**Back To College (Knee-high Socks and No Knickers)**

by [DanielleX](http://www.lushstories.com/daniellex)

Danielle perused her latest balance sheet, as she relaxed in her plush office at DC Lingerie. Emma, her PA, was massaging her shoulders, relieving what little knots had formed after her session in the gym.  
  
“Looking good?” asked Emma.  
  
“Yes, hosiery is up 33% on this time last year.”  
  
“Hmmm… you’re a genius baby.”  
  
“Thank you Emma,” said Danielle, stroking her friend’s hand as her fingers brushed the side of her neck.  
  
“I was thinking Danielle…”  
  
Danielle looked up at her sexy assistant. “Come and sit on my desk and tell me…”  
  
Emma walked round and perched herself on Danielle’s polished wooden desk. She crossed her legs, revealing her black stocking tops. Danielle licked her lips and sat back.  
  
“It just occurred to me, as I passed the college the other day. We should do knee-high socks.”  
  
“I’m listening,” said Danielle. "Go on.”  
  
“Well, we have this beautiful range of hold ups. But they’re for the twenty something girl.”  
  
“And you think we should be looking at the younger market?” said Danielle, licking the end of her pencil.  
  
“Yes, well eighteen year olds at least.”  
  
“Of course.”  
  
“What colours?” asked Danielle.  
  
“Black and white.”  
  
“And pink,” added Danielle.  
  
“Pink knee socks?”  
  
“Yes. How often do you see girls with pink, knee-high socks?”  
  
Emma smiled. “You don’t. Well, hardly.”  
  
“Exactly.”  
  
“So, what’s your plan to market them?” asked Emma.  
  
“I think we should take the direct approach,” said Danielle.  
  
“What’s the direct approach, in this context?”  
  
“We hit our target audience in the market place.”  
  
“But baby... our market place is second year college girls.”  
  
“Exactly!”  
  
“Danielle?”  
  
“It’s simple Emma. We’re going back to college!”  
  
“Oh baby!”  
  
“I know!”  
  
Danielle propped her legs on her desk and looked into Emma’s eyes. Danielle was wearing her skimpiest white panties and Emma had a perfect view of the gusset.  
  
“I have this sweet little itch,” said Danielle, sexily. “I wonder if you’d be kind enough to scratch it for me.”  
  
Emma uncrossed her legs and stretched her right leg downwards. The tip of her long, shiny heel was perfectly positioned and brushed the seat of Danielle’s panties. Emma gazed down at Danielle’s bum cheeks, which were squashed against her chair, half covered by her panties. She continued to brush her foot against Danielle’s underwear, slowly drawing her foot up.  
  
“Hmmm… nearly there Emma, a little higher.”  
  
“How’s that baby?”  
  
Emma’s heel formed a groove in Danielle’s panties as it slid along the length of her labia.  
  
“Deeper.”  
  
Emma flexed her toes upwards, driving her heel deeper, at the same time making a furrow in Danielle’s crotch.  
  
“Ooh yes! Aaaah Emma, that’s beautiful!”  
  
“Do you like that baby?”  
  
“Hmmm…”  
  
Danielle’s white panties were becoming wetter and wetter as Emma’s heel rubbed against her pussy. Danielle’s pussy lips were becoming inflamed, filling with her arousal.  
  
“Oooooh that feels so good Emma!”  
  
“Always happy to please Danielle.”  
  
“I'll let you finish me off later.”  
  
“So about this college idea?”  
  
Danielle looked up, her pupils wide. “We’ll just mingle.”  
  
“Mingle?”  
  
“You know,” said Danielle. “Blend in.”  
  
“In pink knee-high socks?”  
  
“I’ll do my hair in bunches. I look five years younger like that.”  
  
“How about me?” Asked Emma. “I’m twenty-four.”  
  
“It’s only a year baby.”  
  
“But still, what shall we wear?”  
  
“Well, they don’t have a strict uniform. What goes with pink?”  
  
“White?” suggested Emma.  
  
“Right. White hockey skirts. You should do your hair in a pony tail.”  
  
“Okay. And maybe glasses?”  
  
“Oh yes Emma! Specs would suit you perfectly!”  
  
“Thank you.”  
  
“So, I’ll get the factory to run up two pairs of pink knee-high socks tomorrow and we’ll start… Monday?”  
  
“Monday it is, Danielle.”  
  
Danielle stood up and slipped her hand up Emma’s skirt, stroking her thigh above her stocking top.  
  
“You’re a genius Danielle.”  
  
“It’s was your idea, sort of.”  
  
“I know, but the college thing,” said Emma.  
  
“Well, I know…” said Danielle, feigning modesty.  
  
Emma kissed her on the lips. Their soft smooch quickly became a deep French kiss. Emma put her arms around her boss and slipped her hands down, cupping her bum.  
  
“This is going to be fun,” said Emma.  
  
“I know. Oh by the way…” said Danielle.  
  
“Yes?”  
  
“The college have a strict, no knickers policy.”  
  
“Do they?” said Emma, with surprise.  
  
“They do now.”  
  
A broad cheeky smile spread across Emma’s face and she kissed Danielle again.

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A few days later Danielle and Emma parked a few streets down from the local college and walked the last few hundred yards. Guys were making their way to work and quite a few slowed down to get a good look. Pink knee-high socks; it wasn’t something you saw every day, especially on two girls that hot. Danielle was ultra cute and yet smoking hot with her blonde pigtails and short, white skirt. Emma was a perfect slut, in her slightly tinted spectacles and tight black blouse. Being that bit taller her bum cheeks weren’t quite covered and her hips swayed as she walked.  
  
Most of the girls from the college were lingering around the steps up to the foyer or were already gathered around their lockers exchanging the latest gossip. Heads turned as Danielle and Emma entered through the main gates.  
  
“Just act natural,” said Danielle.  
  
“Ah it’s bringing back all the memories,” said Emma.  
  
“Hey!” said Danielle, as she approached a huddle of eighteen year olds, who were hanging out by the science block.  
  
“Hey! Nice hosiery!”  
  
“Ah thanks,” said Danielle.  
  
Emma looked at the girls over her spectacles and smiled, chewing gum nonchalantly.  
  
“Who’s that?” asked one of the girls to her chum.  
  
“I don’t know,” said the other girl. “Never seen them before.”  
  
The two impostors made their way through the college and received a few surprised glances and a totally inappropriate double take from one of the younger male tutors. Danielle returned his gaze, blowing him a kiss.  
  
“Say, these lockers look free,” said Danielle, pointing to a couple whose doors were swung open.  
  
“Okay,” said Emma. "I’ll put my stuff in here. What do we do now?”  
  
“I don’t know, we’ll just have to wing it,” said Danielle.  
  
Girls were filing this way and that, making their way to first tutorials. Danielle stopped a tall blonde girl and asked for directions.  
  
“Excuse me. We’re sort of new and still finding our bearings. Which way is biology?”  
  
“It’s down there and then right, second door.”  
  
“Okay, thanks.”  
  
“Come on, you don’t mind a spot of osmosis, do you?” said Danielle, turning to Emma.  
  
Danielle and Emma slipped into the class and found two spare seats at the back. They looked the part, as most girls were wearing shorts skirts or hot pants. However, Danielle and Emma were the only ones with pink, knee-high socks and certainly the only girls with no knickers.  
  
“Good morning,” said the smart male tutor.  
  
His gaze immediately fell upon the two new girls at the back.  
  
“Excuse me, I don’t think you’re in the right class?”  
  
“Sure we are. We got moved from another college.” Said Danielle coolly.  
  
“Oh, it’s not in my notes. Anyway, I’m Mr Beech. Welcome to biology. And your names are?  
  
“Danielle,” said Danielle.  
  
“Emma,” said Emma.  
  
Danielle crossed and then uncrossed her legs as she spoke, giving Mr Beech a tantalizing glimpse of her sexy thighs. Mr Beech was twenty-five and had won the respect of his students with his wit and the fact that he was quite dishy and cute.  
  
“Ahem… Okay.”  
  
A few of the girls looked round at the two newbies. They looked so cool and yet so hot in their pink socks and white hockey skirts.  
  
“Oh… Emma, I must ask you to get rid of your gum, it’s not allowed,” said the tutor.  
  
“Okay, that’s cool. Emma stood up and made her way to the front of the class, looking at Mr Beech all the time. She wound a piece of the gum around her index finger and then rolled it into a ball. She dropped it in the bin and smiled at then man before straightening her socks. Then she walked slowly back to her seat, working her hips. Her bum twitched teasingly with every step.  
  
“Thank you,” said the tutor, with a gulp.  
  
He had done well keeping his natural male urges at bay. It was tough steering a line when you had eighteen year olds in your care. Something about Emma and Danielle was giving him unclean thoughts. They were just so sexy. Too sexy.  
  
“Okay, so in the last tutorial we saw how early invertebrates practised both sexual and asexual reproduction.”  
  
“Sexual every time,” said Danielle, quietly.  
  
“As evolution progressed the hominids arose, including our ancestors, like Homo Erectus.”  
  
Emma and Danielle sniggered.  
  
“Can someone tell me what Homo Erectus means?” asked Mr Beech.  
  
“Erection man?” Offered Danielle.  
  
The class broke out into a fit of giggles.  
  
“Nooo… no, thank you Danielle. Anyone else?”  
  
“Upright Man,” said a dark-haired girl at the front.  
  
“Correct. Good.”  
  
“That’s kind of the same thing,” said Emma.  
  
There were more giggles.  
  
“Okay, yes thank you, thank you.”  
  
Danielle and Emma were funny and the other girls were warming to their little comments, even if they were irreverent. The lesson progressed with Danielle and Emma making some useful contributions as well as keeping the other girls entertained. They were also careful to distract their sexy young tutor with just enough leg to keep him on his toes. Too much and their knicker free attire would be blown from its cover. They were keeping that back, for now.  
  
The bell went after an hour, all the girls filing out, except for Emma and Danielle.  
  
“Haven’t you two got another class?” asked Mr Beech.  
  
“We have a free period,” said Danielle. "How about you?”  
  
“I need to prepare for my next group and mark these essays. Can I help you girls?”  
  
Danielle walked to the front, followed by Emma.  
  
“Interesting lecturing style, you have there,” said Danielle. Very relaxed. I like that. Confident.”  
  
“Oh. Thank you.”  
  
“Are you married, Mr Beech?” asked Danielle.  
  
“Married, no. I have a fiancée.”  
  
Danielle put her hand around the tutor’s shoulder and then put her left foot on his chair.  
  
“Does she keep you happy?” asked Emma, who was doodling on the tutor’s note pad. It quickly became obvious she was drawing an erect penis.  
  
“I…I… ummm have to get on.”  
  
“Emma asked you a question, Mr Beech.”  
  
“She, well… we have an active. I’m sorry, I can’t talk to students about things like this.”  
  
“Hmmm… Okay. You’ll keep,” said Danielle.  
  
Emma and Danielle would keep their powder dry for now, but while they were at college they wanted to have fun. He was on their hit list. They made their way out into the corridor and wiled away some time in the library, drinking coffee till lunch time.  
  
It was about noon when the real students began to wander around the college café and around the campus. Danielle and Emma’s pink, knee-high socks were on everyone’s lips. They were approached by a couple of sorority sisters.  
  
“Hey you two! Smart socks. Can you tell us where you got them?”  
  
“Hey thanks! Yeah, it’s a place called DC Lingerie. They have a business nearby, but you can buy them online.”  
  
Emma grinned, impressed by the way her boss was coolly promoting her own stuff.  
  
“Okay, I’ll check them out. Oh, if you want to join us, you’re welcome.”  
  
“I was hoping you would join us,” said Danielle.  
  
“Oh?” said the head girl, surprised by Danielle’s confidence as a newbie.  
  
“I meant the new trend.”  
  
“The socks?”  
  
“No. I meant this.”  
  
Danielle lifted her skirt and turned, bending over, revealing her pussy crack.  
  
“Wow! You as well?” asked the girl, turning to Emma.  
  
Emma lifted her own ultra short skirt, revealing her neatly shaved pubes and juicy pussy lips. A few other girls from the Sisterhood had gathered and were clearly impressed by the new girl’s flagrant display of knicker-free girl power.  
  
"That's so cool. No knickers!" said the girl.  
  
“Why don’t you girls follow suit! Who says we should wear panties? Men? The government? Show me where it’s written?”  
  
“She’s right.”  
  
With that, the head of the group of girls put her hand inside her skirt and removed her panties. The other girls did the same, one by one. All around college, word spread about DC Lingerie. Girls were losing their panties, stuffing them inside their satchels and between folders. Danielle and Emma left the group and Danielle phoned through to HQ, to make sure the factory had the materials to get a new batch of socks made. The college was quaking with the tide of emancipation, which the new girls had created.  
  
After lunch they decided it was time to pay Mr Beech another visit.  
  
“Oh hi, girls.”  
  
“We wondered if we could carry your books or something?” said Emma.  
  
“I’m fine but thanks.”  
  
“Oh. Well." Danielle turned quickly, her own little satchel catching the pile of work on his desk and sent it fluttering to the floor.  
  
“Whoops! Silly me. I’ll pick it up.”  
  
Danielle and Emma bent down to collect the work off the floor. As they did, Mr Beech became all too aware that the girls weren’t wearing any panties. His instincts were to avert his gaze, but the sight of those two perfect moist pussies was too much.  
  
“There you go… oh are you okay, sir? You’ve gone a bit red,” said Danielle.  
  
"It’s nothing.”  
  
“Really? It doesn't look like nothing. Is it our pink socks, sir? Bending over like that. They’re nice aren’t they!”  
  
“No.”  
  
Emma stepped up to where the tutor was seated and lifted her skirt.  
  
“Maybe it was this?”  
  
Emma held her skirt up with one hand and put a couple of fingers inside her pussy with the other, stroking her lips.  
  
“You can’t do that!” said Beech.  
  
“I think you’ll find she can,” said Danielle.  
  
“Do you want to touch me, sir?” said Emma.  
  
“No.”  
  
“No? I don’t believe that. I’m so wet. I just know your fingers will feel good.”  
  
Danielle put her foot on the tutor’s chair between his legs and slowly lifted her skirt until it was round her waist.  
  
“Please stop. A joke’s a joke.”  
  
“It’s no joke, Mr Beech. Just undo your trousers. I’ll do the rest.”  
  
“I can’t!”  
  
Danielle took his hand. The tutor wanted to resist, but Danielle’s blue eyes… her superb breasts. He gasped as he felt the hot, wet texture of her pussy.  
  
“Yes! Oooh, Mr Beech!”  
  
Emma took his other hand and a second later he had two fingers from each hand inside their tight little cunts.  
  
“Yes!!! Hmmm… that's so good sir!” exclaimed Danielle.  
  
“Danielle is aching for you, Mr Beech.”  
  
“I can’t. You’re eighteen, I’m your tutor!”  
  
He continued to finger the girls as Danielle fiddled with his zipper. Emma’s pussy was oozing juice around his fingers, as she anticipated what Danielle was going to do to him.  
  
“But my fiancée!” exclaimed Mr Beech.  
  
“I don’t want a relationship, sir. Just sit there and enjoy it. She won‘t know.”  
  
Mr Beech’s cock was rock hard and Danielle had to wrestle with his boxers.  
  
“Hmmm… lovely! So hard!”  
  
She stroked his foreskin, teasing it down and then drawing her finger nails over his bell end. Emma stood behind him dragging her fingers through his hair and stroking his ear lobes gently. The tutor wanted to stop - to resist somehow but he wouldn’t and Danielle knew it. Her pussy was hot and juicy. She had felt horny all day. Going round with no panties and all those hot young girls had fed her naughty, lustful desires. Now she wanted to take her frustrations out on the tutor. She straddled his seat and gripped his shoulders just as she lowered her pussy onto him. Her shirt buttons were already half undone and her boobs were spilling out through the gap. She rubbed her tits in his face as she began to ride his cock. Her feet were anchored to his chair legs, allowing her to grind on his hardness. She clasped her hands around his neck, pressing his face into her cleavage as she felt his beautiful rigidity penetrate her pussy.  
  
As she bounced up and down he just went deeper and deeper until his smooth ball sack was smashing into her bum cheeks. Danielle was whimpering wildly as her pussy tightened around him. She had total control of the situation and the hapless Mr Beech. Emma watched, perched on the desk with her legs open, masturbating.  
  
“Yes, yes, Mr Beech… oh that’s so fucking good! Does my pussy feel good! Does it?!!”  
  
The tutor could only moan as his teeth bit into her breast. He sucked on the soft tit flesh. Her nipple poked over the top of her bra and Danielle made sure he sucked on her, offering it to his mouth as she fucked him. The tutor held her bum with both hands, caressing the smooth white cheeks. His cock was close to bursting, his hands groping, his mouth crammed with tit. Danielle moaned wildly as her body responded, finally giving into the sensations and she came on his cock.  
  
“Oooooooooh! Aaaaaaaaaaaaah fuck! Ooooooooooh yes Mr Beeeeeeeeeechhh!”  
  
Mr Beech was in the final throes of pre-orgasm. He felt Danielle cum as her body trembled and her pussy pulsated round his cock.  
  
“Yes, Danielle… so good.. Going to come…. Can’t hold… back.”  
  
“Aaaaaaaaaah….ooooooh…. Come! Come for me sir!”  
  
The tutor's cock gave a final twitch of pleasure and then Danielle felt her pussy fill up with spunk as he ejaculated.  
  
“Aaaaaaaaaaaaarghghhhh! Oooooooooooooooooarghhhh!”  
  
Danielle stroked his hair, rubbing his bristly chin as he unloaded his cum, her pussy now wet with spunk. When she had got her breath back, Danielle climbed off and left Mr Beech to clean up and wrestle with his conscience. Emma blew him a kiss as they gathered up their bags and walked out.  
  
Mr Beech was left alone, still hard, his mind a blur and Danielle’s scent still clinging to his face. He looked down at his desk and saw the business card, printed with the purple heart and the name DC Lingerie. He picked it up and put it in his wallet. It was his fiancée’s birthday soon. She needed some nice new underwear. Maybe some pink, knee-high socks.