**Wardrobe Disagreement**

by[MissSusanAnn](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3844116&page=submissions)©

To begin, this is a true story, so yes it really happened. That said, the names, locations and dates have been changed. A little information to get started, I was raised in Bangor Washington. I am 38 years old at the time, 5 feet 4 inches tall, I have large breasts for my size, and I am fairly athletic. A devout christian, I lived with a loving set of parents in the Navy. I was taught mortals, ethics and etiquette from a young age. As an only child I lacked the peer interaction in my upbringing. For me, that had some interesting way of manifesting itself. For example, I never worried about modesty. I was taught privately by my Aunt, so I did not attend school. I rarely left the house with us living on base. As a result I would wear dresses and skirts with no panties. I would almost never wear any underwear, bra included. This was solely a comfort based decision. As I grew form a girl into to a women my body changed but not my habits. I did not attend college, I got a job when I was 16 and worked for retail store part time. On my 18th birthday my parents and I moved me to an apartment on my dime. My parents had been holding most of my pay for years so that they could kick me out ASAP. The apartment was really nice, so nice in fact i have lived there for twenty years.

Six months ago a new couple moved in next door. The wife Linda, my age and super nice, could be a model. She is super conservative and religious. She believes suggestive outfits and behavior is shameful. and wrong. As time passed though she slowly accepted my nature. (while it was just us women). The husband Tom, was a Chief or E-7. He was a poorly build man; chubby and wimpy looking. He had an unfortunate favorite, basketball shorts and a sports t-shirt that was a little too tight. His shorts could not save the world from a view of his package. (I am SUCH a hypocrite!! WOW) Any onlooker could see his packages "status" with a glance. Tom was such a good person, his gender wasn't his fault.

The first few hang outs were just myself and Linda drinking wine, watching romantic comedies and shopping. She made a comment or two about my outfits being indecent. She would always ask "You crazy girl are you going in that outfit?" I would often wear thin shirts with no bra on, with a one of my nearly transparent cloths that I called skirts with no underwear. From any angle in any light a person could see everything through the colorful flowers. They could see my nipples through the fabric of my shirts. My not see through clothes were admitted too small and would lend a view of my bare crotch and breasts frequently. I would expose something when i sat, walked briskly or bent at the waste. To Linda's dismay this was who I was and how i dressed. The issues began when Tom stated being around.

The time Linda and I had a falling was on a Saturday. I was in a plaid skirt that fit when i was 20, it still fit...just failed to contain my butt sometimes. It would slide up my rear. When i walked, slowly showing more and more crack. I had on a thin white tank top on. (For your understanding, unless underwear is mentioned i wasn't wearing any) I was sitting on a stool with my skirt hitched up my butt, and my butt hanging off the edge. My butt cheeks were spread by the way i was sitting. With my back arched and my butt pushed back and up, cheeks apart, I sat. I was talking to Linda with Tom sitting on the couch directly behind me watching the TV to my left. To my front is Linda and a wall that is also a mirror. As the conversation carried on i noticed Linda giving Tom the evil eye. I was curious so I glanced back and saw Tom was fully erect. At the time I didn't think much of it.

As I was drinking my orange juice Linda walk around behind me. Her discussion with Tom over she return to my front. After 20 minutes to a half hour she said "Look at yourself! You need to stop dressing like a whore." showing me a picture of me from behind. In the picture you could see my back end of my pussy peeking over the face of the stool with my butt hole spread open slightly in clear view, my butt cheeks stretched apart. I was showing a lot but her being offended and a snob made me mad. I said sorry and adjusted to cover myself.

**Wardrobe Disagreement Ch. 02**

To begin, this is a true story, so yes it really happened. I apologize I don't remember the exact dialogue of that day. I will do my best. That said, the names, locations and dates have been changed. It had been three months, Linda had forgiven me for the indecent exposure. We were friends again... or so she thought. She wasn't my friend, i was going to get revenge.

It was a weekend and she invited me to meet her friend at her apartment. I wore some khaki pants, they were form fitting, but relatively modest. The top was a purple blouse. I noticed that my nipples were protruding. I moved my shoulders to check if they would slip out with movement. With a bend at the waste a on looker could see everything, other than that they were covered. I had on my favorite shoes. They are so cute and comfortable. The outfit was modest enough to be innocent.

She greeted me at the door with a smile. I was clearly over dressed. She was in a tank top and some sweat pants. Her butt was swallowing her pants, I could see her vagina suffocating on the cotton fabric. I couldn't believe my eyes, she was such a hypocrite!! She introduced me to her friend, a man who was six feet tall and had the body of a Olympic gymnast. Brad, the friend, was a man of few words.

A little while after dinner, we were all hanging out around the bar that separates the kitchen from the main room. There is only about a two foot gape between the end of the bar and the wall. i was leaning against the end of the bar showing brad what he wanted to see. For the first time, I was intentionally being an exhibitionist. The big brute couldn't stop staring at my breasts. It was driving Linda wild. As our conversation continued she began repeated grabbing things out of the refrigerator. Her butt waving in the air desperately. By the look on his face brad seemed overwhelmed. He was more interested in my breasts exposed from his view down my blouse. He moved to go behind me into the kitchen. I was busy thinking of how i could adjust to steal his attention some more when I feel pressure against my butt. It felt like someone was pressing a over sized banana against my butt. This pig was slowly dry humping me!! The look on Linda face made it... tolerable. She was PISSED. I was stealing her secret boy toy.

Poor Brad didn't get into ether of our pants, the meat head left alone and fully erect. I was so happy with my performance. I had ruined the adulteresses evening and i was feeling good. My warm and fuzzy victory feeling was abruptly ended. Linda's hand was around my throat, I couldn't breathe. My eyes watered, my hands grasped at her arm to get some air. She was speaking... I wasn't listening my brain was screaming for air. She was soo strong Oh my god I couldn't get free. My fingers began to tingle, my vision was fading I began to dry heave. My body shook violently attempting to get air. And then i could breathe, her hand was gone. I crumpled to the floor gasping. I hear "Get up." her voice is calm and smooth. I am too busy catching up on breathing to stand. Again "Get up." comes as a calm order with a motivating hand gripping my hair. I stand in agony as she pulls my hair down and back, my head pulled back. (Facts I wish I knew at the time, Linda was a Human Intelligence officer; A interrogator. She is also a serious practitioner of Krav Maga. An Israeli martial art. In eastern Europe. In eastern Europe they are hands on during interviews.) She ripped my blouse off tearing in the back. Swiftly followed by her knee to my lower ribs. I began sobbing. " Get completely undressed." she said calmly.

Naked, I stand sobbing in front of her. She orders me to leave her apartment. As i reach for my keys she steps in the way. "Get out" she says in the same calm tone. I wondered out in to the hall naked with tears flowing down my face. Terrified and humiliated I stumbled down the hall. Fortunately, Ms. Winston, a woman in her 90s saw me and took me in. She was very sweet. I hardly cared the care taker was staring at my body. The perverted 19 year old wasn't a concern. She gave me a set of clothes and a blanket. I laid whimpering on the couch. After i while I fell asleep.

I awoke, my butt was out of the pants. I stood and thanked Ms. Winston, then glared at the care taker who was ogling over my partially exposed butt. I felt like i had been in a car crash. As I got to my apartment I discover i left my door unlocked. Thank god.