**A New Chapter – Getting Ready for School**

“I don’t know what to wear, Crysta. I’m starting to freak out.” It was only four years ago that I was in high school myself, and I never gave my clothes a second thought. I had a variety of outfits, which I would pick from, more or less at random, each morning. One day I would wear a top and shorts. The next day a skirt, and the next a dress – always with panties under it, or at least a thong. Of course there were some dresses that were so thin and tight they would show panty- and bra-lines. But these were always long enough that my lack of underwear was never a problem for me, except in gym class, which is a whole ‘nuther story. (Do you want to hear it? Okay, sure, a quick digression… For whatever reason, our high school’s gym uniform for girls was just a t-shirt. No gym shorts. Girls were supposed to use their panties or thong as a bottom. I’ll admit I was a bit nervous going out onto the gym floor the first time without anything under my t-shirt, but it was an all-girls class, so no one paid much attention to the girls’ bottoms. The only time any of us felt self-conscious were when we had to divide up into “shirts” and “skins” teams. I was always afraid I would have to be on the “skins” team, and that I would be the only naked girl on the team with all the other girls wearing panties or thongs. But actually, whenever that happened, there were always a couple other naked girls besides me, and, like I said, it was all girls, so no one really paid it much mind. That’s it. End of digression.)

But in just four years, so much has changed! Whereas four years ago, we thought we were being daring by wearing a top and booty shorts, now girls are wearing panties as shorts. And some girls are wearing just a thong under their adorable little tops, can you believe it? So now, here’s my dilemma: my old high school clothes are too frumpy to wear now, especially as a teacher, you know, setting an example and all. And my college clothes — they’re still too daring, even for CP class.

“Let’s go shopping,” suggested Crysta. “We can go to the Half Off store at the mall.”

“What is that, a discount store?”

Crysta laughed. “Something like that.”

I drove to the mall, and started walking around with Crysta. I paid close attention to the way the high school girls were dressing. I’ll want to dress in similar styles, and then gradually adjust my style to adhere to the College Dress Code, because it’ll be important for me to lead by example — but, on the other hand, I don’t want to scare the girls by wearing something too revealing!

“Here it is,” Crysta said. “Let’s go inside and check in.”

Check in? That’s odd. As we walked through the store, I was surprised to see girls in their underwear — bras and panties — browsing the racks of clothes. In fact, a couple of the girls were just wearing panties. When we got to the counter, Crysta took off her dress and handed it to the clerk. They both waited for me to do the same. I wasn’t even remotely prepared for this! “But I’m not wearing any…”

“It’s okay, honey,” Crysta said, helping me off with my dress. “I thought you understood the meaning of the store’s name.”

Half off! [face-palm] I get it now. Most girls take off about half of their clothing, and that way, the store’s complete lack of changing rooms isn’t a problem. You can even think of it as a plus. Girls can try stuff on as they browse. Since I was a little under-dressed, even for this store, I figured I would just find something to try on, and then I would feel a little more decent. “Let’s look at the skirts,” I suggested.

Crysta laughed at my discomfort at being naked in public. “It’s like being back at College, huh,” she said.

“Yeah,” I said as I pantsed my adorable roommate.

Bless her heart, she didn’t try to go after me, she just kept on looking at skirts. “Here’s one you might like.”

It didn’t take long to find some nice outfits. Some good, professional-looking clothes, including skirts and blouses, which are fully decent, not just in the College Dress Code sense, but even to meet the parents of my little teenagers.

I was ready.

(I hope!)