**Confessions of a Teenager**

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"I know. Show me one teacher who is as hot as he is."

"She's right! Except for miss Bonanza!" It was a joke. Amelie was one of the funny ones. Miss Bonanza on the other hand, was not! She was our class teacher and she looked every bit as strict as she was. We were collectively terrified of her.

"By the way, Rachel, what's going on between you and Michael?" said Amelie.

"Oh, I don't know. You know he tried to show me his dick the other day! I just can't get rid of him."

"I told you babe; he is in love with you." another joke. Michael is one of the naughtiest boys in our class and somehow, he heard that I wanted to fuck him. I don't know how this rumor started, and I wish I could end it somehow. The only time I was even remotely attracted to him was when I peeked in the locker room after gym class and saw him in his underwear. I couldn't even make out the outline of his dick. But it was kind of sexy somehow.

Although, at this point, I just wanted to get it over with. Most of my friends have already lost their virginity and being the slutty one, I was supposed to be the first. High school was ending, and I had been eighteen for almost two months now, it was high time I lost my virginity.

"What are you thinking about?" Amelie said to me.

"Tom." interrupted Kasey. "She wants to fuck him... hard. Isn't it Rachel?"

I just nodded along. Kasey wasn't exactly wrong. Tom is the teacher we were talking about, and oh my god he's hot. And heavens can we make out the outline of his dick! That's all we concentrate on during his lectures. When he roams about in class, we practically get so close to his dick, that the only thing left is to touch it. It seems like he's always hard. Maybe it's because we undo our top shirt buttons and give him a view "accidently" or maybe because I lift my skirt for him, to try to make him look. I like how he never tells us to fasten our buttons, he is definitely a little naughty!

The bell rang and the lunch break was over. We went back to our respectable chairs and got ready for miss Bonanza. It was going to be a long hour. Michael was seated in front of me and smelled like cheese somehow, probably from all the sweat. Miss Bonanza was a few minutes late, and when she arrived, she brought a lot of files along with her. She said that she will not be taking our class today and told us to do whatever we wanted while she sorted some work. Some of the girls went to the café and the boys went back to play ball. I loved taking short naps in the off classes and today I was actually tired. I put my head down on the desk and tried to dream about Tom.

A few minutes passed when I felt a little brush on my pussy. I thought I was dreaming. Seconds later I was shaken up something entering my pussy. I stood up and looked down. There was Michael. He was sniffing his finger.

I screamed, "Get out!" I realized I shouldn't have. For the last couple of months, I have not been wearing my panties to school as much. I like being free down there and feel a lot sexier without them. And while I was asleep, my already short skirt must have risen higher than it should have to allow Michael easy access to my pussy from underneath the desk.

Miss Bonanza was disturbed, and she shouted, "What's going on there!"

I was scared. I didn't want anyone to know that I don't have my underwear on. I looked around and saw that the few people in the room were all looking at me. Almost all the boys were making the same gesture that Michael was making. They were all sniffing their fingers! I realized that they had already known and probably more!

"Miss Rachel!"

Before I could say anything, Michael was up. "Someone seems to have forgotten their underwear at home!"

"What? What's going on Michael?"

"Rachel comes to school without her underwear every day. She likes to show us her puuuuuussyyyyyyy!"

I couldn't believe he said that. I didn't know what to do.

"Excuse me?" said miss Bonanza, her tone changed.

"Rachel? What is this I'm hearing?"

I froze. I didn't have anything to say. My mind went blank and I ended up saying, "I like it this way." As soon as those words came out of my mouth, I knew I was in a world of trouble. Apart from the fact that it sounded like I liked to show off my pussy to the boys, coming to school without panties was intolerable.

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Michael was taken to the principal along with me. I waited outside the principal's office while he was talking to Michael. The door was half open and I could hear him being scolded for using such words in class. I heard the principal hit him with his wooden ruler that he keeps with him at all times. I wondered what they would do if they knew that he also put his finger in my pussy. I didn't complain. It gave me a weird kind of rush. I was already dreaming about Tom, and probably was a little wet. His finger at that moment felt like Tom's.

Before long Michael was out of the principal's office; it was my turn. Michael gave me a little wink when he saw me. I was sweating. I didn't know what was going to happen. I had talked to the principal only once. Although he seemed sweet, with a name like Sebastian, I wasn't too sure. He was around forty-five years old and had been this institution's head for over ten years now. He looked like he had never stepped foot in the gym his entire life and had a big round belly. We called him the snowman.

"Rachel. Come in. Sit" I did as told.

He looked angry. I could see his nerve popping out of his forehead like a lightning bolt. I knew I fucked up.

"I hope this is not true, Rachel, you are a good student" he said. I realized he was mainly angry at Michael and not me.

"No, of course not!" I blurted out. I was extremely nervous and was dripping with sweat. But I knew I could get away with this. Since everyone knew how naughty Michael was, I could probably convince them that he was lying.

I could see Michael peeking through the door and watching the principal scold me.

"I hope not. You know how seriously we take these things in our school. Don't you?"

"Yes." I spoke in a subdued manner.

"Very well then. Go back to class. And stay away from Michael."

Just as I was about to leave his office, "Wait, Rachel. Come back here one second."

I turned around and saw him giving me a confused look. He looked down at my breasts. I looked down too and saw my nipples clearly visible through my shirt. The sweat had made my shirt almost transparent and everything was visible underneath it. There was no hiding anymore. The principal was now probably sure that I had lied.

"Lift up your skirt girl!" Sebastian ordered.

I slowly pulled up my skirt until my clean-shaven virgin pussy was clearly visible to him. He looked at it for a second or two.

"Where is your panty little girl?" he shouted. I could see he was angry. He took his wooden ruler and slapped me on my pussy.

I was taken aback. I didn't expect him to do that.

"Come here." he said.

I moved towards him. He then aggressively pulled my shirt and in a swift motion undid the buttons exposing my naked breasts. He then grabbed hold of one of my breasts and squeezed it as he said, "What is this? Where is your bra?"

"Did you lie to me girl?" he said squeezing it even harder. My breast was completely engulfed in his gigantic hand and he had a tight hold of it.

"Sit here." Without loosening his grip on my breast, he pulled it and took me to his seat. He leaned on his desk and finally, loosened his grip. "Put your shirt back on you unruly girl." I fastened my buttons and tucked my shirt in my skirt.

"Why don't you have your underwear on Rachel?" he spoke.

I didn't say anything. I just sat there.

"How long has this been going on?"

"Two months." I said.

"This is unacceptable. You are a big girl now. You need to understand that it is very important that you have your underwear on at all times whenever you are in public. Am I clear?"

"Yes." I said. Although I loved to be in public without my underwear on.

"Your breasts are big enough Rachel. You need to cover them up in school. You know how the boys are. Don't you have to play ball during gym class?"

"Yes. We do."

"Oh my. Your breasts are so soft, they must jiggle about when you run! Someone will notice you; you know." And someone does. All the boys stare at me during gym class while I jump around playing basketball. I love every second of it. I sometimes get so wet, that it literally drips down on the basketball floor. And they could definitely make out my nipples too, as they poke right out of my tight shirt. The gym teacher, Philip, likes it. I see him trying to catch a glimpse as he carelessly looks around.

Although all the boys try to touch me while playing and grope me here and there, the principal is the first one to actually grope my naked breasts. I did try to keep my breasts as soft as possible. So, I said, "Thanks Sebastian." Totally missing his point.

"Thanks? Where's your head at, girl?" he said.

"Rachel. You need to tell me what you've been up to. Why do you not have you underwear on?"

"Umm..." I was still searching for excuses, but I found myself in a box.

"Do you want me to call your parents?"

"No!" I screamed.

"Well then, go ahead, I've got time."

I realized I had to tell him everything. There was no way I was getting out of this. The snowman was stricter than I thought. He could get me kicked out of this school if I didn't. "Okay."

He nodded, "I'm listening."

"Well, on my birthday, around two months ago, my ex-boyfriend told me to meet him without panties on." He interrupted, "Your ex-boyfriend? What's his name?"

"He's not from this school sir, I was going to meet him after school."

"Okay. Go on." said the principal.

"Umm, so, I thought of not wearing one for the whole day, rather than taking it off in school." I could see he was pissed. I continued, "We met after class and went to see a movie together."

"So why did he ask you to come without panties? Did you..." he paused.

"No. We didn't. I don't know why he asked me to do that. He didn't say anything about it, and I didn't ask. I guess he forgot or maybe he was nervous."

"Anyways, to go back home, I had to take the metro, and it was very crowded that day. I was seated in a corner with a broken light. So, it was quite dark there too. After a while, I felt a man standing beside me with his dick... sorry, penis poking at my shoulder. I looked at him and he smiled as he pushed his penis on my breasts. I tried to move it away with my hand when I felt how hard and huge it was. I hadn't touched a penis before then. The man continuously rammed his penis on my shoulder, my ears and my head, and it got me a little wet."

Sebastian couldn't hide his anger at what he was hearing and constantly tapped his finger at the desk. But he didn't say anything, and I continued, "I, then, tried to finger myself while he thrusted his penis at me. Since, it was dark, I knew no one would see and I lifted my skirt and displayed my vagina to the man."

Sebastian had a confused look and probably wondered why I was telling him all this. But the truth was, I was enjoying it. Even though he was angry, I could see a little bulge in his pants. Michael was still at the door listening to everything being said, and that made this even more fun. He will never get the chance to fuck me; and seeing him thirst over me was hot.

"Well, what happened then?" said Sebastian. He couldn't wait.

"Nothing. Then after about fifteen minutes, I pulled my skirt back down again and stepped off the metro to go home."

Sebastian, the principal, was really confused. "Why did you tell me this?"

"Because of what comes next." I said. "I broke up with my then boyfriend after a couple of days but I couldn't stop not wearing my panties. I loved it. Even though he was gone, he gave me a gift. The gift of seduction." I was getting more confident as I spoke, and I could see Sebastian getting more confident in his pants too.

I continued, "Since that day, I have not been wearing my panties anywhere, if I didn't have to. And after a few weeks, I dropped my bra too. It's really fun Sir."

I was getting over my head, but I knew I had Sebastian under my control. He didn't expect me to be so straightforward. He said, "But that's not right. You shouldn't do that."

I ignored him, "So from the next week onwards, I started to take the metro to go home from school instead of the bus. Since I wouldn't have my bra on, all the people get to see my nipples poking through my shirt. I would pick the area with the most crowd, and stand there. I would then rub my tits on the fellow passengers, and if they seemed to like it, I would do it more. I knew they could feel my nipples through my shirt. Some would try to slowly grope them, without anyone noticing, and I would let them. Although most didn't realize that I didn't have my panty on too, some did. And they took full advantage of it."

Sebastian's mouth was wide open with awe. He couldn't believe what he was hearing, and neither could Michael, who was still hanging in the doorway. I was loving this.

"Some days, if the metro isn't as crowded, I take a seat. The person sitting in front of me always gets a great view of my pussy. That's why I shave it so well sir. To make a good impression. And if it starts to crowd again, I undo my shirt buttons. Not many, just two or three, enough to let the person standing beside me get a good view of my perfect breasts. And some days when I'm too horny, I undo a few more buttons so that my nipples are visible too. I do like to show them off. They are nice aren't they sir?"

"A perfect C-cup." Sebastian blurted out. As soon as he said that, he knew he fucked up. His whole face turned red. He couldn't hold his embarrassment. Even I was shocked to hear him say that. But of course, I was flattered. I knew he liked my breasts from the way he grabbed them. He probably didn't expect them to be so soft. My nipples were still sore from when he pulled on them to make me sit. He mumbled a "sorry" but he didn't have to, I loved it.

"Thank you, sir." I said. "Very kind of you."

He didn't say anything.

"So that's been my last couple of months. Most of the guys in class already know that I don't wear a bra, and they all want to hug me all the time. I like hugging them too. I like feeling their dicks against my body. But they probably didn't know that I don't wear my panty too, except for Tom. He definitely knows."

"Tom?" exclaimed Sebastian. "Your math teacher?"

"Yeah. I have flashed him a number of times. That's why I sit in the front row during his classes. I have even tried to make him touch. But he doesn't. He even denied looking at my pussy when I told him to touch, I knew he was lying." I said that because I knew Sebastian couldn't do anything to Tom. He himself has groped my breast. And even though he had done it in anger, he knew he could get in trouble for that.

"I see." he said.

"Yeah. So that's the whole story. I could tell you more about some of the adventures I've had in the last couple of months, but that wouldn't make a difference. Unless if you want to hear them?" I knew he did, he loved this. I could see it in his pants. He was about to burst.

"No Rachel, that'll be fine." he said, thinking about what to say next. This was too much for him. He stood up and took a walk around the office, gathering his words. I saw Michael run away as soon as Sebastian stood up. He definitely loved it too.

"Look, Rachel, this is clearly not right. I won't tell your parents, but you will have to do something about it. You can't just parade your body to random people."

"But sir I like it." I said in protest.

"No. You shouldn't." he said. "You need counselling. I will talk to Mr. Philip and schedule an appointment from tomorrow onwards. That will be your punishment."

Mr. Philip was the one who liked to watch my bouncing tits in gym class, our gym teacher, who was also the school counsellor. I tried to control my smile and said, "Okay sir, if that's what you want."

"Good. Now. I hope that you will wear your underwear from tomorrow onwards." he said in a strict tone. "I want you to come to my office every day and show me that you have your proper garments on. I don't want any excuses."

I said, "Okay sir."

"Now get back to class."

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The next day, I did wear my underwear to school. I didn't plan on wearing them every day and will take them off before getting on the metro anyway. So, the first thing I did was go to Sebastian's office. I knocked on the door.

"Come in." he said.

As soon as I went inside his office, he said, "Lift your skirt."

I liked his confidence. I lifted my skirt to show him the lacy black panty that I wore. It was a little sheer and anyone could see through them, but it was good enough for him. "Okay good." he said.

"Now let me see that bra."

I undid my shirt buttons and pulled it apart to show him my bra. It was also quite transparent, and my nipples were easily visible. I saw him lick his lips as he stared at my nipples. "Okay. That is nice. Good. You will come here every day and show me that you have you underwear on. Is that clear?"

I said, "Yes." I liked it. I didn't plan on wearing them every day anyway and he will get a look at my pussy and my tits from time to time.

"Alright then. Now go, your classes will start soon." he said. "And Rachel, I'm sorry about yesterday I shouldn't have pulled on your nipples that way."

"Oh, that's alright sir. You can punish me if I don't wear my underwear from now on. It's your right. And by the way, it's still a little sore."

Just as I said that, I pulled out both my breasts and said, "Look sir" pointing at my nipple, "can you see it's a little red?"

He took a step back, "Yes. Again. I'm sorry." I could see him sweating this time. "Put your breast away Rachel and go to class."

"Yes sir, but do you have any ointment that I can put on my nipple to prevent it from swelling. I couldn't ask my parents you know." I said.

"Yeah one second." he went to his desk drawer and handed me a pain relief ointment.

I took out a little amount and placed it on my nipple. I then slowly and seductively smoothened it out on my breast whilst groping and squeezing it. I pulled on my nipples and made a few moaning noises just to make him think that it hurt. I could see him adjusting his pants as his dick found it hard to stay there. That was enough, I will continue to have fun with him some other day.

"Thank you, sir." I said, as I dressed myself up properly for class.

"And don't forget you have an appointment with Mr. Philips at three."

I smiled, "Of course, sir."

My days just got so much better!