**The Old Uniform**

by Anonymous Egg

Ally, naked as the day she was born, stared down at her bed and chewed her lip. It had all began when the local church, in desperate need for a new roof, had asked everyone in the surrounding area to donate old items of clothing, toys, CD's and the like in order to raise funds with a 'tumble sale', which is the English equivelent of a garage sale. Ally had been only too happy to oblige - her attic was full of old clothing and her ex boyfriends vdeogames, and helping out a good cause made the clean out all the better. And then she had found her old school uniform.

It now lay spread out on her bed - knee-high white socks, a dull grey skirt and a light blue button-up shirt. The old tie was long gone - cut up into ribbons the day she left school, Ally recalled, to symbolise her newfound freedom. The outfit still fit, albeit snugly, despite the fact that she was now 23. She was unsure whether to go through with her plan, now that it had come to it.

"No!" She thought to herself "I took the day off work to do this, and I'll be damned if I'm going to waste it."

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Ally enjoyed the smooth, silky feeling of the duvet on her bare buttocks. She often slept in the nude to enjoy it's feel, but today it felt a little naughtier. Wanting to prolong this feeling, she decided to slip on the socks first. They didn't quite reach to her knees as they used to, although she didn't expect them to. Since leaving school she had grown somewhat, with long, shapely legs adding to her impressive 6ft height. The dazzling white of the socks - cleaned recently - contrasted sharply with her perfectly tanned skin. Over the socks she slipped on a pair of comfortable, slightly worn black pumps.

Next the shirt. She remembered hating this shirt. When it rained - and in England, it invariably does - it would often become transparant, revealing her teen bra. This was a problem with all the girls in her school, and were forced to wear cardigans all year round, just in case of a freak rainstorm in summer. It would get swelteringly hot sometimes. The shirt still fit, although it felt a little tight across the shoulders. Since those long-gone High School days, her chest had developed nicely - becoming pre-teen "two aspirin on an ironing board", as her mother used to say, to becoming fantastic hand-held globules of loveliness, as Ally preferred to say.

She did not button the shirt up, however, which was important to her plans.

Finally, the skirt. Made of dull grey polyester, it had originally been a knee-length skirt, as stated in her school's strict dress code. However, a bit of amatuer tailoring was needed for her little escapade today, and it had been cut just below the crotch to transform it into a risque mini-skirt. The skirt was just a little tight - she had to suck in her shapely stomache in order to fasten the button and catch. She hastily tucked the loose ends of her shirt into the hem, and stood to admire herself in the mirror.

Her blonde hair looked stunning with her tan, she had to admit. Ally had been visiting the sunbeds recently in order to get the look perfect, and it seemed money well spent. Although the blue shirt covered her breasts, it was open in the middle revealing a wide area of bare skin from the neck, past her exposed cleavage down to her navel. The ends were tucked into her skirt to stop the wind from pulling it every which way. And the skirt... wow. It looked absolutely tiny. She smoothed it down, and enjoyed the feeling of coarse material rubbing against her bare pussy - Brazilian waxed, just last week. Giving a quick spin, she was delighted and terrified in equal measure as she noticed the back had been cut too short - her peaches were popping into view, but on the very bottom of them.

Taking a deep breath, she steeled herself for what she was about to do.

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Cautiously, she opened her front door and peered outside. Her immaculately tended garden suddenly seemed a mile long, the hedges on either side seemed a little shorter, and the cars parked in the street too many. It was a weekday, what where they doing with their cars at home?

"It doesn't matter," She told herself "It's not like they sit in their living rooms staring out at the street, is it?"

They still might, though, and that gave her a little thrill. She opened the door wide, now, and took care to wedge it open with a coat rack and a small waste bin. She'd read plenty of stories on the Internet just like this, and she didn't want to have to knock on her neighbours door asking for help if she locked herself out.

Taking a deep breath to calm her nerves, she stepped onto the paving stones outside. The wind was insistant, but weak, and brought with it a hint of warmth. The summer sun shone down upon Ally, warming her exposed skin. The breeze seemed to tickle at her, gently flicking the edges of her shirt as if trying to expose her to the world.

It felt amazing.

As she made her way towards the sidewalk, Ally could feel her breasts moving around freely within the confines of the shirt. Yet there was still little chance of them "popping out", so to speak, and besides, Ally would have been happy if they had. Without adjusting anything, keeping her arms resolutely at her sides, she made her way towards the mailbox at the end of the garden.

Without the hedges on either side, she felt totally exposed to the world. Anybody could walk past right now and see her dressed like some crazed stripper. Her instincts told her to just grab the mail and run inside, to say that she dared go outside like this and call it that. But... she fought the urge. She might never have the chance, or the courage, to do this again, so it was now or never. As she picked up her mail, she accidently on purpose dropped one of her bills. Before the wind could whisk it away, she stamped a black pump down upon it. Suddenly her heart began to beat faster. Just walking, she had revealed nothing - now, she was forced to expose herself.

"You can do this... slowly now."

Slowly she bent over to retreive the bill - as she did so, she felt the material at the back of the skirt tighten, then slowly begin to rise. She imagined somebody watching her across the street, watching the skirt inch it's way up and up, revealing her bare backside. Would they notice the all-over tan? The idea excited her, and the wind seemed to be toying with her. But... the damned waist of the skirt was getting tighter. Ow. As her fingers gripped the envelope, suddenly she didn't feel sexy anymore - the button on the skirt was really digging in to her now.

And then suddenly it wasn't.

The pressure was released, and she couldn't feel the skirt anymore. A stiffer wind blew, and she felt it raise the hem of her shirt just as a flash of something grey flew past the corner of her eye.

"Oh my god."

Without thinking she straightened, jammed the mail back into the mailbox and chased after the fleeing skirt. It flew towards her house, lost momentum and headed back towards the street. She jumped to grab it - the sides of her shirt opening to reveal all to the world - but it was just out of grasp. With a flourish it twisted in the air and landed beneath a parked car directly across the road.

Grasping the loose folds of the shirt to her chest, she jogged across the street and lowered herself onto her knees. There, she could just about see it, but could she reach it? Checking to make sure nobody was looking, she stretched underneath and made a grab for it. Her fingertips brushed the material, but not enough. A sudden gust of wind grabbed the edge of her shirt and pulled it into the air, revealing her bare bottom and legs to anyone who was looking.

"Leave it Ally! It's just a tatty old skirt. Get inside NOW!"

But as she climbed to her feet, something tugged at her sleeve. To her horror, she realised it was caught on the car, on one of the rusty edges. She yanked at it, but it wouldn't budge.

"Leave it too, Ally! Just get inside for God's sake!"

She slipped out of the shirt, and clambered to her feet. It dawned on her that she was outside, in public, in just a pair of socks. With her heart beating frantically, she covered up with her hands and charged down the garden path. It seemed to be the longest run she'd ever done. But she finally reached the sanctuary of her home, kicked the coat rack down and slammed the door behind her.

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If anybody had been awake, then at 3am they might have witnessed her front door opening tentatively again. They might also have seen her step outside, dressed in just her socks and shoes, to retreive the abandoned mail. They might also have noted that she was red in the face, and looked a little sweaty, as if she had been masturbating the entire afternoon. They would certainly not have seen a skirt and shirt, however, as a rather bemused neighbour had arrived home from work to find one stuck to his car.