**Stripping On The Inside**

By peccavitoon

When Jane was in college getting her accounting degree she was frequently teased about how boring the job and accountants were. She graduated and was happy to get a job at a prestigious accounting firm. But she soon found that the firm was as stuffy as everyone had said. The firm had a very firm dress code, everyone wore grey pantsuits with a white shirt and black shoes. Women did not have to wear a tie, but they had to wear their hair short or pulled back in a ponytail. They were not even allowed to wear makeup other than foundation and lip gloss.  
  
From the first day of work, a grey suit in a sea of grey suits, Jane felt the need to be different, to be a woman. First she bought three inch high heels. Well she felt sexier in them, she soon realized that they just made her the same height as all of the men. She looked more the same than ever.  
  
She could not fight the dress code she realized. They wanted everyone to look the same. That meant she would have to be sexy secretly. She went out and bought red lace bras and panties. At the office the next day she felt sexy and superior, looking at the drab men and knowing what she was wearing under her grey clothes.   
  
After a few months she got used to the red lace underwear and it no longer made her feel so special. She tried purple, pink, and leopard print. Each made her feel sexy for a few days, but in the end they were just underwear. She needed something different.  
  
So, she looked around the lingerie store and noticed the garter belts. Since she wore pants to work, she wore socks. There was no need for a garter belt and that made it different. She bought a garter belt and stockings and wore them to work the next day. As she sat at her desk, she rubbed her leg and could feel the straps under her pants. Whenever she felt bored and boring she would run her leg and think about how she was secretly being sexy. As she sat in meetings and looked at her boss, a stuffy old man, she imagined the look on his face if he knew what she were wearing.  
  
The garter belt kept her feeling sexy for almost a year. Then she discovered that she could wear fishnet stockings and no one noticed. Now, when rubbing her garter belt was not enough she could slip off her shoes and look at her stockings. She wondered if anyone would notice them. She was tempted to hitch up her pant legs to show them off. But she did not, and no one did.  
  
The sexiness Jane felt gave her confidence, and she was promoted twice in her first two years. The old men grumbled as she was promoted over them, but as they stood their in their uniform grey outfits and she stood before them in her red lace bra and panties, garter belt and fishnet stockings, and three inch heels - she knew she was special and they were not. She was almost surprised when she saw herself in the mirror, wearing the same drab grey suit as everyone else.  
  
But the sexiness, as always, wore off. Jane went back to the lingerie store. A push-up bra did not work. It was barely noticeable under her jacket and it was supposed to look sexy, not feel sexy. Then she found the shelf bras. They were colorful and lacy like her bras, but there was only enough cup to hold the breasts up. Almost the whole breast, including the nipple, was exposed. If the push-up bra was not noticeable beneath her jacket neither would the shelf bra.  
  
When Jane went to work the next day she felt her bare nipples rubbing against the fabric of her shirt. She felt not only sexy, but aroused. Her cheeks flushed and her lips engorged, looking plump and red. Her boss accused her of wearing make-up and made her wash her face. But it was not make-up, it was sex. The natural make-up of a woman, she thought.  
  
A week later the sexy feeling had not gone away. In meetings, she would adjust her jacket, sliding it across her nipples to harden them. In her office, she would reach under her jacket to give her nipples a tweak. She was constantly aroused, and she wanted more. She went to the bathroom and took off her panties and tucked them into her purse. Now, she was nearly naked beneath her suit. She went around the office talking to the guys. She smiled and chatted. They barely gave her a second look, little imagining what her grey suit was concealing.  
  
The next day, when Jane put on her fishnet stockings and attached her garter belt she looked at her hairy pussy. That would never do, she thought. She knew from women’s magazines that bare pussies were popular, but she had never thought to do it herself. But now that the hair was all that concealed her pussy she realized that she was not naked enough. She got out her razor and shaved herself smooth. In front of the mirror, she posed, looking at her labia for the first time. She stroked the smooth skin, it felt so good. So she slipped her finger inside and stroked herself to orgasm. She had to throw on the rest of her clothes and was late to work, but she strode in boldly and no one said a thing.  
  
When she got home at night, Jane saw herself in her suit in the hallway mirror. It did not look like her. She took off the coat and shirt, pulled off the pants, and stood before the mirror in her lingerie. That was what she looked like, she thought. She spent the whole weekend in just her lingerie. Each time she looked in the mirror she would pause and smile, and usually give her nipples or labia a tweak.  
  
On Monday, it was hard for her to put on her shirt and the pants, and the coat. She was depressed at work for the first time in months. What more could she do, she wondered? Everything left was in the dress code.  
  
For two weeks she moped around the office. Her boss noticed her attitude and asked her what was wrong. She wanted to take off her suit and show him her nakedness, to show him how sexy she was and how the dress code was making her so plain. But instead she just told him the dress code was restricting her clothes. She was tired of white shirts, it seemed safe enough to say.  
  
“Dickeys,” her boss told her. “They are collars with false shirt fronts. You can wear any shirt you want, put a dickey and a coat over it, and no one can tell.”  
  
That night, Jane went out and bought herself a dickey, as white and formal as any accountant could want. The next morning as she stood in front of the mirror in her garter belt, fishnet stockings, and shelf bra, her bare pussy and nipples proudly on display, she wondered which shirt to wear underneath the dickey. Then she decided ‘why wear a shirt at all?’ She put on the dickey and then her coat on over it. You could not tell she was not wearing a full shirt. Smiling for the first time in weeks, she pulled on her pants and high heels and went off to work.  
  
Now when she reached under her jacket there was not jacket blocking her nipples. She spent half the morning adding up numbers with her right hand, while tugging on her nipple with her left. Her pussy was wet and she rubbed her swollen labia through her pants. At last she could not stand it and went to the bathroom and rubbed her bare pussy to orgasm. As she walked back through the rows of desks manned by grey suited accountants she smiled at everyone, knowing she was leading a secret, sexy life, under their noses.  
  
Jane wore her suit back to the dickey store. She tried on the smallest ones, finding the ones that just covered the gap in her jacket, leaving her breasts fully exposed underneath. That evening, when she walked around in her lingerie at home she wore a dickey. The white collar and short button down front highlighted the rest of her nudity. Now, she was almost dressed for work and still fully exposed.   
  
The next day, she dressed for work in her new dickey. As she checked herself in the hallway mirror, she put her hair up in a ponytail. When she put her arms back down she noticed her dickey had shifted. It was so short, there was not enough holding it in place. Could she risk it? If it shifted too much her breasts would show. She was torn. The idea of an accidental exposure at work made her pussy wet, but it could get her fired. She put on a larger dickey and went to work.  
  
That night, she looked online for a way to hold a dickey in place. The standard way was to get a long one which tucked into your waist, but that would cover up her whole front. Then, in pictures of a fashion show, she saw something that made her gasp. The model had her dress supported not with shoulder straps but with rings in her nipples. She could do the reverse, hold the dickey down with nipple rings. But could she really do it?  
  
For three days Jane thought about getting her nipples pierced. She tugged on her nipples constantly at home and at work. She found herself reaching for her nipple in a meeting and had to stop herself. Her dickey, which covered only half of her breasts, felt bulky and constraining. When she got home she switched into the smaller size, her breasts fully exposed ‘as they should be.’  
  
It was the jewelery that made up her mind. She saw online all of the nipple rings for sale, every type imaginable from simple bands to diamond baubles. Pierced nipples would be something else she could decorate. She looked up a piercing shop with a female piercer, and got them done the next day with two large gold rings with dangling diamonds.   
  
She added clips to the bottom of the shortest dickey and attached them to her nipple rings. Now when she raised her arms the dickey tugged on her nipples, but stayed in place. The tug felt good. She stretched her arms above her head, her nipples tugging and straining. She was delighted.  
  
And so Jane went to work and was more active then ever. She pointed things out to others, put her hands behind her head, and even raised her hand in a meeting to speak. At that one the others laughed, but she felt the dickey tugging on her nipple ring and just smiled.   
  
Now, Jane loved to parade around the house in her high heels, fishnet stockings and garters, push-up bra, and dickey clipped down to her diamond nipple rings. Even housework was a joy, reaching for dishes, washing the mirror, everything she did tugged on her nipples and sent a tingle to her pussy. She spent her days in a constant state of arousal, and her fingers frequently found their way to her bare pussy to bring her to orgasm.  
  
There remained just her coat and pants and she could find no way to make them smaller or get rid of them without violating the dress code. Still, she felt almost satisfied with her secret sexiness, passing unnoticed through the grey clad workers.  
  
One day, a new district manager came to the office and Jane was called in to meet him. He was sitting in her boss’s office, his tie loosened and his coat was hanging on a chair.   
  
“The company has not been immune to the changes in the economy. We need to reduce operating expenses,” the manager told her.  
  
‘He’s firing me,’ Jane thought immediately.  
  
“The office has been slow to embrace technology, it runs too slowly, it is too old fashioned. Your boss has been let go, and many others here will be as well. What I need to know is if you are a stuffy old accountant, or someone ready for bold change.”  
  
“Oh, I’m not stuffy,” Jane said. “I’m ready for change.”  
  
“Excellent,” the manager said. “I thought you would be one of the up and comers. The first thing we are doing is getting rid of the old dress code. No more coat and tie, or in your case coat.”  
  
He stopped and looked at Jane expectantly.   
  
“Great,” Jane said.  
  
He kept looking at her, and she knew he wanted something else. Then she realized, he wanted her to take off her coat right now.  
  
“I, um, can’t take off my coat right now,” Jane said.  
  
“Do you have a spill on your shirt or something? It doesn’t matter. We aren’t stuffy here anymore,” the manager said.  
  
“I just, can’t,” Jane said.  
  
“Can’t isn’t a word I like to hear. It’s the kind of thing the old school accountants say. They kind we are laying off. Are you one of them or one of us?”  
  
Jane thought about what she was wearing under her coat and she smiled. Was not this what she had been wanting? Was not this the excuse she was looking for?  
  
And so she unbuttoned her jacket slowly, then pulled it wide open. The manager’s eyes opened wide as he stared at her bare breasts and her nipple rings. As she slipped off the jacket, the dickey tugged on her nipple rings and his jaw dropped.  
  
“I don’t think I’m stuffy,” she said with a smile.  
  
“I guess not,” he said. “That’s more the sort of boldness we are looking for. Just how bold are you?”  
  
Jane hesitated just a second, then unbuttoned her pants.  
  
Ten minutes later, the district manager walked into the conference room where his remaining accountants were waiting. They were seated around the table in their shirt sleeves, speculating on who had gotten laid off and if the company was going down.  
  
“Gentlemen,” the manager said, “as you know your office manager was let go for being too stuffy. This business is not a bad one, it was being run badly. But today is a new day and you are getting the least stuffy, boldest manager we could find.”  
  
Into the room stepped Jane in her high heeled shoes, fishnet stockings, garters, bare pussy, nipple rings, and dickey. And this time there was nothing covering them. The men stared just as Jane had always imagined they would. She could feel her nipples harden and her labia swell.  
  
“As you can see,” she said, “the old dress code is gone. You can dress anyway you want as long as it is not stuffy. This is my new uniform.”  
  
And from that day forward, Jane dressed as herself both at work and at home.