## Unfair Punishment

It was only my first day on the job. I knew the boss was strict, but I think he was too strict. When I was hired, he warned me that I would have to take off some of my clothes if I made a mistake.   
  
"Some?" I asked.   
  
"That's right," he said. "We won't make you go naked or anything!" He laughed, and so did I. I mean, that would be ridiculous, right? In an office, with executives coming in and out at all times.   
  
After our nervous laughter died down I was still a bit apprehensive. I managed to say, "So, I mean, how much will I have to take off?"   
  
Without losing a beat, he said, "Well that depends on how badly you screw up, then, doesn't it?"   
  
"OK," I said. "If I make a little mistake, then how much?"   
  
"A little mistake?" He thought about it. I could see his dick getting harder the more he considered the question.   
  
"Yes," I said, closing one eye, and holding up my thumb and forefinger, "A teeny weeny mistake."   
  
"Well," he replied, "for that I think you might have to lose your bra."   
  
I clasped my hands over my chest. "My bra?" This was a problem for me, because my shirts were all very thin. I don't think people can see through my shirts, but I'm not sure. I've always worn a bra, and to go without one in an office environment, well, that would be pretty hard for me.   
  
"Just don't make any mistakes," he said, "and then you can keep your bra."   
  
That was the end of our conversation. I wasn't happy about the prospect of losing my bra, but I did suppose it was a fitting punishment, and it would remind me not to make the same mistake twice. So I went to my post, at the front desk of the office. No sooner did I sit down, but the phone rang. I picked it up, and said "hello". The boss was right there, glaring at me.   
  
"Hello?" he mocked. "This is a business. You answer with a businesslike voice, and thank the caller for calling us."   
  
I was mortified. Not only did the boss chew me out in front of everyone, with the whole office watching, but now I was horribly afraid of losing my bra, to boot. "Give me one more chance," I begged.   
  
"I'm sorry," he said. "But I'll allow you the dignity of stripping in the supply closet."   
  
"Stripping?" I hoped he meant just taking off my bra.   
  
"That's what I call it. First it'll be your bra. Then something else. The stripping will continue until you learn your lesson."   
  
"But you said I wouldn't have to be naked, right?" I was just checking. But I wasn't happy with the answer.   
  
"As long as you don't make too many mistakes," he said.   
  
I felt like crying, so I got up right away and headed for the supply closet. I was so upset I ripped off my shirt, and took my bra off. Then, when I went to put my shirt on again, I saw one of the buttons was missing. Oh crap. I buttoned up my shirt, all except for the missing button, and was relieved to see that my tits were covered. I opened the door, and was relieved to see everyone was hard at work, not paying attention to me or my lack of a bra. I resumed my post, and answered the phone in a very businesslike way.   
  
I was breathing a little easier when the boss came up to me and said "Did you type the Peterson Memo like I asked?"   
  
"The Peterson Memo?" I asked. Already I was fearing the worst.   
  
The boss became livid. "YES! THE PETERSON MEMO! I NEED IT RIGHT AWAY!"   
  
I had no idea what he was talking about. "I guess I'll be taking off my panties now."   
  
"Yes, AND YOUR SKIRT!" With that, he slammed his door.   
  
I went crying into the supply closet. Surely he didn't mean it. My panties AND my skirt? That would leave me bottomless. One of the other girls, Jill I think her name is, came in and saw me crying. She soothed me by rubbing my shoulders. "I know, honey," she said. "It's not easy dealing with the boss."   
  
I sobbed my thanks, and rested my head on her shoulders.   
  
"Look, if you just take off your skirt and panties, and go back out there, I'm sure everything will be fine."   
  
I was hoping Jill would come up with a better idea than that. "I really have to do that?" I begged. "It's not even lunchtime, and I'm going to be practically naked."   
  
Jill said, "I know, honey. I'll help you," and she helped me out of my skirt and panties. Then she arranged my shirt so it would cover as much as possible, accidentally rubbing her hand against my pussy.   
  
She felt its wetness, and looked at me. I didn't know what to say. "I get excited when I'm forced to strip. It's really embarrassing. It's like I want this or something, but I don't..." I trailed off, and started crying again. She soothed me by rubbing my pussy, but that just made me more excited. I wanted her to stop, but she was being so nice I didn't say anything. I just spread my legs apart, and prayed she would leave me alone. But she kept at it, and I swear it felt good. Before I knew it, I came, and it was a doozie. By trying to hold it back, I just made the orgasm that much stronger when it came.   
  
"You'll feel better, now," she said, as she held open the door for me. I was bottomless, but my shirt had tails that covered the vital organs, if you know what I mean. Besides, seated at my desk, the only thing people could see was my chest, and that, thankfully, was still fully covered by my shirt.   
  
My real embarrassment started when the girls all went to lunch and they asked me to come along. I said "no" because I didn't want to go to the cafeteria without my bottom. One of them made me stand up and show them how I was dressed. She told me not to worry about it, that my shirt covered me just fine, and all the others agreed. I know they were just trying to be nice, because the tail in back didn't really cover my ass. But the girls were being so nice, I decided to swallow my pride, and go with them. It turned out to be very nice. The girls were sweet to me, engaging me in conversation, and ignoring my skimpy attire. I was glad to get up and fetch things for them, because they were so nice. One of them forgot to get a napkin. Another needed a refill of her drink. Each time I sat down, the girls helped me arrange my shirt, so I would be covered. They stroked my thighs to ease my discomfort at being bottomless, and once or twice their hands strayed toward my wet pussy, but I'm sure that was just a mistake.   
  
One of the girls gave me a very good tip. She said I should unbutton my shirt when I'm sitting down, because that way the sides of the shirt hang down further, and cover my thighs. So people passing our table wouldn't be able to see I was bottomless. I did as she said, and felt much better. The girls are all so sweet, stroking my skin, and making me feel comfortable. After I opened my shirt, Betty stroked my belly, which felt really nice. "You're nicely shaven," she commented after she accidentally strayed down too far, and felt my bald pussy. She realized her mistake and withdrew her hand suddenly.   
  
"Thank you," I said, guiding her hand back to my pussy. "It's OK." The other girls saw that, and giggled. Betty admitted she doesn't wear panties at work, and asked me if I would like to check for myself. She guided my hand under her skirt, and I noticed she was fully shaven, too. And she was pretty excited, I noticed. Betty was nice to me, spreading her legs so I could get a better feel.   
  
When one of them asked me to get her a spoon, I forgot to button up my shirt, because by this time I was feeling very comfortable with the girls. When I sat down, one of them stroked my nipples to remind me to cover up. "Oops!" I said, as I draped my shirt over my tits. We all laughed at that.   
  
I returned from lunch feeling much better about myself. I realized all I needed was a shirt with tails that covered my pussy and most of my ass, and I could kid myself into thinking I was fully clothed.   
  
But that good feeling didn't last long.   
  
I found out that as soon as I left for lunch the boss started looking for me again. Apparently I screwed up something else, and he wanted more clothes. But I had nothing else to give him. I begged him to give me another chance and let me keep my shirt on. I reminded him that he said I wouldn't have to get naked. But it was no use. He sent me into the supply closet.   
  
  
  
Here I sit in the supply closet. I took off my shirt, but I'm afraid to venture back to my desk. My pussy is practically exploding, because I already came once or twice today, and being naked in front of other people just turns me on. I can't help it. Eventually, I suppose I'll get up the courage to go back to my desk, naked, but for now I think I'll just sit here and cry.

Sat Apr 30, 2005 5:32 pm MST by [Richard Hertz](http://dickhurt69.blogeasy.com/user.view.run?userID=8225)