**Crysta and Donna - Dress Code**

It's another Monday morning, heralded by the piercing whine of Crysta's

alarm clock. "Answer that, will you please Donna?" mumbled Crysta.

"Wake up, sleepyhead. Its your alarm clock, not the phone." Donna

bounded out of bed, and whipped Crysta's covers off, leaving her naked on

top of her bed.

"Leave me alone, Donna," Crysta said as she curled into the fetal position.

"Sorry, Crysta. We've both got an early class today. We've gotta get

going." Crysta didn't move. Donna gave her a few seconds, during which

she admired her roommate's huge breasts, then said, "In a minute I'm going

to open the door and call for the boys to bring their Polaroids."

Crysta knew Donna wasn't kidding. She had just done that. Was it last

week? No, it was the week before. The pictures were on the bulletin

board for a whole week before the residence counselor finally took them

down. "OK, I'm up, Donna. No need to call the boys in here."

"I feel sexy this morning," Donna said brightly. "I'm going to wear my

Dare to Be Bare dress." She said the words "Dare to Be Bare" in a stage

whisper for emphasis. She pulled a dress off a hanger, and held it up.

"What's the big deal about the Dare to Be Bare dress?" asked Crysta, using

her "dopey voice" to mock Donna's stage whisper.

"The big deal is," Donna replied, ignoring her roommate's derogatory tone,

"that no one will know whether I'm wearing a thong under it. Haven't you

seen the magazine ads, Crysta?" Crysta shook her sleepy head. Donna

continued, "The ads show two girls, both wearing Dare to Be Bare dresses.

One is wearing a thong underneath the dress, and the other is bare-

bottom. You can see both girls' cheeks, but you can't see a thong on

either one. You're supposed to guess which is which. Then you turn the

page, and both girls are holding up their dresses high enough to show one

is wearing a thong, and the other isn't. There's more text on the second

page that says stuff like you can wear the Dare to Be Bare dresses with or

without underwear, because they cling to you and just barely cover you, no

one will know unless you let them find out, stuff like that. It's turned

into a mystique, not so much for boys to see girls' private parts, but to

guess what they're wearing under their dresses. The important thing",

Donna continued, "is not to bend over, even if you're wearing the thong,

because you never want to let people know you're wearing anything under

the dress. It's important to keep them guessing."

Crysta didn't say anything. Donna looked at her, and saw that she had

fallen back to sleep, which made Donna mad. Donna first opened the door

to their dorm room, then picked up the glass of water from beside Crysta's

bed, and poured it on her. Crysta jumped out of bed and screamed. Donna

pushed her out the open door and locked it behind her. There Crysta

stood, in the hallway, completely naked. She looked over each shoulder,

and was thankful the hallway was deserted. Crysta quietly knocked, and

begged in a low voice to be let in. Donna let her stay outside for a few

seconds, then opened the door. Crysta smiled, and said with pretend

sweetness, "Good morning, Donna," as if nothing had happened. Then she

walked around Donna. Donna turned so she could face Crysta, because she

was afraid Crysta was up to some revenge for locking her out. Crysta

said, "Stand still. I want to look at your dress." Donna stood still,

and Crysta crouched as she continued examining Donna from all sides, now

lightly touching Donna's legs and cheeks, raising goose bumps to mark the

position of the bottom of her dress. "This is a great dress," Crysta

said. "It's sheer at the bottom, so I get the impression I can see

through it, but when I try to see anything in particular, like your pussy

that is, I can't make it out."

Donna moved her legs apart, and looked over her shoulder. She asked, "So

you can't tell whether I'm wearing a thong?"

"I would guess not. Am I right?" Before Donna could answer, Crysta

lifted the front of Donna's dress to look for herself. She not only saw

she was right, but also that Donna was getting excited. She touched the

slippery space between Donna's lips, and laughed as Donna shivered with

excitement.

"Well, you guessed right. But you can't tell for sure, and that's the

idea of this dress. It's mostly opaque, but fades to sheer at the very

bottom, giving no distinct line at the hem. It's more sheer in the back

than the front, showing some of my crack, and giving the impression that

it should be easy to see my front, too, but it's just out of view."

"I'm glad to see you're finally going bottomless," said Crysta.

"I didn't say that."

"Oh." Crysta was disappointed.

"I'm sorry, Crysta. I know how much you want me to go bottomless in

public, and I really wish I could, but I can't."

"It's not for me, Donna. You're the one who told me you need to build up

the courage to go bottomless, and I want to help you do it."

"I just can't go bottomless in public. I wish I could, the way you do,

but I just can't do it. I keep thinking, what if someone sees me? They

would keep staring at me, or worse, they would tell other people, and then

everyone would be looking at me. I would be mortified."

"I used to think that way, Donna, but now I know the truth: People see

things, and they look away and pretend they didn't see anything. Now that

I know this, it makes me bolder." Seeing the doubt on Donna's face,

Crysta continued, "I'll prove it today in class -- I'll flash the boy who

sits in front of me, and he'll pretend he didn't see anything."

"Flashing a boy in math class is one thing -- you're still in control. But

what if you suddenly find yourself naked and you can't cover up. That

would be humiliating. I can't imagine what I'd do in that situation. I would die."

"That's happened to me, and I didn't die. Do you know the sheer dress I

have?" Crysta asked.

"Yes, you always wear something under it."

"Not always."

"Really!?" Donna couldn't believe even Crysta the exhibitionist would wear

the sheer dress without something under it -- a slip, knickers, or even a

thong -- The dress was practically transparent.

"When I tried it on at the store, I knew you could see through it a bit,

but I really didn't know how sheer it was. I put it on one morning, and

wore it to class."

"Didn't you look at yourself in the mirror?"

"I guess so, but I didn't notice anything. I must have been in a hurry."

"What did you have on under the dress?"

"Nothing."

"No bra? no knickers?"

"Nothing. I knew the dress was thin, and I didn't want any panty lines."

"When did you realize your mistake?"

"When I was at the cafeteria having lunch. I looked down and noticed a

spot on my dress. I thought I had spilled something, and tried to wipe it

up, but it didn't move with the dress. Then I realized it was the beauty mark."

"The one right by your--"

"That's the one! I moved my dress back and forth, and looked down. I could

see everything, and it wasn't even that bright in there. How bad is this,

I wondered. I was in a panic. How could I have been so dumb? I looked

around. No one was looking at me. I hoped it wasn't as bad as all that. I

thought, act casual. I got up for another glass of soda. As I walked, I

glanced down at myself. I could see my breasts bouncing up and down as I

walked, nipples and all. I could see my belly button through the dress,

and my -- I could see everything. I was completely stark naked! I

straightened up. Still no one paying unusual attention to me. I got my

soda, and then turned around suddenly to see if I could catch anyone

staring at me. Some people were looking at me, but I couldn't catch their

eye. They looked away when I looked at them. Did they see me? They had

to, but they didn't act any differently toward me, so I sat down again,

and everything seemed normal. My heart was beating fast. I was afraid I

would be arrested for indecency or something. But nothing happened.

Everything was fine."

"Did you go home and change right away?" Donna asked, fascinated by the story.

"The funny thing is after I calmed down I started to realize that no one

was going to stop me. It was like the story about the emperor's new

clothes, do you know the one?" Donna nodded. "I thought back. Had people

treated me differently that morning? I had received some admiring glances

that morning, but I get a lot of those." Crysta knew she was beautiful.

"The campus bus had been crowded, so I was standing, and a guy gave me his seat."

"That was unusual." Donna smiled.

"Yes, but I didn't think anything of it at the time. Thinking back on it,

maybe he was embarrassed for me, and expected me to sit down and cover up

somehow."

"Did you go home and change?" Donna repeated.

"Well, I couldn't change right away. I was late for my next class.

Besides, I became bolder when I realized people would pretend I was fully

dressed to save them the embarrassment of acknowledging my nudity. Then

something else happened."

"What happened?!" Donna couldn't imagine.

"The thought that I was embarrassing the people who saw me naked got me

excited. The more I caught people looking at me, the more excited I got.

My pussy opened up like a wet flower. I enjoyed it so much I didn't

change all day. In fact, I went back to the dining hall for dinner with

some of the kids who were on my floor last year."

"Did any of them say anything?"

"Not a one."

"That's an amazing story. So you got over your fear of nudity."

"Not completely. Although it was exciting once I realized no one would

stop me or even say anything, I've never done it on purpose."

"Yes you do, you hardly ever wear knickers. I bet people see things."

"It's different. I can always cover up. I'm in control. You'll see when

I flash the kid in front of me in class this morning." Crysta picked out

a low-cut clingy black mini-dress with thin straps, and put it on, with

nothing under it, as usual.

"I can't wait to see that," Donna said as the two girls set out across

campus to their class.

"Why do they have to have math classes in the most uncomfortable room in

the whole campus?" Crysta wondered aloud as she took her seat next to

Donna in the third row. About 200 seats were jam packed into a lecture

hall that was steeply sloping so the feet of the people sitting in one row

are at head-level of the people in front of them. "The seats are so low I

feel like I'm squatting." Crysta winked at Donna and said, loud enough for

the nearby boys to hear, "I should have worn knickers." The boy in the

seat in front of Crysta turned around to see what Crysta was wearing.

Crysta expected this, and was ready, with her legs apart. The boy saw

Crysta was telling the truth, blushed, and whipped his head around to face

front again, just as the professor came into the room. Crysta snapped her

legs shut and winked at Donna one more time.

"Today's lesson is on partial derivatives," began the professor.

Undaunted by a chorus of groans, he continued, "Will you please open your

books, and turn to page 84." When he looked up, his eyes focused directly

between Donna's legs. Donna felt his gaze rest on her crotch as if it

were a solid, tangible thing. There was no mistaking it, she thought. My

thong has saved me once again from embarrassment. She was glad it was

there. Unable to tear his eyes away from Donna's legs, he forgot about

partial derivatives, and said, "I'm afraid I will need to institute a

dress code in this class." He went on, "too many of you girls are wearing

dresses that are too short. Frankly, I find it distracting."

The professor's eyes were burning a hole in Donna's crotch, so Donna put

her hands between her legs. She thought, a dress code? I haven't had to

worry about a dress code since High School. What will this be, no dresses

shorter than knee length? No cleavage? No belly buttons?

The professor continued, "So from now on, no girls will be allowed to wear

knickers in this class. Are there any questions?"

Donna couldn't believe her ears. Surely he meant, no visible knickers,

like the thong he's still trying to get a look at. She looked at Crysta,

who was just as shocked by the professor's new dress code.

"Yes, I have a question." It was Crysta.

"Stand up." said the professor.

Crysta stood, and seemed a bit more nervous, now that all eyes were on

her. "Um..." She was trying to think how to ask the question. "If the

problem is that our dresses are too short, then how does it help to ban

knickers?" A murmur from the students indicated this question was on many

of their minds.

"Excellent question. I expect the result of this new dress code to be

that you will want to wear longer dresses. You see, if you aren't allowed

to wear knickers, then you can't wear short dresses and depend on your

knickers to protect you. You will need to wear longer dresses and skirts

to be decent." There was a stunned silence as everyone in the class

considered this unusual dress code. "If there are no more questions..."

began the professor, as he picked up his textbook again.

Donna raised her hand. "Can I wear shorts under my dress instead of knickers?"

"No. Nothing that takes the place of knickers. I don't want any arguments

over the meaning of 'knickers'. Nothing under your dress, is that clear?"

Crysta was about to ask another question. She wanted to know if she could

wear shorts instead of a skirt, but before she could raise her hand, the

professor dismissed the class. The girls talked about the dress code, and

decided shorts would be a bad idea. They might be the same as knickers to

the professor. Since he didn't want any arguments over whether an article

of clothing was "shorts" or "knickers", he might well have a similar

feeling of the question of whether a shirt was a minidress. The girls

figured they'd better play it safe and just wear nothing at all that had a

stitch of cloth that went between their legs.

The next morning, Donna was worried about the new dress code. "My whole

style consists of short dresses, peasant shirts, and blue jeans. I only

have one skirt that isn't a micro-mini. That'll do me for today, but what

about tomorrow?"

"Wear the skirt. Worry about the next day then," Crysta said as she put

on her sheer dress.

Donna admired Crysta's body through the dress. "You forgot to put your

slip on under that dress," Donna said.

"No I didn't." Crysta looked ravishingly clean-shaven. "I want the

professor to see I'm following his dress code by the letter, but not the spirit."

"What do you mean, 'not the spirit'?"

"I mean I won't wear any knickers, but I'll still wear sexy dresses. He

won't get me to stop doing that."

When they got to math class, most of the girls were wearing longer dresses

and skirts, presumably with nothing underneath. But some didn't get the

message, or misunderstood it, and wore jeans or shorts. The professor

asked a girl wearing shorts and a pink fuzzy sweater to stand up. He

asked, "What's your name?"

"Susan," she replied, meekly.

"Are you wearing knickers?"

"No, sir" Susan replied.

"It looks to me that you are" he said.

"No, these are shorts," she said, as defiantly as she could.

"Didn't you hear me yesterday? Shorts and knickers are the same thing!

Take them off and give them to me," he ordered. She stood still a long

time, not knowing what to do. Everyone waited to see what would happen.

"Give me your shorts now, and I will let you stay in my class."

Susan thought about this. Her sweater didn't even cover her belly button.

 She would have to sit, bottomless, with everyone looking at her, for the

rest of the class. But the alternative was worse. If she left, she would

get an "F" for the day, and might even fail the class. Her hesitation,

she soon discovered, was a big mistake.

"Since you did not obey the dress code, and you did not obey my direct

order, you will now take off all your clothes, finish today's class naked,

and leave here naked." Gasps of shock arose from the students. Susan

stood still, the color draining from her face. "Then tomorrow," the

professor continued, "you will arrive naked, and I will return your

clothes to you, and then you can put them on. Your punishment is to

complete your normal class schedule today naked, sleep naked, wake up, and

return here naked. Is that clear?"

She pleaded, "Please don't make me do that. Look, I'll take off my

shorts." And she unzipped them, and let them fall to her ankles. "See?

No knickers." Her pubic hair was thick and dark, and covered her lips

completely. She hiked up her sweater to make sure it wasn't blocking the

professor's view (almost revealing her tits) and said again, "See?" After

a moment in which no one moved, she continued, "Please don't punish me.

I'll stick to the dress code tomorrow, OK? Please?"

"It's too late. If you don't give me your clothes within one minute, I'll

fail you for the semester."

She picked up her shorts, and brought them to the professor. She unzipped

her sweater, and let her breasts fall out of it. She handed her sweater

to the professor, but it was too late. "Susan, your hesitation has earned

you an additional punishment, which is designed to teach you a lesson. I

see from the way you're covering your hairy pussy that you don't really

want the class to see it. First, take your hands away from your pussy."

She did as she was told. "Now, spread your legs apart, so people can see

you better through all that hair." Again, she did as she was told. "Now,

dip the eraser of this pencil in Vaseline, and get it good and greasy."

Looking very uneasy, she did as she was told. She was getting wet, too,

and this was embarrassing her more. "Now, face away from the class, and

bend over. Put your hands on the floor, and spread your legs apart as

wide as they will go." She assumed the position. Her breasts hung

straight down from her chest, and swung from side to side as she inched

her legs apart in full view of the class. The professor plunged the

pencil pretty far into her asshole, making her squeal "Oooh!" He said,

"Now, turn around and face the class, and write this message on the floor:

'I will not violate the dress code again'." She stared at him. "Go

ahead!" he said, gesturing for her to spread her legs apart and put her

hands behind her. Finally, she realized he wasn't kidding. She squatted

with her legs apart, and the point of the pencil still sticking out of her

ass. She put her hands behind her, and started moving the pencil across

the floor. She concentrated so much on moving the point of the pencil on

the floor that she didn't even notice that her twat was about as much on

display as a twat can be -- her lips were wide open for all to see.

When she was finished, the professor said, "Susan, I'll keep your clothes

until tomorrow. In the mean time, no one may lend you any clothes," the

professor warned. "You must endure your punishment, and hopefully you

will learn your lesson. No hiding, either. You must do your normal

routine. I don't want to find out tomorrow that you skipped any classes

or social events because of this." Susan walked back to her seat, with

the pencil still in her butt, and waited there, unable to sit.

The class was stunned by the punishment. All the students, especially

Susan, breathed a sigh of relief when the professor dismissed the class.

Susan left the class with the pencil still stuck in her asshole, but as

soon as she was clear of the professor's gaze, she pulled it out, and

dropped it in the nearest trash can.

"Let's go shopping, Crysta," said Donna, who had become quite moist during

Susan's punishment, and at the sight of Susan's beautiful body wiggling

out of the class. "I need some nice long dresses." The girls went to the

mall. As the girls shopped, a lot of people turned their heads because

Crysta was still wearing her transparent dress. "I'm starting to get used

to this," Crysta said.

The next day, the girls arrived early for class. Crysta was wearing a

beautiful full-length dress with the sides completely cut out, and

replaced by strings connecting the front and back of the dress. The back

was cut out very low, so the top of Crysta's crack could be seen. The

dress was designed to be worn with nothing under it, and Crysta looked

beautiful in it.

Donna wore a short dress with a slit up each side all the way to her

armpits. A side view revealed Donna's breasts in their full glory. A

single string held the front to the back of her dress, which kept the

dress in place while she was sitting. Donna was radiant.

Susan arrived early, too, stark naked as ordered. Susan stood straight,

hands at her sides, and seemed at ease. Crysta and Donna met her, and

noticed she had shaved off all her pubic hair. The three girls sat

together in the lecture hall. They all leaned back, and put their feet up

on the seats in front of them. Susan sat between Donna and Crysta. "It

looks like you made it through your punishment OK," Crysta said.

"It wasn't as bad as I worried it would be," Susan replied. "At first, I

felt very self conscious, and I felt like I had to keep explaining and

explaining why I was naked. I really wasn't prepared to be seen, either.

I felt untidy because I hadn't shaved here in a long time. As soon as I

got home, I started trimming, and then I decided to just shave it clean."

Donna and Crysta took this as an invitation to look closely at Susan's

crotch. To afford the girls a closer look, Susan put the bottoms of her

feet together, and moved her knees apart. She was very limber, resting

one leg on Crysta's long dress, and the other on Donna's bare leg. Crysta

and Donna each placed one arm on Susan's thigh, and gently stroked Susan

as the girls talked.

"Did a lot of people stare at you?" Donna asked, stroking her thigh, ever

closer to Susan's buttocks. Susan had become very uninhibited, opening

her legs wider as Donna neared pay dirt.

"I thought people would stare at me, but to my surprise, most people tried

really hard not to look at me. On the campus bus, a boy sat down next to

me and asked me if I would like to carry his books. I said 'yes' and he

handed me his books, which I put on my lap. I pulled my hair down over my

breasts," Susan demonstrated, "and felt almost decent for the first time

since my punishment began." Susan's hair fell away from her breasts, so

Crysta smoothed it back in place. As Crysta ran her hand over Susan's

breast, she noticed the hardness of her nipple.

"Mmm," said Susan, enjoying the attention from the two girls. "Then

yesterday evening a bunch of people from the dorm went to a restaurant on

Main Street, and asked if I would like to come along. I was afraid to say

no, because if it got back to the professor, he might punish me some more.

 It's dark in the restaurant, and I sat down first in the booth so I would

be out of the way. The waitress was the first person who asked me why I

wasn't wearing any clothes, so I told her it was punishment for violating

the dress code, and all she said was 'Oh' and told us the specials and

took our order. Another girl from my dorm, Polly was her name, sat next

to me, and she put her hand in my lap, like this." Susan picked up

Donna's hand, and placed in on her vulva. As Susan continued talking,

Donna gently rubbed her wetness. Susan continued, "I drank a little too

much beer, and being naked didn't bother me so much after that. And Polly

was very nice to me. We went back to the dorm, and talked before going to bed."

"Then this morning, most people just took it in stride when I showed up at

the dining hall for breakfast. I was bolder this time while I was waiting

for the bus. For one thing now that I've shaved, I feel like I'm neater,

and for another I guess I've just gotten used to the odd behavior of the

people around me. Instead of sitting and trying to cover myself up, I

stood next to the 'Bus Stop' sign. Some cars honked their horns, and I

waved to them. Still, I'm looking forward to putting my clothes on again today."

"Be careful when the professor hands your clothes to you," Donna said.

"Don't put on the shorts. He'll try to trick you. If you put them on, he

will say you're in violation of the dress code again. So just put on your

sweater, and sit down."

"Thanks, Donna," Susan said. "I didn't even think of that. You probably

saved me a second day of punishment."

Just then, the professor walked in. He called, "Susan" and held out her

sweater and shorts. She took just the sweater, and returned to her seat.

She put her arms in the sleeves, and zipped it up around her breasts.

Then she sat down again in the same wide-open position, with her feet on

the chair in front of her, and her legs draped over Donna and Crysta.

After Susan got comfortable, the professor held out the shorts again, and

said "Your punishment is over, Susan."

Susan said, "No thank you, professor. I wouldn't want to be in violation

of the dress code again."

The professor smiled at Susan as she walked, bottomless, back to her seat.

 Every other girl in the class was wearing a long skirt or dress. "Are any

of you wearing knickers?" asked the professor. "Admit it now, and you won't

be punished." Everyone remembered the punishments inflicted on Susan, and

no one wanted to suffer the same indignity. But no one stirred.

"Jeanette," the professor called, "please stand up." Jeanette stood, and

everyone saw the same thing: panty lines under her dress. "Are you wearing

knickers?" asked the professor.

"Y-yes," Jeanette stammered. "I admit it." Jeanette hoped this admission

would spare her punishment.

"Too late, Jeanette. Bring me your clothes. You'll get them back tomorrow."

Jeanette stood up, and started to unbutton her dress. She seemed to be

having trouble, and then it soon became apparent that Jeanette was crying.

 Susan rose to her feet, and went over to Jeanette, and tried to console

her. The class enjoyed the view of Susan's naked bottom. The professor,

however, was unmoved, and gave Jeanette one minute to get her clothes off

or the punishment would get worse. Susan helped unbutton the dress, and

slipped it off the sobbing girl. "Thirty seconds!" Jeanette cried

louder, and put both her hands over her breasts, which made it hard for

Susan to get her bra off. "Fifteen seconds!" Meanwhile, some other girls

"pantsed" Jeanette, and tickled the back of her knees to get her to step

out of them. "Five seconds" Susan and two other girls ran to the front of

the room, each with a piece of Jeanette's clothing, while Jeanette

remained standing, sobbing, with her hands over her breasts.

"Too late, the minute is up," the professor said before the girls reached

him. "Now the punishment will get worse. What do you think I should do

with you, Jeanette?"

"Tw-wo days of nudity?" Jeanette stammered.

"No, after one day, you might start to enjoy being naked, like Susan over

here. Think of something else."

"I can't think of anything," Jeanette sobbed.

"Think hard, because if you leave it to me, it'll be worse than anything

you can imagine."

"A month of nudity," she blurted. But it wasn't good enough to satisfy

the professor.

"Since you lack imagination, I'll tell you the punishment, Jeanette."

The professor proceeded to describe a punishment that didn't sound so

awful, but ended up being more horrible than anything Jeanette could have

imagined. Jeanette left the room, and then suffered through two full days

of the most disgusting horror she had ever endured.

The next day, every girl was wearing a long skirt or dress, and there were

no panty lines to be seen. The professor said, "It took all week, but I

see now my dress code has been a success. Does anyone have any

questions?" One girl raised her hand. "Stand up, please." She stood,

wearing a long, very thin, and skin-tight dress. There was nothing under this dress.

She said, "Some of us find it uncomfortable not wearing knickers. If we

agree to wear long dresses, can't we wear knickers under them?" There was a

murmur of agreement from the girls in the class.

"That sounds fair to me. The reason you are not allowed to wear knickers is

to discourage you from wearing miniskirts. And that's working, I see. Now,

if I allow knickers under long dresses but not under short ones, that

should have the same effect -- to encourage you to wear long dresses. So I

will amend the dress code. Under the new dress code, knickers will be

required under long dresses, and forbidden under short dresses."

Another girl raised her hand. "Professor, what is the definition of 'long'?"

"A good question," said the professor. "The line dividing 'short' from

'long' should be where the dress covers you up most of the time. I've

noticed that a minidress that exactly covers a girl's rump also covers her

front, with a little room to spare. But a dress that short is just too

short to provide any sort of modesty when she is sitting. So I suggest

this: if the dress hangs down more than two inches below the bottom of

your, well, bottom, then it's a long dress. Is that a good definition,

girls?" Many girls were seen nodding, but no one spoke up. "Of course, I

will reserve the right to change this definition from time to time. The

goal, as always, will be to improve overall modesty by encouraging you to

wear longer dresses, and, with the new dress code, allowing you to be

comfortable as well in those longer dresses." Sounds of general approval

were heard from the girls in the class, who were looking forward to

wearing knickers again.

One of the girls raised her hand and asked, "Will the new dress code go

into effect tomorrow?"

"It will go into effect soon, but I don't know what day. Maybe tomorrow.

Maybe the next day, I don't know yet. I'll announce it on the day the

dress code goes into effect."

"Um, professor," one girl called out, "that's not fair. I mean we have

been very careful to wear long dresses with nothing under them. We have

to know if the dress code will change tomorrow so we can dress accordingly."

"I don't understand what you're complaining about," replied the professor.

 "I outlawed knickers to force you to wear long dresses, and that worked.

You're all wearing long dresses. Now some of you would like to continue

wearing long dresses but with knickers underneath. So at your request, I

amended the dress code to require knickers under just the long dresses. By

continuing to outlaw knickers under short dresses, I expect you will be

more discouraged than ever to wear such revealing clothing. Now you will

be not only more decent but also more comfortable. I don't want to hear

any more complaining about this."

That night, Donna and Crysta talked about the new dress code. Donna said,

"It's interesting that the old dress code encourages long dresses, and the

new dress code should encourage long dresses too. But since we don't know

what day the new dress code will go into effect, we should find a way to

adhere to both of them at the same time."

"And only a very short dress will accomplish that," Crysta finished. "How

ironic." Crysta started looking for a short dress to wear. She put on the

black dress she wore last week. "Measure me," she said.

Donna put a ruler up to Crysta's butt, and said "No good. Three inches

from rump crease to hemline." Donna put on her white Dare to Be Bare dress

she had worn last week, but without the knickers this time, and motioned

for the ruler.

"I don't even need to measure it," Crysta said. "It's well within the two

inch limit. And you look great in it. But what can I wear?"

"Why don't you just put on a shirt?" Donna suggested. So Crysta tried on a

a few shirts. Finally, she settled on a silk blouse with a straight bottom

that fell exactly even with the bottom of her butt cheeks.

The next day, most of the girls wore long dresses. Only Crysta, Donna,

and a few others who thought things through wore short dresses. Panty

lines could be seen under many of the long dresses. The professor said,

"We'll be using the old dress code today." A gasp of horror came up from

the class as many of them realized they were in violation of the old dress

code. Crysta and Donna smiled. The professor continued, "If anyone would

care to admit they are violating the dress code, please stand now, and you

won't be punished." After a long time, one girl stood, her panty lines

clearly visible. "Take off your dress, so we may investigate this case."

"I thought you said there was no punishment" she said.

"This is not a punishment, just an investigation. Believe me, you'll know

if it's a punishment." He waited while the girl took off her dress. She

stood, covering her naked breasts with her hands, and looking sexy in her

white bikini knickers. "Now, please remove your knickers, come up to the

front of the class, and then hand me your clothes. Then stand here,

facing the class. I'll give your clothes back to you after the

investigation is finished." She quickly slipped off her knickers,

remembering that she who hesitates is punished, ran, tits bouncing, to the

front of the class, and handed her clothes to the professor. She stood

with her hands at her sides. "If anyone else would like amnesty, bring me

your clothes, and stand in the front of the room." Two other girls took

off their clothes, and stood in the front of the room. Everyone else

waited. Finally, the professor handed the three naked girls their dresses,

but he kept the knickers. They put them on as they went back to their seats.

The professor said, "All the other girls wearing long dresses should now

come to the front of the room." A general commotion started as girls began

getting up and moving to the front of the lecture hall. "Each one of you

will take off her dress." One by one, they stripped. Most covered their

naked twats with their hands, but two wore knickers. "You two," said the

professor, pointing at the two girls wearing knickers, "stay here.

Everyone else may put your dresses on and return to your seats." Now

addressing the two girls still standing in their knickers at the front of

the class, he said, "you must take off your knickers, and spend the next

twenty-four hours naked. You will get your clothes back tomorrow. No

hiding, and no wearing clothes for twenty-four hours."

The next day, as the girls began to understand the effect of uncertainty

over the dress code, more girls wore minidresses or long t-shirts without

any knickers because they realized this was the only way to adhere to both

dress codes at the same time. When the professor came in, he said "Before

I tell you whether the new dress code is in effect, I would like you to

sort yourselves out based on the length of your dresses. We'll start by

having everyone wearing a long dress please come to the front of the room

and remove it." A general commotion arose as the girls wearing long

dresses, now numbering less than half the class, rose and made their way

to the front of the room. "Now strip," he said to the girls. Slowly,

they removed their dresses. None of the girls were wearing knickers. "I

see you've all decided I was bluffing. You think I won't institute the

new dress code. Well you are all wrong. Today, knickers are required

under long dresses. You are all punished, and must stay naked until

tomorrow. You may now return to your seats." A chorus of complaints

erupted, but it was choked off by an icy stare from the professor. They

stripped in silence, and left their dresses in a heap. As the naked girls

went back to their seats, the professor continued, "but tomorrow, I may

reinstate the old dress code. Don't try to guess what it will be."

Now the girls wearing short dresses were feeling smug. They felt like

they had beaten the system. But their smugness was short-lived. The

professor said, "All you girls who are wearing short dresses, I want you

to all stand up and examine each other, and measure the distance from the

hem of the dress to the crease of skin at the bottom of your cheek. Your

objective is to find the longest short dress." The professor waited as

the girls measured one another. After a while, he said, "stop now. Whose

dress covers the most?"

All eyes moved to Linda.

"Let me take a look at you, Linda." said the professor. He tilted his

head to the left, and then to the right. "Linda, your dress looks pretty

decent to me. I think it should be considered 'long'. You should be

wearing knickers under it. Come to the front of the room, take it off, and

we'll see whether you're in violation of the new dress code. If so, then

it wouldn't be fair to your beautiful naked classmates --" he made a

sweeping gesture "-- to let you escape."

"But my dress is short, so I don't have to wear knickers," she said as she

started walking to the front of the room.

"What did I just say? From now on, I'll take a close look at the longest

short dress, and if it seems decent to me, then it will be considered

long. Does anyone have a problem with this?" Silence. "I didn't think

so." Linda, removed her minidress and placed it on the pile of dresses,

and returned, naked and humiliated, to her seat.

In all, about a dozen girls were stark naked, and were required to stay

that way until the next day's class. This was the biggest mass-punishment

yet. Crysta said, "This adds a new wrinkle to our dress code. We not

only have to wear short dresses, but we have to make sure they're very

short, or else he'll just call them 'long'."

"I have an idea," said Donna the next morning as they were dressing. "To

avoid having the longest short dress, we'll wear stretchy crepe tops, you

know, like tight-fitting peasant shirts. Most of the time we can pull

them down over our privates, but in class, we'll let them ride up a bit."

Crysta agreed. Both girls wore tight-fitting tops. When they pulled them

down, they barely covered the front, and covered all but the last inch of

their cheeks.

As they took their seats, the girls pulled up their bottoms so they would

pass inspection. The girls sat bottomless as the professor called for any

girls wearing long dresses to come to the front of the room. No one

moved. All the girls were wearing short dresses. Then, the professor

called for the girl wearing the longest short dress. The girls all stood

and examined one another. The boys enjoyed watching them, because none of

their pussies were covered, except one. She was a beautiful girl with

straight black hair and small breasts wearing a thin T-shirt that only

covered half-way down her ass, but just about all of her pussy was covered.

"Your dress is long," the professor declared. "The new dress code is in

effect, so you should be wearing knickers. Are you?"

Instead of answering, the girl simply removed her shirt. Her hard nipples

traced two lines down the shirt as she took it off. She returned to her

seat, naked, and made no effort to cover herself.

Every day was like this. Some girls wore belly shirts to avoid being

stripped naked. Other girls wore longer shirts, and took the risk that on

any given day they might be wearing the longest one. After a while the

class reached an equilibrium, in which most shirts covered part of their

pussy, but left their asses mostly hanging out in the breeze. One of

Crysta favorite outfits was a very thin pink belly shirt, which just

barely covered her breasts, and left her bottom completely exposed. It

accentuated her sexy hips, too -- it really looked great on her. Donna

liked to wear just a vest that made her look cute, especially when she

left it unbuttoned, barely covering her nipples, and showing all the skin

between her cute little breasts.

After a few weeks of this, the professor commented to the class. "Isn't

this fascinating," he said. "We have two dress codes, either one of which

alone would strongly encourage you to wear long dresses. But if I don't

tell you in advance which will be enforced, you all wear very short

dresses. Isn't that a wild dress code?" he asked. Crysta stood, and said

"I like both your dress codes, and we're keeping to them. No knickers,

see?" As if it weren't already obvious, she coyly pulled the bottom of her

shirt up a few inches, and then let it drop. Then she sat her naked ass

down, and the lecture began. It was entitled "The prisoner's dilemma."