saw the whole thing and went over to her desk utterly shocked to the point she did not even realize that when she bent over Gina’s desk a full six inches of white panty was exposed by her rising micro mini skirt. I can’t believe you did that Gina! You were great! Thanks Sarah, I think I’ve just discovered that these micros can empower us, not enslave us. I’ll need to run another experiment to make sure so stay close.

**Part 5**

Wait, said Sarah, I’d like to try it now. Ok Gina said, do you have a plan? Sarah thought for a moment while she looked around the office and came up with an idea. She remembered that she normally delivers the morning reports to John right around this time so she decided this was a good opportunity. John was also very mild mannered and would likely embarrass easily. Ok I’ve got it, she said, watch this. Sarah went back to her desk and put the morning reports into a neat pile and started to walk toward John’s desk. Sarah had on a gray wool micro miniskirt with a white long sleeved blouse. Nude pantyhose, white knickers and white high heels balanced out her outfit. She would be showing no bare bottom or pussy to John like Gina did but her skirt was so short that her white knickers could only be concealed by standing perfectly up straight. John was behind his desk looking to one side at his computer. She arrived at John’s desk and went behind him to the inside corner where she half sat on the corner with one leg hanging off the front of the desk in front of John and the other leg around the corner standing on the floor. The result was a vast expanse of Sarah’s white pantied crotch poised to stare John right in the face. Sarah announced in a routine voice that she had today’s reports and asked John if there was anything special he needed from them. John swiveled around to address her only to see a totally unhidden show of white panty inside her suntan pantyhose. He couldn’t help but stare. He tried to alternate to her eyes but was in a trance now. Is something wrong? Sarah asked. John responded in just a prolonged ahhh. John, what are you looking at? Sarah said. I’m s..s...sorry said John, I ah, ah. There was more silence. Sarah now decided to make her move. Sarah now looked down to follow John’s eyes. Oh my, said Sarah. Do you realize that my skirt is so short that you can see my knickers John? I am just so careless. Can you forgive me John? John was beet red and speechless. She decided to give him one more jab, John she said, do you think I should wear such a short skirt? After all, I just don’t have any chance of keeping these white knickers from peeking out from under such an incredibly short skirt. What do you think John? John again just sort of stared and tried to say something but just sort of mumbled. She stood up straight and made a motion to pull her skirt down but deftly just brushed her hemline leaving the bulk of her skirt hugging her hips and letting about two inches of white panty remain displayed while she stood up. I hope it’s covered up now, said Sarah. Can you see my knickers now John? I sure hope not. I’d be so embarrassed if someone could see my knickers. Sarah left the reports and walked back to Gina’s desk grinning from ear to ear.

At their, now routine, end of the day meeting to pick who would wear what the next day , a random combination Gina’s new found power was making her giddy. Word had quickly spread about what she did and that was ok with her. Before anyone spun for their next days outfit she asked to volunteer to wear a micro mini dress with no knickers or pantyhose. Gina simply couldn’t wait to try it again. Karen and Susan readily agreed since they had not experienced the epiphany that Gina and Sarah had. Sarah wanted to take her risk to the next level and asked if she could wear a micro dress with nude pantyhose and no knickers. She was ready to let her pussy and bottom be seen, even if it had to be through the sheer hose she would have to wear. Karen and Susan once again quickly agreed which would guarantee them both the relatively safe combination of skirts and knickers. They were intrigued by what Gina and Sarah did earlier in the day but were not ready to try it for themselves yet.

The next morning they once again met for morning coffee, gossip and bit and what was left unsaid, to see what everyone else was wearing. Karen was dressed in a blue long sleeved silk blouse, black belted wool micro mini skirt and suntan pantyhose along with white knickers and black 5 inch pumps. Susan had a white blouse on over which was a gray sweater vest. Her micro skirt was pleated navy blue synthetic. Her legs were bare but she did have on her white knickers. For footwear she chose some fairly strappy 4 inch sandals. Sarah, as she had wanted, wore a dark green belted stretchy micro mini dress with matching 5 inch pumps along with nude colored sheer to the waist pantyhose. Now, where was Gina they thought. It was about 15 minutes later than she usually makes it in. They became engrossed in conversation when they all heard a “sorry I’m late” from behind. They turned to see Gina and their jaws pretty much dropped in reaction to what they saw her wearing. From the waist up her dress looked like an evening gown. It was long sleeved but as soon as the material going up her arm stopped at the shoulder, it fell directly down to the outside top of her breast where it turned and began a curved plunge to the center where it met with the other half of her top. It had a built in bra because she had accentuated cleavage. The dress was very tight from there down to the middle of her hips and then loose and flippy from there to the hemline. But the shocker was where her hemline was. The dress was so short that perhaps a full inch of her pussy was exposed in the front. In back, this translated into the bottom of her cheeks sticking out from under her tiny little hemline. Based on the girls expressions, Gina congratulated herself on her dress. Karen was the first to say something. Gina do you realize that dress does not cover you at all? Of course I do, why do you think I wore it. Even better, look at this. Gina raise her arms directly over her head. The long sleeves caused her hemline to rise up perhaps three inches exposing everything. She turned around letting the girls see that virtually her entire bottom was exposed. Do you like it she said? The girls were silent. But that’s not all Gina said, watch this. She lowered her arms to her side but the dress did not follow. It came back down perhaps an inch but the tightness of the dress did not allow gravity to bring it all the way down. Then she walked over to the girls and started to explain. Ladies, I’m going to milk this for all it’s worth. I discovered yesterday that it really doesn’t bother me at all to expose myself. In fact it is such a rush. To see the reaction I can get from guys and the ability to humiliate them is such a high and ultra ultra short hemlines are the perfect way to do it. I just have to keep going. They giggled like school girls and headed for their desks.

**Part 6**

The girls went about their business of the day. Gina and Sarah were spreading their newfound wings and discovering the thrill and pleasure of micro skirt teasing. Karen and Susan were very curious and kept a close eye on them. They slowly got their courage up to try the tease. They didn’t have the gumption to verbally toy with any of the men but did calculate their moves to show their knickers and then make eye contact. They were getting a sense that there was something to this. Their day was now about to take an unexpected turn. Mr. Nagato walked in around mid morning. He was there to confer with the managers and this was his first visit to the office since the new dress code went into effect. The girls were not aware he was due and were surprised to see him. Mr. Nagato did not approach any of the girls right away but did see all the outfits the girls were wearing and commented to Nick how pleased he was. He was especially taken by how enthusiastically Gina had appeared to embrace the new code. At 11am he got out of a meeting and decided to assemble the girls and invite them out to lunch as a show of appreciation. He told the girls he did not expect them to dress this way out in public and would allow them to change into anything they pleased. He told them to meet by the front door at 12:30, he had made reservations at very nice local restaurant. Mr Nagato retreated to another meeting and the girls slipped into the kitchenette to confer. I don’t have a change of clothes said Karen, I just wear a long coat over my micro mini skirts to get into work. Me too piped up Susan. How can we go into a restaurant dressed like this? Gina responded in a rather confident and self assured tone. Well I don’t know about you, but I’m going to lunch dressed exactly like this, and by the way, I’m leaving my coat here. Even Sarah couldn’t believe what she just heard. Are you kidding? Proclaimed Karen. Why on earth would you wear that way too short micro mini dress out in public, especially with no underwear? Easy said Gina, here’s why. Mr. Nagato is really into us wearing ultra short micro minis and he’s willing to triple our salary to see us in them. He’s already proven he’s willing to throw money at us to dress to his liking. I’m willing to bet if we exceed his expectations we may see even more. Besides, this will be a chance to tease some more and he’ll be there to keep any creeps from approaching us. This is a no lose situation. Sarah liked Gina’s logic and said, she’s in. Karen and Susan were not enthusiastic at all about showing their knickers off in public but were willing to go along with it because they knew all eyes would be on Gina’s impossible to hide bare bottom. At 12:30 they assembled by the front door where Mr. Nagato soon appeared. Ladies, he said, I told you that you could change into something much more modest for going out in public. I hold no requirement over you to uphold the office dress code outside. Gina spoke for the girls. Mr. Nagato, she said, we truly enjoy wearing ultra short micro dresses and skirts for you so if it’s all the same with you we’d like your permission to stay dressed in them for you out in public. I’m touched, he said. Of course you have my permission but Gina, perhaps you would like to at least put on a pair of knickers or pantyhose as you are quite exposed like that. Thank you but I am very comfortable like this Mr. Nagato, Gina said. I hope you don’t mind, but if I put on knickers I would miss out on the chance to let my bare bottom be seen. What fun is wearing an ultra short microdress if there is no risk of showing something. Of course, I understand, Mr. Nagato said. Karen and Susan looked at each other and immediately sensed that Gina was trying to one-up them in front of Mr. Nagato. They all then headed out. Mr. Nagato had a large car and was able to fit all them together. He took them to a rather upscale restaurant that even had valet parking. When he stopped the car at the entrance a couple of uniformed young men approached the car to open the doors. Gina saw an opportunity to tease and took it. Her door was opened with the valet standing there while she exited. The valet could quickly see that the car was full of lovely ladies but he had no warning about the show that was about to happen. His attention was quickly riveted to Gina’s legs. His first though was why a woman would go out in public without pants or a skirt on and then he realized that what he was seeing was, not a woman in a blouse and no pants, but a woman in an microscopically short dress, he could only stare. With the valet now fully riveted on Gina’s legs, Gina swung one leg out to the pavement while keeping the other in the car. This caused her pussy to be totally and completely displayed to the valet. Gina held the pose for moment making sure that he got a great protracted look. She then stood up and purposely did nothing to fix her microdress. After sitting in the car for the trip over plus the motions of exiting the car her hemline had now risen to about 5 inches above her crotch and the tightness of the dress prevented it from dropping back down. She took a step to the valet and seductively said, Sir, do you think this micro mini dress is too short to wear in here? She got the blank, transfixed stare along with an audible “ahhh” she was expecting.

Sarah had taken this in and did not want to be left out of the fun. She was a little dismayed that her micro mini dress was longer than Sarah’s. When she had bought it she shortened it but only to the longest length permissible so it fell to a half inch below her crotch but now she wished it was much shorter. She took solace in the fact that the tight stretchy nature of the micro dress should allow it to ride up and stay up. She figured that the belt might cause an unevenness and bunching to form below the belt if it rode up too much so she took a quick little tug on the dress from her neckline hoping to raise it up a little and leave some room below to allow it to rise up and still have the lower half of her microdress remain smooth. She exited the car much like Gina did. She had no doubt that her crotch was fully visible with the leg swingout maneuver. She was so grateful that she had on sheer to the waist pantyhose and not the popular type with built in crotch panels. While she wanted to be dressed like Sarah she was gradually realizing that the sheer nude pantyhose made her legs look sensational while still allowing full viewing of her bottom and pussy. As she stood up outside the car she could not be sure but felt her dress must have ridden up some. Like Gina, she made no move to tug it down. In reality her hemline was about a inch above crotch allowing an easily distinguished portion of her cheeks to hang out from under her hem. In front it was a little more difficult to see her pussy but the shinyness of her pantyhose was easily distinguishable. She gazed at the valet that opened her door, stared into his eyes, and in a bedroom voice, asked him if he liked what he saw. She definitely liked his reaction.

Susan and Karen had had enough of this. They were not previously anxious to be exhibitionists but they were now totally envious of the attention that Sarah and Gina were getting not to mention the power they appeared to have over men. They told the group they were going to the ladies room and would meet them at the table. Once in the ladies room they strategized. Karen started, Ok I am totally ready to show off like Sarah and Gina. Me too, proclaimed Susan, but what can we do. We are wearing knickers and longer skirts and these won't ride up and stay put like Gina and Sarah's micro mini dresses. We might as well be wearing pants for all we can show. The best we can do is make akward movements to let our knickers be seen. Not so, said Karen. Look, we can both make our micro mini skirts shorter, I can pull my waist up and you can roll your waistband. With your sweater vest on it covers to top of your micro mini skirt so nobody can see your waist and won't be able to tell that you rolled it at all. They both adjusted the micro mini skirts so a solid inch to inch and a half of their white panites were now showing below their hemlines. Satisfying each other that their micro mini skirts were now satisfactorily short, they exited the ladies room and headed to their table for lunch.

**Part 7**

Susan and Karen joined the others as they were walking to their table. Most conversations in the restaurant came to a stop as the girls walked through. They came to the table and were seated. Gina let out a gasp as she seated herself on the plain wood chair. Her micro mini dress was so short that her entire bare bottom was in contact with the cold chair, she was used to a cloth chair back at the office. The chair also had an open back and allowed anyone to see that, when seated, Gina’s hemline didn’t even make it down to chair level. This meant that at least an inch of Gina’s bare bottom was visible between her dress and the chair seat. When she leaned across the table another couple of inches were exposed as her super short hemline followed her. Susan playfully asked Gina, I bet you wish you were wearing knickers right now. Gina responded, not at all, this seat will warm up quickly and playfully added; besides, it would be so embarrassing if I had knickers on because a girl should never show her underpants in public. You know you are right, said Susan. My microskirt is so short that these white knickers I’m wearing cannot be concealed, I think I’ll take them off. Susan excused herself and left for the ladies room. Walking away, her rolled up microskirt allowed about two inches of her knickers to be exposed and all eyes were on her. She was loving the attention however when she arrived at the ladies room she realized that she had to follow through on her promise or be humiliated, and she was having second thoughts after her spontaneous bravado. She went ahead and removed her knickers and took a look at herself in the mirror. She felt like the lower half of her bottom was exposed now. In front, her pussy was quite visible but she decided leave things as is and head back out. She confidently strolled back to the table and there was utter silence in the room. She felt like she was naked on a stage but she was getting a real rush from this now. Returning to the table she sat down with her micro miniskirt performing much the same as Gina’s micro dress did in leaving a generous amount of bare bottom exposed from behind. Mr. Nagato had witnessed all of this and exclaimed how pleased he was that they had not only adapted but taken pleasure in wearing micro minis. Thank you Mr. Nagato, it took a little getting used to but now I would feel strange not wearing one. The most frustrating thing is that we cannot buy them in stores. Any skirt in a store that is the correct length is made for a little girl with a tiny waist. We must buy adult skirts and trim them ourselves. Karen was quite now and feeling a little left out. Wearing knickers and pantyhose under her micro mini she felt like she was being ignored and Mr. Nagato sensed it and spoke up. Karen, he said, please don’t feel left out. Gina and Susan have shown that they are comfortable about showing their femininity but I want you to know that allowing your underwear to be seen from under a micro mini is a sign of high confidence in your sexuality and a statement that you are not a slave to fashion. After all, most women would be aghast to show their knickers in public and here you are depressed because that is all you can show.
Ladies, I am so pleased that you have embraced our dress code so I’d like to show my appreciation. You all will find a bonus in your next paycheck. In addition I have doubled the department store credit in each of your names so you can expand your wardrobe. Also, since I didn’t realize that you had to do your own sewing I will also bring in a seamstress one day next week to adjust whatever you bring her. One last thing, I expect to be expanding our staff soon and I’d like you ladies to take part in interviewing new candidates. I especially want to make sure that any new hires are ok with our dress code. The girls were very grateful and eagerly agreed. Lunch soon ended and it was time to leave. All the girls seemed to have the same thing on their minds now, they wanted to make a big impression when exiting the restaurant. They rose from their seats simultaneously and looked at each other silently daring each other not to adjust their outfits which is exactly what happened. Karen and Susan’s skirts fell into place fairly quickly since they were not very snug but their earlier ladies room adjustments left plenty of panty to be seen both in front and back for Karen. Susan’s skirt allowed a her now pantyless bottom to fall beneath her hem as well as a fairly unobstructed view of her pussy. Sarah’s stretchy micro mini dress predictably behaved differently. She dutifully did nothing to adjust it during lunch and as any wearer of a tight stretch dress knows if you don’t constantly tug it down it goes up and stays up and Sarah knew this and played it to her advantage. When she stood up her hemline was halfway up her hips, exposing all but the last upper inch or so of her ass crack through her sheer pantyhose and in front, all of her pussy and then some. Gina however had the biggest show. She wiggled, leaned and squirmed during lunch in an attempt to work her hemline up too. Her already ultra super short micro dress which did not even normally cover her standing up now allowed her entire bare bottom was on display as well as her front almost up to her navel. They all walked out pretending nothing was out of the ordinary. A waiter tapped Gina on the shoulder and whispered “excuse me miss, please don’t be alarmed but you dress has ridden up and is exposing everything”. Gina turned to him and in a somewhat loud voice said, “dont’ you like how short my micro mini dress is sir? Most guys would love it, why don’t you? Do you really want me to pull it down after all the trouble I went to to get it to ride up without being to obvious?” She left him speachless. What a thrill she got. Before getting into the car Gina had another go at the valet when he opened her door. Sir, she said, I am so pleased you allowed super short micro miniskirts here. It’s so hard to find a place where they are welcome. My bottom got cold on your bare seats though, do you think my bottom got red from the chill? She turned to show him her bottom. She got the frozen look she was after and entered the car where they all headed back to the office.

**Part 8**

Mr. Nagato was amused by their display while exiting the restaurant but decided to pull their reins in a bit. Ladies, he said, while what I just witnessed was entertaining I must ask you to restrain yourselves. I do not want blatant nudity in my offices so I’m going to ask that you act appropriately. Don’t forget, I want a mix of girls wearing knickers and pantyhose, so you must rotate. Nobody will be able to wear, or not wear, the same thing all the time. As far as allowing you your hemlines to hike up around your waist, I will allow if for a brief time but you should act as though it were unintentional and pull it down within a reasonable time. The girls agreed. Back at the office Nick had asked Gina to place an ad in the paper for a couple of new girls. He figured he could avoid some ridicule by having a woman place the ad. Gina knew she couldn’t blatantly have an ad that said there was a micro mini skirt dress code but she also knew that not mentioning the code at all would invite women in that might be hostile to it too. She settled on wording that included “short skirts” “dress code” and “clothing allowance”. Within a couple of days the first interview was scheduled. The girls were ok with letting Gina be the interviewer and they made themselves available if additional input was requested. Gina realized that the shock value of their every day super short micro mini skirts might turn someone right around before walking in the door so she arranged to meet the candidate in a conference room right inside the front door, this way she would have an opportunity to sell the idea first. She also made sure all the other girls were seated when she arrived. Gina decided to wear a conservative long sleeved high neck white blouse with a black micro mini skirt along with white knickers and suntan pantyhose. The hemline was pretty conservative for Gina as it fell almost a full half inch below her knickers. The first candidate was Kim, she was greeted by the seated receptionist and sent to the conference room where Gina introduced herself and had her take a seat. Kim was rather tall and very pretty with short brown hair and very long legs, on the surface a very good candidate. So far so good, no micro short hemlines seen. Taking a hint from the ad, Kim wore a skirted suit with a hemline that most of the world would call mini but hardly very risky. Gina began by asking why she was here. Well, said Kim, I have good office skills and was really attracted by the clothing allowance mentioned and I don’t mind wearing short skirts, in fact I rather enjoy the compliments I get for my legs. That’s good said Gina, but I need to now tell you things that could not be put in the ad. Like what, said Kim? Well for starters, our dress code doesn’t require short skirts, it requires ultra short skirts. And your generous clothing allowance must be totally spent on micro mini skirts and micro mini dresses. Really, said Kim. How short is ultra short, she said tentatively. Gina took the queue and stood up and walked into full view. Kim gasped, how can you wear that? How can you possibly keep your knickers from being seen? Gina replied, to answer your first question, it’s really easy after a couple of days. To answer your second question, I have no desire to prevent my knickers from being exposed. Let me explain. She then proceed to explain the details of Mr. Nagato’s dress code and the job benefits of wearing them, and then added her own views. Gina continued, you see Kim, we were shocked when this dress code started but within days understood how dressing this way makes us feel especially attractive and actually gives us power over men. We quickly embraced micro minis and feel now that we are not properly dressed unless our dresses are short enough to let what’s underneath be easily seen. Kim responded, well you certainly have been up front but I don’t know. She continued as if talking to herself.. Man oh man, wearing a micro mini skirt with no underwear.... I haven’t even done that in private. My bare bottom on display..... gosh. Kim, said Gina, let me ask you, have you ever been to a topless beach? Of course, said Kim. Were you embarrassed and self conscious? Well yes, at first then I was ok with it after a while but that’s different, it was a beach and all the other girls were topless too. Really, said Gina? It’s no different here. All the other girls will be wearing the same ultra short skirts, it’s a sisterhood. I tell you what, think about it and we can talk later. No, said Kim, I can decide now. I can handle this I think and I want the job. Great said Gina, I’ll be in touch about a starting date and getting you started with you wardrobe of micro minis.
The next candidate was Marsha. She was also escorted into the conference room without being able to see any of the many micro mini skirts nearby. Marsha was medium height and also attractive. She wore a rather long trench coat which she didn’t want to take off. From the calf down you could see nude hose and black pumps on so she appeared to be dressed for business though. Gina and Marsha exchanged pleasantries and then Gina began the same sales pitch given to Kim. After learning what she would be required to wear, Marsha’s eyes seem to light up. Marsha almost blurted out, you mean I have to wear ultra short micro miniskirts every day? Wow, I can’t believe it, this is so cool! Gina was now very perplexed. Why do say that Marsha? Gina was eager to hear her response. Marsha went on. You see, I just love wearing the most ridiculously ultra short skirts. I saw your ad and hoped this place would at least let me get away with wearing a miniskirt but panty revealing super ultra short micro minis every day would be heaven. I simply am not comfortable unless I am wearing a skirt or dress that is outrageously short. I love letting my knickers be seen. It’s actually a bit embarrassing but I even wear micro miniskirts and dresses so short that they don’t cover all of my knickers. There are so few of us that ..... Gina interrupted, you mean there are others? Why yes said Marsha. Seven of us meet once a week in a support group. What do you mean “support group”, asked Gina. It’s a group where we all can be comfortable wearing short short micro miniskirts. We talk about where and when we would like to wear them but are too nervous to. Sometimes we have group outings where we go someplace together wearing our tiniest microskirts. When new girls join we help them adjust to the desire to wear them. How do you do that, asked Gina. Well we will go to their house and throw out every pair of pants and shorts and make an evening out of cutting all their skirts, dresses and suits to a super short micro length. It’s a little drastic but so far it has worked and every girl has come around to love micro mini skirts.
Gina asked, do you mind if I ask what you are wearing under your coat? Not at all. Marsha stood up, unbuttoned her coat and slipped out of it. Marsha was wearing a rather modest white silk blouse highlighted with a pearl necklace, a maroon jacket that came to down to her waist and a matching micro mini skirt with a hemline that lined up evenly with the bottom of her pantyhose encased white knickers. I bought this brand new for this interview so I do hope I adjusted it properly so you can see my knickers. I’d be so embarrassed if I miscalculated my sewing and my microskirt was so long that it covered my knickers. Turn around and let me see you, asked Gina. Marsha slowly performed a 360 which revealed a healthy amount of white panty showing from the rear. Very nice Marsha, you can relax because I can see at least an inch of knicker under your hem in the rear. I have to admit Marsha that you are impressive. I expect that we will be offering you a job here but I can’t make a final decision yet. I understand said Marsha. Gina showed Marsha around the office and introduced her to the other girls. Marsha was simply giddy to see all the ultra short skirts and dresses in the office and virtually begged Gina for the job. Gina couldn’t say it right now but she was a lock.

**Part 9**

It didn’t take long to get Kim and Marsha hired. Both were not given much notice to show up for their first day. While Marsha loved her micro minis, her collection of micros were more appropriate for club wear and not the office. She appeared in a black leather micro mini skirt along with white knickers and suntan pantyhose, a combination she had never worn before. Her black skirt was long enough to just cover her knickers. Her choice of footwear caught some eyes however, hiking boots. Gina advised her that dignified foot wear was required and that meant pumps, sandals or slides, and spiked high heeled. Marsha apologized but said she would need to do some shopping to get her office wardrobe in shape. Kim appeared in a quite sharp suit but with a skirt that wasn’t very short. Kim also apologized saying that her shortest skirts were far too casual for office wear and that she too needed to shop. Since the other girls in the office needed to expand their ultra short micro mini collection Gina decided that a shopping trip was needed. At lunch she told the girls that they’d get out of work a little early tomorrow and all go shopping. She also told the girls to change into pants or a long skirt for shopping. They all looked at each other wondering why she would ask that. Karen was the first to pipe up, you mean we’d have to go out in public not wearing a super short micromini? You realize that would mean that nobody could see our knickers? Why on earth would we want to cover up? What’s going on? Susan chimed in, I can’t go out in public wearing pants, people will say things. Besides, I don’t think I even own a pair of pants anymore. If people can’t see my legs and knickers they will think there is something wrong with me. Please Gina, let me wear an ultra short micro mini. Gina replied, it’s ok Susan I promise you will like why we will be doing this, just trust me. I think I still have a really long skirt you can borrow. Now girls, trust me and just follow my lead. The girls saw the gleam in Gina’s eye and rapidly figured that they would be in for a good time. The next day the time came to head out and the girls all changed from their micro dresses and skirts into long skirts or pants. The girls had a little hard time adjusting to the now strange garments with Susan remarking how self conscious she felt with most of her thighs covered by a traditional length skirt. People will laugh, she said, if they see me in a skirt this long. Don’t worry, said Gina, we are going micro mini skirt shopping. The girls arrived at the department store and headed for the misses section. A woman who looked to be in her 50s staffed the section and asked if she could help the girls. Gina was ready. Thank you yes, said Gina. My friends and I would like to buy lots of dresses, suits and skirts to wear at the office. Why of course the clerk said, let me show you what we have. We also have a tailor we can bring in to fit if necessary. Gina said she expected the tailor to need to make “some” adjustments. The girls watched as Gina selected a sharp looking hunter green colored suit in her size. After emerging from the changing room and looking at herself in the mirror she said “I’ll take it” but I’ll want to adjust it. No problem said the clerk as she summoned the tailor who turned out to be a fairly good looking guy in his 30’s. That looks very nice as-is said the tailor when he arrived I don’t think it needs adjusting at all. Oh yes, said Gina, the hemline is far too long, I need it taken up. Ok, we sure can do that if you like but it will border on inappropriate for businesswear if it goes much shorter. He proceeded to get down on his knee and pin up Gina’s skirt about two inches which brought it up to about halfway between her knee and crotch. Now his interpretation of micro mini was pretty much what the rest of the world would call it but far short of what Gina had in mind and Gina was going to play this for all it was worth. After the adjustment was made she went to the mirror and said, I wanted micro mini, not just mini, please shorten it some more. He proceeded to raise it another two inches but which still left the hemline a couple of inches below Gina’s knickers. Can you see my knickers Sir? The tailor coughed and said of course not miss. Well then Gina said, if you can’t see my knickers then it’s not a micro mini skirt so it’s not short enough. The tailor made one last adjustment which brought Gina’s hemline right to her knickers. Gina exclaimed, that’s more like it. She raised her arms to make sure that her skirt rose enough to display more of her knickers and then satisfied, she said I’ll take it.
Marsha took Gina’s lead and went through a similar exercise with the tailor. She chose a dark gray wool miniskirt. After several rounds of alterations Marsha turned to the girls and said that she thought it was micro enough and asked their opinion. I think this is about short enough ladies, but in the mirror it’s hard to tell if my knickers are peeking out or not. Marsha turned completely around after which Karen remarked that she did not see any flash of knicker but could just see the beggining of her ass cheeks below her hemline. Drat, said Marsha, I thought I had it. Ok Mr. Tailor, take off a little more so my knickers can be seen please. The tailor was getting the idea plus was getting turned on so he decided to take a chance. He took another inch and a half off her skirt which he figured would be too much and presented it back to Marsha to try wanting to see her reaction. The newly adjusted skirt presented at least an inch of white panty in both front and back. Wow, you naughty boy said Marsha. This is so short that my knickers will be visible all the time. I suppose since you have cut it I am committed to buy it aren’t I? Why yes said the tailor knowing full well that he was actually responsible for mis cuts. Well ok then, said Marsha. Since I have to buy it I might as well keep it on. The tailor couldn’t believe that a woman would wear such a thing but was hardly going to argue.
Susan had decided before heading to the store to be more daring and decided not to wear knickers or pantyhose beneath her borrowed long skirt and didn’t tell anyone. At the store she purposely chose a long sleeved dress made with non stretch cloth and ordered the tailor to make sure it was at least as short as the others. I’d be so embarrassed if the other girls had shorter skirts than me, she said to the tailor. The tailor was getting the idea and was ready to push the limits again so he marked her dress guessing where her hemline should be so that it would be above her crotch. When the tailor returned Susan took the dress to the changing room where she was delighted to see that most of her pussy was on display and perhaps as many as two inches of her bottom. When she returned the tailor was on his knees attending to another girl when Susan tapped him on his shoulder. He turned to her and was presented with a face full of bare pussy staring at him at eye level about two feet away. Susan proceeded, sir, I think I like the length of this really short micro dress what do you think? The tailor had to force himself to raise his eyes, miss, I’m sorry I didn’t realize you were not wearing knickers. I’m not? Susan said pretending to be aghast. She the raised her dress to her waist so she could confirm his observation. Why look, you are absolutely right, I forgot to put on knickers today and you made this dress so micro short that my bare bottom can be seen. Were you looking up my micro mini dress sir? The man turned beet red and didn’t say a word. Susan was satisfied she got the response she wanted and had a little more fun with him. Would you like it if I wore this super short micro mini dress out of here letting anybody see my bum sticking out from underneath? Miss, this dress is so short that not just your bum is on display, are you sure you still want to wear it out of here? Oh my gosh, Susan faked astonishment, do you mean to tell me that this dress is so very short that you can see my pussy too? I’m afraid so miss the tailor replied. Susan, in a rather loud voice, called the other girls over. Ladies, he told me that this micro mini dress is so short that my pussy can be seen, is it true? Sarah responded, well Susan, I can see part of it but it’s not short enough to see it all. Lift your arms over your head please. Susan did as she was asked and spun slowly around to give everyone a 360 degree view. The non stretch fabric of the micro dress combined with the long sleeves caused her hemline to rise to nearly her waist, fully exposing her pussy and rear end and then some. You can see your full pussy now but he wasn’t right to say you could see all of it with your arms down. I’d say it shows about half of your pussy and about half of your tush, Sarah said. That sounds just about right replied Susan, I’ll take it. The other girls congratulated Susan on her selection. This went on for at least another hour as the girls selected and altered a couple of dozen skirts and dresses. All were shortened to at least be even with knickers and with some shortened even more. The delighted girls all wore one of their selections out of the store with the new girls and Kim and Marsha now saw how much fun they might have working with these new friends.

**Part 10**

Back in the office the next day Nick called a meeting for the girls. He announced that Mr Nagato was very pleased with all he had seen and heard about the girls enthusiasm about the dress code and wanted to give the girls a little reward. Nick relayed that Mr. Nagato was aware that in this country Fridays were commonly called casual Fridays or dress down Fridays where office dress codes were relaxed and he wanted to let the girls enjoy this option as well. Starting next Friday the girls would be free to wear any style of micro miniskirt. A faded denim microskirt was acceptable or a simple beach style pullover micro dress. They were also free to wear or not wear knickers without concern about what the other girls were wearing. There will be no penalties, for instance, if you all come to work bare bottomed under your micro skirts. Pantyhose options were also expanded to include sheer black or white. They could also wear any color knickers they chose although bathing suit bottoms were not permitted. Shoe options were also opened up. Fashion boots were allowed as well as medium heels. Marsha was pleased with this announcement because, as she told Gina the day before, her wardrobe was full of casual and club type micro skirts so this opened up her possibilities. They didn't warm up too much to the non white knickers because white knickers were pretty much all they owned. As Sarah said, why would I go out and buy non white knickers for only one day a week. Probably the biggest benefit was that since most of the girls went out on Friday nights they could wear to work what they would party in that night. Nobody really likes to party in office wear and this would mean the girls wouldn't have to bring a casual micro mini to work to change into later.
Nick had one more announcement. He said that there was going to be a softball game next week against another video production company. It would be coed and we need an equal number of guys and girls. This isn't mandatory but we've done it for the last couple of years and it's a lot of fun. That box in the corner has uniforms in it so if you're interested please pull one out for yourself. After the meeting the girls unanimously agreed that the game sounded like fun. While not terribly athletic, they were all in good shape and most had played at least a little softball over the years. Karen went over to the box and took out a uniform which consisted of a pretty standard looking baseball or softball jersey with the company name in letters across the chest, it was white with red lettering and striping. The bottoms looked very much like sweat pants or warm-ups but had some stripes down the sides. She held it up against her front and started to analyze it. You know girls, she said, this is a pretty darned boring looking uniform and then with a gleam in her eye asked out loud, I think we can improve on this don't you think? The others grinned at each other aware of the naughty thoughts that Karen was having and nodded in approval. I tell you what, said Karen, let me do a little sewing tonight and I'll see if I can't make our uniforms a little more appealing. I want to keep this a secret so let's meet in the ladies room tomorrow and I'll show you what I've done. As it turned out Karen was being more than modest when she said she could do some sewing. It turns out she was quite accomplished at it. After work she visited several shops to get supplies and worked for several hours that night. The next day the girls met in the ladies room during their mid morning coffee break. Karen had her work stowed in a bag and wore a standard office micro mini skirt to work. She slipped into a stall and shut the door to change. In a couple of minutes she asked if everyone was ready, and in near unison they chimed, of course we are, now lets see it! Karen opened the door and stepped out, the girls gasped. She was wearing a white, short sleeved super short micro mini dress. It was trimmed on the edges in red striping just like the uniforms and had the company name on the front. The neckline was rather high like a standard softball uniform but there were no buttons, it was a pull over design and quite tight. It appeared to be Lycra or another stretchy material. The hemline just barely covered up her pussy in the front, a half an inch at the very most. In back, her cheeks were technically not peeking out but there was no doubt that the ultra short dress was showing the transition zone from her legs to her bottom. She was also wearing a pair of white 4 inch spike pumps. Oh my god Karen that's so cool, blurted Sarah, similar commentary came from the others. Karen started getting peppered with questions about the reasons for the design and why high heels for to play softball and so forth. Ok listen up, said Karen here are my thoughts. First off, I thought the standard uniforms were boring. We couldn't even show our legs let along anything else so that had to change. We can't wear knickers with this because this is a white uniform. If we wore white knickers they would probably be mistaken for matching knickers designed for the uniform, sort of like figure skating dresses or tennis dresses so people might not think this is a real micro mini dress. Other colored knickers are obviously not an option so we will leave the knickers at home. We can wear pantyhose but there is a down side to them. Because the ultra sheer hose we wear would pretty easily tear and run enduring the rigors of the game there would be a risk of looking bad. Also, I tried wearing pantyhose last night with this dress and found that the microdress rides up much faster because of how slippery the nylon is. I'll leave the decision to you whether to wear them or not. If you decide to wear them then go with nude hose so we look alike. I personally will go bare bottomed. I decided on a tight design because of the nature of softball. There is some bending over which would be a good reason to wear a loose non stretch micro mini dress design but as soon as you stand up straight again the micro mini dress would fall back into place and you'd be covered up again, and running wouldn't show anything unless a breeze caught your hem. That type of micro minidress would make showing off too much of a struggle. By going with a tight stretch material we get the benefit of having the micro mini dress ride up as we move. I ran around in this micro mini dress a little last night and my estimation is that running from home plate to first base will cause the hemline to rise to your hips and continuing to second base should get the dress to rise to almost your waist, so this design works very well. But Karen, said Sarah, are you saying we should run around a field in high heels? That's not easy. Karen answered. We will wear high heel pumps for several reasons. First, wearing a dress with sneakers would look awful, you wouldn't do it at work or on a date so we won't wear them at play. Second, it's not as hard as you think. Come on, we've all had to run in heels now and then and we managed just fine, besides we don't have to run very fast. I chose a four inch heel because it's high enough to be pretty and will still let us move around. A questioning look came over the girls. You see, Karen went on, the more time we spend trotting down the base paths in a tight micro mini dress and high heels the more attention we will get and what's more important, winning the ball game or winning the attention game. The girls couldn't argue that one. I propose the following rules, when sitting or standing on the sidelines we will behave like ladies. When seated our legs will be crossed, we don't want any free beaver shots although it would be a good idea to allow you dress to ride up enough so that butt cleavage is visible in the rear. Naturally you would pretend that this wasn't happening. When you stand up take a moment before tugging your ultra short micro dress back down, and it works best when you look surprised that your hemline has ridden up. When standing hemlines should be kept down. When walking you may allow your micro mini dress to ride up somewhat but you are expected to pull it down periodically after a polite period of display is shown. When you run the bases or go after a ball in the field don't fix your micro until the play is over and don't appear to be in a rush to do it either. We certainly don't want to cover up too fast but don't leave it up too long either. Our goal is to be ladies but still let the guys be able to look up our ultra short micro mini dresses. We will wear our super short dresses under full sweats and sneakers to the game and carry our high heels in a bag. Once at the field we will remove the sweats and put on our high heels. That should generate a few stares, don't you agree? Are there any questions? The girls looked at each other with smiles on their faces and their silence meant that Karen's plan was accepted.