

# Skirt Day

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# 1 How It Began

Lisa wondered why it was that despite her successful career in middle management and a plethora of dating options consequent to her tall, blond good looks, she still felt empty and unhappy. In fact she didn't much like dating—all too often she would find the guy's shallow attempts to impress, to make her laugh, and to get into her jeans to be frustratingly unsatisfying. She usually delivered a forceful rejection to each guy, and even went on to instruct him on how to improve his life.

Her career was taking off—she felt a promotion coming—and with a recent raise and no children, a paid-off house and car, and fully paid student loans, she had all the money she needed and more; an indication of 26 years of hard work and little play, she thought. Why not more happiness from such early stability and success? This she asked her recently hired therapist, Joan.

After several weeks, Joan found it a major breakthrough when she realized that Lisa's dating disappointments—and perhaps business disappointments as well—came from her displeasure at docile partners. Joan explained her theory to Lisa: you find forceful men attractive, but you are so self-confident that you are too forceful with them to allow them to assert themselves.

Joan thought of a potential therapy for Lisa. She began asking Lisa questions about how she could tone down her aggressive stature. One session, Joan had an idea:

"Lisa—I notice that at every session, you are always dressed quite similarly. Baggy jeans, a dark-colored blouse or sweater. You never dress in a particularly... feminine way," Joan asked, looking for something.

"I prefer to dress this way. It's comfortable."

"And fairly gender neutral..."

"So?"

"So, why don't you ever wear a dress? Maybe a low-cut top? High heels?"

"I don't think I would be taken seriously if I wore those things. People would think I was, you know, just a girl."

"Do you even own any dresses?"

"I have one floor-length evening gown that I bought for a Christmas party some years back, and another that I've had since high school."

“Floor length? I’ll bet it was more conservative than the other dresses at the party.”

“Of course. Many of the wives of the employees wore short little cocktail dresses. You could just see the men looking at their legs and breasts the whole time. I would never wear something like that to an office party. What if my colleagues saw up my skirt? They should be talking to *me*, not my breasts.”

“Maybe so. But Lisa—I think this might be a route to explore ways to enrich your life. I think you box yourself in too much. You are always so concerned about earning respect and being the leader. It even cuts into your wardrobe. But your wardrobe is one of the easiest things we can augment. So, doctor’s orders, I want you to try this: after today’s session, I want you to go shopping. I want you to find something feminine—a dress or a skirt—to wear to our next session.”

“That shouldn’t be hard.”

“Actually, it should be, so I’m going to make it a little harder on you. I want it to be short. Well above the knee. I want you to buy a skirt that seems just long enough to you, but absolutely no longer, and wear it here with bare legs. The weather is plenty warm for it.”

“You’re not wearing a skirt, Joan. Why should I?”

“I almost always wear a skirt on a date. Do you?”

“No.”

“Well, there you go.”

That afternoon, Lisa went shopping, figuring she must be paying her therapist for something. She had not worn a skirt above the knee since childhood—and then she never liked the threat of being exposed and teased by the boys. But she was an adult now and she could handle it.

She tried on about 5 skirts and ultimately ended up buying a dark green, loose a-line skirt that fell to just above her knees. She put it in her closet and forgot about it until her session a week later. As she shaved her legs that morning, it occurred to her that although she shaved her legs almost every morning, there was never really any point until today.

The feeling of going outside with her legs no longer safely wrapped by denim or cotton pants, or at least knee-length shorts, was one she had not felt in a while. She could feel the slightly cool air on her knees and thighs as she took the subway to her session, and she knew that she looked more feminine, more exposed, more weak than her usual self. But there was something else.

"What else?" asked Joan.

"I guess I do feel more attractive. That's the point of this, right?"

"That's part of it. It is very nice looking, although you still look quite conservative. What I want for you, Lisa, is to feel *vulnerable*. I think that's what you're missing."

"Feeling vulnerable doesn't sound like a good thing."

"I think for you, it will be. Do you have a date next week?"

"No."

"An important business meeting?"

"Just one departmental meeting. Why?"

"This is what I want you to do: tomorrow, take your new skirt to a tailor. Ask him to shorten it by 4 inches. Don't try it on for him, just ask him to do it. Ask him to call you when it's done. Then, the day he calls you, whatever day it is, you pick it up. And then the next day will be important. On that day you will wear the skirt, again with bare legs. You will wear it even though it will feel too short for you. You will do this because I told you. And whenever you wear that skirt, I want you to try to be passive. I want you to do whatever anyone tells you, whether it be a coworker, a friend, or even a stranger. So that as you wear that skirt, you are labeling yourself as a humble servant, at the mercy of the world. Of course, it's really our secret that you will do what anyone asks, but that won't change the *feeling* of it. Do you think you can do that?"

Lisa was shocked. She did not know if she could do it. But it sounded like a challenge. She thought about it, and Joan added

"I dare you to do it, Lisa."

So it was a challenge! Lisa believed nothing was too difficult for her, so this shouldn't be, either.

"Remember, when you wear that skirt, you will do whatever anyone asks, starting with putting on the skirt in the morning and wearing it all day."

The tailor gave Lisa a slightly funny look when she asked to have her perfectly nice skirt shortened, but would only tell, not show, how short. Lisa felt a little embarrassed, but she did not let it bother her since it wasn't her idea.

For the beginning of the week, Lisa felt a great anticipation for her "skirt day." She resolved that she would indeed do what anyone told her (not that anyone would, since no one would know that they could) and the thought somehow excited her. She rationalized that it was the danger

of it. It's highly unlikely that a stranger on the street could stop her and ask her to strip naked and have sex with him, but if he did, she would *have* to. The more Lisa thought about it, the more simultaneous dread and excitement filled her. On Tuesday she picked up the skirt, which looked noticeably smaller in her hands although she did not try it on. On Tuesday night she had a little trouble sleeping, wondering what would happen the next day.

Wednesday morning. Lisa wakes up, showers, shaves her legs, brushes her teeth, takes her birth control pill, and returns to the bedroom. Wrapped in plastic is her fate for the day, hanging next to the white blouse she planned to wear with it. She picks out her favorite set of underwear—somewhat high cut white panties and a bra with just a little push to it. She buttons up the blouse (all but the collar button), and then removes the skirt from the plastic. She slides it up her legs, and when the hem reaches her knees she realizes that the waistband is still half a foot from her waist. She slides it higher and when finally she fastens the button at the waist she feels that her legs are almost entirely exposed. She wonders after all if she can go through with this!

She looks in the mirror. The skirt only covers half of her thighs. She feels exposed, vulnerable, and anxious. She turns around and bends over. It's hard to tell in the mirror, but she's confident her panties are still covered, even though the backs of her thighs are in plain view. She tries sitting down, exposing more thigh as the skirt rides up. "This is how it will be all day," she says. She knows she has to go through with it now.

Then she feels it: with the vulnerability comes excitement. What will happen to her? What adventures will befall her now that so much of her is exposed? It seems very different, slightly scary, and above all, *alive*. As she puts on a pair of flat sandals she purchased yesterday, grabs her purse, and walks out the door, locking her house and her pants behind her, she pulls down her skirt as far as it goes, swallows her fear, and realizes why she has been paying Joan all this time. For the first time in years, she is looking forward to her day.

## 2 Skirt Day

The skirt is really too short for comfort. The loose cotton sways around the middle of her thighs, reminding her that her white panties are not far from

view. As she walks down the steps to the subway, a sharp underground breeze flies up her thighs to her warm crotch. She quickly grasps the hem. Did her skirt fly up? Did anyone see? Does anyone know how vulnerable I am?

As she waits for the train, she feels the eyes of the other waiting passengers. A large black man on the bench blatantly stares at her. (Will he order her to unbutton her blouse?) A blue-suited businessman offers repeated glances from behind his newspaper. (Will he demand her panties?) An Asian woman, herself in a mid-thigh length dress, seems to be absent-mindedly gazing at Lisa's knees. (Would she make Lisa kneel and lick her feet?)

Lisa realizes that her thoughts are crazy. Her skirt says nothing about her self-promise to obey. The pleasant weather had several women dressed in short skirts and dresses (although very few as short as hers). The thought brings her down to reality, leaving her a little disappointed. Then she remembers: those other women don't have to obey. But I must. The thought excites her; she cannot understand why, and she realizes she is becoming aroused.

When the train rolls into the station she holds her skirt down, wondering what might have happened if she hadn't. She boards the train and sits in a side-facing seat across from a young male passenger. She places her purse on her lap and begins reading the ads above. Of course, she has seen those ads a thousand times. She just reads them to avoid eye contact. But today she is facing her fears, she thinks. She looks at the passenger across from her. He is clearly looking at her thighs, hidden more by her small purse than by her tiny skirt. He realizes that she sees him, and looks up to meet her eyes.

She is suddenly gripped by terror. Maybe it will start here, she thinks. This confident young male will ask her to take her purse off her legs, and to spread them apart so that he can see her panties. Then he will make her follow him... what about her modesty, her job, her responsibilities? How can she so easily have sex with a stranger from the train?

But he says nothing; rather he gives an embarrassed smile and looks away.

Lisa knows that strangers are not going to tell her to do anything. She can merely walk among them, on her way to work like everyone else, and they will look at her exposed legs, but they don't know what those exposed legs mean. They don't know that it means she's... available.

As she rides the elevator up to her office, it occurs to her that it will be different with her coworkers. Her boss, her employees. They know her—they will interact with her. What will they say?

She tries to tell if they are looking at her legs as she walks to her desk, but if they are they are trying their best to be subtle. Lisa does not have her own office (yet)—she just has a slightly fancier cubicle than those she manages. As she enters her cubicle, she looks down at her legs. So much of them are naked! She sits at her seat and feels its rough fabric against her bare thighs. “This skirt is not appropriate for the workplace,” she thinks. She is flushed with embarrassment. What was she thinking?

She turns on the computer and rubs her left thigh as her computer boots. It feels good to rub her bare flesh here at work she thinks. . . but is anyone looking? She wishes her cubicle offered more privacy.

The computer comes to life, and her email program starts and instantly sends a message. Lisa remembers, too late she thinks, that she had programmed it to automatically send out a reminder on Wednesday mornings for the departmental meeting after lunch. She has to chair that meeting! That means standing in front of her entire department in this tiny miniskirt. She wonders if she should cancel, but the email goes to the entire department, including herself. “Don’t miss today’s meeting,” it says. She remembers: I will obey, even orders I sent myself!

When she reflected upon her day later in the evening, she remembered that every time she left her desk that morning felt like an adventure. Her walk to her mailbox. Her walk to the copy machine—her hope that no one else would enter the copy room as she made her copies. Her walk to the desk of their new administrative assistant, Steve. He was definitely checking out her legs as she gave him a routine set of orders. He doesn’t know that he could be giving me the orders today, she had thought. The idea of what he might ask if he knew he could ask it distracted her for a full 15 minutes after the encounter.

When it came to be noon, she realized that she was heavily aroused. She stopped in the ladies room on the way to the cafeteria, and entered a stall. When she pulled down her panties, she noted their dampness. The thought of masturbating, right here in the public bathroom of her own workplace, crossed her mind. But she knows it would make noise. Someone would know. They would know it was her. She couldn’t. She had to survive her arousal.

At lunch, she recalled, she was somewhat grateful to have a napkin

covering her bare lap. She thought, although she wasn't sure, that when Art from engineering dropped his fork from across the table, and got down on his hands and knees to find it, he may have been trying to look up her skirt. She believes that the napkin maintained her modesty. "If Art had only asked me to remove it..."

After lunch, it is time for the departmental meeting. Lisa sits at her desk and rubs her bare knees. She has never been to work in a skirt, and this skirt is *too short*. She will have to stand up in front of everyone and give a progress overview. Will they listen? Will they look at her thighs?

As she ponders, she realizes she is running late. She grabs her notes and rushes to the conference room, her short skirt swaying as she walks with long strides. She can hear the chatter in the conference room, and as she opens the door there is an immediate hush. All eyes are upon her.

"Uh," she says, "thank you all for coming." (I never thank them for coming—it's their job!) She starts to go through her notes and wonders—do they see how nervous I am? Do they see how much I wish I could sit down? And then to her horror she wonders—can they smell how aroused I am?!?

But she would never know. The meeting proceeds as it has every week, and it ends no differently.

As the afternoon wears away to six o'clock, and most have gone home, Lisa has calmed down. She thinks about how on edge she has been all day, and reminds herself why she went through it. Most days she felt so empty. But not today. It worked, she thinks. It worked for one day, and all the time and money with Joan has paid off.

At the same time, she realizes that the edge is fading. She has promised herself that when she wears the skirt, (or any skirt, she decides), she will secretly promise to obey. And maybe there will be slight excitement. But in truth, she feels safe. No one has given her opportunity to obey—and nobody will. There is no real danger, she thinks. Why should this disappoint her?

As she shuts down her computer and swings her chair out from under her desk, Steve stops by.

"Hi!" he says.

Lisa is now sitting in her chair, uncrossed legs almost fully exposed, and Steve is standing above her, leaning on the side of the cubicle entrance, looking down at her.

"Hi Steve," she responds, "Working late?"



"Yeah, I guess," he says. "I..." he hesitates.

"Yes?"

"I think you look awfully nice today, Lisa," he says.

"Thank you Steve."

He warms to her nice response. Clearly he was nervous. Lisa wonders if this is going to get awkward. She has no intention of dating one of her employees, but he's clearly here to flirt.

"I like that skirt."

"Thanks, Steve, but I think it's a little shorter than I thought when I bought it..." Don't want him to think I did this on purpose, she thinks.

"Nonsense. It's perfect. I think you should wear it more often."

"Excuse me?"

"It really made my Wednesday. You should wear it every Wednesday!"

Lisa knows he is trying to be funny, or flirtatious. Her initial reaction is to be offended, or maybe creeped out. But this is it, she thinks. This is where my mettle is tested. That was an order. And she has promised herself: she will obey.

"Okay, Steve, we'll see. I need to be getting home now."

She stands and pulls down the hem. Steve is watching every move. He lets her out, watching her. It occurs to her that he was trying his best to be confident. She likes to encourage confidence in her workers. But more than that... she feels her safety taken away. She must obey. She *will* wear the skirt next week. She will obey whenever she wears it. And if Steve gets what he wants this time, will he want more?

The vulnerability and excitement that kept her aroused all day reach a peak. She rushes to the subway and from the subway rushes to her apartment. She throws herself on the bed, pulls up the skirt, and shoves her hands on her panties. Here, in the privacy of her bed, she can moan all she likes as she pleasures herself to the best orgasm she has ever had, followed by another, more comfortable one.

### 3 Just the Beginning

Lisa had mixed feeling about her next session with Joan. She almost didn't want to tell Joan about her feelings. Joan seemed to understand too much, and Lisa's private thoughts seemed too private even for her therapist.

"No skirt today?" was the first question Joan asked.

“Um, no, but I did what you said. On Wednesday.”

“And how did that go.”

Lisa hesitated. “Well, Joan, 4 inches was a lot. That skirt was really too short for work. I don’t think I should do that again.”

“Maybe once is enough,” said Joan, “but tell me how you felt.”

“Well, embarrassed, I guess.”

“And...?”

Lisa didn’t know what to say. She could not admit the pleasure it gave her. She had just done it because Joan dared her, right?

“Well, you wondered if I could do it, and I did. I promised to do whatever anyone said, and I did.”

“Did someone tell you to do something?”

“Well, yes. Steve, the new, young hire, asked me to wear the skirt again next Wednesday. So I will.”

Joan smiled. “You don’t really have to, Lisa. If you really felt embarrassed...”

I did, but it felt good, she thought. “No, I can’t back out now. That was the point. I will wear it again.”

Joan clearly sensed something, and seemed to drop the subject. “Two weeks ago we talked about how stressful you feel when an employee disappoints you...”

And then the session with Joan turned back to normal. Lisa later thought: thank you Joan. I still need your help, but you revealed my need to feel vulnerable at the hands of others. You showed me, but did not abuse it.

Next Wednesday. Skirt day. Lisa, hair wet from her shower, looks at the skirt, hanging in her closet. It’s so short, she thinks again. She’ll be more naked if she doesn’t go with bare legs, she thinks. She’ll buy some pantyhose. Just like pants, they will be, and she will still be obeying by wearing the skirt. Of course, she doesn’t own any. She can be a little late for work.

She stops by a drugstore, on the way to work. She buys a few pairs of dark pantyhose. She finds a restroom, removes the packaging, and pulls them on to her legs. Much better, she thinks. Just like pants. Just tighter, and more transparent... maybe not really like pants at all.

The subway is packed this morning, probably because she’s a little later than usual. The crowd in the train is so thick she cannot turn around. She keeps one hand on her purse and the other on the metal bar above her

head. She knows she needs to worry about pickpockets in crowds this thick.

Suddenly, between stops, she feels a hand on her inner leg, between her knees. She cranks her head around to see who it is, but this causes the hand to disappear, and all the passenger faces look the same: innocent, normal, waiting for the train to get to the next stop. She looks forward again, and the hand appears again. It must be someone sitting, for the hand to be that low, she realizes. There are really only two possibilities, then. It was either that Hispanic guy, or the other guy I didn't get a good look at.

I am wearing the skirt. I will obey. I will let him touch me. This time, she does not try to look back.

The hand feels good rubbing against the nylon on her legs. Without much friction, it wanders freely over her knees. Lisa is nervous, but the hand feels good. She realizes she doesn't know whose it is. Someone has no idea who she is: he just knows she has pretty legs, and they are shown off by this skirt. Perhaps he couldn't resist. Or maybe, somehow he knows what the skirt means? Lisa realizes she is getting warm, especially at her crotch. The combination of panties, pantyhose, and skirt keeps all that warmth and moisture in. And that hand in starting to move upwards—it is now caressing her inner thigh, at the hem of her skirt. It does not have much higher to go. It seems to be hesitant, though. Is it afraid of getting caught? She must obey. She will let it go as high as it has confidence to go. She realizes, in fact, that she wants it to go. She wants to feel it against her crotch, she wants it to rub her here on the crowded subway car. She *needs* it. As the hand slips under her skirt, she hears herself give off a quiet moan. The older man standing next to her glances at her face; she blushes. Nothing going on here, she hopes he will think. I'm just standing here, not feeling a hand underneath my skirt. Not feeling it wander higher. No, it has not now reached the junction of her thighs. I can't feel the hand squeezing between them. No, sir, I am not spreading my legs ever so slightly, no, it's not wandering higher still, no *oh!* That's not a strangers hand on my panties, applying a massaging pressure against my *oh yes! Just a little more, I need it...*

But the hand stops when the train reached the next stop, and the hand is lost in the bustle of passengers pushing their way off the train. Lisa fights her urge to put her own hand there, and give herself a little more.

When Lisa arrives at work, she realizes her panties are soaked. She is

almost uncomfortable. She heads towards the restroom, but is stopped as she passes Steve's desk.

"Lisa—you wore it!"

Lisa blushes. She had forgotten why she had worn it. It had been Steve's orders, she realizes.

"Oh, yes, I guess I did." She doesn't know what to say. She fears what Steve will ask next. But she cannot leave. She must obey.

"Listen, Lisa, I'm really amazed that you wore that again for me. For the past few days your clothes went back to normal—so I thought I'd never see you like this again."

"Well, Steve, every once in a while I like to dress up a little."

"Every Wednesday, right?"

Was that an order or a joke? Lisa worried for a moment. But it must be a joke. He can't possibly know that she will obey...even his jokes. *Vulnerable*, Lisa thought. Vulnerable and alive.

"Lisa?"

Lisa realized she had stopped responding.

"Lisa? I was wondering if maybe you'd like to get some dinner with me tonight."

There it was. The standard date request. Dinner.

"I don't know, Steve. I'm your boss, technically, and..."

"No one has to know. Meet me at Chez Lou's at 7pm. I'll have a present for you."

That's how the date was made, Lisa remembers as she sits in her apartment, asking herself whether she will really make the date or not. She remembers that she was taken aback by his sudden confidence. Joan claimed she would find this attractive...and she did. Even though Steve was younger, and an employee... anyway, it didn't matter what she thought, because it was a skirt day, and on skirt days she would obey. It made her feel vulnerable, and alive, and she would not give it up. She would obey.

"I'll see you there," she had replied. And she intended to.

It was shortly before her weekly departmental meeting, later that day, that she realized how warm and squishy she again felt between her legs. Right before the meeting, she retreated to the ladies room, pulled down her pantyhose and then removed her panties. They were sopping wet. She had no desire to put them back on. She cleaned herself up as best she could, and pulled her pantyhose back up. They would offer enough decency, she thought.

But as she stood in front of her employees, she could feel that it was a little breezier under her skirt than normal. The warm cotton of her panties somehow offered more protection than the nylon of her pantyhose. Protection from what, she wondered?

Now she has to decide whether or not to put on a clean pair of panties for her date. Already she feels warm. She knows it is because of the danger. She knows that Steve's confidence is increasing, and she knows that she cannot stop obeying now. She knows that she will do what he says, and all she can do is hope that he will be a gentleman tonight. What if he isn't?

Needing a little more protection, she finds a pair of modest black panties in her drawer, puts them on, and heads for the restaurant.

Steve is waiting at a table for two. There is an open bottle of red wine. There is a small box, wrapped in shiny green paper. This must be the present he promised. He's trying too hard, she thinks. He doesn't need to give me a corny present. It is probably chocolate. Not that she didn't like chocolate. It just seemed too much like payment.

"You made it," he says, as she sits, briefly showing her nylon-clad legs as her green skirt rides up, but hiding them under the tablecloth immediately after.

"Steve," she says, "before this goes further..."

Steve pours her a glass of wine.

"Thank you. Now, before this goes further, you should know..."

"Lisa, I understand. I'm younger, an employee. This doesn't have to go any further than you let it."

I have to let it go, Lisa thought. I cannot let you let me feel safe. But what will people think?

"Let's just not let it get out of hand, okay?"

"Okay. Now, order. They always have good fish here."

By the end of the meal, the wine has left Lisa a bit tipsy. She eyes the green box. Mmmm...chocolate. Steve sees her looking at it, and hands it to her.

"For you," he says. "But don't open it now; open it when you get home."

"Awww," she replies, "I can't open it?" She weighs it in her hand. Too light for chocolate. What could it be?

"Open it later, when you get home. I really hope you like it."

"I'm sure I will," she says. And then she thinks... "when I get home." This means she will be going home. Steve will be a gentleman, tonight. Oh goodness, she thinks, I *am* attracted to him. Or am I attracted to the idea of doing everything he says?

She thanks him for the dinner, and he walks her home. Not so much as a good night kiss is offered as he says goodnight and leaves her, present in hand, to return to her bedroom.

What is in the box? She cannot wait to find out. She lies on the bed with the box and tears off the green wrapper, revealing a plain white cardboard box. She removes the lid, and unwraps the white tissue. It is a garment, black. She pulls it out, and holds it up.

It is a skirt. Black, pleated... and short. Maybe only an inch longer than the one she is wearing, but she is not sure. There are many pleats, and the skirt sways around as she holds it. It looks like it is even her size.

In the box, is a note:

*Lisa—*

*Please, please wear it tomorrow so that I know if it fits. Return it to me if it doesn't.*

*—Steve*

Lisa remembers her promise to herself: when I wear a skirt, I obey. She looks down at her green skirt, and then the note. If that little black skirt fits, then I will have to wear it tomorrow. And then tomorrow I will have to obey as well.

Anxiously, she removes her green skirt and pulls the black one over hips. It sits a little higher on her waist than the green one, but it has a little strap that she pulls tight and buttons. It fits perfectly.

And she was wrong. It is shorter, perhaps an inch shorter than the green one. And as she poses in the mirror, she twirls, and the skirt flies up. Those pleats aren't meant to keep it down, she thinks. And she believes she saw her panties! She twirls again, and there they are! She can't wear this to work! One overenthusiastic turn and her employees—and maybe her boss—will see her underwear! How can she?

But she knows she will. She must.

## 4 Intensification

Thursday morning. The black skirt lies on the bed. The pleats taunt her. This skirt is way too short. I will be exposed. Everyone will see how vulnerable I am.

Already she feels warm and moist between her legs. She remembers how uncomfortable her cotton panties felt. The pantyhose are enough by themselves—but the skirt leaves her so exposed! If someone does see under her skirt, she cannot let them see the shadow of her pubic hair under the nylon. She puts on black panties—any other color would be too visible, followed by the dark pantyhose. She looks in the mirror again, and cannot help but twirl. She must remember not to do that in public!

The breezes in the subway seem especially fierce this morning. She has to hold down the skirt with both hands, and still she can feel parts of it blowing up. She knows that the nylons are more transparent around the upper part of her thighs, where the material is more stretched. She knows someone else must be noticing that, too.

As she boards the subway car, she realizes that she stands in the same place as yesterday. A little less crowded, but still quite packed. She remembered her experience yesterday—that warm hand, so confidently massaging her legs, and wandering upwards. What if the same person sits in the same place? Would the same thing not happen?

She forces herself not to look at the seat, where the man must have been sitting. She turns the other way, puts one hand on her purse and the other on the metal bar above her head. Here I am, she thinks. Both hands are occupied. I cannot protect myself. I cannot see you. My skirt is even shorter, my legs are even more inviting. She stands and waits, hoping the hand will return. Maybe I'm too early, she thinks. After three stops, she can feel her pussy begging for the hand, any hand to rub her legs.

But no hand appears.

As she enters the office, she immediately sees Steve at his desk, watching the door. When he sees her, his face lights up with a smile. Lisa blushes. That's a knowing smile. He knows. He knows he has me. He knows... what I am. The thought thrills and terrifies her. The safety she thought she had from no one knowing was gone. But still there was a little: Steve seemed to be a gentleman. Of course, despite their date, she still knew very little about him. Fresh out of college, his resume did not say too much of relevance. What would he make her do? Would he leak the

secret?

Right before lunch, she was nervous. She had been since she first arrived and sat down. She had booted up her computer. An email awaited her:

L—

*Meet me for lunch, third table from the salad bar.*

—S

There was no “please.” It was clearly an order. She noted that her nylon-clad thighs were nearly completely exposed by the skirt. She would obey, of course. But she did not leave her cubicle that morning. She had some paperwork that she would normally give to Steve, but she did not feel she wanted to interact with him, at least not before lunch. She set it aside and decided to bring it to him later. She worked quietly at her desk, hiding her new skirt from the office, when another email arrived.

*Lisa:*

*Can we have a meeting in my office at 3 today? I'd like to discuss your recent progress.*

*Regards,  
Jim*

Jim was her boss. He had been watching her carefully recently, she hoped because a promotion was in the works. But did she have to meet him today? In this little pleated black skirt that flashed her panties whenever she moved?

She was nervous, but she would make her lunch date. She walks to the cafeteria carefully, her hands at her side to keep the skirt from flipping up. She can still feel it swaying behind her, accentuating the movement of her ass. (Was she wiggling it more than usual in this skirt?)

Steve is waiting for her at the bare wooden table. She pulls out a chair and sits across from him. She feels the cool wood through the nylon on the back of her thighs.

“I’m pleased it fits so well,” says Steve. “It looks great.”



"It's a little short for the office," says Lisa.

Steve smiles. "I think it's perfect."

Lisa has no response. Maybe he doesn't know. Maybe he thinks she's just being nice.

Steve pauses for a moment, studying Lisa's nervous face. "Now," says Steve, "I want you to go to the salad bar and make me a Caesar salad with croutons, shaved parmesan, and a little bit of cucumber. Also bring me a Coke. You may get some extra for yourself."

Lisa feels her mouth fall open. Her first instinct is to glare at him, put the acid in her voice and tell him to get his own salad. But she stops herself. If she does that, then she has not met her personal challenge. If she does that, she goes back to the old emptiness. If she is going to feel this way, she has to answer his question. She has to say yes, I will do what you say. You found me out.

She gets up, and prepares the salad and drink to his order. She realizes that she is paying for it as well—somehow this reminds her more directly that this is not just a simple favor. She brings the tray back to the table—as she holds it she feels the skirt flipping around, but she cannot hold it down.

After she puts the tray before him, he says, "One more thing. I accidentally dropped my napkin, and it floated over there." He points to the ground, where a napkin lies about 5 feet away. "Could you get it for me?"

She knows what he wants. He wants to see her bend over. He wants to see her panties poking out from behind the skirt. But he did not ask for it, so she faces him, and picks up the napkin by crouching down. More of her thighs are revealed, but she doesn't think he could see her panties. Still, he is smiling as she hands him the napkin.

"Thanks," he says.

Lisa is short on words. She steals a few bites of the salad she assembled. She is hungry, but she feels she needs to hide under the table as best she can. Steve seems to be scheming.

When Steve finishes, he says, "I'll let you get back to work. You probably have some paperwork for me, since you didn't see me this morning—feel free to deliver it at any time. I don't want anything that's happened to interfere in our work." With that Lisa returns to her desk.

At 3 o'clock Lisa heads to her boss's office, and knocks shyly on the door. "Come in."

Jim's office is large and elegant. His desk is a large glass table on black

marble legs. Art-deco lighting and several abstract paintings decorate the walls, and a large window looks over the city. Across from his desk is a cushioned arm chair, to which Jim beckons Lisa to sit.

As she sits, she notes that her tiny black pleated miniskirt rides up her thighs showing the full length of her nylon pantyhose. Lisa crosses her legs to make sure her panties are not showing, but she realizes that more of the side of her thigh is shown to Jim. She has no desk to hide behind. She is worried about the impression she is giving. But, she thinks, that fear is what I need. A new fear to face. Face it I will. I will obey no matter what.

Jim and Lisa discussed various business matters for nearly an hour. When the loose ends seemed to be tied, Jim paused, seeking words. Lisa fidgets with the hem of her skirt.

"You've been doing good work, Lisa," he says.

"Thanks." Where was this going?

"I want you to know that I've noticed your good work."

"Okay..."

"I guess what I want to say is that I have *also* noticed a change in your attire."

"Ah," she says, "If you ask it of me, I have no problem dressing more conservatively. It was actually my therapist who recommended . . ."

"Lisa, I would never ask that of you. In fact, what I really wanted to say was that I like your change in attire. You're showing a little more personality and that is increasing the morale of your subordinates. It's up to you, of course, but I think you should keep it up."

No, it isn't up to me. I would never wear such a revealing skirt if Steve hadn't made me.

"Well, I don't know if it's really me..."

"Lisa, you know the opening for assistant director of marketing is coming up."

"Yes sir."

"You know you should call me Jim. Anyway, you probably know that you are in strong consideration for the position."

"Thank you."

"If the rest of the board thinks like me," Jim says, hesitantly, "then your new state of dress ought not hinder your consideration."

What did that mean? Lisa gives a confused look. Jim clearly does not want to explain.

“Thanks Lisa. We’ll talk again soon,” and with that Jim waves her out of the office.

Lisa’s head is spinning. Could her short skirts prevent her from getting the promotion, if the board disagrees with Jim? Is that what he meant? Or did he mean that, in his opinion, the short skirts would help her get the promotion? She would not accept the latter—she had to make it to where she was going with hard work and intelligence. If the former, then if she does get the promotion, it means she gets it *despite* the short skirts. A woman, truly a woman, dressing as womanly as she chooses, rising to a position of respect. That sounds good to her, but she doesn’t know if she can do it. It sounds like a personal challenge, she thinks. “I can do this.”

Her nerves thus restored, she takes the paperwork that has been sitting on her desk to Steve.

“Steve, I need this done before you leave today.”

He smiles. “Of course. I’ll drop it on your desk before 5.”

Lisa’s confidence is restored, and she finds that she has a very productive afternoon. So much so that she finds she can leave early, and she greatly desires to get home to the privacy of her bed where she can take care of the arousal that has been taunting her all day. She turns off her computer at 4:30 and makes a quick trip to the bathroom. When she returns, the completed paperwork from Steve sits on her desk. On top of the pile is another box. A plain, white cardboard box with a thin, dark green ribbon around it. A small note says “L—Open it now. -S.”

Lisa feels her legs weaken. She knows that Steve knows her secret. She knows that the box must contain another order, probably another skirt. It can’t possibly be a shorter one, she thinks.

Nervously, she cuts the ribbon and slowly opens the box. It is, as suspected, a garment, black, beneath a white note. The note reads

*Lisa,*

*You looked beautiful today. Almost perfect.  
This will bring you closer to perfect. Please  
wear it with the same black skirt you wore  
today.*

—Steve.

She looks at the garment in the box. There’s something lacy, strappy, and something else underneath and she is not sure what it is. She doesn’t

want anyone else to see it here at the office, but she cannot tell unless she pulls it out of the box, so she does so. She holds it up, and her heart stops. It is a black, lacy garter belt, with nylon stockings underneath. She has never worn such a thing—what would it feel like? She quickly returns it to the box and closes it before anyone sees. “I will obey,” she reminds herself, and she rushes home in order to appease her throbbing arousal.

## 5 Underneath

Friday morning, as the hot water pours down her naked back, Lisa contemplates her situation. It’s not so bad, she thinks. So I attracted a man who likes to see me in sexy skirts and stockings. I can do that. It doesn’t change who I am. Very little has actually changed. Then she thinks of the four orgasms that she had the previous night, and realizes that she has to continue, no matter what. She has not felt this fulfilled in a very long time. Probably never, she thinks.

She begins to have doubts in her abilities to continue, after she puts on the stockings and clips them to the garter belt. The belt and lacy stocking tops frame her black panties, as if her pussy were a work of art on display. She imagines her co-workers seeing what she sees in the mirror. Their eyes would be instantly drawn to her womanhood. She imagines this, and it excites her, but it also scares her. She quickly reaches for her skirt to hide the sexy undergarments.

When she pulls the black skirt up, however, she realizes that she can’t do what Steve said. The lace of the stocking tops are not fully covered by the short, pleated black skirt, and when she twirls the skirt swishes up, revealing her white flesh above the stocking tops. She simply can’t wear this to work! It is too indecent!

She wonders whether to back out of the whole promise, but decides that she doesn’t want to be so easily defeated. She finds the green skirt in her closet instead. It’s a little longer, and as she pulls it on, she is happy to find that it covers the stocking tops, although just barely. Steve was probably not aware of how much the stocking tops would show in the black one, she says to herself. He’ll understand. She puts on a lacy white bra (her favorite) and a cream colored blouse, which she tucks into the skirt.

She rushes into the kitchen and microwaves some water for her morn-

ing ritual of instant coffee. I am such an addict, she thinks, as she pours the coffee into her thermal mug and rushes out the door.

As she steps outside, and locks the door, she immediately feels a cool wind on her naked upper thighs. The waving trees on the street tell her that it's a windier day than most. Her coffee in one hand allows her to only hold down one side of her skirt at once. As she walks to the subway, she can feel the wind blowing her skirt up, above the stocking tops. She can feel the eyes of the men on the street, hoping to catch another glimpse. She is embarrassed, and she rushes as quickly as she can into the subway.

Again she is running later than usual and again the subway car is completely full. And again, she finds herself standing in the same place, one hand on her purse and the other on the metal bar above her head. She can feel her breasts pressed against the man standing next to her; the car is packed like sardines. Just like the other day, she thinks. The other day when...

And then she feels it. At first she thinks she must be imagining it, but then she realizes it is back. The hand. It is gently stroking the smooth nylon of her inner left knee. She closes her eyes. Her heart speeds up. She will not look back. She will not move. Is it the same hand, she wonders? Does it matter?

At first, the hand just strokes the soft nylon at her knees and lower thighs. It feels delightful, but then she remembers that she is not wearing pantyhose today. The hand is sure to wander upwards, where it will find her bare inner thighs! Her instinct is to shut her legs to stop it, but she does not. Vulnerability—that is the point, she reminds herself. But she realizes as she considers her options that her panties have become very, very wet. Surely the hand will discover this!

The hand begins its upward journey and Lisa's heart beats even faster. She can feel it at the hem of her skirt. She can feel it stroking the inside of her thigh. It strokes higher, inching its way, until it finds the warm, exposed flesh above the stocking. The hand is now completely under her skirt, feeling that tender expanse of flesh between her stockings and her panties. Lisa cannot help but moan, it feels so good to be touched there, in that sensitive area, on a crowded subway train. The hand then cups her panties and caresses her sex through her panties. She feels her own wetness—and knows that whoever is so boldly touching her knows she is enjoying it.

She is nearing orgasm and she wonders whether she can go through

with it here on the subway train. Nervous that people are watching, maybe even someone she knows, she tries to hold back. The hand continues its caresses, and she is not sure she can stand it any more. She feels she will have to come at any moment. She decides she has to... she wants to. She presses her crotch against the hand, hoping for a firmer touch. The hand complies; it finds her clitoris through the cotton panties and applies pressure. It feels so good!

But the orgasm, so close to happening, is prevented by the train reaching the station and the subway car clearing out. Lisa is on edge—she needs that orgasm! She looks around for a public restroom and the only one in the station is locked. “Out of Service,” reads the sign.

Late, she rushes to her office building. The elevator is crowded, and she wonders if any of the men standing inches away from her know about the sexy stockings beneath her skirt. Did any of these men see my stockings in the wind outside? Do any of them now how aroused I am right now?

When she reaches her floor, she walks immediately towards the restroom. She needs to satisfy her arousal; she doesn't care if another woman hears. But as she rushes to the bathroom she is stopped by Steve.

“Lisa!”

“Oh, hi Steve.”

“Come into my cubicle.” He is stern. Lisa remembers that she disobeyed slightly by wearing the slightly longer green skirt.

Lisa enters his cubicle and stands by his desk. He is seated in his office chair. Suddenly, she feels his hand on her thigh. It reminds her of her experience on the subway, and she is flushed with excitement. Again, she feels the hand caress her and move upwards, past the top of her stockings. But this time, it is Steve, and he is looking at her face. His hands touch the bare skin above the stockings and Lisa realizes that if he feels her panties, he will discover that they are sopping wet with desire. How embarrassing, she thinks! He will know how much this turns me on! He will know how much I need to come!

But the hand stops and leaves her skirt.

“I'm so glad you wore them,” Steve says. “Why not with the skirt I bought you, though?”

“It was too short,” Lisa says, “The stockings showed.”

“Ah,” says Steve. “We can't have that.” He smiles, and Lisa feels relief. She did not know what she would do if he did not approve.

“But,” says Steve, “I think we both know that I asked you to do something and you didn’t, and I’ll bet you agree that some sort of punishment is in order.” Lisa’s jaw almost drops to the floor. Punishment? Her instinct was to slap him. But why were her panties so warm and moist?

“Your punishment, Lisa,” he says, “is going to be a little uncomfortable. Take this.” He hands her a bottle of water. “Drink this down before lunch. You are not to use the bathroom without my permission.”

Lisa doesn’t understand. Without his permission? Is she back in grade school? “Um, okay, well, I need to use the bathroom now. May I?” she asked.

“No. Now get to work.”

Lisa ambles back to her desk, aroused, confused, and uncertain about the future.

## 6 Cheryl

When she visits Joan later that afternoon, Lisa has trouble remembering exactly what happened earlier that day, after Steve sent her back to her desk. She does remember that Steve’s order not to use the bathroom heightened her urge to do just that, and her willingness to obey the order provided a continuation of the arousal that had been increasing in her all morning. After she got back to her desk, Lisa found it extremely difficult to work. She continued to be extremely horny for hours—all she could think about was that hand on the subway, feeling her wetness through her panties. That hand had felt so warm against her bare thighs. But more than that—had anyone been watching her? She could not even remember, even though it had only happened a few hours before. Someone must have noticed, she thought. She had probably moaned. She had probably been writhing. She had a picture of herself in the subway, flushed with excitement, humping the hand of some unshaven homeless pervert, trying to cum while mothers hid the eyes of their children on the train. Was I that bad? Her memories were already blurred by the pressure and the insistent itch of her crotch.

Add to this the fact that she really, really needed to pee. Her morning coffee and half a bottle of water were pressing her bladder, but she was afraid to ask Steve’s permission to use the bathroom. And she needed his permission, she remembers, because the day was, like the day before, and





the day before that, a skirt day.

She tried her best to ignore her bladder and her morning's adventures and get some work done. As soon as she started typing her weekly report, however, her thoughts wandered and her right hand perpetually drifted to her lap. How easy it was to sneak that hand under her skirt. How nice that there was nothing but those thin cotton panties between her hand and the source of her pleasure. She tried to type with one hand as her other hand stroked herself beneath her short green skirt.

Suddenly, "Lisa, can I get a copy of the Roberts report from you?" It was Cheryl. She poked her head into Lisa's open cubicle. Lisa looked down and realized her skirt was resting far above the tops of her stockings and her hand was... oh my god, did Cheryl see?

"Um, of course, hold on a moment," said Lisa, as she straightened her skirt as if she had only been innocently scratching her knee. She dug to the bottom of a stack of folders on her desk and found the report. Cheryl stood at the cubicle door, silent. Lisa handed her the report, looking into her eyes to see if there was any response. Cheryl was silent and stoic. She took the report, smiled, and then abruptly walked away.

I have *got* to get my own office soon, Lisa thought. She has some 10 employees—does that not warrant her an office? But then she thought: why do I need my own office? So I can masturbate while I'm supposed to be working? She sat in contemplative stillness for probably twenty minutes. Did Cheryl see? What did she think?

Finally she snapped out of it. Oh my god, she thought, I so need some privacy, a splash of water, and a pee!

She stood up and pulled her skirt down as far as it would go, which was not very far, she thought. She marched to Steve's cubicle.

"Steve, may I *please* use the restroom now?"

"Did you drink the bottle of water I gave you?"

"I drank half of it. If I have any more I'll burst. Please Steve."

"Stand a little closer."

Lisa approached Steve, who remained seated in his cubicle chair. She is quite tall and his chair was low, putting his face at the level of her crotch. His hand reached for her thigh, which he gently stroked.

"Why do you want to use the restroom now? I was going to play a little game with you at lunch. All part of your punishment, remember?"

Lisa shuddered at the feeling of Steve's hand on her thigh. It was different from the subway hand; that hand was much firmer, and its anonymity

made it seem larger. Steve's hand was gentle, almost a tickle—and she needed more than a tickle. She looked at Steve's face; at his large, childish grin, and wondered what she really felt about this man. He is assertive, but...

"Steve, I need to pee. Okay? You said not to go without your permission, but I have to go, *now*." Steve's hand had now gone under her skirt, where his fingernail was gently tickling her bare thigh. He tickled her for a few seconds, as Lisa waited for a reply, her distraction mounting.

"Okay, boss," said Steve, "...but we'll play a little game right now instead of later." He removed his hand from her skirt and folded his arms. "That's a nice blouse you're wearing," he said.

Lisa looked down at her blouse. With the garter and skirt, she had barely given any thought to her shirt that morning, choosing a simple cream cotton blouse.

Steve turned away from Lisa and jotted something down on a piece of paper, which he then folded twice.

"Here's the game: on this page is a number," said Steve. "It is the number of buttons of your blouse you will have to unbutton in order to use the bathroom now. If you want to use the bathroom, you have to tell me a number of buttons. If it is smaller than the number on this page, then you may *not* use the bathroom; rather you will have to wait until after lunch. If it is equal to or larger than this number, then you have to unbutton the number of buttons that *you* say. And the buttons will stay unbuttoned all day long."

Lisa was confused at first, but then she thought about what number to guess. She couldn't guess too low; she *had* to get into the bathroom NOW. She had to guess Steve's number. She looked down at her blouse. Five buttons showed above her skirt. He wouldn't ask for all five—that would not pass in the office. Neither would four. Three might, *might* just barely pass for decent. That's probably his number.

"Three," said Lisa.

"Well, then," said Steve, his grin wider still, "unbutton three buttons."

Lisa did it, she guessed right! She unbuttoned the buttons; the first was one she might have unbuttoned on her own when it got too hot. The second showed a bit of cleavage. The third showed the middle of her lacy white bra. The thought of her office mates seeing her underwear unnerved her. I have to leave these open all day?

"Now," continued Steve, "you may use the restroom, but only to pee,

since, as you said, that's the reason you needed to go. You may do nothing else. That's an order."

Steve handed her the piece of paper and turned back to his computer.

Lisa walked down the hall towards the restroom. As she walked, her blouse strayed open, showing large amounts of her upper chest. She hoped no one would see her in this state of dress. She felt so exposed—her legs were on display, her thighs were naked under her short skirt, her white lacy bra was visible to all—and her pussy felt like a river with a leaky dam about to burst.

But 10 feet from the bathroom, her boss Jim turned the corner and spotted her. "Hi, Lisa," he said as he passed, an obvious smirk on his face. Lisa rushed into the bathroom.

Finally in the privacy of a stall, she lifted her skirt and pulled her panties down to her stocking tops. (That was easier than usual, she thinks.) The relief of emptying her over-full bladder filled her with pleasure, and she almost orgasmed from it. Almost. As she sat on the stall, feeling relieved, she noted she was still holding a piece of paper. What's this? She unfolded it. Scrawled in pencil was a single large number: "1."

Oh, she thought. She looked down at her chest, at her C-cup breasts behind the lace of her bra. She could have guessed 2. Or even 1. And then she would not have had to have her bra on display. She must have been confused by the game. It was that hand at the subway, she thought. It left me so confused. She again started stroking herself, as she sat on the toilet. But I must not do that, she thought. Steve ordered me not to.

She cleaned up as best she could—finding herself and her panties extremely wet—and exited the stall. Then she saw something that gave her pause.

There, in the large mirror above the sinks, she saw a 26 year old blonde woman, whose blouse was open to her bra, whose skirt was 4 inches too short, and one of whose stockings had fallen so low that the start of the lacy stocking top was visible beneath the skirt's hem. Her cheeks were red, her breathing was heavy, and as she looked she could see that the woman's right hand was sneaking under her skirt, stroking her pussy through her wet panties. That woman in the mirror is going to go back out to the office, looking just that, she thought. Everyone will know that she desires sex. They will see it in her exposed cleavage, in the glimpses of bare thigh above her stockings. They will smell it in her pussy which gushes all day, feeling no relief. And anything they ask, she thought, anything, she will

do. That woman in the mirror—that’s a *slut*. Look at how lustfully she is rubbing her panties. But she won’t let herself orgasm, because Steve told her not to. Yes, a slut. She thought of saying the word out loud. It is what Steve wants, isn’t it? She said it. “Slut.” Her stroking intensified. “*Slut.*” She knew Steve ordered her not to masturbate, but it felt so good. So very, very good. Her entire body was warm and sensitive with pleasure. “Sssslut” she gasped, as she felt the orgasm, the biggest one ever, she thought. Her fingers were inside her panties, her skirt pulled obscenely to her waist, and the pleasure overwhelmed her. She felt the orgasm hit her, and hit her hard. Her eyes closed as the waves of sexual release began to surge through every part of her body.

But just then, the door opened. Cheryl walked in, and without another word walked right back out. Lisa was shocked by the intrusion; her orgasm was cut short and she tried to quickly straighten herself up, but she knew it is too late. “She definitely saw this time,” Lisa said to the slut in the mirror, as she felt the pleasure start to fade away.

## 7 The First Relapse

This has gone too far, Lisa decided. She buttoned up her shirt, including even the collar button, which she would usually leave undone, to make a point. She pulled her stockings up and assured that the tops are well hidden by her skirt. She splashed some cold water on her face. She had disobeyed, but it is for the better, she thought. She couldn’t go into the office looking like... that. She could not let her employee give her orders. This had all gotten quite ridiculous.

Satisfied that she looked as professional as she could in her cream blouse and miniskirt, she left the restroom and immediately went to Steve’s desk.

“Steve,” she said. She saw his eyes scan her shirt, buttoned to the top. “I need you to put the final touches on my weekly progress report. I’m going to take a long lunch and then I have my usual afternoon appointment. I don’t think I will return today after that. I’ll see you Monday morning.”

“Uhh, okay, boss,” said Steve, with obvious disappointment in his face.

Feeling back in control, Lisa walked back to her cubicle, emailed Steve the documents he needed, packed up her handbag, and walked out of the office, down the elevator, into the street, into the subway, making eye

contact with no one. She went straight home, laid in her bed, and stared at the ceiling for the better part of an hour.

She meets Joan that afternoon, after changing into some old, comfy jeans and a baggy sweatshirt. Joan's office looks a little like a library; three of its walls are covered in bookshelves, mostly filled with books and journals, with the occasional piece of sculpture or framed free-standing photograph. Two armchairs face each other in the middle of the room. Sitting in one is Joan, who wears a dark blue skirt-suit with bare legs. She is gazing through her bifocals at Lisa, who sits silently in the other chair, thinking about her day while reading the titles of the books. *Modern Psychology. Games People Play. "The Problem of Sex.*

"Lisa?" Joan's tone is gentle.

"I don't want to talk about it," says Lisa.

"Isn't talking about it what you pay me for?" jokes Joan. "Well, talk about something. Don't be childish."

"Childish? I am *not* being childish. Fine. I'll tell you."

Joan waits.

"Okay. Ever since your little 'dare' I've been following the orders of this employee of mine."

"And?"

"And today I found myself in a public bathroom, half-naked, ready to prance around my office like a... a... like someone not as professional as I am and should be, all because of..."

"Why were you half naked?"

"Well, it was a skirt day. Like you said. I was wearing a skirt and opening myself up. Big mistake."

"Why a mistake? You seemed to enjoy the feeling last week."

"But it got out of hand."

"How exactly?"

"Well, the skirt was so short—it only fell this high on my thighs." Lisa gestured with her hand how long the skirt had been.

"Well, that's about where my skirt is sitting," says Joan, pointing out her own hemline. "That still passes as professional in this decade."

"Well, it's not only that; my shirt was undone."

"All the way?"

"Well, three buttons, but..."

"Lisa, that seems a little more revealing than usual for you, but it's actually quite trendy these days to wear a blouse half un-buttoned. I still

don't see why this is 'out-of-hand.'"

"Well, I was in the bathroom, looking at myself in the mirror, and my co-worker, Cheryl saw me."

"So you were in the privacy of a woman's bathroom, and a coworker saw you in a skirt as short as mine and with three buttons of your shirt undone. And this is out of hand why?"

"I looked like... a slut." Lisa blushed as she said the word.

"Lisa, I doubt it. You looked a little sexier than usual, for sure, but a slut? This is the problem, Lisa. You are too hard on yourself."

"Well, my employee, the one who was giving me orders, made me get his permission to use the bathroom."

"And you obviously got it, since you were in the bathroom."

"Well, that's why my shirt was unbuttoned. To get permission."

Joan waited for more, but Lisa fell silent again.

"Lisa, last week you told me that not backing out of these little orders was the point—that it made you feel better. And now? Is there something you're not telling me?"

"No, but..." Lisa rolls her eyes and starts reading the titles on another bookshelf. *Fear of Flying. My Secret Garden.*

"Lisa," says Joan, leaning forward, "I think we need to find out where all this... repression comes from. You've told me that your father left you when you were, what, twelve?"

"Yes."

"Lisa, did he ever... touch you in a way that he shouldn't have?"

"Oh my god no!" Lisa exclaims. "No! If anything he didn't touch me enough. He mostly ignored me, except to scold me for staining his precious furniture. No! How could you ask such a thing?!"

"I'm sorry, Lisa," says Joan, "modern psychology is a quagmire of inappropriate presumptions. Let's focus on the present. When was the last time you had sex?"

Lisa is silent.

"I'm guessing it's been a while. A year, maybe?"

Lisa blushes.

"More than a year?"

"Not since college," she says, reluctantly. "I've been busy, and guys have been so... well, I've been busy."

"I see. Have you been masturbating regularly?"

Lisa's blush intensifies. "I don't want to...do we have to talk about this?"

Joan pauses, contemplates, and then asks "Lisa, were you masturbating in that bathroom today?"

Lisa's hands fidget.

"Well, were you?"

"Okay, yes. Yes I was. I was masturbating in a public bathroom. Are you happy now? And I'm mad at my employee because he told me I couldn't but it's not the sort of thing you can stop, you know?"

Joan allows a brief pause, and continues. "Lisa, I think I see what happened today. Masturbation is a natural, innocent activity, but you don't see it that way. This is why you thought you were slutty. It's not because of your flirtatious games with Steve."

Lisa shoots back: "How did you know his name is Steve? I never mentioned him by name!"

"You said his name last week!"

"I did not! You know him, don't you? Oh my god, you told him I was going to follow his orders! That's how he knew! That's why he was so confident! You knew all along!"

"Hold on, Lisa, hold on. I don't know Steve. Heck, I don't even know what company you work at, or even what exactly you do. I only know his name because you said it last week."

"I didn't!"

"You did!"

Another silence pervades the room. Joan says calmly, "Lisa, you are very untrusting right now. You are defensive, suspicious...and it's all because you were caught masturbating."

"I'm sorry, you're probably right."

"Look, I am right. Now, let me ask you—are you going to keep going with this skirt dare, or are you going to back out because of this coworker who caught you at a moment of being a normal woman?"

"Oh, Joan, you're right, I've been silly. I shouldn't give up so easily, should I?"

"Here is what I would recommend. Are you listening?"

"I'm listening."

"Okay: a new rule, for when you are wearing a skirt. You may only masturbate with someone's permission. You have my number—you can call me up if you want. Or call up a trusted friend. Or ask Steve. But

if someone else tells you it's okay to masturbate, then you won't feel so guilty about it. Do you understand?"

"I do."

"Do you think you can do it?"

"What if I really, really need relief?"

Joan smiles. "Then you'll really, really need permission."

"Okay Joan," Lisa says. "I'll try again."

That weekend, Lisa went shopping and bought a new skirt. It was a little more conservative—dark brown, straight cut, and almost knee length. A long slit up the back made it somewhat sexy, though, she thought. Professional but sexy: that's what I'll be. And no matter what, it was still a skirt, and she would still follow the skirt day rules. She looked forward to it. She felt worried and lonesome all of Saturday and Sunday, and found that she missed the feeling that she was "following orders." She did like Steve, and although it was awkward to have to be his boss and follow his rules at the same time, it seemed more awkward to ignore the warm feeling his knowing gaze could give her.

On Sunday night as she drifted to sleep, she made a resolution: on Monday, I will go to Steve. I will wear my new skirt and the stockings he gifted me. I will pull him out of the office and go someplace private—the park adjoining the office complex—and I will apologize. I will tell him that I will do whatever I can to make it up to him for not obeying his orders.

She wondered what he would do. The thought made her pussy moisten, for the first time since her episode in the bathroom, but she was too tired to do anything but drift into a deep but anxious sleep.

## 8 Lisa's Dream

That night Lisa had a dream. In her dream she was in high school again. She saw herself walking down her crowded high school hallway, wearing her green skirt—this was before it was shortened, knee length. Of course, she didn't have that skirt in high school; indeed, when she was in high school, she wore jeans all the time, just as all the other girls and boys did in real life and in this dream. But Lisa was definitely wearing a knee length green skirt. Conservative, calm, she is stopped by a boy she had dated. Brad.



In her dream, Lisa knows that her skirt is very, very strange. It's length ...changes. It changes when she is aroused. The more aroused she gets, the shorter the skirt gets. As Lisa stands by her locker, chatting with Brad, she is aware of her girlfriends looking at her from across the hall. They see her finger playing with her hair as she chats with Brad, about homework, about the dance coming up, about television. And they giggle as they see her skirt shrink. They know why it's shrinking! Lisa hears them giggle and looks down: half her thighs are now visible. Her legs are naked—she is the only student not wearing jeans, showing off her 15-year-old thighs. They are soft and fair skinned and they seem to glow, and Brad can see them too. Lisa is blushing, and with each blush the skirt goes higher, because she is aroused at the thought of Brad seeing her legs. She cannot make the skirt stop shrinking, so she keeps talking to Brad as if nothing is wrong. Soon her butt cheeks will be poking out, and the giggling will intensify.

Somehow, she finds herself in French class—and now she is wearing a cheerleader's uniform. When she will wake up later, she will find the memory of this strange, since there were no cheerleaders at her high school, and she certainly has never donned a cheerleader's uniform in her life. But it doesn't seem strange in her dream. It seems like she was supposed to be wearing it, because the big game was that day, and all the football players need to have their spirits lifted. So she is wearing the uniform, for the football players, who grunt at each other and drool as they ogle her bare legs. Her white and red sweater is tight, showing off the shape of her perky teenage breasts. Her blonde hair is pulled back into two little pigtails—has she ever worn her hair that way? And of course her skirt barely covers her legs. If her green skirt shortened as much as it did earlier, what will become of this very open garment? And she is still aroused, and it does make the skirt get shorter, and shorter. The desks in the room are arranged in a big circle; the middle of the room is empty, and she can feel all the boys and girls in the class, all wearing blue jeans and tee-shirts, looking at her exposed legs. She needs to stop her skirt from getting shorter, or else it will vanish entirely. She has to stop her arousal.

She opens her legs, and hears a gasp from the boys across the room. Her hand slips between her thighs, to her extremely wet, bright red cheerleader panties. When she touches them, they completely melt and drip down her leg, making a little puddle on the floor by her feet.

At the thought of wearing such a short, shrinking skirt with no panties at all, her arousal doubles, and the length of her skirt shrinks correspond-

ingly. She must stop it! She must get relief! She starts stroking herself, rubbing her wet clit, as the boys and girls all watch with open mouths. The humiliation is overwhelming, but oh the pleasure!

As her climax nears, her French teacher, Monsieur Brideaux, slaps a ruler on the desk,

"Excusez-moi Mademoiselle!" he shouts. But she cannot stop. He opens his mouth to speak again and says: "Beeeeeeep"

It is Lisa's alarm clock. She wants to return to her dream. What was her teacher going to say? She wants the orgasm—she needs to stop her skirt from disappearing! She slams on the snooze button and falls quickly back asleep.

She is dreaming again, but she is no longer in French class. She's at the mall, where all the kids are hanging out. And she's wearing her green skirt again, but this time she is wearing her new stockings and garter. And she hears her friends start to giggle again. Brad is there, looking at video game posters in a store window. She is trying to get his attention, "Brad? Brad? Do you want to fuck me? Brad?" But he is paying no attention. As her friends' giggling gets louder, she realizes she is still aroused. She never got her orgasm in French class! The alarm clock had prevented it. So her skirt is still shrinking! "Brad! I need you to fuck me now!" But Brad has started playing a demo of some game. Her skirt is still rising. It is now at the top of her stockings. "Please, Brad! Hurry!!!"

"Hey Lisa," calls Samantha, one of the girls, "nice stockings!" Her skirt is now two inches above her stocking tops, and she cannot pull it back down. There is simply not enough material any more. She tries to look nonchalant as her friends giggle, but she knows everyone can see her naked thighs above her stockings. Soon, her short skirt will expose her bare pussy. The skirt rises higher. "Brad! Fuck me now!!!"

Brad turns to her, annoyed, and says "Beeeeeeep."

Oh dammit, Lisa says. She looks at her alarm clock. She is going to be late for work.

This is not the first time she has woken up from an erotic dream with her right hand on her crotch, so wet her pajama pants are soaked through leaving a small puddle on the sheets. No, it happened one month ago. And probably a month before that. This is the time of the month when Lisa is at her horniest.

Of course, she remembers that last month she had no men in her life, nothing sexual in her agenda, and so she lay in bed for nearly an hour

fingering herself to multiple orgasms. As she arrived at work, late and exhausted, she rationalized her guilt and emptiness in a language of hormones and biological necessity.

This month was different though. This month—this Monday of this month—Lisa had an agenda for feeling better. Yes. She was going to don a new skirt, Steve's stockings, a sexy top, and she was going to march right up to Steve, fresh and on time, and apologize for not following his orders on Friday. She would make it clear that she was still... available. For she would be, she drilled to herself: she will do what he asks; heck, what *anyone* asks, and she will not selfishly amuse herself, no. This time, she will not masturbate without permission.

Her morning shower almost made her late again. She could not get her mind off her dream. Brad had never fucked her—neither in her dream nor in real life. Her college boyfriend, Eric; he was the first, and as she recalls, the last, since she decided since then that her own hand did better work than the only cock she ever felt. But she had a feeling that Steve would be different; and he is clearly interested. Lisa realizes as she has these thoughts that she is again stroking herself under the spray of warm water. She snaps back into focus and turns the water off. I must be fresh for Steve, she thinks.

A little wet from the shower, legs freshly shaved, she examines her nude body in her mirror. Her skin is fair—almost pale, but very smooth and unblemished. She notices that her nipples are hard from her arousal. She picks out a bra—as she did last week, she chooses a white, lacy bra that adds a little lift and covers her pointy nipples well. She picks out panties: white, simple, functional. She then puts on her new garter belt and the stockings Steve gave her, rolling them very carefully up her legs. She looks at herself again in just her underwear; she looks sexy, but still herself, she thinks. Yes. This is me—the new me.

Her spirits brighten when she pulls her new skirt out of the closet. To think, before a week ago she did not own a single skirt; only two formal dresses. But now she has a skirt that she bought just for today, her third, and the excitement builds in her as she considers what it means. This is a skirt. When I wear it, I am making myself vulnerable. Sexually vulnerable. And at least one man knows it, and today I am going to remind him. Suddenly, an image comes to her mind of Steve with no pants and a large, erect penis, nearly ready to plunge into her own very wet slit. She smiles as she pulls up her skirt. She needs this.

This morning she pays more attention to her shirt than she usually does, trying on several before choosing a thin, pale blue sweater. It is sufficiently tight that the shape of her breasts is very clear, and it shows off how thin her waist is. It is a little short, and the skirt is a little low on her hips, revealing about an inch of flesh at her waist when her arms are raised, or behind her. Perfect, she thinks. She notes how the outfit shows off the curve of her hips and the fullness of her breasts. She has never felt this sexy—this attractive—in her entire life, and as she drinks a quick mug of coffee, eats a cold bagel, slips on her work shoes, and runs out the door, she thanks Joan again for allowing her to look forward to her day.

## 9 A New Skirt

The subway is a little more empty today, as she is running about thirty minutes late. Still, part of her hopes that the hand—her hand—will somehow find her again today. She knows the slit in the back of her new brown skirt should make it easy for the hand to find its way to her bare thighs again. As she stands in her usual place on the train, she feels a scratching at her nylon-covered leg.

“Oh!” She involuntarily releases a small moan at the feeling, knowing how good the hand will feel when it starts to rub her.

“Excuse me,” mutters the businessman behind her. She turns to look and sees that the scratching was the corner of his notepad sticking out of the top of his bag on the floor of the train. There is no hand.

And in fact, Lisa looks more carefully and sees that this businessman’s notepad snagged her stockings enough to cause a small run. “Dammit!” she says, and then she stares at the businessman, “Watch it, buddy!”

“I’m sorry,” says the man, but then the train stops and he rushes out.

As Lisa walks to her office, the run in her stockings keeps on running, and by the time she reaches her cubicle she declares them a lost cause. As her computer boots, she walks to the bathroom, enters a stall, and takes off her skirt. She pulls the stockings off her legs and removes the garter belt. Dammit, she thinks, I wanted to wear these for Steve when I apologized to him. I hope he understands.

Maybe, it occurs to her as she walks back to her cubicle, stockings balled up in her right hand, legs bare, maybe he’ll do something to punish me again. The thought wakes up her sex drive again; she feels that

spark of arousal and decides that she cannot wait to apologize to Steve. She changes course and walks directly to his cubicle.

It's empty. Maybe he's late, or getting coffee.

She walks back to her own cubicle and stuffs her stockings and garters into her handbag. She opens up her email program, and a variety of messages arrive. Most are business related, but two are personal. The first reads

*Lisa—*

*I'm taking a sick day today. Sudden cold. I should be back tomorrow.*

*—Steve*

Damn, she thinks. There goes her plan. The second email reads

*Dear Lisa,*

*I think we should talk about what happened on Friday, so that things don't get weird between us. Maybe we can meet for coffee this morning?*

*Best,  
Cheryl*

Oh great. Lisa sinks into her chair and says aloud, "I hate Mondays."

At about 11, Cheryl pokes her head into Lisa's cubicle and asks, "Is now a good time to talk?"

Lisa, who had never bothered to reply to Cheryl's email, hesitates, but then replies "Okay, Cheryl. Let's see if there's a conference room free."

Situated behind the (mostly) sound proof glass of conference room #2, Cheryl and Lisa sit in silence at first, following a short conversation about how warm the weather is becoming. Lisa looks at her bare thighs, slightly exposed by her new brown skirt, and tries to remember the joyous anticipation she felt this morning at the thought of giving herself to Steve. A meeting with Cheryl to talk about an obviously mutual embarrassment was *not* in her plan today.

Finally, Cheryl speaks up: "So, on Friday, after seeing what I saw, at first I didn't think I should say anything, because what you do is your own

business, but then I thought about the fact that I do need to work with you, and we have to work in an environment in which we feel comfortable, and I think maybe you should keep up the professional environment that all the rest of us do, so that, you know..."

Cheryl pauses for a moment. Lisa is speechless.

Cheryl has short red hair. She is slightly short and plump, but only slightly. She is wearing beige slacks, tight black blouse, and three-inch heels. A little bit of makeup makes her face seem girlish; Lisa guesses, however, that Cheryl is about 5 years her elder. Lisa remains silent as Cheryl catches her breath and starts again.

"That came out wrong. Look, Lisa, if you think about it, what you do in the public places of this office do affect those around you, like me. I have to admit I was a little annoyed at how you were so blatantly flirting with Steve...and the way you so coldly rejected him, after all that. You need to be a little nicer to him, but most importantly you need to take this behavior out of the office."

"Wait a second," says Lisa, "I never 'rejected' Steve. I don't think you understand."

"Lisa, as I see it, you made Steve think you were interested in him; I saw you chatting with him at your cubicles and at lunch. I saw how you were dressing for him, with those short little skirts and your breasts hanging out of your blouse. And then on Friday you clearly revealed, to me at least, that you were only doing it for self amusement, as evidenced by your...displays at your desk and in the restroom. And everyone saw how curt you were with Steve right before you stormed out of the building, not returning. Jeez. Steve must have been devastated. It's no wonder he didn't come in today."

"No, wait, Cheryl, you have it all wrong."

"Do I? Well, feel free to correct me, then."

Lisa begins: "well, I was. . ." and then she pauses. How can she explain this? How can she tell Cheryl about her skirt days, and what they meant to her? And if she does tell her, then Cheryl will know her secret; she will know her vulnerability. The thought of this again causes a stirring below Lisa's waist. She crosses her legs, and her rising skirt reminds her of her dream. I have to tell Cheryl the truth, she thinks, as she feels her courage waning and her panties moistening.

"Okay, here it is," she begins. "I was wearing those skirts because Steve told me to. See, I have this rule that whenever I wear a skirt, I have to

obey, so Steve was telling me stuff to do. He bought me the skirt I wore on Thursday, and the stockings I wore on Friday, and he made me wear them to work, even though I thought they were too revealing. And on Friday, he made me unbutton my blouse before using the bathroom. That's why I was dressed like that. And on Friday I rushed out because I started to find the whole situation a little too embarrassing, after you saw me, you know, touching myself. So that's why I left."

Cheryl looks confused. "I'm sorry—why are you doing whatever Steve says?"

"It's because it's a skirt day. It's because I'm wearing a skirt. That's all. It's because I want to, really."

Cheryl nods her head. "I think I get it. This is about the position that's opening up. The assistant director position. And the empty office. I've seen the way Jim has been looking at you, and I heard him talking about you at lunch. You're probably flirting with Jim to get the position, and playing your little games with Steve in order to get a good employee recommendation from him."

"No, Cheryl. I wouldn't do that. I would not use my body to get ahead."

"I didn't think you would either, but how else can I understand this sudden change in your behavior?"

"It's very simple, really, Cheryl. I just wanted to feel...vulnerable, so I decided that I would wear a skirt and be vulnerable, and Steve took advantage. It's no more complicated than that. It's not about the position. Really."

Cheryl eyed Lisa suspiciously. "If it's that simple, then you should be doing what I tell you to do, too, right?"

"Well, sure, I guess. I mean, within reason. I'm not going to give you all my money or anything, or take out your garbage, but if you want me to rub your shoulders or something...it is *not* about the position!"

"Lisa, stand up." Cheryl spoke with conviction, but watched Lisa's response inquisitively. This is it, thinks Lisa. My test. She stands up.

"Close the blinds." A little nervous, Lisa closes the vertical blinds separating the conference room from the rest of the office. The windows of the other wall remain open, offering a view of the city from the 23rd floor.

"If that skirt means only what you say it does, then take off your sweater." Lisa feels a warmth in her crotch at the command. She looks into Cheryl's blue eyes as she pulls her sweater over her head, revealing her lacy white

bra.

"The bra too," adds Cheryl. Lisa blushes, and unhooks the bra from behind. She puts it on top of her sweater on the conference table.

Cheryl sits back in her chair and looks at Lisa's breasts. "Very nice," says Cheryl, "but not as nice as mine. You skinny girls have your draw-backs." Lisa says nothing. "Okay, you can put the sweater back on now."

Lisa reaches for her bra. "Leave that with me," says Cheryl. "I want to see those little nipples pointing through your sweater all day. If they soften up, give them a little pinch to wake them up."

Lisa pulls the tight sweater over the breasts and indeed sees her hard nipples clearly through the thin cotton.

"I guess I'm going to believe you," says Cheryl, "but I'm not too sure what to think. I'll get back to you." Cheryl takes Lisa's bra and stands up. "I'll be checking on your nipples from time to time, to see if you're really into this or if you're just making up a story."

As Cheryl starts to leave, Lisa stops her, and before she has a chance to think about it, blurts out, "Wait, Cheryl, there's one more thing. You see, when I wear this skirt, I also need permission to, you know, masturbate. I was going to ask Steve, but he's out, and maybe he's mad at me, and I don't want anyone else to know, and it's that time of the month when I'm really horny, and so I wonder if you would just give me permission." Lisa closes her eyes in embarrassment. I can't believe I just said that.

Cheryl smiles. "We'll see," she says, as she walks out.

Lisa looks at her nipples again, still hard and very visible. Right now, her urge to find a bathroom stall and pleasure herself seems overwhelming, but she knows she cannot. She straightens her skirt, summons her courage, and walks back into the office.

## 10 A Little Help

Throughout that day, Lisa felt the eyes of the office on her nipples, and did not find that she needed to, as Cheryl put it, "give them a little pinch to wake them up." No, they were quite awake on their own, as well as the rest of her body.

At about 3:15pm, she found herself in the bathroom. Sitting in the stall, her panties and skirt at her knees, she noticed that her finger was teasing her clit. She pulled it away, but the pleasure she so desperately needed



drew it back. The conversation she had with Joan about getting permission seemed to make sense at the time—and isn't that why Friday had gone so awry? But she had barely managed to get any work done at all that day, thinking only about her naked legs, about her pointy nipples under her blue sweater, about Steve tickling her thighs, and about the smile Cheryl gave when she left the conference room. And about her pussy, which selfishly demanded attention. Getting permission seemed like a good idea, but maybe not this time of the month when her hormones were telling her to find a man, now!

Then it occurs to her: Cheryl hadn't *denied* her permission. Maybe she could get permission from someone else! Then she could give her needy pussy the attention it craved and not feel guilty about it!

She pulls up her panties and skirt and rushes to her cubicle, and picks up her phone. Who should she call? Her first thought is Steve, but then she thinks better of it and realizes that Joan will surely give her permission. Quickly she dials her therapist's number.

The phone rings three times. A recording comes on: "Hello, you have reached the office of Joan Goldman. I am with a patient right now and have de-activated my phone. However, I will be happy to return your call as soon as I have a free moment. If this is an emergency, press pound at any time. Otherwise, please leave a message, including your telephone number. Thank You." As the beep sounded, Lisa started to panic. Is this an emergency? What will Joan think when her session is interrupted by a request to masturbate? Should she leave a message? What should she say? And will someone in the next cubicle overhear her? This is hopeless, she thinks. She hangs up.

The moment the phone hits the hook, it rings again. Hopeful, Lisa picks it up. "Hello?"

"Lisa! It's Jim. I got a busy signal the first time I called. Who were you calling?"

What should she say? She can't tell her boss she was calling her therapist! Not if she wanted that promotion. "A client. Roberts."

"Oh? I thought we were close to closing that account. What was the call about?"

Lisa feels like a schoolgirl in trouble. She looks down at her lap and thinks: you! You got me into this! It's time to be an adult, she thinks.

"I'm sorry Jim, it wasn't Roberts. It was a personal call I'd rather not discuss."

There's a pause.

"Hey, no problem. As long as it wasn't long distance."

"No sir, of course not."

"Listen, Lisa, I'm trying to set something up. It could be a good opportunity for you. But I need to ask you a personal question. Do you mind?"

Does Jim know something? She responds, "Go ahead."

"Feel free not to answer. I mean really. There's no obligation here."

"Go ahead and ask." Lisa worries, but reminds herself: it's a skirt day. Jim is clearly uncertain, or covering himself against sexual harassment, she thinks. But he needn't worry. She feels the same suspense she remembered having on her first date.

"Okay: it's just this. What, um, what dress size are you?"

Well, she knew it wouldn't be something she wrote on her resume. Jim has something in mind...and although she's worried, she is anxious to know what.

"What's this about, sir?" she asks.

"I'll tell you tomorrow, if I can get this set up. But if I can't, then it's better that you not know. "

She realizes she is playing with her hair. "Well, I'm usually a size 5, sometimes a 6, depending on the clothes."

"Okay, Lisa. Thank you. I'll call you in for a meeting tomorrow afternoon if this works out, okay?"

"Okay, sir." Jim hangs up, and then Lisa does too.

At 4:30 Cheryl came to her cubicle. Her face was bright with a smile.

"Lisa, listen, I'm sorry I was so cross with you earlier."

Lisa looked down at her sweater and made sure her nipples were still perky. Seeing that they were, she smiled back at Cheryl.

Cheryl continued, "You know, I've been thinking about what you said, and I think I believe you. Actually, I kind of want to give you a little help."

"Help? How?"

"Well...hey, can you take off a little early today? Maybe we can get some drinks and perhaps dinner together."

Lisa realized that she was dying to leave work, and Cheryl's friendly tone was alluring. "Okay."

Soon Cheryl and Lisa were walking through the downtown streets together. Cheryl led Lisa into a parking garage, where her car, a six-year-old luxury sedan, waited on the third floor.

"How can you afford to drive to work?" asked Lisa, "Parking is so expensive around here."

"My husband gets two parking spots in this garage with his job."

"You're married?"

Cheryl smiled and showed off her engagement and wedding rings. The diamond was so large and shiny, Lisa could hardly believe she had never noticed it before. "It has its advantages," she said.

The drive out of the city was not quick, as they caught the beginnings of the rush hour traffic. But they had plenty of time to talk.

"I think I believe you that you're not dressing sexy to get the promotion," said Cheryl, "although it was hard for me to believe at first. After all, I'm hoping to get the same position, as I'm sure you know."

"I'm sure you'll get it, Cheryl. You've been at the company longer than me."

"I'm not so sure. Since you've been here you've really shaken things up. We're all very impressed at the efficiency of your department."

"Well, thank you," said Lisa. "It's just a matter of hiring the right people... and putting in the extra hours when they're needed."

Cheryl smiled. "We all know how often you're the last one out of the office, Lisa. How late do you work most of the time?"

"Well, usually until 7pm, depending on how hungry I am. There's always so much to do."

Cheryl laughed. "See, this is why I don't think you're dressing sexy to get the promotion. You don't need to dress sexy. Everyone knows you'll get it, despite my seniority."

Lisa tried to gauge Cheryl's emotions. Was she bitter? She seemed perfectly friendly.

"But," continued Cheryl, "I'll bet you haven't got many friends."

Lisa thought for a moment. "Well," she said, "My best friend is Christie; she was my roommate in college. Of course, she lives in Denver now, but we see each other every now and then, when she flies into town."

Cheryl glanced at Lisa, and then back at the road.

"And, well, there's... Joan."

"Who's Joan?"

"Joan's my therapist."

Cheryl laughed and put her right hand on Lisa's bare knee. "Lisa, since you've come here you've been like a drill sergeant. You bark orders at your employees and even your coworkers. You never come to any of the office's

social functions, except to the very first Christmas party when you were first hired. As I recall, that was the only time—until recently—that I ever saw you in clothing that isn't described as 'stern corporate bland.' But still it was prudish as hell. It's no wonder you haven't many friends. But that's nothing that can't be changed."

Lisa felt the warmth of Cheryl's hand on her knee, and it felt good.

"I'm sorry, Cheryl; it just didn't seem important."

"Don't be sorry, Lisa. The point is, it wouldn't make sense for you to be dressing like you are to get a job. It's just not you. Of course, it's not you to dress like this anyway. Do you often go without a bra?"

Lisa looked down at her breasts and blushed, and then realized that Cheryl was laughing.

"I doubt you have too much experience with men, either," said Cheryl, gently squeezing Lisa's knee. "I don't mean that in a bad way. I mean, clearly you aren't entirely inexperienced, but you probably don't have as much time to date as you'd like."

Lisa listened carefully; as she knew Cheryl was right.

"I may have not fully understood what was going on between you and Steve," Cheryl continued, "but nonetheless, you probably did hurt him pretty badly. I'll be surprised if he comes to work all week."

"But he was so assertive. I doubt he feels rejected. He's bigger than that."

"See," said Cheryl, "you *don't* have too much experience with men. Steve's still wet behind the ears. He's what, 22? 23? But don't worry. I'll help you get him back."

Lisa wasn't sure how to react. She read the license plate cover of the car ahead of her. "Jesus loves you," it said, "no matter what."

Cheryl continued, "I think it's good what you're doing. Good for you. And for the rest of us."

Lisa looked out the passenger window at billboards crawling by. "Hey," she asked, "where are we going, anyway?"

Cheryl flipped on her right turn signal. "To the mall," she said. "I want to help you pick out the skirt you'll wear tomorrow."

## 11 Cheryl's First Cliché

The mall was not very crowded on an early Monday evening, but a few after-work shoppers and after-school hangers-out gave it a healthy buzz. Lisa followed Cheryl past the stores where she might usually find her pant-suits, her simple blouses, her conservative sweaters, and her simple cotton slacks, to a smaller store featuring lots of black, pink, and denim. The pop music blaring in the background was neither Lisa's first nor her last clue that this was not a store for the corporate woman.

"Uh, Cheryl," said Lisa, as Cheryl began flipping through a rack of black skirts, "I think this store is more for the high school crowd."

"Nonsense," said Cheryl. "I saw how good your legs looked under that pleated black skirt. But I thought you might look better in something tighter."

Cheryl pulled out a black cotton skirt that looked like far too little material for Lisa. "This looks like it will fit you," she said. "Go try it on."

Lisa took the skirt into the dressing room. She looked at the label: "Hottie," it said, in pink bubble letters. "Cotton/Polyester Blend." "Small." She pulled off her brown skirt—her new brown skirt that came almost to her knees, she recalled—and pulled the new skirt up her legs. When it reached her hips, she had to pull hard. The material was stretchy, and eventually she got the skirt to her waist.

Now she is looking at herself in the mirror, wondering what to do. The skirt fits her body, she realizes, but does it fit Lisa? Does it fit the woman she thinks she is? The hem hugs her thighs only inches below her ass. The material is so tight the outline of her panties is visible. She would never buy this skirt, not even for a date. But she knows that Cheryl, Cheryl who was so nice to her in the car, is waiting for her. She can't back out now, she thinks. But she can't leave the dressing room either. Her skirt leaves her legs entirely exposed, and lewdly shows off her small but still very visible ass! She sits down on the tiny bench in the dressing room. As she does so, her white panties come clearly into view. "How is it?" Cheryl calls from the store.

"Um, I think it's too small."

"Let me see. Let me in." Lisa stands up and opens the door.

"See," says Lisa, showing her ass to Cheryl, "It's so tight it shows the outline of my underwear."

"Oh," says Cheryl, "you're just wearing the wrong kind of underwear."

Here, take off those panties."

Lisa looked at Cheryl and almost cried. She felt her pussy twitch. "You can't be serious."

"Take them off! I want to see how the skirt looks on you without that panty-line."

Lisa looked at herself in the mirror again, standing nearly a foot taller than Cheryl beside her. It will be okay, she thinks, and turns away from the mirror, pulls up the skirt to her waist, and pulls her white panties down to her ankles. She pulls the skirt back down as far as she can, but it won't go more than a few inches past her nude pussy.

"There," says Cheryl, as Lisa looks over her shoulder at her rear in the mirror, now free of a panty-line, "that looks much better. This will be your skirt tomorrow."

"Cheryl, I can *not* wear this to work. It is way too short. And tight. Do you really think this is appropriate for the workplace? Besides, I have a meeting with Jim tomorrow, and Steve is coming back, and..."

Cheryl puts her finger on Lisa's lips. "It's okay, Lisa. It's okay. You felt this way when you first put on the skirt Steve gave you, didn't you? It wasn't that much longer than this one."

"Well, yes, but..."

"And how did that go? Did the world end? Were you kicked out of work? Did anyone laugh at you?"

"Well, no, but..."

"But what?"

"But this is different. This is... scandalous." Lisa can feel the cool air of the store's air conditioning on her naked pussy. She is getting wet again, very wet. "Cheryl, I simply can't go to work without... without... without panties."

Cheryl smiles. "Is that what you're worried about? Oh, don't you worry; you can wear panties. It's just these white ones won't work." Cheryl picks up Lisa's panties off the floor and puts them in her purse. "In fact, let's go find you a pair that *will* work, right now."

Cheryl opens the door of the dressing room. "Wait!" said Lisa, "Can't I put on my other skirt first?"

"No," says Cheryl, "I rather like the one you're wearing. Come on, let's go pay for it and get you some panties, hm? "

Cheryl leads Lisa to the register, where she asks the salesgirl to remove the tags from the skirt. The salesgirl looks like she is 16 years old, wearing

tight jeans and a pink tank top. She looks at Lisa and smiles. She comes around the counter with a pair of scissors and crouches in front of Lisa, putting a slightly sweaty left hand on Lisa's left leg to steady herself. She brings her right hand to the bottom of the skirt, holding it against Lisa's thigh as she cuts off the tag. As she brings the tag back to the counter and scans it, Lisa can still feel the warm spot on her thigh where the girl's hand had been. It is high—very close to her crotch.

"Go ahead, Lisa," says Cheryl, "Pay her."

As they leave the store, Lisa becomes more and more aware of her lack of undergarments. Her black skirt rides up a little as she walks, and she knows that nothing is protecting her modesty underneath. She can see that Cheryl is looking at her legs from time to time, as are the men they pass who turn their heads in clear indication that they are checking her out. Some of them, she thinks, might be looking at her breasts, which bounce around unfettered beneath her tight blue sweater, her ever-present nipples making it clear that there is nothing constraining them.

"There's a lingerie store just down this way," says Cheryl, "but first. . ."

They stop in front of a ladies' shoe store.

"First, you need some better shoes to go with that skirt."

Lisa did think her work shoes looked a little off with this sexy skirt. But Cheryl's grin indicated something amiss. . .

"Surely, you know how this works," says Cheryl. "I'll wait here. You go in, and see if you can catch the eye of that salesman over there. That one. The one with the green tie. Yes. Tell him you're looking for a red shoe with a four inch heel. If he asks your size, tell him you aren't sure and ask him to measure your foot. Then let him put the shoe on for you."

Lisa could see where this was going. Of course, this would have to happen after buying the short, tight skirt, but before buying the underwear.

"Cheryl," she says, "I don't think I can do this."

Cheryl puts her hand on her back. "This is an old cliché, Lisa. It's more than that. It's a rite of passage. All women do this, at some point. The salesman has gone through this a hundred times. It's your turn now. Go."

Lisa closes her eyes for a moment, pulls down the hem of her skirt again, and steps into the shoe store. The salesman in a green tie notices her immediately, approaches her, and asks, "Can I help you Miss? Something particular you're looking for?"

"Yes," she says, not making eye contact, "something red. With a four

inch heel." This store is even cooler than the last, and Lisa feels it between her legs. This man is going to see it, she thinks.

"Ah, we have a couple choices in red. What size?"

"Um, I'm not sure. Can you measure for me?"

The salesman smiles and nods. "Please, have a seat."

Lisa remembers how easily she could see her white panties when she sat down in the dressing room. Her white panties were now tucked in Cheryl's purse. Cheryl is standing at the window, as if window shopping for shoes. Cheryl holds the plastic bag with Lisa's modest brown skirt inside. Lisa thinks of walking out of the store, but she is afraid to tell Cheryl that she can't do it. All women do this, Cheryl had said, right?

Lisa sits down on a leather seat. She feels the cool, smooth leather against her bare skin; there is nothing between her nakedness and the chair. She crosses her legs immediately as the salesman goes into the back room. Another salesman, by the register, is clearly gazing at her legs. The male half of a shopping couple is looking over his shoulder every thirty seconds. "All women do this," Lisa muttered to herself, not believing it but wanting to very badly. Her embarrassment heightens when she realizes how wet she is, and feels her moisture starting to puddle on the leather chair.

The salesman returns with a foot measuring device. "Slip out of your shoes and put your heel here." Lisa finds it comforting that he is giving orders, and finds it easy to follow them. She does not think much as she uncrosses her legs to bend over and take off her shoes. With her legs uncrossed, she suspects the salesman, who is on one knee, can see her bare pussy. As she puts her right heel in the device, there is no doubt.

It takes a few seconds for the salesman to tear his gaze away from under her skirt and look at the device. He pushes some metal pieces around and completes the measurement. "You're an 8 1/2, Miss. Let me see what I have in your size." He gets up and rushes to the backroom.

The male shopper looks over desperately as the salesman gets up; clearly he wants a glimpse himself. Lisa quickly crosses her legs again, causing her skirt to ride up to the very top of her thigh.

I have never felt so naked in my life, she thinks, as the salesman returns, with a single box. He kneels in front of her again. "Let's try these."

Lisa uncrosses her legs, and her skirt has ridden up so high that she can see some of her pubic hair past the hem. She lifts herself from the seat for a moment to tug down the skirt, but when she gives her left leg



to the salesman to slip on the shoe she knows it was of little use. His gaze remains fixed on her crotch, and she knows she is completely exposed to him. All women do this, she thinks to herself. This is an old cliché. She looks at Cheryl, who is watching her from the window. Cheryl gives her a thumbs up, which fills her with sudden happiness. Why is Cheryl's approval so important, Lisa wonders? The salesman puts the right shoe on as well, gently stroking her bare calf as he does so. "Give them a try," she says.

She stands up, and gives her skirt yet another tug. The salesman is watching her. The other salesman is watching her. The couple that had been shopping are now both sitting down, watching her. And—she looks again to make sure—Cheryl is watching her.

She walks around the store. She has never worn heels before, and her walking is unsteady. These heels seem so tall that she feels unsafe about putting weight on them, but walking on her toes doesn't seem right either. She blushes. She is doing this for the very first time, and probably doing it wrong. She is wearing the shortest skirt she has ever seen, and her nipples are still evident in her tight sweater, and it seems everyone is watching her, wondering what she will do next. She feels out of place, but she knows she is putting on a show. She looks back at the salesman and smiles; he is kneeling by the chair, where she notices she left behind a small puddle of moisture. She turns away, hoping no one else notices, but feels that her pussy is still leaking its fluids. She can feel them on her upper thighs, and now she feels a drop starting to drip down. Oh god, how I wish I still had my panties. She hopes that her audience will not notice her juices dripping down her leg, past the hem of her skirt; in order to not call attention to it, she does nothing about it.

She looks in a mirror by the register. Her legs look especially long and sleek in the heels; the position forced on her calf muscles gives them a shape that looks especially inviting. Her gaze moves up to her thigh, exposed by the short skirt. She can see the light reflecting off her inner thigh where it is moist. She blushes and rushes back to her seat, almost tripping in the heels.

She sits on the seat, and feels that it is still wet. "Okay, they're okay, I'll take them," she stammers as she pulls them off. "Ring them up. I'll take them."

"Well, hold on, Miss," says the salesman, "I have another pair that you should try as well. Hold on just a minute." Lisa watches as the man adjusts

his pants, stands up, and runs to the back room.

Cheryl comes into the shoe store and sits next to Lisa. Lisa is almost in tears, and Cheryl hugs her. "Okay, Lisa, Okay." says Cheryl, "I believe you now. I still had my doubts, but now I really believe you."

Lisa looks into Cheryl's eyes. "All women do this?"

"Well, most women wear panties when they do this."

"You did this?"

Cheryl smiles. "Maybe I got married too soon. I never did. But I wish I had. How do you feel?"

Lisa looks down at her legs. "Exposed."

"Yeah, but you're not the only one," says Cheryl. "Did you see the salesguy?"

"Huh?"

"He had a tent in his pants big enough for a three ring circus. He's probably jacking off in the back room right now."

Lisa blushes. "No, he's getting me more shoes."

"Sure he is," says Cheryl. "Sure he is. I think this first pair looks great on you. Why don't you put them back on and we'll pay for them. They don't match your shirt, but they look better than your old ones. Then we'll get you some panties, and then a couple drinks, hmm?"

"Okay." Lisa slips the red shoes back on as Cheryl puts her old ones in the box. They walk to the register, Lisa still unsteady, just as the salesman rushes out of the backroom, out of breath.

"I have the other pair, Miss."

Cheryl interjects: "That's okay, she'll take the first pair, thank you." Lisa is glad Cheryl is taking over. "This one's on me," says Cheryl, as she takes a credit card out of her purse, "a present."

"Thank you," says Lisa. As the salesman scans the card, Cheryl asks, "So, how often does this happen?"

"What?" asks the salesman.

"You know, how often do women come in here and let you look up their skirts?"

The salesman blushes, and Lisa looks desperately at Cheryl. "Oh come on," says Cheryl, "to whom was this a secret?"

Lisa looks at the salesman, making eye contact for the first time. He looks at Lisa and then at Cheryl and then down at the counter and says, "Oh, it happens about once a week, but none are as pretty as yours."

## 12 Hangover

The alarm clock sounds like an air siren when Lisa wakes up. She has a throbbing headache and her stomach is queasy. As she wipes the sleep from her eyes and desperately fights the temptation to stay in bed, she tries to remember what day it is. After a few minutes of thinking, she realizes it is Tuesday. Oh goodness. Tuesday morning, nowhere close to the weekend. She needs to get to work!

As she pulls off her pajamas and prepares her shower, she tries to remember what happened last night. Why is she so hungover? She remembers having a couple of shots of Vodka—Cheryl's suggestion.

Oh yes, Cheryl. She did this. She took Lisa out on a Monday night and got her drunk. As Lisa stands beneath the warm water, eyes closed, head aching, she tries to piece together what happened last night. She remembers the conversation in the car (Cheryl really seemed like she was going to be a good friend); she remembers buying a new skirt (I guess I have to wear that today); and she remembers. . . the shoe store. Oh my god, the shoe store! Lisa covers her bare pussy in the shower, as she remembers being so naked.

She snaps out of her reverie. Must shampoo hair! Must wash body! Must get dressed! Must get coffee! Must get to work!

She hasn't had a hangover like this since she played a drinking game in college with a party of girls from her dorm. Even then she only had vague memories of what happened during that drinking game so long ago; she remembers a pair of dice, some complicated rules, 4 or 5 giggling girls, and having to drink shots of Tequila whenever she rolled a 6 or an 8. She remembers something about a telephone; something else about an envelope. But the alcohol had blocked her memory then, and she never spoke of the evening with those girls afterwards. She has only kept in touch with one of them. Christie. She should call Christie sometime. It's too bad she lives so far away now.

Lisa puts on her bathrobe and goes immediately to the kitchen to make some coffee. Her head is pounding and she is not sure whether breakfast will make her feel better or worse.

Returning to her bedroom, she looks around for some clothes. On her dresser, she sees her new black skirt next to multiple bags.

She takes off the robe and pulls on the black skirt first. After pulling it past her hips, she is again surprised by how short it is. So much of her

thighs are visible! Wearing the skirt reminds her again of the shoe store, and how much the salesman must have seen when he held her calf and slipped on her shoes. What did he think of her? Why did he think she was wearing so short a skirt? And coverless otherwise? As she remembers it, she starts to feel aroused. She feels her bare breasts as she looks at her legs and skirt in her mirror. I'm going to wear this to work today, she thinks. This tiny skirt will be all that covers me!

The thought of going to work without panties occurs to her and sends a sudden jolt of pleasure to her crotch, but she quickly reconsiders. A stranger in a shoe store is one thing, she thinks, but how humiliating would it be if her colleagues saw her unclothed pussy? No, no, no. I need panties.

Then she starts to remember. Last night, after buying her shoes, Cheryl took her to a lingerie store. Lisa had never been in a store specializing in underwear before. The mannequins wore sexy transparent garments, some of which Lisa did not even know the names for. Lisa blushed to be shopping in a place so devoted to sex. But her own sex was uncovered and dripping wet, and the thought of having panties to protect her made her find the courage to follow Cheryl in.

Lisa remembers having trouble walking in her new red shoes. The heels really seemed quite high, and Lisa noted how effortlessly Cheryl walked in heels (although Cheryl's looked to be a good inch shorter). Lisa was mostly concentrating on walking when Cheryl held up a very tiny piece of red fabric.

"What do you think?" asked Cheryl. "Do they match the shoes?" Cheryl squatted down and held the fabric against the shoes. Lisa thought about how much of herself would have been exposed if she had squatted down like that. It occurred to her that Cheryl could have made her do so! "They look like a pretty good match to me. I think we've found you some panties!" Cheryl stood back up and handed the garment to Lisa. Lisa held it up. It was just a silk triangle of red fabric and three strings connected in the back.

"These are barely panties!" said Lisa.

"These won't show under that tight skirt," said Cheryl. "Trust me, they're what you need."

Lisa had never worn a thong. She imagined how uncomfortable a string between her butt cheeks would feel if worn all day long.

She remembers that she thought then that she should forget the whole

deal and tell Cheryl she couldn't wear this. But she knew Cheryl would ask "Why not?" Not knowing the answer, she stayed quiet.

"And to match," said Cheryl, holding up a simple red silk cami hemmed with lace. "You'll wear this instead of a bra, with a white blouse."

Lisa was reminded of her lack of bra. She looked down at her blue sweater and saw that her nipples were still visible.

"Okay," said Lisa, suddenly noting that the salesgirl was watching her underwear being picked out by another woman, "can we just get out of here?"

Now Lisa reaches into the bag from that store and pulls out the red silk thong. She had wanted to wear it after buying it in the store, but Cheryl had told her not to get it dirty. Lisa slips it up her legs; she pulls up her skirt and slips the silk up. The panty fits snugly. She notes a few stray hairs that the small silk front does not contain.

Lisa thinks: someone might see up my skirt today. This skirt is so short, I probably can't avoid it! The thought terrifies her but the arousal she feels tells her that she will—she must—go through with it. But if someone does see her, she thinks, it won't do to have these stray hairs! She finds a small pair of scissors and, skirt pulled to her waist, panties pushed aside, spends a few minutes trimming what she can. "I can't believe I'm trimming my pubic hair to prepare for work," she says aloud.

After suitably containing herself, she pulls the skirt down. She turns around. The skirt hugs her bare ass. She feels the silk string between her butt cheeks; it feels very naughty. But she can see no evidence of her underwear behind the tight skirt, unlike at the store.

She goes back to the bag and finds the red silk cami that Cheryl had instructed her to wear in place of her usual white bra. She slips it on. The silk feels soft and light against her skin, and this cami hangs fairly loosely on her. It is no substitute for a bra, she thinks. Most notably, her nipples harden at the luxurious feeling of the soft silk, like little pebbles, blatantly visible through the red garment. She finds a white blouse in her closet and puts it on, buttoning all buttons but the collar. The red cami is only barely visible beneath the shirt, but the shape of her nipples is still quite obvious.

Finally, Lisa puts on the red shoes that she found next to the door. She had worn them all last night, and was never certain whether her difficulty walking was due to the 4 inch heels or the alcohol.

She remembers starting to get the hang of walking as she followed Cheryl from the lingerie store to a restaurant in the same mall. It must

have been 8pm by then, and Lisa remembers being starving. The popular and bustling restaurant had no tables immediately available, though, so Cheryl and Lisa waited at the bar. That was when Cheryl ordered 3 shots of Vodka. "One for me and two for you," she said. "I will have to drive you home later."

Lisa was not usually one to drink hard alcohol, especially not straight, but after feeling so humiliated at the shoe store she thought the drinks might calm her, so she downed the shots, one after the other. With her empty stomach and nervous mood, the alcohol went straight to her head.

Lisa only vaguely remembers the ensuing events. She remembers being at the bar for a bit longer. She remembers that the bar stools were rather high, and the unpadded stools felt cool against her nakedness. She was still wearing that tiny little skirt and nothing else.

She vaguely remembers Cheryl's hand on her thigh, gently stroking, as she whispered into her ear. "You are hot tonight," she thinks she remembers hearing, although it seemed to make more sense then. What else? "Men are checking you out. They know what you want." Lisa isn't sure now whether Cheryl actually said these things, or whether she had just been thinking them. "I know how aroused you are. I can *smell* it. It's your wetness. Your nectar and your pheromones, leaking out of you. You smell like you need it. Everyone in here can smell it."

Maybe I dreamed all that, thinks Lisa. Her memory of the bar has become so clouded; she tries to imagine herself there in this skirt and these shoes and it doesn't seem like something she would do. The high heels seem to put her naked legs on a stage; they seem to make an exhibit of her bare calves and thighs uncovered by the tiny miniskirt. "I can't go to work like this," she says to herself. She has worn short skirts to work before, but the high heels add more to her appearance than she could have imagined.

She sits on her bed and considers her options. She could put on her favorite pair of black slacks—how comfortably would they clothe her legs and hide all that flesh from her coworkers. She wouldn't have to worry about what people could see when she sat down. She walks to her closet and finds the slacks hanging there. She runs her hand across the material and then thinks: no. Cheryl told me to wear this skirt. If I ignore *this* instruction, then I am not doing what she says. And if I am not obeying, then my previous behavior must have been my own choice. Including exposing herself to the shoe salesman. No, that was not me, thinks Lisa. Cheryl wanted that. I am proving something here. I will wear the outfit

she asked.

Having made the decision, Lisa looks at herself in the mirror. So much legflesh appears before her! Her head is still aching from her hangover, and she is again running late for work. And most of all, she realizes, she wants nothing more than to return to bed, tear her skimpy red panties off, and give her the orgasm she has been craving for days.

"All right," she says to the mirror. "I've done this before. I can do it again. I'll wear the skirt. But I'll wear pantyhose, in order to stay looking professional."

And that decision was enough to allow her to finish dressing and to propel herself out the door, through the streets, and into the subway.

Even that short walk in her new heels, coupled with her aching muscles and throbbing head, makes her seek a seat in the still crowded subway. Only one seat is available, next to a younger man in a navy blue business suit.

She smiles at him as she sits down, and sees that he is looking at where the short hem of her tight miniskirt meets her nylon-clad legs. She suspects that he is tempted to rest his hand on her thighs and feel the smooth nylon. Or maybe she just wants him to. A skirt day, she thinks. This man can do what he likes. She knows he is not going to touch her, but the knowledge that she is not going to stop him gives her a familiar thrill that awakens her desires and makes her forget her headache for the rest of the subway ride. And indeed, the young man politely keeps to himself, even as Lisa starts rubbing her own thighs while her thoughts begin to distract her.

By the time Lisa reaches the elevator to her office, she realizes that the thought of her coworkers seeing her in these high red heels and a skirt that hugs her figure and then stops so abruptly is making her anxious and very, very horny. She remembers that she needs permission to masturbate, and she decides she has to ask Cheryl again. It would feel so good right now, she thinks.

Walking down the halls from the elevator to the cubicle, she can see the men of her office turn their heads. The heels have changed her gait, making it into more of a hip-shaking strut. They make it seem as if she is showing off her body in this provocative outfit. What must they think of me?

Then she notices another effect she had not considered: this skirt rides up, and much more so against the nylon of her pantyhose than it ever had

against bare legs. Knowing that her office is looking at her, she finds she needs to tug down her skirt every few steps.

Finally in the safety of her cubicle, Lisa sits down and tugs at the hem of her skirt a final time.

Her morning email check yielded another message from Steve:

*Lisa—*

*Can't seem to shake this cold. I'm sure I'll  
be good to work tomorrow. Let me know by  
email if there's any way I can help from home.*

—S

Lisa realizes she was hoping Steve would see her new outfit. Would Steve comment on the scandalously short skirt and the bright red heels? She remembers what Cheryl said: Steve is not sick; he's sulking. That's ridiculous, thinks Lisa, and she is about to write an email apologizing to him when Cheryl sneaks her head into Lisa's cubicle.

"Good morning! Did you sleep well?"

Cheryl is wearing black pants and a burgundy blouse. She looks elegant and professional.

Lisa tugs at her skirt again before swivelling her chair to face Cheryl. "I... think so."

"You think so?"

"Actually, Cheryl, I don't really remember what happened last night."

Cheryl smiles and offers her hand to Lisa. "You look a little hungover. No surprise, after how many drinks you had last night. Come on, come with me to the bathroom, I'll help you hide the evidence."

Lisa takes Cheryl's hand and follows her lead to the women's bathroom, periodically tugging the hem of her skirt.

Both women are standing by the mirror. Cheryl takes some make-up out of her purse.

"You need to learn some make-up tricks," says Cheryl, as she starts her work, first on Lisa's eyes. "You'd do better with a bit more, generally, but on morning's like this it's the only way to hide the evidence of your partying last night!"

"What happened last night?" asks Lisa as Cheryl continued to work, "I really don't remember anything after you ordered those shots of vodka."



"You don't remember Joe and Joe?"

Lisa had forgotten, but the names Joe and Joe made her remember. "Oh, right, they offered to buy us drinks. I remember that. Two guys, both named Joe."

"They saw your cute little skirt and closed in like wolves, those two," says Cheryl as she continues to work on Lisa's make-up. "I think the first Joe, the big one, wanted to get better acquainted with your bare legs, and the second couldn't take his eyes off your nipples."

"It was so funny how they were both named Joe," says Lisa. "They wouldn't listen when I told them I had had enough to drink."

"Hey, they were paying, so don't complain. They bought us dinner, too."

Lisa tries to remember, but only vaguely remembered eating.

"There," says Cheryl, looking in the mirror. Lisa looks at her own face. Her eyes are carefully outlined, her cheeks a little redder. She did look less hungover, she thinks, but also more... womanly.

"Um, thanks," says Lisa.

"Do you have any meetings today?" asks Cheryl as she starts to unbutton the top buttons of Lisa's blouse.

"What are you doing?" asks Lisa.

"I didn't buy that you pretty red cami to be hidden. It matches your shoes and your panties. It's bad enough you've hidden your panties behind those dark pantyhose. You need something to go with your shoes."

Lisa sees in the mirror that Cheryl unbuttoned enough buttons to reveal the red lace of the cami beneath her blouse.

"Now," continues Cheryl, "do you have any meetings today?"

"Um, one, I think. With Jim."

"Ah, Jim. More ass-kissing for the promotion, I guess?"

"No! Not at all!" Lisa looks into Cheryl's eyes. "He called this meeting. I don't know why. I thought you said you believed me—anyway you should believe me. I'm not doing anything but my normal work to get that promotion."

Cheryl finishes straightening Lisa's blouse. "Oh, you're probably right. You're just wearing this sexy outfit because I told you to, right?"

"Of course! I wore exactly what you said!"

"Well, not exactly. These pantyhose were not part of the outfit."

"But, don't you think bare legs would have been too unprofessional?"

Cheryl looks at Lisa's legs and sighs. "I'll tell you what," she says, "Jim is the boss. It's his opinion that counts. Here's what I want you to do. You can wear your hose while you work at your cubicle, but right before your meeting with Jim I want you to take them off and leave them with me. Then, in your meeting, you can ask Jim whether you think your attire is suitable for the office or not. If he says it isn't, I'll give you back the pantyhose and you can wear them for the rest of the day. If he approves of your bare legs, though, then I'll just keep them, and you shouldn't ever have to wear them again."

"But..."

"But what?" Cheryl steps closer to Lisa and puts one finger on Lisa's lips. Her other hand reaches down to Lisa's ass, tightly encased in the black miniskirt. She lightly touches Lisa's right butt cheek, sending shivers up Lisa's body. The feeling of Cheryl's hand there, almost a tickle, is awakening her desire. "Do as I say," whispers Cheryl, "and later on, I'll give you that permission you wanted. I haven't forgotten your request."

Cheryl's hand and the promise of a masturbatory orgasm almost makes Lisa moan. Certainly she could think of nothing to say, and only nods her head.

## 13 Opportunity Knocks

That is why, when Jim called Lisa's cubicle at 2 o'clock, she told him she needed fifteen minutes to finish something up. During those fifteen minutes, she goes to the bathroom and removes her pantyhose.

Looking at herself in the mirror reminds her of why she had chosen to wear the nylons in the first place. Her tiny miniskirt really only barely comes a few inches past the juncture of her thighs, and with her red high heeled pumps, her legs are very obviously on display. Her blouse is unbuttoned to reveal her lacy cami. Looking at herself in the mirror reminds her of last Friday. She remembers seeing herself in the mirror then, just as now, thinking how sexual she looked. Indeed, her professional stature, her intellect, her bossy personality—none of that is visible. All she sees is something sexual; something that desires pleasure. She remembers sneaking her hand under her skirt and giving herself that pleasure last Friday. She remembers how good it felt.

But then she remembers Cheryl interrupting her, and how guilty she

felt. Not this time, she thinks. She fights the temptation to touch herself. She tugs down her skirt and marches straight to Cheryl's cubicle.

When she looks in on Cheryl, she sees that she is in a meeting with Art, another colleague. Cheryl sees Lisa. "Lisa, you have something for me?"

Lisa's pantyhose are balled up in her hands. Art is staring at her; at her blushing face, her silky underwear, at her exposed legs. "Yeah, um, I'll just get it to you later."

"Nonsense," says Cheryl, "give them to me now."

Unsure, Lisa hands the balled up nylons to Cheryl, who makes no effort to hide their identity to Art. "Have a good meeting."

Lisa rushes away as fast as she can in her heels, not waiting to see Art's reaction. She feels humiliated, but she remembers Cheryl's promise: soon she will get to give herself the pleasure she's been longing for all day.

She knocks timidly on Jim's door. "Come in."

She enters the spacious office and sees that Jim is seated at his art-deco desk. On that desk is a pair of white cardboard boxes. "Have a seat," he says.

Lisa looks at the low armchair facing Jim's desk. With her pantyhose gone, sitting in this skirt seems indecent. But she thinks of no other choice and sits. She feels her bare ass on its leather.

"Red!" says Jim.

"What?"

"Your... shoes. I mean. Your shoes. Red. I like your red shoes."

Lisa blushes. He must mean my panties. She rests her hands at her crotch to try to hide them. An awkward silence ensues.

"Thanks. About the shoes, I mean." She thinks for a second, remembering what Cheryl asked her to do. "Do you think the heels are too high for the office?"

"Not at all," says Jim. "High heels give you more authority, I think. They are very professional."

"Sure," says Lisa, "but what about bare legs? Don't you think my bare legs and short miniskirt are a little bit unprofessional? I shouldn't have worn this today. Let me apologize..."

"Nonsense," says Jim. "Just like I told you last week, I have no problem with bare legs; in fact I like your attire."

"Yes but surely bare legs are simply too casual and too unprofessional for the office? Would you want me to meet a client like this?"

Jim smiled. "We have no dress code here, Lisa. You can wear what you want to wear—including when you meet with clients. Looking at your reports, whatever you're doing is clearly working, so wear whatever you want."

"But sir, I . . ."

"Call me Jim. And really, don't worry about it. Yes, your skirt is a little shorter than the norm, but it looks good on you. Wear it whenever you want."

Lisa slumps into the chair, defeated. Jim was not going to save her.

"However," says Jim, "this leads me to the reason I wanted to talk to you."

Lisa absentmindedly crosses her legs, and the skirt rides up revealing most of her ass. She uncrosses and tugs her skirt back down again. She sees that Jim's gaze is directly at her crotch.

"I, um," Jim stammers, "I want you to get the assistant director position. I want the promotion to go to you."

"I'm glad to hear it, sir," says Lisa.

"I told you to call me Jim. Now, my opinion is important, but unfortunately it's not entirely up to me. The other directors have a say, too, and they are inclined to choose someone with more seniority than you, like George or Cheryl."

"Well, sir, I would understand if . . ."

"Nonsense. We both know you're more qualified than either of them. The other directors have seen your reports but they haven't met you in person. That's what I want to change. I want there to be a meeting before they decide."

"When are they going to decide?"

"Monday morning. And, unfortunately, I couldn't think of a business-related opportunity for such a meeting. But I did think of one thing . . ."

Lisa is nervous and excited. She has been working hard for this promotion.

"Golf," says Jim.

"Golf?"

"Golf."

Lisa looks confused. Golf?

"On Friday mornings, me and a couple of the directors meet to play golf up north. It's the only chance for you to meet these guys. I want you to come with us."

"But I don't play golf."

"That's okay. You can be my caddy."

"Caddy?"

"Look, it's not important. All that is important is that you're there, and that you talk to the directors and show them that you're not too young for the job."

Lisa looks confused, but she says, "Okay, Jim, I'll go golfing with you."

"Great. But, there's one thing... I hate to mention it, but I thought it might be an issue. See, this office has no dress code, but the golf club does. And you couldn't go dressed like... that."

Lisa feels blood rush to her face and to her crotch. "No, sir, of course not, I wouldn't. I mean, I only..."

"Lisa, don't worry. I told you I think you look fine. It's just the golf club that's a little stuck up. That's why I bought you these." He pushes the white boxes towards her. "I didn't want you to feel out of place, so I bought you some clothes to wear. You'll look like you golf every other day in these."

Lisa opens up the first box and sees a white and green golf shirt.

"They should be your size," says Jim. "Meet me at the office at 6am and we'll drive together to the course."

Lisa thanks him, still flustered. She takes the boxes, and leaves.

Cheryl is waiting outside the door. "Well?" she asks, as the two women walk back towards her cubicle.

Lisa stands several inches taller than Cheryl, especially in her high heels, but the heels, her tiny skirt, and unbuttoned blouse in contrast to Cheryl's simple elegance makes her feel vulnerable to Cheryl's judgment. "He thinks my bare legs are okay," says Lisa.

"Well, then, that's it. There's no need for you to ever wear pantyhose again."

Lisa feels a new wetness in her crotch. She feels the air currents beneath her tiny skirt; her skimpy silk panties provide almost no protection. And now she is forbidden the protection of her pantyhose!

"What else did he say?" asks Cheryl.

"He... he wants me to go golfing on Friday. He asked me to go golfing with him."

"He invited you to Friday golf?" Cheryl is silent for a moment. "Interesting. Very interesting. Oh, I have a great idea. Are you leaving from here?"

"Yeah, I guess. 6am."

"Great. I want you to come a little early—say 5:30. I might have some advice for you."

"Advice?" Lisa looks worriedly at Cheryl.

"Oh, and see if you can wear a skirt that day. I want that day to be another skirt day."

"Actually, he bought me some clothes to wear. It's probably a pair of shorts."

"Probably?"

At this point the women have reached Lisa's cubicle. "I think so," says Lisa, but to make sure she opens the second box. She pulls out the white cotton garment.

It is a skirt. Pleated. She holds the skirt against herself and sees that it comes nearly to her knees. She looks at the tag: "Bob's Golf World. \$218."

"Oh my god," says Lisa, "it's over two hundred dollars!"

Cheryl grins. "I always suspected Jim was a... well, he's a good guy. What a nice gift. A golf skirt. So, it looks like Friday will be another skirt day. I'll see you at 5:30." And Cheryl walks away.

## 14 Permission

Lisa has a bad feeling about Friday. Her feelings on Cheryl are mixed. Cheryl seems so nice, but she worries that Cheryl is going to make her humiliation worse and worse. She wishes she had never told Cheryl about her skirt day promise.

And yet, Lisa finds herself checking her email, hoping that Cheryl will send her a message. She rubs her bare thighs, feeling the soft flesh close to her red panties. The thought of what Cheryl has in mind on Friday makes her nervous, but then she thinks about meeting the directors of her corporation in a skirt, knowing that she has to obey. Her pussy moistens and beckons her to touch herself. She looks over her shoulder to make sure no one can see her and starts to touch the red silk of her panties. The material is so soft, and the combined feeling of the soft silk and her own wetness against her lips sends warm waves of pleasure through the rest of her body. She rubs the silk top behind her blouse, feeling her nipples. They are very sensitive, and she pinches them through the silk.

Usually, this time of the month she masturbates at least twice a day. Ever since she started taking her birth control pill, in college, her hormones have driven her mad at this part of her cycle. But now, she has promised not to pleasure herself without permission. She remembers that Cheryl said she would give permission! She looks up Cheryl's number and calls her.

"Cheryl here."

"Cheryl, it's Lisa. You told me earlier, in the bathroom, that if I did what you said you would give me permission to... you know."

"I really love it how you ask. So shy. Remember when you asked last night?"

"Last night? No, I don't really remember. I asked last night?"

"Oh, you were so drunk last night. Joe and Joe were having a great time. You don't remember sitting between them at the table?"

"Oh, I'm starting to remember." Cheryl's words made Lisa recall the scene. They were in a booth in the restaurant. Lisa was in the middle, and Joe was sitting to her left. His larger friend, also named Joe, sat to her right. And Joe the larger had started feeling her bare leg. Lisa could barely complete a sentence at that point in the evening. But Joe's hand was warm and she remembers thinking that it would feel good on her bare pussy. So she opened her legs a little for him, but this bumped Joe, the smaller, in the knee. When he saw what was going on, he put his own hand on her leg.

This hardly seemed real to Lisa now. She had just met these two men; they had bought her several drinks at the bar, and then all that wine with dinner, and now their hands were on her bare thighs. She thinks she would have crossed her legs and clamped them shut, but she knows she didn't. No. She opened them, just a little.

Big Joe's hand was about midway up her thigh, and little Joe's hand was only inside her knee. But little Joe slid his hand upwards until he collided with big Joe's hand, which caused Big Joe to slide his hand higher. Lisa looked at Cheryl, who sat opposite her, in a chair on the other side of the booth. Cheryl had a knowing smile on her face.

"So," Lisa had said, trying to break the silence, "What kind of work are you two boys into?"

The larger one said, "I sell computer equipment." He slid his hand to the hem of Lisa's skirt, mere inches from her naked pussy. "Joe is a high school teacher."

"Really?" said Lisa, turning to the smaller Joe, but the feel of big Joe's hand against her upper thigh was driving her crazy. She wanted to feel his hand on her pussy. She knew it would be enough to make her come, and with the alcohol, she didn't care who saw. She needed to feel it, and knew she would.

"Lisa, are you still there?" says Cheryl, over the phone. Lisa had been silent as she tried to remember what had happened the previous evening. Her memory again starts to fade.

"Yeah, I'm still here. I'm still having trouble remembering what happened last night. Did Joe, you know, the bigger one, did he... touch me in that restaurant?"

"You really don't remember, do you? You were pretty wasted. Don't worry. I thought you'd regret having an orgasm in so public a place, so I made him stop."

"You did?"

"Oh, he was touching you alright! It was pretty obvious. You probably weren't aware of how much you were moaning and writhing around. The couple at the next table were having a ball watching you. They knew what was happening too!"

Lisa felt her entire body blush. The thought of all those people watching her being fondled in a public restaurant...

"But you made him stop?"

"That's right. You were about to come, and I told him to cut it out or he'd regret it. He got pretty nervous. You don't remember any of this?"

"Only a little. I... I remember him touching me. His hand was warm and, well, he knew what he was doing. I was so wet, and his fingers had found my... oh my god, Cheryl, we should *not* be talking about this in the office."

"Relax, no one can hear. Yeah, he was pretty nervous when I made him stop. But then you were just adorable. You looked at me with little puppy dog eyes and mouthed the word 'please.' You looked so desperate!"

"I didn't!" exclaims Lisa.

"Oh, you definitely did. I could see you squirm when Joe's hands—and the other Joe's hands—returned to the table. Big Joe had to clean off his fingers with his napkin! It was a riot!"

Lisa wants to hide, she feels so ashamed. And yet, she can feel that she is very, very wet.

"Cheryl, can I do it now?"



"Not just yet, Lisa. You probably have lots of work to do, and besides, you don't want to get caught pleasuring yourself in the middle of the work day! I'll tell you what, though. Around 6pm, get yourself an early dinner somewhere nearby, and come back to the office. I have something I want to show you after everyone has left. And then, you can have permission."

The rest of Lisa's day passed in horny frustration and anticipation. She knew Cheryl had something planned—something exposing and humiliating and horrible—but nonetheless she found she could think of little else, and could hardly wait for whatever it was.

## 15 Cheryl's Second Cliché

Lisa had dinner at a sandwich shop on the first floor of her building. The shop was fairly crowded around 6, mostly with businessmen in large groups who would come into the shop, see Lisa in her short skirt and high heeled shoes, her nipples poking through her blouse. They would comment to each other as if she weren't there, eating her sandwich, trying to keep her legs closed even though she knew everyone could see her panties. Lisa tried to ignore them, but found that their audible comments and their laughter only served to heighten the arousal that had already reached record highs in anticipation of Cheryl's unknown plan.

When she comes back to the office, it is indeed empty. One or two workers are still there, but from countless nights working after hours Lisa knows the place would be deserted in a few minutes.

She finds Cheryl in her cubicle. She is reading her email.

"Hi," says Lisa. Cheryl looks over at her.

"C'mon," says Cheryl, "let's go over to your cubicle." Cheryl grabs a black bag from under her desk before they go.

At Lisa's cubicle, Lisa sits in her usual chair and Cheryl pulls up a chair from the next cubicle over.

"Okay," says Cheryl, "It's time we had a talk."

Lisa is worried. This is all so much easier if she doesn't have to talk about it, she thinks.

"Did you enjoy yourself last night?" asks Cheryl.

"Well, yes, I guess I did. I don't really remember."

"Do you remember the shoe store?"

Lisa tugs at her skirt. Her legs are still naked. "Yes."

"Did you enjoy showing off?"

Lisa remembers how aroused she was. It felt so very good, but...but how could she have enjoyed such humiliation? "Of course not. That was...obscene. I would never do that again."

"Really? You seemed awfully...turned on...at the time."

Lisa crosses her arms across her chest. "Well..." she admits, "I was turned on, because I didn't know what would happen. But that's all. I would never do it again. Never."

Cheryl smiles and reaches into her bag. She pulls out a long, plastic object with a power cord dangling from one end.

"Lisa, I want you to put your hands behind your head, and leave them there. It's a skirt day, and this is a direct order." Lisa gives a worried look but puts her hands behind her head. Her body seems to be presented to Cheryl.

"Are you turned on right now, Lisa?" asks Cheryl, touching Lisa's bare knee. "You don't know what's going to happen now, do you?" Cheryl traced her finger up Lisa's thigh, sending shivers throughout Lisa's body.

"I am very turned on," says Lisa. "You said I could have permission."

Cheryl plugs the plastic object into an outlet by Lisa's desk. "Do you know what this is?"

Lisa looks closely at it. White, plastic, smooth, wand-shaped. "It looks like... a vibrator?"

"Have you played with one of these before?"

Lisa had heard of them, but had always been too shy to go to any kind of store where she could buy one. "No."

"Well, then, I can't wait to see what you think." Cheryl pushes Lisa's legs apart and rests the tip of the plastic wand against Lisa's panties. The feel of the hard object against her makes her shudder with pleasure. "Are you ready?"

Lisa can feel her pussy gushing. She couldn't believe she was letting Cheryl do this, but she knew she wanted it. "Yes," she says. And suddenly, a flick of Cheryl's fingers starts what felt the injection of pure pleasure straight into Lisa's engorged clitoris. Lisa had no idea how good it would feel. The vibrations on her barely-covered sex cause her to moan and push herself against the wand. She can feel her orgasm coming quickly, very quickly!

But Cheryl flicks off the switch. "How was that?"

"Oh my god, I need more. I need more NOW," says Lisa. "Please."

Cheryl pulls the vibrator away. "Then be honest with me. Did you enjoy what we did in the shoe store?"

Lisa still has her hands behind her head, but the arousal in her crotch left behind by the vibrator seems to scream for one of her fingers. She looks at the vibrator. "Please, Cheryl. Please!"

"Did you enjoy yourself? Just be honest!"

"I already said I did!"

"Would you do it again if I asked?"

"Well, if you asked, I guess I would."

"But you said you'd never do it again."

Lisa feels like she is on trial, but she could feel the juices from her pussy starting to leak from her silk panties. This would all be so much easier if I could just have that orgasm, she thinks.

"I really would do it again if you asked."

Cheryl smiles. "I'm not so sure. We'll come back to the vibrator in a few minutes; I want to show you something first."

Cheryl reaches over to Lisa's computer keyboard. She opens a web browser and types in a URL. "This is what I want to show you." A web page loads with a window for streaming video. Cheryl clicks the play button. The video shows an office Lisa has never seen before. Nothing happens for a few seconds.

As Lisa watches the movie, Cheryl lightly touches Lisa's thighs, occasionally brushing her fingers against Lisa's panties, just inches from the hem of Lisa's skirt. "There's no sound," says Cheryl to Lisa, "so I'll have to tell you what's going on."

A blonde woman in a beige, knee-length skirt, white hose, and white blouse enters the office. The camera's field of view includes one edge of a large desk; the blonde sits at a chair a few feet away from that edge of the desk. Cheryl says "This woman's boss is on the other side of the desk. He is asking her a few questions, and reminding her of an agreement they had made the previous day."

Lisa sees the woman start to look worried. She looks down at the buttons of her blouse.

"See," says Cheryl, "this woman is a lot like you, except she got herself in some trouble. Her boss caught her making fraudulent purchase orders in order to embezzle over \$14,000 of company money. She should have been fired and sent to prison, but she was saved by her good looks. Watch this."

The woman starts to unbutton her blouse. When it is completely unbuttoned, she pulls it off and hands it to the man on the other side of the desk, off-camera. Her white bra is extremely low-cut, and Lisa thinks she can see the woman's nipples, except the resolution of the video leaves her unsure.

"Like you," says Cheryl, "this woman agreed to do everything she was told. That's why she's undressing. See, she has no choice."

Lisa watches as the woman unhooks her bra and removes it. Then she stands up and pulls her beige skirt up to her waist, revealing a white garter belt holding up her white stockings. Lisa sees that she is not wearing any panties.

Meanwhile, Cheryl's hand is tickling Lisa's inner thigh, reminding her of her own arousal. Cheryl whispers "That woman is so aroused right now, she can barely stand it. She is just like you. Well, almost." Lisa's hands are still behind her head, and she wishes Cheryl would touch her panties again. She has never before been touched by a woman but the vibrator left her in dire need.

The woman in the video sits back down in the chair and, looking ahead across the desk, hesitantly reaches between her legs and begins stroking herself.

"He has ordered her to pleasure herself," says Cheryl. "She says no at first; she says she can't possibly do that in front of someone else, but then he threatens to go to the police, and she tells him she'll try. What do you think? Is she going to go all the way?"

Lisa sees the woman close her eyes as her rubbing speeds up. Lisa has never seen another woman masturbate, and it desperately makes her want to touch her own pussy. "Yes," said Lisa, "I think she really wants to go all the way."

"Wait. Watch this." Lisa watches. It looks as though the woman in the video is now looking at her, Lisa, right in the eye! She must be looking at the camera, Lisa thinks! "He told her she's on film and pointed out the camera." Lisa notices that the woman has not stopped touching herself. Now the woman is looking at the camera as she strokes her clit.

Lisa is transfixed by the woman. "See," says Cheryl as she pulls away from Lisa and gets another item from her black handbag, "she is just like you, but unlike you, she has no choice. She needs to do this or go to jail."

The woman's eyes have closed again, and she is clearly writhing in pleasure. Both hands are at her pussy now, and their motions are nicely

framed by her white garters and stockings.

"You can touch yourself now, Lisa, but you may not come," says Cheryl. Lisa takes her hands from behind her head and starts to rub her panties as she watches the woman. Cheryl is doing something in her bag, but she looks up and says, "Take off your panties, Lisa. Don't worry, no one is here." Lisa pulls the red silk panties off and pulls them down her legs, leaving them puddled at her ankles. They really do match her shoes. She immediately starts rubbing her clit again. It feels so delicious to finally touch myself, she thinks, as her fingers fill her with her familiar warmth.

"Now," says Cheryl, "don't come yet. Just listen. You are not like that woman, because you have a choice. You don't have to do this."

Lisa is confused. "Yes, I have to do this. It's a skirt day. I'm wearing a skirt. So I have to do what you say."

"What will happen if you don't?"

"Well, nothing, but..."

"Who enforces your skirt day rules?"

"Just me, I guess, but..."

"But nothing," says Cheryl. "You have a choice. You could stop touching yourself right now, pull up your underwear, and go home, couldn't you?"

"I guess."

"Wouldn't it be nice to not have a choice? Wouldn't it be better if you knew that, like the woman in the video, you were doing what I and everyone else said because something awful would happen if you didn't?"

Lisa is furiously rubbing her clit now, as is the woman in the video. Lisa can see that the woman in the video is close to her release, but Cheryl had told Lisa she could not yet come. Why *did* she have to listen to Cheryl? She knows she could disobey and have the orgasm she craves right now. Not having a choice seems easier. It seems... better.

"Be honest, Lisa," says Cheryl, "this is all your choice, but you would rather it were mine, don't you? If you're honest with me, then you may use the vibrator."

The thought of the pleasure that the wand brought her drives Lisa to the edge. She has to stop rubbing to keep from coming. "Yes," she says, "yes! It would be better!"

Cheryl finishes her work in the bag and pulls out a digital camcorder. She points it at Lisa. "Okay, Lisa. Like the woman, you are on film." Lisa pulls her attention from the video and scrambles to hide her wet,

nude pussy from the camera. She looks at the camera lens which seems to stare at her, unblinking. "If you want to," says Cheryl, "you can take that vibrator and give yourself all the pleasure you want. But if you do, I will capture it on film."

Lisa looks at the vibrator and remembers how good it felt. "You can get up and leave right now if you want," says Cheryl, "but then you and I will always know that your skirt days are your choice. We will both know that you are the sort of woman who simply enjoys shoving her wet, naked cunt in the faces of unsuspecting shoe salesmen. But if you're really doing it because it's not your choice, then it shouldn't matter if I've caught you on film."

Lisa looks at the camera, confused. She looks at the woman on the video who is now clearly moaning her pleasure as she orgasms on film. The woman's nipples are hard, her back is arched, her head is back, her eyes are closed, and her fingers are deep inside her dripping pussy, and although there is no sound Lisa can almost hear her screaming in pleasure. Lisa's own sex can still remember the pleasure of the vibrator, and Lisa is dying to feel it again, but the camera continues its steady gaze.

This is it, thinks Lisa. She thinks about what has led her to this point. She knows that if she pulls on her panties and leaves, her life will go back to normal. But if she gives herself the orgasm she craves, then she knows that she is embarking on a new, sexual adventure that could lead her to unthinkable pleasures. She reaches for the vibrator on her desk. She knows the camera can see up her tiny skirt; she knows it can see that she is wet, that her clit is giant and red, and she knows that it can see her touch the vibrator to herself. "Good," says Cheryl. "Go ahead, turn it on."

When Lisa flicks the switch, the pleasure is overwhelming. With the vibrator in her hands, Lisa realizes that nothing, not Cheryl, not even a pair of panties, stands between her and the orgasm. The vibrations on her clit are almost too much; they make her scream out loud. She moves the vibrator between her lips with one hand and touches her clit with the other. She gently pushes the vibrator inside her, feeling the vibrations emanate pleasure all through her body. The pleasure is so intense she forgets the camera, but only for a moment.

"If you disobey me," Cheryl says as she films, "then this video will end up on the internet, just like that woman's." Lisa looks over at the video and sees that there is now a large black man in the shot, his pants around his ankles, his cock in the mouth of the blonde woman. "She disobeyed, and

now everyone knows. Think about that, Lisa. Do you want to end up like her?" The vibrations are sending Lisa over the edge. She looks at the camera. She knows what this means. This means she is committed. This means that she will have no choice. She is now thrusting the vibrator in and out of herself as she furiously rubs her clit. This means that skirt days are for real. The thought that Cheryl can now ruin her if she backs down sends the final jolt of pleasure through her body, sending every muscle in a violent, pleasurable convulsion. "OOOOH GOOOOOODDDDD!!!!" she screams as the orgasm rips through her, stimulating every nerve from head to toe.

The orgasm seems to last for hours, coming back in little spurts as Lisa returns the vibrator to her clit, as she opens her eyes and sees the camera's unblinking lens, as she recalls what she has gotten herself into.

When it is over, she feels completely exhausted. The video is still playing; she sees that the woman is now being fucked from behind by the large black man, whose uniform suggests a custodial position. She realizes what Cheryl's video has captured. It has captured Lisa, in her cubicle, at work, furiously masturbating with a vibrator as footage of a woman giving a blowjob to a large black man is showing on her computer screen. The video shows no struggle, no circumstance, no context. Lisa realizes that if her coworkers saw this video, she could not work here again. She probably could not work anywhere. And yet, she thinks, she did this to herself. She wanted this.

"Please," says Lisa, "Don't show that video to anyone. Please."

Cheryl smiles as she packs the camera and the vibrator in her bag. "Don't worry," she says. "It will be for my eyes only, as long as you stick to your promises. When you're wearing a skirt, you do what anyone says. Just like you promised. If I find you've disobeyed me or anyone else, then I know just how to get that promotion." Cheryl patted the camera. "But as long as you stick to the deal, you'll probably get the promotion. Heck, you deserve it more than me. You work much harder."

Lisa pulls her panties up her legs. The wet silk makes contact with her even wetter pussy.

"And don't forget," says Cheryl, "to meet me before you go golfing on Friday. And no more pantyhose, ever. And no masturbating without my permission."

Lisa nods, realizing that she will really have to obey, now. "Oh, and I almost forgot. You and I are going to a party on Saturday. My friend

Martin—you'll like Martin—he gave me lots of advice about you and really wants to meet you, so he's throwing a small party. I'll pick you up at your place. Wear one of your skirts, of course. We'll go shopping and buy an appropriate cocktail dress before we go."

Lisa's nervousness grows. But now she has no choice. "Okay," she says.

"I have one last thing for you to do this evening," she says. She takes a notepad from Lisa's desk and scrawls down an address. "Go to this address now. You can get there by taking the red-line. Don't worry, it's a safe neighborhood. The apartment is just a couple blocks from the subway stop. Knock on the door, and don't leave until someone answers. Then you are to do everything that person says. Understood?"

Lisa again nods.

"Good night," says Cheryl. "See you tomorrow morning!"

Cheryl leaves with her black bag. With the vibrator that gave Lisa so much pleasure. With the camera with the footage. With Lisa's future.

Meanwhile, the blonde in the video is still being fucked from behind, this time by the janitor's mop handle. The woman is still screaming in ecstasy. "Is this really real?" asks Lisa, as she looks at the footage more carefully. It starts looking more and more like a low-production-value porn movie. "It doesn't matter now," she thinks, as she closes the window and shuts down her computer.

## 16 Who's the Boss?

The city is dark and uncrowded as Lisa takes the subway to an unfamiliar stop. She feels vulnerable in her tiny skirt and high heels, but indeed she is able to find the address Cheryl gave her without any difficulty.

It is a small apartment complex. The apartments make a U-shape around a shared parking lot. She looks at door number 3, where she is supposed to knock according to Cheryl's instructions.

She tries to imagine what—and who—lies behind the door. Her imagination tends toward the large black janitor, forcing himself into the blonde woman who had no choice. What if she was going to have to have sex with this person? What if this person beats her? She feels very frightened. Her trust for Cheryl is uncertain, but not completely absent. The danger



awakens her pussy again. She has no choice, she thinks, as she feels the warmth return to her pussy.

She knocks on the door three times. After a brief pause, she knocks again. "Hold on," shouts a male voice. She waits.

Finally, the door opens. She looks down and sees that the man is wearing simple gray sweat pants and a plain white undershirt. She looks at his face, which is unshaven and looks confused.

Then she recognizes him. It is Steve.

"Lisa!" he says, "Wha—what are you doing here?"

Lisa is as surprised as he. "I... didn't you talk to Cheryl?"

"Cheryl? Cheryl from the office? Why would I talk to Cheryl?"

There is a pause, and Lisa can see Steve's eyes wander down her body, past her red lacy camisole beneath her mostly unbuttoned blouse, to her black skirt, barely hiding her sex, and onwards down the full expanse of her bare legs to the high red heels. Lisa feels exposed, standing outside Steve's door.

"Can I come in?" asks Lisa, and Steve nods, watching her ass as she walks past him into his small living room.

"I, um," stutters Steve, "I've been sick, but I'm okay now, and was going to return to work tomorrow morning."

Lisa lets out a little laugh. "Oh, don't worry about it. I understand. May I sit?"

"Of course," says Steve, as he clears some newspaper from a small black couch. The couch is quite low, and as Lisa sits she suspects that she cannot help but show Steve her bright red silk panties.

Steve sits on an armchair across from the couch. Then Lisa notices: Steve's loose grey sweatpants reveal a rather large lump at his crotch. He's clearly hard. Very hard.

She realizes that she is staring, and Steve seems to notice. He uncomfortably crosses his legs. Lisa wonders—does this embarrass him? Is it humiliating for him to have his arousal on display in that way? She crosses her own legs, knowing that this exposes more of her ass than she feels comfortable with. She smiles at him. He smiles at her. An awkward silence ensues.

Lisa waits for Steve to speak, but he seems nervous. He seems so different from the confident, almost cocky man who ordered her to wear stockings, to unbutton her blouse, to do all those things. She finally loses her patience with his hesitant silence.

"Steve," she begins, not quite knowing what to say, but trying to imagine instead what Joan, her therapist, would say, "maybe we should talk about why you *really* have not been at work. You haven't actually been sick, have you?"

Steve blushes and uncrosses his legs. His erection is still visible through the thin sweatpants, and Lisa catches herself staring again, but then forces herself to look at Steve's face. He crosses his legs the other way. "Well?" she prods.

Steve stammers, "Well, I guess, when you wore that skirt, like I asked, I thought maybe you wanted to play a game with me, where I was the boss. You know, with the stockings, and the water bottle, and all that. You really seemed to be into it. But then you got really upset, and you yelled at me and gave me a huge pile of work, and I got really worried. I didn't know what to do or what would happen on Monday so I took a sick day. This morning I still didn't know..."

Lisa remembers that she had meant to apologize, and that she never got around to it. But Steve's reluctance this evening, and the sight of his large erection beneath his pants, somehow makes her feel less apologetic. Perhaps even a little annoyed with him. He was supposed to be calling the shots, right? Why does she have to direct this awkward conversation?

"Well, Steve," says Lisa, feeling herself for the first time today, "that was a pretty wimpy response. Apparently, if you don't know what to do, you just don't show up."

"I thought maybe..."

Lisa finds herself on familiar ground. She is the boss. "I don't think you thought at all, Steve. I expect my employees to confront their problems. If you need to ask for help, ask for help. But don't just run away."

"I thought you needed time."

Lisa raises her voice. "And how can you possibly know what I need? The fact is I needed you at work. And if you want to keep your job, you had better return tomorrow morning, since it is very clear that you are not at all sick!"

Steve's erection only seems to grow as he silently listens to Lisa berate him.

When she seems to be done, he raises his hand, as though he were again a young student in the schoolroom. "Yes?" says Lisa, still wearing a scowl.

"Are you going to wear a skirt tomorrow, again, like last Wednesday?"

Lisa is stunned. Usually her stern voice and harsh words resulted in only hushed compliance. Perhaps it is her naked legs and her visible red underwear that undermined her authority, she thinks. Unable to take her eyes off Steve's crotch, she feels her pussy moisten again. How would that cock feel inside her?

"I am," she says, with waning confidence.

"And does that mean you're doing what I say, like last week?"

Lisa again does not know what to say. Cheryl had told her to obey Steve, hadn't she? And she promised to obey while wearing a skirt. The answer is clearly yes. Yes, Steve, I will do what you say. She thinks it but does not say it. She again looks at the shape of his cock beneath his sweatpants; his erection had not shrunk in the least. Yes. Yes. Fuck me, yes. Yes!

"Maybe," she says.

"Maybe?"

Lisa starts to feel uneasy. Does she want him? She begins to feel threatened. He looks... big. Ever bigger. Will it hurt? It has been so long since she's been with a man, and that one time was... small.

"What is it that *you* want, Lisa?" Steve raises his eyebrows, expectant. Lisa feels she has lost her ground, but somehow, after everything that happened with Cheryl, wants to regain it.

"I want you at work tomorrow. I have a lot of work for you to catch up on." She tries to exert her authority, but her voice is now uneasy. I want you to fuck me, she thinks.

"Okay," says Steve, "I'll go to work. Is there anything else?"

How would it feel? she thinks. Maybe I could just touch it...

"If not, I guess you should be getting home. It's getting late." Steve stands up, and his erection is even more obvious when standing. He walks to the door and opens it.

"But..." Lisa stands up, spreading her legs and flashing her red panties as she does so. "Wait, Steve, I..."

"Yes?" Steve holds the door open, waiting for Lisa to speak.

"I..." Lisa still does not know what to say. She cannot ask him for what she wants, can she? If he knows...

"The answer is yes. Yes, I will do what you say, when wearing a skirt."

Steve smiles. While still holding the door, he pushes Lisa by her tightly-skirted ass through the door. The feeling of his hand on her rear is electrifying, but very brief.

"Excellent. Then this is what I want you to do. Tomorrow, I want you to wear the world's shortest skirt."

Lisa is again standing on the doorstep, conscious of her visibility. She sees a couple walking down the sidewalk; surely they can see how much she wants him, in her tiny skirt, high heels, and unbuttoned blouse, desperately trying not to leave. They must think me lusty, horny... and why doesn't Steve want me to stay? And what did he just say?

"What?" asks Lisa, "what do you mean, world's shortest skirt?"

"Here's the rule," says Steve, "and this goes for every Wednesday. I want you to wear the shortest skirt in the world. The one you're wearing would probably do, it's barely there; but you really shouldn't wear the same thing twice in a row. So whatever skirt you are wearing, make sure that no one is wearing a shorter one."

"But how will I know if someone is wearing a shorter one?"

"Well, how about we work it this way. If I see someone wearing a shorter skirt than you, I will point her out, and then you'll be in trouble. Then you'll be punished."

"Um, punished how?" Lisa feels her arousal build. Why won't he just fuck me?

"When we find someone with a shorter skirt, you will be required to give me your underwear. All of it. That's the rule. Now, I had better get to sleep. I have to go to work tomorrow." And he shuts the door.

Lisa stood on the doorstep, perplexed, for a few minutes, before walking back to the subway, barely balancing on her heels. Why must he play these games? She thought of his hard cock, straining his sweatpants, and wondered why it was not inside her, right now. Oh well, she thought, I'll just have to get myself off when I get home—but then she remembered Cheryl, and her skirt, and knew that she could not.

## 17 World's Shortest Skirt

The next morning, Wednesday, skirt day, Lisa spent nearly an hour deciding what to wear. She was horrified at the idea of being pantiless at work, so she wanted to make sure she was indeed wearing the shortest skirt she had. That would be the one she had worn yesterday. But Steve had indicated that she shouldn't wear it again, and it was *so* short. She cannot

remember anyone in the office—or for that matter, anyone at all—wearing a skirt so short. Surely, she could get away with wearing a longer one.

She considered the black pleated skirt that Steve had given her—surely it would be short enough! But then she remembered how every twirl exposed her underwear. What if Steve saw a shorter skirt and she had to remove that protection? That skirt exposed so much.

She thought of her brown skirt, the one she bought to feel a little more covered on her skirt days. Maybe that's too long, she thought, and she looked in her dresser and closet but could not find it, anyway. Cheryl must still have it, she thought. She would have to buy another one.

That left her first skirt, the green one that used to be perfect but that she had shortened by 4 inches. Still only mid-thigh length, but less likely to flip up than the pleated one. She tried it on her naked legs. A lot was exposed, she thought. This would be short enough, wouldn't it? Still, she knew her white panties would be only inches from view. She imagined confronting her coworkers without any panties at all under so short, so open a garment, and prayed she wouldn't have to. It's short enough—no one wears skirts shorter than this unless they're forced to, she reasoned!

Looking at her naked legs in the mirror, she remembered that she was forbidden pantyhose. And her only pair of stockings were torn. She would have to buy more. But today she would have to leave her legs bare.

With the skirt she wore one of her white blouses. It was low cut and slightly transparent, she could see the outline of her white bra through it. She didn't have a jacket to go with her skirt, though, and her open window told her that the day would be warm enough. Should she find a more conservative blouse? Something less tight, less see-through? No, she thought. She wanted to impress Steve.

What about shoes? Her new shoes were too much—too high, too red. She dug in her closet and found a pair of black, 2-inch pumps. Heels were expected of her now, she sensed. She would have to buy more.

As she prepared and drank her morning coffee and bagel, she jotted down a shopping list:

*more short skirts*  
*stockings*  
*high heels*  
*thongs?*  
*camis?*

She posted it on her refrigerator door and rushed off to the subway.

As she walked, she took note of every other woman she saw. What if someone is wearing a shorter skirt than me? Should I tell Steve? Most women she saw on her walk were wearing jeans, or shorts, or calf-length skirts. Just before entering the subway, she saw a brunette woman with a straight-cut beige miniskirt walking down the street. Her heart skipped a beat, but then she realized that the woman's skirt almost reached her knees. She looked down at her own skirt and saw much, much more exposed thigh. At first she felt safe, but then exposed. She found herself strangely anxious for Steve's approval. As she thought of how he would react to her outfit, she could feel the first pangs of arousal. Her pussy was waking up, and already starting to moisten.

As she waited for the subway train, her thoughts drifted to Cheryl. Cheryl! She had forgotten about her, and that video tape. What would Cheryl make her do today? The thought scared her, but also excited her. She was now decidedly horny.

Finally, the train arrives. The subway car is packed, as usual for this hour. She squeezes past the (mostly) business men by the door to find a spot to stand near the seats. She holds on to the bar overhead with one hand, and clutches her handbag close with the other. The train begins to move, and Lisa looks down at her breasts, avoiding contact with the men she is so closely pressed against. She notices her bra, slightly visible through her blouse. She begins to regret the choice, but knows she cannot turn back now.

After the first stop, the train becomes even more crowded, and Lisa is pushed from all sides. She cannot move; her arms are fixed in position as the train continues its journey.

Then, ever so lightly, she feels it. A hand. The hand. It is ever so lightly caressing the inside of her knee. It feels warm. She knows it will journey upwards, up her naked flesh. The first time, she remembers, she

was wearing pantihose. Then, stockings. Now, her entire legs are bare, and the hand's caress feels especially intense.

She cannot resist looking behind her. Who is doing this to me? How do they always find me? But she can barely move to turn around, and there are so many people she cannot tell who it could have been. She suspects a large man in a suit sitting at the nearby seat, but she cannot see his face. She stops looking back, and takes in a breath as she waits for the hand to return. Please come back, she thinks, as blood rushes to her sex. She spreads her bare legs a little, inviting, anticipating...

...and she is not disappointed. The hand returns, immediately feeling the soft, warm skin of her inner thigh. It strokes her gently, and then more firmly, and then wanders upwards, towards her ever moistening panties. Lisa's breathing quickens. She had forgotten how it felt to be touched in so private, so sensitive a place while surrounded by so many men. She wants to thank the hand, somehow – to return the favor, if she could. All she can think to do is to spread her legs apart as far as she can in the crowded car, and she does.

The hand seems to embrace the invitation by firmly cupping her crotch. Lisa knows it can feel how wet she is. It must realize how turned on she is, how much she wants it. How nice it would be to have a morning orgasm, here on the train, before even getting to work. All that tension, all that horniness, would be dissipated without needing to ask Cheryl's permission. She gives in to the hand and pushes herself against it. It starts to vigorously rub her clit. *"Oh god yes!"* she moans, as she writhes herself against the hand.

Her moan does not go unnoticed. It seems to echo in the crowded train for a second, followed by an embarrassed silence. She sees most of the eyes of the train shoot in her direction. The hand disappears. A deep blush appears on her face. Some of the men are smiling, some are whispering. She knows they can see her naked legs, her see-through blouse. They heard her lustful moaning – can they smell her need? What has she become? She has never felt more embarrassed in her life.

When the train reaches the main station, she notices that many of its riders sneak an extra look at her as they disembark. Lisa tugs her skirt down as low as she can and folds her arms across her chest as she walks the short distance to her office. Her little show left her ashamed – but very, very aroused. She feels that spark of exposure as her skirt sways around her thighs. This is not my fault, she thinks. This is Steve's doing. Or is it

Cheryl's? Or is it her own?

Few people are in the office when she arrives. Lisa walks from cubicle to cubicle, slyly peering in to each open entrance to check out the women. She is looking for skirts. After her mortifying subway experience, she could not bear to lose her underwear. It would be too much.

Fortunately, the few women in the office she sees are all wearing pants. She returns to her cubicle, and begins her work day, which begins with her email. There is nothing out of the ordinary – and nothing from Steve. What was she expecting? Her final email is from herself. “Don’t miss today’s meeting,” it says.

After a short while, Cheryl arrives and finds Lisa in her cubicle. When Lisa sees her, she worries – Cheryl would be the one to wear a skirt shorter than me! She’s working with Steve to humiliate me! So she looks immediately at Cheryl’s legs.

But Cheryl is wearing elegant black slacks. As usual, she looks conservatively professional.

“So,” Cheryl asks, “how did it go last night? Did you find Steve?”

Lisa is nervous. “Sure. We talked for a while and then I went home.” Lisa looks back at her computer screen.

Cheryl does not leave. “You just talked? I saw how you were dressed last night. I’ll bet Steve jumped you as soon as he saw you. Tell the truth, Lisa.”

Lisa continues looking at her computer. “No, Cheryl, he did not jump me. We just talked, and I went home.”

Cheryl gets close to Lisa’s ear, and whispers, “Listen here, Lisa. You know what I’ll do if you lie to me. I want you to be completely honest, or you will very much regret it. Now, what happened with Steve last night?”

Lisa speaks softly, still not looking at Cheryl. “We really only talked. I wanted to have sex but he showed me out.”

“Hmm. What did you talk about?”

“I made it clear to him that I would do what he said. It’s all been spelled out.”

“And did he ask you to do anything?”

Lisa hesitates.

“Or should I ask him?” Cheryl threatens.

“No, I’ll tell you. He said I had to wear the world’s shortest skirt. He said that if he sees anyone wearing a skirt shorter than me then I’ll have to



remove my underwear. And I really can't do that today. I chair my department meeting today and it would be humiliating to do it without panties. So I'm praying that no one will wear a shorter skirt than me today."

Cheryl laughs. "With that tiny thing, you probably don't have to worry." But then Cheryl thinks for a second. "But you might go down to the third floor and see what Yukie is wearing."

"Yukie? Who's Yukie?"

"You don't know Yukie? You've probably seen her on the elevator once or twice. She's a secretary on that floor, from Japan. She likes to wear really, really short skirts, every once in a while. She really has the legs for it, too. Cute girl. She's only been in the U.S. for a few months. I should introduce Steve to her. . . "

And so Lisa finds herself on the elevator, going down nervously to the unfamiliar third floor to find a girl she's never met, and compare the length of her skirt.

As the elevator doors open, Lisa sees a Japanese secretary at a nearby desk who simply must be Yukie. Beneath her open desk, Cheryl sees white and black striped socks stretching from her platform mules to a couple inches above her knee, followed by bare thigh. Lisa knows there must be a skirt up there somewhere, but she cannot see it. Her hair stands in two vertical pigtails, and her eye makeup shows shapes of pink and blue. Glittery earrings hang from her ears.

Lisa approaches her, tempted to peer under the desk, but not seeing a way to do so politely. "Can I help you?" asks Yukie with a high-pitched voice.

Lisa smiles. What should she say? "Are you Yukie?"

"Yes! Pleased to meet you." She pulls her chair away from her desk and extends her hand for a handshake. "And you are?"

Lisa looks at Yukie's lap. Her navy blue, pleated skirt is barely there, leaving Yukie's bronze thighs exposed to the top of her over-the-knee socks.

"I'm Lisa. I work upstairs. I heard about you from Cheryl, and thought I should meet you."

"Cheryl's a nice lady," says Yukie, nodding. "Pleased to meet you, Lisa."

Lisa smiles again. How can she explain? Should she just ask her to stand up and show off her skirt? "Yukie, do you want to come downstairs and get some coffee with me? My treat."

Yukie looks briefly at her desk. "Okay, but we must be very fast."

Yukie stands up. Lisa notices first that Yukie is more than a foot shorter than herself. Then she notices that Yukie's skirt falls down her thighs barely at all. It is clear that Lisa's fears are confirmed – Yukie is actually wearing a much shorter skirt! It seems to cover Yukie okay, but then, Yukie's short stature and thin hips allow the short garment to be sufficient.

As Yukie and Lisa get back in the elevator, Lisa wonders what to do. She knows that Cheryl will show Yukie to Steve. She feels her panties against herself, that small, thin protection, and already begins to miss them. What should I do?

The elevator quickly reaches the first floor, and as they get out Lisa notices Steve waiting at the elevators. Oh no! He'll see! Quickly, she pulls Yukie around the corner into a public restroom, hoping that Steve didn't notice. She thought she saw him turn his head. Was she fast enough?

"What are you doing?" demands Yukie, looking at Lisa as though she is crazy. "I think I should leave."

"No, wait, Yukie, I'm sorry. Please don't leave. Let me explain."

Yukie folds her arms and waits. Lisa hesitates.

"Well?"

"Okay, okay. That guy out there, waiting for the elevator, he's... well, we have a deal. The deal is that I have to be wearing the world's shortest skirt, or at least the shortest in the nearby vicinity. I simply have to be. And I heard you were wearing a shorter one, and I was afraid he'd see you. That's why I pulled you in here."

Yukie smiles. "That's funny! Why did you make this deal with him?"

"It's... a long story. But you see, that's why we have to hide."

"I need to get back to work. My boss will be angry if I am gone for too long." She walks toward the door.

"Wait! He might still be out there."

Yukie turns around. "So what do you want? You want to wear my skirt?"

Lisa had not considered the option. Did she have a choice? "Would you mind? Do you think it will fit?"

Yukie looks down at her skirt. "I've had this skirt since high school, in Japan. It used to be my uniform."

"That was your uniform? It's awfully short, isn't it?"

"Well, we shorten our skirts to our tastes. There was cute boy in my class and I wanted his attention, so I shortened it a lot! We went out on a

few dates after that. Of course, then I was stuck with this tiny skirt every day at school!" She giggles. "I'll tell you what. We can trade, but only if you do something for me."

Lisa paused. Another one, she thought? "Anything," she says.

"Buy me lunch today, be my friend! I've been here for months and only boys to talk to."

Lisa smiles. "Of course! You've got it."

Yukie smiles and unfastens her skirt. She pulls it down her legs revealing white panties with cartoon kittens. Lisa tries not to stare as she removes her own skirt, revealing her plain white cottons. She feels a little strange, standing in a public restroom with this half-naked girl she's never met, wearing only her blouse and panties. She hopes no one comes in!

The girls trade skirts. Lisa pulls Yukie's skirt up her waist, and, although it must sit high on her slim waist, she is able to fasten it. Meanwhile, Yukie fastens Lisa's skirt. On Yukie, the skirt comes almost to her socks.

Lisa is not so nicely covered. Lisa's extra height, the fact that the skirt sits so high on her waist, and the simple fact that the skirt is very, very short leaves Lisa looking indecent. She looks in the mirror and thinks she can barely see the bottom of her white panties. She tugs the skirt down as far as she can, and her panties seem to be covered. Just barely.

Of course, the skirt is pleated. She gives a twirl and her panties are immediately on display. She would have to move very, very slowly today.

"Okay?" asks Yukie.

Lisa is not so sure. She is barely wearing anything on her legs. She can't possibly go into her office like this, can she? What about her meeting?!? But what choice does she have?

"Okay," says Lisa, and they leave the restroom.

Lisa is grateful to see that Steve is not waiting for them. Maybe he didn't see them.

The girls decide to meet at Yukie's desk at noon. They return to their respective offices. As Lisa walks from the elevator to her cubicle, she is very conscious of her short skirt. She tries to hold it down as she walks as slowly as she can. She wishes she had not worn heels, as they add a motion to her hips that makes the skirt swish around, probably exposing her panties.

When Lisa returns to her cubicle, she is glad to be out of sight, and eagerly returns to her work.

At about 11am, she gets an email from Steve. "Lisa, please come to my cubicle. I have the paperwork you requested."

Lisa reads the email and scowls. Usually, Steve brings her paperwork when it's done. Clearly, he wants her to have to walk across the office.

She stands up and tugs down her blue pleated skirt as low as it will go. She thinks it is covering her panties, but she is worried. She pauses, takes a deep breath. She thinks Steve will be impressed, and the thought reawakens her arousal. She hopes he will touch her.

She walks between the long rows of cubicles, occasionally noticing glimpses from her male coworkers. Some of them poke their heads out of their cubicles after she passes. They try to be subtle, but she notices them. She hears their chairs squeak; it is the only sound except for the sound of her heels on the linoleum floor, announcing her humiliating parade.

When she reaches Steve's cubicle, she steps in, away from the prying eyes. Steve looks her up and down and smiles.

"You've outdone yourself, Lisa," he says. "When I said world's shortest skirt, you took it to heart, didn't you?"

Lisa blushes. "Can you see my panties?"

Steve looks carefully. "Um, no, not quite. They're covered."

"Good. Do you like it?"

Steve smiles. "I do. I like that shirt, too. Nice and tight." Lisa blushes, and feels herself get wet. He approves! He looks her in the eye. "Say, did I see you on the first floor this morning, with a Japanese girl? I couldn't tell, but I thought maybe she was wearing a shorter skirt than you."

Lisa panics. "No, that couldn't have been me. How could anyone be wearing a shorter skirt than me? Look at this thing!"

Steve laughs. "Yes, I suppose you're right. But maybe, when I saw you, you were wearing a longer skirt? Perhaps your green one?"

Lisa remains silent. She knew she was caught.

"The rule was that you had to wear the world's shortest skirt all day. You've only half followed it, haven't you?"

"But..." Lisa is scared. How could he take her panties now?!

"Maybe you should, therefore, be half punished."

"No, please, Steve, come on, look, this skirt is clearly short enough!"

"Don't try to cheat me, Lisa. Now, the punishment was for you to remove your underwear. So your half punishment is for you to remove half your underwear. Remove either your bra, or your panties. Your choice."

You may come back here in 5 minutes with either in your hands." Steve turns away.

Lisa doesn't know if she can do it, but the instruction from Steve, she realizes, has awakened in her a lust and excitement that is by now familiar but no less intense. Yes, of course she'd do it. As she walked to the restroom, she considered her options.

If she removes her bra, she is certain that the outline of her nipples would be visible through her thin blouse. But if she removes her panties, in this tiny pleated skirt, then she will truly be naked. Nothing will cover her ass, and everyone will see her most private parts if she so much as turns a corner too quickly. She could not have that. She decides to remove the bra.

And that she does, while watching herself in the restroom. She pulls off her blouse and unhooks the bra. Looking at herself in her mirror, she realizes just how large her breasts are. And as she buttons her blouse, she realizes just how tight – and low cut – it really is. She had worried so much about her skirt that she hadn't realized how much her buxom chest was exposed. And now, without the bra, the full shape of her breasts and nipples were evident through the thin, almost transparent blouse. What will her coworkers think of her now? As she looks at herself, she lets her right hand creep under her ever-so-short skirt and touch herself through her panties. Why does it feel so good to be so exposed? Do I enjoy this humiliation? Why am I so horny?

Knowing that the clock is ticking and that Steve is waiting, she takes one last look and gives her skirt a final tug. She makes the long walk back to his cubicle, her bra hidden in her hands, and delivers it to Steve.

"Good choice," he says.

Lisa thinks, will you fuck me now? Please?

Steve puts the bra in his drawer and gathers a large, disordered stack of papers from the top of his desk. He stands up and hands the stack to Lisa.

"This is all the work you've given me over the past couple days. It was a lot but I've been working hard. I hope you find it acceptable."

Lisa looks down at the stack of papers. Forms, letters, memos, purchase orders, inventories – everything she asked, all filled out. But she wished the stack were more orderly. She could barely hold all the paper-work in her arms.

"Do you mind if I organize the stack a little before I go?"

“Yes, I do mind. Please, I don’t want to see them anymore. Go.”

And with that he pushes her by her ass out of his cubicle. Just like the night before, Lisa yearns to feel his hand more, but the push was ever so brief, and Lisa finds herself in the hall holding the ungainly stack of papers with both hands.

She starts to walk back, and realizes that her skirt is swaying as she walks, probably flashing her panties. She tries to free up one of her hands to hold it down, but she almost drops the papers. While recovering, she hears a sharp yell: “*Lisa!*”

It was Steve. She turns around to look at him, and as she does so the stack of papers falls and scatters around the floor. Other workers hear the yell and they all poke their heads to see the commotion. What they see is Lisa, the bitchy, arrogant young professional, wearing the world’s shortest skirt and a tight, see-through blouse, surrounded by a stack of papers and holding only a file folder, swaying open, its contents on the floor below. Everyone in the office eagerly awaited her picking them up.

## 18 The Cold Seat

Lisa knew that if she bent down to pick up the papers, her panties would be clearly on display. Even if she squatted or knelt, there is no way her modesty would be maintained. For a few seconds she stared down at the papers, wondering what her office would think of her after everyone saw her panties under her skirt—and indeed, it seemed everyone was watching.

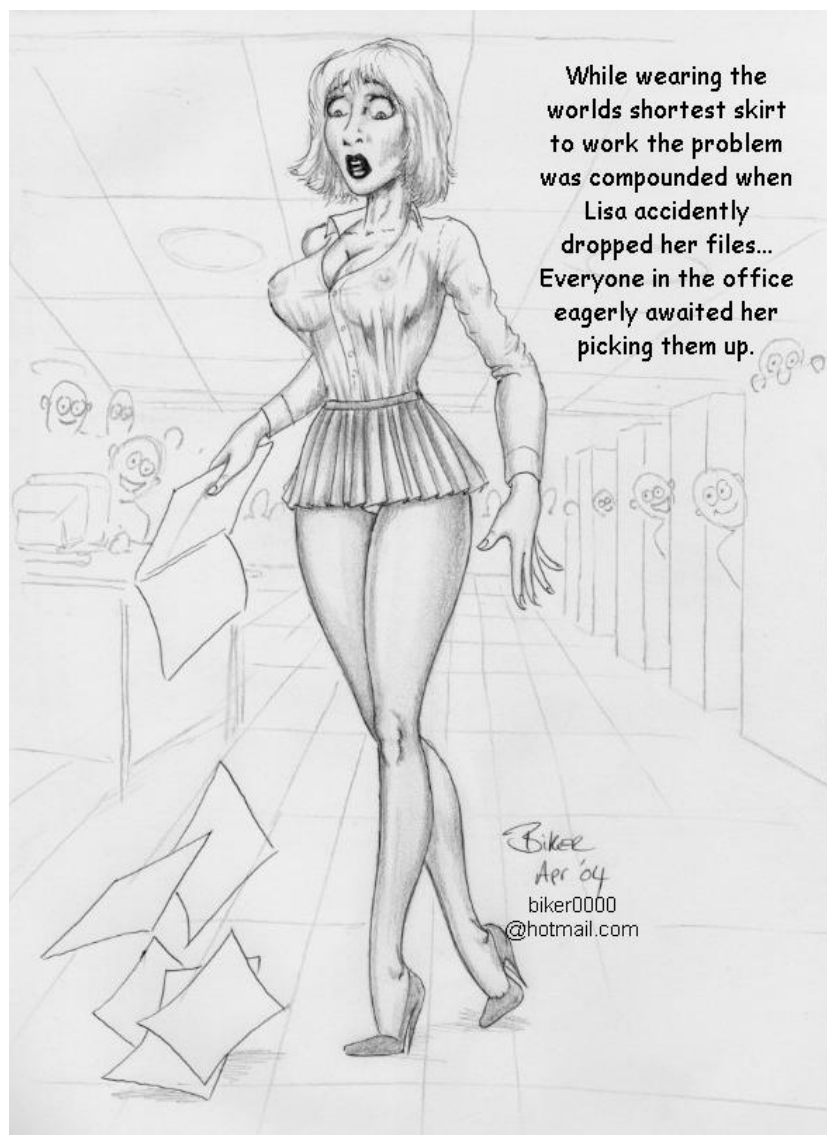
As she stared at the papers, Steve walked over. Lisa turned and saw him, and realized that this was all his doing.

“Why did you yell at me? You knew I’d drop these papers. They were a mess when you gave them to me!” Lisa’s loud voice could be heard clearly throughout the otherwise silent office.

Steve’s smile faded and he started to speak. “I . . .”

“Forget it,” she said. “This is intolerable. I want you to pick all these papers up and bring them to my desk in a neat pile. Now!”

And she quickly marched off to the semi-privacy of her cubicle. She sat down at her chair and stared at her blank computer screen for several minutes.



A thousand thoughts went through her head for those minutes. Mostly, she was regretful for yelling at Steve. All day, she had been hoping to feel his hard cock inside of her. She could not put the image from the night before of the bulge in his sweatpants out of her head. Didn't he think she was attractive? Why didn't he take her, then? And now she has yelled at him, while everyone was watching. Did she embarrass him? Will he be mad? Would it have been that bad to flash my panties for him? Why did he yell? What would he have said if I hadn't interrupted? She yearned for his touch more than ever, but she knew she would not—could not—apologize. Having her wear short skirts was one thing, but making her pick up his messy papers from the floor while everyone gawks is just unreasonable, isn't it? Still, she wonders how many of the men were aroused by her legs, by her hard nipples poking through her blouse. . . she began wishing she had bent over at the waist, and just let them look as she gathered the papers. Maybe one of them would have whistled their appreciation—it occurs to her that no one has ever whistled at her that way, and that she would love to be appreciated in that way once in a while . . .

Her thoughts are interrupted by Cheryl, who walks uninvited into Cheryl's cubicle and hands her a neat stack of papers.

"I ran into Steve on the way here," says Cheryl, "and when I told him I was on the way to see you he was happy to let me deliver these to you."

"Was he mad?" asked Lisa.

"I don't know. We didn't talk much."

Lisa starts to leaf through the papers.

"Put those down," says Cheryl.

Lisa puts them on her desk.

"Nice skirt," says Cheryl. Lisa looks down. Her pleated skirt covers almost none of her bare thighs. Lisa rests her hands over her thighs, attempting to hide her panties.

"Nice shirt, too. I see you're going without a bra again!" Lisa blushes and folds her arms around her chest, again exposing her thighs. She hopes no one in nearby cubicles is listening to Cheryl.

"That must be Yukie's skirt, hm?" says Cheryl. Lisa nods.

"But I remember you wearing a bra this morning. Why did you take it off?"

Lisa feels nervous as Cheryl stands over her, and knows she should tell the truth. "Well, since Yukie was wearing a shorter skirt than me, I had to remove my underwear."



"Because of Steve's game?"

"Yes." Lisa speaks quietly, hoping that Cheryl will be similarly quiet.

Cheryl obligingly whispers: "So, you're not wearing any panties under that tiny skirt? No wonder you made Steve pick up those papers!"

Lisa whispers back: "No, no, I'm still wearing panties. Since I was only wearing a longer skirt for a short time, in the morning, we decided I only had to remove half my underwear—so I gave up my bra."

"Why not your panties? Your shirt is almost see-through, but your skirt isn't. You want to show off your nipples, huh?"

"No! Not at all. It's just that this skirt is so short, and it flips and sways all over the place, and I just couldn't possibly chair my meeting this afternoon worrying that everyone might see my bare ass, or my ... I just couldn't."

"You couldn't?"

"No! It would be too humiliating." Lisa's whisper is barely audible.

Cheryl has a huge grin on her face, and a stern glare. She puts her mouth right next to Lisa's ear and whispers "Take off your panties, Lisa. Right now."

Lisa's hands instinctively cover her crotch. "What?!? Why?" Her desperate voice is no longer a whisper.

"But we agreed that losing the bra was enough! I get to keep the panties!" Lisa wishes she had said that more quietly.

Cheryl shakes her head. "Take them off. Now."

"No! It's not fair!" Lisa emphatically whispers.

Cheryl whispers back, sternly: "Fair? Why is it fair that you play Steve's games, but then you yell at him and make a fool of him in front of the whole office! Everyone saw that YOU dropped those papers, so YOU should have been the one to pick them up. Steve may be your employee, but I doubt his job description includes the words 'picking up the crap my boss drops.' Besides, you're the one who made the rules, and they were very simple. If you're wearing a skirt, you do what I say. And I'm telling you to take off your panties, right now, unless you want the whole office to see the little video I made!"

"Okay, okay!" whispers Lisa. "Can I go to the restroom and bring them to you?"

"No! Why? Just reach under that little skirt, and pull them down!"

"Okay, but can I *please* have them back before my meeting?"

"I'll tell you what. Since you asked so nicely, you can have them back right after the meeting. Come to my cubicle to pick them up."

Lisa pauses and nods. She looks around Cheryl to make sure no one is watching. She reaches under the skirt and does not have far to reach. She quickly pulls the panties down, knowing that she probably flashed her bare pussy. She pulls them from her ankles and Cheryl snatches them away.

"Now," says Cheryl, as she puts the panties in her pocket and bends down to whisper into Lisa's ear again, "was that so bad?" Cheryl puts her hand on Lisa's thigh. Lisa tries to cross her legs, but Cheryl's firm touch discourages her. "Spread those beautiful thighs a little, Lisa. I want to see if you really wanted those panties or if you're just being a brat."

"What do you mean?" asks a very nervous Lisa.

"If you're really as turned-off and concerned as you say you are, then maybe I'll give you your panties back. But if you're wet down there, then that tells me you're enjoying this, despite all of your bratty complaining. Now spread your thighs."

Lisa shuts her eyes and opens her legs, just a little, as she feels Cheryl's warm hand caress its way to her bare snatch. She knows what Cheryl will find.

"Oh my god," whispers Cheryl, "you're like a faucet!"

Cheryl's fingers swirl Lisa's moisture around her clit, sending pangs of pleasure through her body. All too quickly, though, Cheryl withdraws her hand and puts it in front of Lisa's face. Lisa is overwhelmed by her musky scent.

"I think you like it. Would you like to taste yourself?"

Lisa scrunches her nose at the idea, but can see by Cheryl's face that she has no choice. A moment later she finds herself with Cheryl's finger in her mouth, sucking off the juices of her own arousal. This position, these clothes—what have I become? she thinks.

Cheryl smiles and pats Lisa on the head with her hand, now moist with saliva. "Good girl," she says. "I'll see you after your meeting." And she leaves.

The rest of the morning, Lisa tries to work, but the thought of being so naked and so wet under her tiny skirt distracts her. She spends much of her time reminding herself to walk slowly, to be careful bending over or sitting down. If she's careful, she thinks, no one will notice.

When lunchtime comes, she remembers her promise to buy lunch for

Yukie. She wants to stay in the refuge of her cubicle, but she knows she wants to keep her promise, since Yukie had been so nice. She stands up and slowly walks to the elevator, holding her skirt down to keep her swivelling hips from swishing her tiny skirt around and exposing her secret. She can feel the cool, air-conditioned air of the office on her moist pussy. She can sense the eyes of her coworkers as she walks past.

As she waits for the elevator, a crowd of men emerge from another office. Their noisy chatter stops as they approach her, and she can hear them whisper to each other. She does not look at them, but only pretends that they are not there. She knows that they are looking at her body so exposed by her short skirt and tight blouse.

When the elevator arrives, everyone packs in. It is more crowded than the subway was, and Lisa is pressed against men on all sides. She feels something hard pushing at her hip, and hopes it is not what she knows it is.

Finally at the third floor, she has to push her way through the men to leave the elevator. She feels her skirt get caught as she does so, and worries about what the men might have seen in the second it took for the garment to fall back into place.

She finds Yukie's desk. Yukie looks modest in comparison to this morning, her green skirt hiding her thighs and her stripy socks covering the rest of her legs. Upon seeing Lisa, her face lights up with a smile, and Lisa finds that she cannot help but smile back.

"Where do you want to go for lunch?" asks Lisa, and Yukie looks at the ceiling as she considers her options. "Mmmm, how about the diner across the street! I love their hamburgers!"

Lisa nods their assent, and the two women walk back to the elevator, discussing the relative merits of the different hamburgers available in the downtown area.

When they step outside, Lisa immediately notices the breeze under her skirt. This is the first time she can remember being outside without anything covering her sex, and with so short a skirt she fears she could be exposed at any moment to the busy crowds on the sidewalks. But the crosswalk is flashing red, and Yukie makes a run for it. Lisa hurries to follow, letting go of her skirt and feeling its pleats swish around her naked ass as she trots across the street. She hears a stopped car honk. Was that for me? she thinks, noticing that the light has not yet changed.

When they reach the diner, they find a couple of seats facing against the

large window to the sidewalk. Lisa puts her purse on the small wooden shelf and climbs up on the stainless steel bar stool. The exposed metal feels cold on her ass; her skirt is not long enough to cover her and without panties, it is her bare flesh on the metal.

Yukie and Lisa continue to chat about their workplace and the weather, and finally a waiter takes their order: two hamburgers, two side salads, a milkshake for Yukie and a diet coke for Lisa. "How can you drink those milkshakes and stay so thin?" asks Lisa, and Yukie giggles. "I'm lucky, I guess."

By the time their food arrives, Lisa is feeling quite comfortable. Yukie's girlish excitement relaxes Lisa and helps her forget about the stress of her job. She hadn't had a hamburger for lunch in some time, and she begins to wish she had ordered french fries and a milkshake for herself. "Do you want to share mine?" asks Yukie, and Lisa enjoys a few sips of the chocolaty drink.

They were done with their food and their bill and were chatting about a recent movie when Yukie looks Lisa in the eye and says: "Don't look! But have you noticed the guy who has been standing against that parking meter for the last 20 minutes? Don't look!"

Lisa looks. Indeed, there is a young man in tee shirt and blue jeans with dark hair and sunglasses, arms crossed, standing at the parking meter just beyond the window outside the diner. "He's been looking this way," continues Yukie. "He's looking away now, but he's been looking at us. I think he likes your legs."

Lisa feels a deep blush in her face. She looks down at her legs. On the bar stool, her legs are slightly spread and facing the clear glass window. The floor of the diner is slightly raised, and on the high stool she knows that the man has a good angle of view straight up her skirt. "Oh my god," says Lisa, "he's looking up my skirt."

Yukie giggles. "So what? So he can see your panties. People see my panties all the time when I wear that skirt. That's why I have to choose my underwear very carefully in the morning! I think the guys like white ones the best, they always get the biggest smile! Anyway, he's kinda cute! You should wink at him!"

Lisa's blush grows and she crosses her legs, revealing her thigh up to her ass. This doesn't seem any better, so she uncrosses them again and clamps her legs together. "Yeah, I guess he could see my...my panties. I'm so ashamed!"

"Don't be silly!" says Yukie. "He's not offended!"

"I'm not worried about offending him. Don't you think it's inappropriate to show your panties in public?"

"Well, sometimes, I guess. I told you that I shortened that skirt in high school, you know, for my boyfriend. I had to wear it every day, and I was always afraid the other boys would see my panties. But it's not that hard to prevent, so it's not a big deal."

"It seems hard to prevent to me! I can't even sit down in this without revealing everything!"

"Back in school, I would ALWAYS sit in the front of the class, so that all the boys were behind me. Then only the teacher could see up my skirt, and I don't think he was looking."

"That's a good point. I guess people who are sitting behind you can't see up your skirt. Simple but true. I'll have to remember that for my meeting today. If my coworkers saw my... my panties, I think I would just die."

"Good luck!"

"Thanks," says Lisa. "Speaking of which, we'd better get going."

"Okay!" says Yukie, jumps out of her stool, and bounces over to the door.

Lisa looks out the window as she stands up. She sees the man's glance steal away. She knows he has been looking at her all through lunch. She knows that he knows she's not wearing any panties! What does he think of her? But as she stands and walks to the door, she sees him walk away down the sidewalk, as if he had been waiting for a friend who never showed up, or just chose that spot to rest during a long walk. Lisa hoped she would never see him again. Although Yukie was right, she thinks, we WAS kinda cute.

As they walk back to the office, Lisa holds the back of her skirt to her ass. She simply does not want to take any more chances, and the breeze outside threatens to bare everything to the world.

In the elevator, Yukie says: "That was a lot of fun, Lisa!"

Lisa smiles in agreement. "That was the best lunch I've had in a long time!"

Yukie continues: "So, every Monday a bunch of the secretaries have lunch in that diner together. There's about 6 of us who go. I don't really know any of them well, but I always go. I know you're not one of the

secretaries, but you seem a lot of fun and I think you should come with us! I'd love if it if you came! Please?"

Lisa hesitates to answer. Her status as a rising executive was important to her—what would people think of her if she hung out every week with giggling secretaries? And yet, she did have fun with Yukie, until she realized the show she was giving through the window, at least. She couldn't decide what to say, but then she remembered. This is a skirt day, isn't it? She felt her pussy moisten at the concept, at not having to make the choice, at having her garment or perhaps her moistening pussy decide for her. "Yes," she said, "yes, I will join you! See you Monday."

After leaving Yukie on the third floor, Lisa realizes she is again running late for her meeting. On her own floor, she rushes down the hallway of cubicles to get her notes. As she goes, she can feel her skirt flip around her thighs, but she knows she doesn't have time to get it under control. She just hopes nobody notices.

She grabs her notebook from her desk and rushes into the conference room. Her entire department is already there, seated, and complete silence enshrouds the room at her entrance. All eyes are upon her. Lisa looks down at herself. She can see her nipples through her blouse. She can see the entirety of her naked legs. Her skirt is just barely hiding her ass. She can see the top of her chest start to turn red, and she knows her face must be a similar hue. And her lack of panties becomes most obvious to her as she feels the moisture of arousal start to slide down her inner left thigh. "Oh my god," she says to herself under her breath, and all she can think about is masturbating. It would feel so good. Maybe Cheryl will let her after the meeting! Her frustrating arousal is getting the better of her, she thinks! "I can't believe I'm thinking of masturbation at a time like this!" she thinks to herself. She tugs at her skirt and says to the room, "Art, you're first. Let's hear your report."

She needs to sit down and do her best to hide. A few chairs are open in the conference room, but she sees that one of the tables in the front of the room is free. She remembered her conversation with Yukie: if I sit in the front, they can't see up my skirt. As humiliating as her outfit was, she couldn't be seen without her panties! So she quickly rushes to the seat, hangs her purse off the back, puts down her notebook, and sits. She feels the wood of the seat against her completely bare ass.

Art begins talking about the budget and Lisa's mind drifts. She starts to wonder how she should approach Cheryl about masturbating. She is

annoyed that Cheryl took her panties for no good reason, but she wants Cheryl's permission to masturbate! She decides she should be very nice when she goes to get her panties back, and ask. She knows Cheryl wants to humiliate her, so she will show humility when she asks. Then she realizes that as she daydreams about masturbating, she is missing the budget report for her department! She needs to pay attention!

She picks up her pencil and begins to take notes on Art's presentation. As she starts to get lost thinking about how to change spending to compensate for the low numbers Art is presenting, she feels a slight itch on her lower back. She puts her pencil down and reaches behind her to scratch her back, and she hears some giggling behind her. She quickly turns to look to see who it is. The giggling behind her stops as she turns around. Who was giggling? Were they giggling at her? Could they have somehow discovered that she was pantyless today? And if so, HOW?!! Oh my god, she thinks! What if I'm not covered from behind?!? She looks behind her and found that her scratching was lifting up her skirt, and the skirt is so short that her bare ass might have been visible from behind! Embarrassed, she sits up and pulls the skirt under herself as far as she can, but it hopelessly falls away behind the chair again. She tries to return her attention back to the budget report but she finds that she cannot focus. Did someone see her bare ass? Does someone in the room know? She looks at Steve, who is sitting at the side of the room, but he is taking notes and paying no attention to her. Who saw? Who was giggling? Maybe they were giggling at something else.

When Art finishes his report, Lisa barely notices. As the chairperson of the meeting, the room's attention falls on her, but she is still adjusting her skirt, trying to hide her decency. Finally she notices the silence and snaps back to attention. "Uh, thank you Art, no questions from me today. Anyone?" The room is silent.

Lisa is flustered. Her pussy is screaming at her for attention, but she is in the middle of a meeting and in charge of directing it! Never before has she felt so much in the "hot seat," although ironically her seat still feels cold on her bare flesh! "Thank you all for coming to the meeting today, but I think I need to go make some decisions regarding Art's very revealing, um, figures. Numbers. His numbers. His revealing numbers. So let's cut it short today – send me an email with any other concerns, and we'll meet here again next week."

Lisa tries to smile at her coworkers as they file out of the room. They are





giving her strange looks. Usually these meetings run for hours and hours as she asks questions and piles more and more work upon her employees. Even those at the meeting not directly employed by her feel burdened by the work they have to catch up on after talking to her. But today, she thinks, today she just seemed clueless. She wasn't even paying attention. What is wrong with me?

She knows what is wrong with her. She needs to have an orgasm. Something about the way all these men are looking at her, something about how Steve's hand felt earlier as he pushed her by the ass into the hallway, something about how Cheryl demanded her panties for no good reason—all these things have turned her on to the point of frustration. She needs to orgasm now, so she can focus her mind back on her work. And she knows that if she does it without permission, she will feel guilty and worry all day that Cheryl might find out, and somehow punish her!

She stands up and smooths out her skirt. With her handbag and her notebook, she walks slowly, so as not to be any more exposed than she has to be, back to her desk. She drops off her things and slowly approaches Cheryl's cubicle. Cheryl is there, working on her computer.

"Cheryl," whispers Lisa. Cheryl continues working on her computer.

"Cheryl!" whispers Lisa, a little louder. Cheryl, still looking at her computer screen, holds up a finger indicating to wait.

Lisa waits. She waits a little longer. She is standing at Cheryl's cubicle door at a time in the afternoon when there is a lot of traffic in the hallway, and she feels the eyes of passersby on the backs of her naked thighs. She holds down her skirt, hoping her buttocks are not visible. Cheryl continues reading from her computer screen.

"Cheryl! *Can I talk to you please?*" says Lisa in her loudest whisper.

Cheryl snaps her head around and looks sternly at Lisa.

"Bend down here," whispers Cheryl, "I want to whisper something in your ear."

Lisa bends her knees and squats so that her ear is close to Cheryl's mouth.

"No, not like that," says Cheryl. "Keep your knees straight and try again."

Lisa stands up. She knows at least the bottom of her ass will be revealed if she does it. Should she refuse? She reminds herself: be nice, ask permission. She does as instructed and bends over at the waist. She feels the skirt ride up the tops of her thighs and then up her bare ass. She

knows people are walking down the hallway behind her. Surely someone will see!

Once Lisa's ear is close to Cheryl's mouth, Cheryl whispers "I told you to wait, and you did not listen. You are not my boss yet. Now, I told you I'd give you your panties back, but now I'm not so sure I should."

Lisa, still bent over with ass exposed, whispers back, "Cheryl, I'm truly sorry. I just . . . well, I really need to orgasm. Please, may I have permission to go to the bathroom and touch myself? I don't think I'll be able to get any work done if I don't."

Cheryl turns her chair and puts her left hand on Lisa's thigh. "Aroused, are we?"

Cheryl's soft hand feels like electricity on Lisa's sensitive thigh. "God yes. I really need it."

Cheryl touches Lisa lightly, and traces her fingers up the insides of Lisa's thigh. "Tell me again what you need?"

Lisa feels Cheryl's hand coming close to her very wet pussy. It reminds her of the hand on the subway, except Cheryl's is gentle and teasing. Lisa yearns to be touched higher. "I need to come. I need very badly to come. Please."

Cheryl slides her hand up Lisa's skirt and puts her thumb on Lisa's naked pussy lips. They are extremely moist, and Cheryl rubs the moisture up and down. Lisa's knees become shaky and she releases a small, whispered moan. "I like you like this," says Cheryl, "all frustrated. I don't like it when you're pushy, like you were a few seconds ago."

Lisa can barely stand the touch of Cheryl's teasing fingers. Her arousal is causing her head to spin. If Cheryl would just touch her clit, she knows she could orgasm, right there with her butt exposed to the whole office. That would be so humiliating, she thinks—so much that maybe Cheryl will do it! She finds herself yearning for it. "Please," she says, "Cheryl, please touch me harder. Touch my . . . my . . ."

"Your what?" asks Cheryl, as she continues to tease Lisa's wet lips.

Lisa can't bring herself to say "clitoris" out loud. It seems like such a dirty word. "You know! Please, I'm begging."

Cheryl smiles and whispers, "Now, Lisa, you know you are not allowed to orgasm without permission." Lisa nods, her mouth gaping open from pleasure, "and you do NOT have permission. Pushy girls like you don't get to orgasm until they learn not to be so pushy!" Lisa's heart sinks. "Also, you are forbidden to ever orgasm while not wearing a skirt, do you

understand? This means you only get to come on skirt days, and even then only when I say you can. Do you understand?"

Lisa tries to rub herself on Cheryl's hand, but Cheryl pulls away. "Do you understand?" repeats Cheryl. Lisa, now left hanging and frustrated, whispers "yes, I understand."

"Now," says Cheryl, "I promised you your panties back and here they are."

Cheryl opens her bottom desk drawer and takes out a plastic bag. She hands the plastic bag to Lisa.

Lisa stands up and takes the bag. When she opens it, she gets a strong whiff of something. What is that smell? It is familiar, but she has not smelled it in a long time.

She pulls the panties out of the bag and sees something drip from them. "Eww," she says, "they're wet!" Cheryl smiles as Lisa examines the panties further. She looks inside them and finds that the inside of the crotch is covered with a white slime. That's not from me, she thinks. Then she realizes what it is—what she smelled.

Cheryl laughs as she sees Lisa slowly come to understand. She beckons with her finger, "Bend back down here."

Lisa squats down. "Not like that!"

Lisa straightens her knees and again bends at the waist, never failing to notice her tiny skirt raising above the bottom of her butt cheeks. "You don't get to come," says Cheryl, "because you were so pushy. But you've got a secret admirer who had quite a, shall we say, bountiful orgasm. He also knows you weren't wearing panties today. As soon as I mentioned that and handed him this garment he shot his load into it like there was no tomorrow. I wish you could have seen it!"

Lisa cannot believe what she is hearing. Her humiliation washes over her, and she feels a little queasy.

"Go ahead, put them on!"

Lisa looks again at the drenched panties. "Who was it?" asked Lisa.

"I won't tell you unless you put them on. And even then I might not. But if you don't put them on, then your little video is in an office-wide email in about 15 seconds."

Lisa looks at Cheryl and sees that she is serious. She bends down and puts her high-heeled shoes through the panty legholes and begins pulling the wet, smelly garment up her legs. When it reaches her thighs she can feel the slightly warm, gooey fluid on her bare leg. She pauses, and Cheryl

beckons her to continue. When she pulls them all the way up, a small squishy sound is heard and she can feel the soaked crotch against her own wetness.

“There now,” whispers Cheryl, “you’re decent.”

“Who was it?” asks Lisa.

Cheryl smiles. “I promised him I wouldn’t tell. And I always keep my promises. Now do try to get some work done!”

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*Skirt Day* is a work in progress.