**The New Dress Code**

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When I was fresh out of college I got a job as a sales representative for a software development company. Everyone who worked for the company worked in the same office, so the people I'd come into contact with on a daily basis ranged from maintenance workers and admins, to programmers, designers and executives.  
  
Counting me, there were three people in my department. Maria, the other rep on our sales team, was an attractive young woman in her early thirties with an hourglass figure. She always wore dresses that looked like they were painted on. Bailey, a mature woman in her late forties, was the department head and my immediate supervisor. She was long-ago divorced, reasonably attractive, and had a full figure. During my interview, Bailey confided that she had been a dancer on Broadway and had kept up her daily routine, which explained why her butt was so firm and she had a pair of dancer's legs that she had no qualms about displaying for the men in the office. Tight-fitting skirts and low-cut tops definitely were the staples of her business attire.  
  
While Maria and I had to learn the ins and outs of our product line in order to do our own demos, Bailey always had one or more of the male programmers supporting her. The "boys," as we called them, all seemed to love working with Bailey, perhaps because her expense account always enabled her to buy them drinks or lunch. Or maybe it was something else.  
  
"Bailey doesn't sell software," noted Maria. "She sells cleavage."  
  
I knew exactly what she meant.  
  
During the second half of this first year with the company, sales slowed down so badly, it looked like that all-important measure of success - making our quota - was kind of iffy. Then one day, Bailey emailed Maria and me to come to her office so that she could share her secret strategy for turning things around.  
  
"We're going to schedule all of our sales presentations and meetings for Mondays," said Bailey. Maria and I nodded our heads in acknowledgement. "And from now on, none of us will wear underwear on Mondays."  
  
There was a moment of dead silence. I had a sinking feeling in my stomach. Maria started to speak but Bailey held up her hand to stop her. "Look, girls, sales are so bad, the Powers that Be want to get rid of the three of us and bring in a new team. So, complaining to HR about what we're going to do will only get your job eliminated."  
  
Neither Maria nor I wanted to lose our jobs, especially me. How would being fired after just six months on the job look on my resume? Not good at all.  
  
Bailey continued. "So, I made a deal with the owners. I said we'd bring the prospects in on Mondays and up the ante - make it worth their while for them to do business with us. We'll use a little show of sex appeal to whet their appetites and see where that takes us."  
  
While I fidgeted nervously in my seat, Maria spoke up. "Just business? Or are we supposed to do more to make the sale?"  
  
Bailey smiled. "As always, that's up to you," she winked.  
  
Maria and I got up to leave. Before we were out the door, Bailey spoke. "And one more thing. Since today is Monday, let's do a dry run. Please close my door and remain standing."  
  
Maria closed the door. Before we could say a word, Bailey took off blouse and her bra, allowing her ample bosom to sway freely. Then, she hiked up her skirt, slipped off her panties and let them drop to the floor. I noticed that they were pink French-cut bikini style, just like the kind I was wearing. She picked up her panties, grabbed her bra and put them in the top drawer of her filing cabinet. Then, she put her blouse back on leaving enough buttons open on to to display her famous cleavage. I could see that her nipples were erect and poking through the blouse.  
  
"Ladies," she said. "It's your turn."  
  
Maria unzipped the back of her dress and wiggled her way out of her bra. I pulled my petal sleeve chiffon blouse up over my head and set it aside on the chair. I reached behind my back and undid my bra and took it off. I was shivering and my nipples were really hard now. "I never realized how cold they keep the air conditioning in here," I said.  
  
Bailey smiled. "So much the better for what we have planned." She held out her hand. We gave her our bras. She put them in her filing cabinet. "Panties next."  
  
Maria and I both slipped off our panties and gave them to Bailey, who filed them away with hers. "Pick them up on the way home," she said. "Now, go out into the office and get comfortable with the new Monday dress code!"  
  
We stood there without moving.  
  
"Go on! Scoot!" said Bailey.  
  
As Maria and I left Bailey's office, Maria whispered to me, "That was such a turn on."  
  
"No kidding," I replied. Indeed, I was feeling a bit damp between my legs and my nipples were rock hard. "And I'm freezing," I said, lying terribly. "Let's go get some hot coffee."  
  
Maria and I went to the break room. Two of Bailey's "boys" - Josh and Tim - were shooting the breeze at the coffee machine. When they saw us, their jaws dropped and they stared intently.  
  
Considering my nipples were pushing through my blouse like Rachel on Friends, I tried acting as casual as I possibly could.  
  
"Hi, guys," I said, "Could we get some coffee?"  
  
"Of course," replied Josh. He eyed me up and down, focusing on my breasts. "Must be really cold on your side of the building."  
  
I said, "Not at all. Didn't you guys get the email?"  
  
"What email?" replied Tim.  
  
"Our department has a new dress code," I said. "No undies on Mondays."  
  
Tim snickered. Josh almost spit up his coffee.  
  
"Seriously?" Tim replied.  
  
"Straight from the top," Maria said, stirring her coffee and then pointing to the ceiling. When she finished stirring, she dropped her spoon on the floor and bent over to get it, giving both men a clear view of the outline of her coochie against her painted-on skirt. Tim bent over to help her. Or maybe he just wanted a better view.  
  
"Let me get that!" he said, reaching for the spoon with one hand and brushing up against her behind with the other hand. Maria got to the spoon first, rinsed it off in the sink, and wiped it off on her tongue, making a sucking sound as she took it out.  
  
"That reminds me," I said. "I think Bailey wanted to see you both to make sure you were okay with the new dress code."  
  
"Yes," added Maria. "You will need to go to her office right now."  
  
Tim and Josh left the break room and headed straight to Bailey's office.  
  
"Let's give them a few minutes," I said. "And then take a walk over to Bailey's office."  
  
Moments after we finished our coffee, Maria and I stood outside Bailey's office. I opened Bailey's door just enough so that we could peek in. There was Bailey, standing in the nude, left hand on Tim's cock and right hand on Josh's. Maria and I watched intently as she stroked their hard cocks, alternately sucking on them one at a time.  
  
We closed the door. I ran my thumbs over my hard nipples. I turned to Maria and said, "I think I need some private time in my office." Maria removed a dripping wet finger from her coochie. "So do I."  
  
As we scurried back to our respective offices, we both agreed that the new dress code was going to be great for sales.

**The New Dress Code Pt. 02**

It was Monday, the first day of the work week. Some people dread Mondays. My feelings about this particular Monday were ones of apprehension. What would the day bring?  
  
I was scheduled to be part of a presentation team at a local software convention. I had spent the weekend getting my slides ready. But it wasn't the presentation that had me on edge. None of us - not me (Sandra), not my supervisor (Bailey) and not our associate sales rep (Maria) - would be wearing underwear today.  
  
It was company policy. The No Undies Mondays Rule - Bailey's brainchild - had been instituted just one week earlier. Since our sales numbers for the year-to-date were beyond dismal, Bailey felt that a little tease here and there might be good for business. "Sex sells," she always said. Indeed, most of us felt that Bailey was out there selling her ample cleavage. Up to now, it had worked, which explained why she had been the head of sales for the past ten years.  
  
Maria and I went along with the No Undies Mondays Rule mostly because we needed to keep our jobs. I was fresh out of college and did not want to be fired from my first job in its first year just because sales were bad. That would definitely not look good on my resume. And Maria said she was still paying off her student loans, so getting sacked was not an option for her either.  
  
This being the start of Week 2 of the No Undies Mondays Rule - Week 1 being "office only" (see The New Dress Code) - we were about to have our first field trial. It occurred to me that in a short while, I would be standing in front of about 100 men while I was not wearing underwear. I was soooo glad I went to college.  
  
Not wanting to be overly showy in my no panties/no bra state, I decided to wear a black skirt and matching black button-down silk blouse. "Very business-like," I thought. I donned my skirt and blouse combination and looked at myself in the mirror. My nipples already were beginning to push through the blouse. Maybe it was the feel of the silk against my bare skin or maybe it was just the temperature in the room. "That's it!" I thought. "As long as it isn't too cold in the convention hall, I'll be okay."  
  
Or so I thought.  
  
Sales people always talk about "The Rule of the Presentation," where something is bound to go wrong at the worst possible moment. It started for me almost from the moment I arrived. I was sitting in a small prep room down a long foyer from the convention hall. Maria and I were getting our materials together. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door and I started to get up. Before I was out of my chair, Bailey answered the door and was signing for a large box, which she promptly set down on one of the tables before closing and locking the prep room door.  
  
Then, it happened.  
  
As I sat back down, my skirt got caught on a nail or screw or some sharp thingy I didn't see that was sticking out on the side of the chair. I heard the sound that no woman ever wants to hear (unless she's on a date with a really hot guy she truly wants to have sex with, of course).  
  
Rip!  
  
The next thing I knew, there was a huge tear in the bottom of my skirt where the fabric came together.  
  
"Crap!" I said, loud enough for Bailey and Maria to hear me. They both turned toward me at the sound of my relatively mild expletive, their eyes immediately falling on the torn fabric. "I'll have to run home and change."  
  
"No, you won't," replied Bailey, fumbling around through the supply bag.  
  
"But I just live a five minute drive from here," I said.  
  
"Stick around, Sandra," said Bailey. In a moment, she had a scissors in her hand. "I have an idea. Give me a hand here, Maria."  
  
Bailey motioned for Maria to hold the two sides of the torn skirt while she cut fabric higher and higher and higher until the side was open from the bottom almost to the belt line. "When I move, people will be able to see my bare leg all the way up my thigh to my hip," I said. "I'm glad I shaved my legs all the way up last night. And I'm going to have to be really careful when I sit."  
  
"Stop whining, Sandra," replied Maria."You should be happy your skirt didn't split down the front. You'd be up on stage with your coochie on full display. And by the way, I shaved everything from the waist down."  
  
"You mean like this?" I undid my belt, dropped my skirt to the floor and flashed Maria my shaved coochie. She countered by lifting her dress off over her head, flashing me her nude body. She wasn't lying about being shaved!  
  
"Thank you, Maria," said Bailey, quite calmly. "It'll be easier to cut your dress up to the hip while you're not wearing it." She took her scissor and started cutting the fabric of Maria's dress. "And you both do realize there are security cameras in this room, don't you?" As Bailey continued cutting, she added, "Smile for the guys in security!"  
  
Omigosh! The thought that one, or two, or three or more total strangers were staring at video of my bare bottom and exposed coochie sent a rush of wetness between my legs. Maria tried to cover her top and bottom but realized she didn't have enough hands and gave up.  
  
"C'mon, Sandra," said Maria, "Just enjoy it. That blouse has to go!" She started to unbutton my blouse and slowly took it off of me. "I'm not going to be the only one here fully naked," said Maria, smiling as she waved to the security camera.  
  
As much as I wanted to resist, I couldn't. I was frozen with arousal. Suddenly, as if in a trance, I moved toward the security camera and stood in full view of it. I lifted my head, looked directly into the lens, and blew the watchers a kiss. Then, I slowly ran my hands all over my nude body, stopping to rub my nipples, massage my breasts and finger my clit.  
  
I couldn't help myself.  
  
A moment later, Maria was standing behind me, her nude body pressed up against mine, grinding her breasts into my back and rubbing my bare behind with her hands. I got into her rhythm, grinding my bare butt between her legs. Maria then reached around to my front and started massaging my breasts while she gently tweaked my nipples. She moved in close to my ear, licked my lobe and then whispered, "I've never told anyone at the office this, but I worked as a stripper when I was in college. We did a lot of girl-girl dances. The money was great," she said. "But it was all acting, just like now. I am totally straight."  
  
You could have fooled me, I thought. I shuddered when she ran her hands up and down the side of my bare leg, reaching in to stroke my thighs. I closed my eyes and just enjoyed. She touched me as if I was touching myself and she was enjoying it, too. I felt her wetness on my bare bottom.  
  
By now all of my inhibitions were gone and I was truly enjoying this. When I opened my eyes, Bailey was kneeling in front of me, totally nude, her mouth licking my inner thighs. "Wouldn't you love to know what the security guards are doing right now," she said, flicking her tongue across my clitoris. I let out a small scream of pleasure. Bailey ran her fingers up and down my thighs some more, dipping one, two and then three fingers inside me. We continued for about ten more minutes, taking turns touching each other until - well, we did have a presentation to do.  
  
Bailey looked at her watch and got up from the floor. "Sorry, ladies, it's time to go to work." She patted Maria and me on our bare bottoms. Still nude, Bailey sashayed over to the box that had been delivered earlier. "The clothes you wore here are a total mess," she said. She opened the box and took out three flesh-colored spandex jump suits that zipped down the front. "I had these made especially for this conference. They match your actual skin tone and they're adjustable."  
  
As Maria and I tried ours on and zipped them up, we discovered that the jumpsuits were a little bit too loose. Quickly, Bailey stepped behind each of us and pressed a small button on the back of my suit first and then Maria's. Suddenly, all of the air was sucked out. I looked at Maria and could see her nipples and her cameltoe pressing agains the now skin-tight jumpsuit.  
  
"Adjustable, huh?" said Maria. "From a distance, we're going to look like we're nude," I said, stating the obvious. Bailey smiled. "That's the general idea. Maybe I should have just ordered the transparent jumpsuits." She clapped her hands together. "Show time!" Then, she unlocked the door and we started down the foyer toward the convention hall. While we were walking, I looked up and saw a sign up ahead that read SECURITY. By the time we got to the doorway, three men had come out of the Security Room.  
  
They were clapping for us, whistling, cheering and shouting "Great show!"  
  
We all smiled at them. A very handsome security guard who was built like a pro football linebacker handed me and Maria his business card as we walked by. It read "Private Webcam Parties" and had his email and a phone number. "Let me know if you're interested," he said.  
  
We continued our way down the foyer. One of the other guards handed Bailey an envelope that appeared to be filled with cash. Maria and I looked at each other and just giggled. "I guess he enjoyed the cam show," said Maria. "Ya think?" I replied. Bailey slipped the envelope into her briefcase. "We'll divide this up later."  
  
As we entered the convention hall, hip hop music blasted on the PA system. The beat made me want to dance. In our skin-tight, flesh-colored, very-revealing-leave-nothing-to-the-imagination jump suits, we pranced our way onto the stage. The mix of middle-aged and young men in the audience burst into applause. Bailey, Maria and I stood in the middle of the stage, held hands and bowed. Then, we turned around and bowed again - just in case the audience wanted a better view. At that moment, I was both excited and aroused - and it showed.  
  
Looking out into the audience, I could see men snapping photos and videos with their smartphones. I was beyond turned on. I looked at Maria. She pulled me closer to her and started to hump my thigh. She played with my nipples and rubbed my clit. Bailey came up behind me and ran her hands all over me, just as she did in the prep room. I let out a scream. It was the most intense orgasm I'd ever experienced.  
  
As I regained my composure, we joined hands again and took another front and back bow. The crowd went wild! They yelled. They cheered. They whistled. They clapped. Some of the men came up to the stage and threw dollar bills. Others dropped off their business cards with their private cell phone numbers scrawled on the back.  
  
Oh, did I mention that we were there to do a sales presentation? Well, it went off without a hitch. We closed several sales and got about twenty additional leads, not to mention a dozen or so propositions for group and individual sex. (One guy wanted to know if I would visit his hotel room later and masturbate for him while he stroked his cock but that's for another story.)  
  
From a business standpoint, it looked as if Bailey's plan was working. And after this experience, my mixed feelings about No Undies Mondays were gone. There was no doubt in my mind that I was going to enjoy every single Monday from now on...