## The Teacher

The [Dress Code](http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/RichardHertz/www/OfficialDressCode.htm) was written to keep the students, especially the girls, in line.  Its stated purpose was to keep the girls properly covered up, and although it achieved that goal, by and large, there were some girls who managed to figure out ways to evade the spirit of the code even if they followed its letter.  I'll just cite one example, and then I'll get on with today's story.  The Code requires girls to forgo knickers if they're wearing a very short skirt, the reasoning being that although girls have no qualms about people seeing their knickers under a short skirt, they'll be a little more circumspect about people seeing their private parts, so, faced with this "no knickers" rule, they'll opt for longer skirts.  Well some girls have been protesting the Dress Code by flouting its spirit even as they obey its letter.  These girls have been wearing skirts so short that their lack of knickers is plain to see, even when they're standing up straight.  When they bend over, they put themselves totally on display -- asshole, pussy, the works.

(The girl pictured here is wearing a short shirt as well, which rides up every time she ties her shoes -- something she stops to do at the most inopportune times.)

It seems there's nothing that can be done to stop these unruly students from making fun of the Code except to step up the inspections.  Inspections are the only mechanism available to enforce the Code.  The purpose of an inspection is twofold.  First, an inspection is humiliating, even for girls who aren't violating the Code, so a girl will try to dress in such a way that she won't be inspected.  Second, if any violation is found, the inspector is allowed to keep some of the girl's clothing as evidence for a hearing that will be held at a later date.  So the enforcement of the Code is immediate -- a girl who is even suspected of violating the Code is summarily stripped, humiliated, and left to continue her business without the benefit of some of her clothing.

The inspectors, for their part, have complained that it's not easy to tell the violators from the innocent girls, so they admit they have mistakenly stopped some girls who, it turned out, were not violating the Code.  Surprisingly, the ones they mistakenly stripped and humiliated were not the ones who seemed to be engaging in the sort of protest pictured here.  Rather, the innocent girls who were most savagely humiliated were the very ones who were obeying both the spirit and the letter of the code -- the ones who were dressed very modestly.  For their part, the inspectors defend themselves by pointing out that many of these modestly dressed girls are also shy, and so they are reluctant to comply with the rules of the inspection, which require them to remove articles of clothing.  This reluctance makes the girls seem guilty, so the inspectors treat these "slow strippers" quite harshly.  Over time, the disproportionate targeting of modestly-dressed girls has gradually raised hemlines, as girls do what they can to survive.

The recent trend toward celebrating "spirit days" hasn't helped much, either.  It has become the style to show school spirit by dressing in the most provocative way possible, and to make matters worse, a tradition has developed in which the girls get together and forcibly strip the one of their group who is dressed most modestly.  Naturally, none of the girls wants to be stripped, so there has been a general trend toward sexier clothing on spirit days, to the point that some girls have decided to go without bottoms altogether.

The amount of total nudity on campus has increased to alarming levels recently, especially on Spirit Days.  This is due in part to the fact that one unlucky girl is stripped naked on every spirit day.  So the College has decided to make it especially unpleasant for girls to be naked on Spirit Days.  The following rule, which they hope will discourage nudity, was passed unanimously during the fall semester, and it takes effect immediately.  Any girl caught on campus not wearing any clothing is subject to fondling.  That means that any other student may touch the naked girl anywhere on her body, and she is not permitted to object in any way.  Moreover, she must stop whatever she is doing, and relax so as to permit the fondling to take place.  She is required to grant access to her most intimate of areas in order that the fondling will be as completely humiliating as possible for the girl.  It is hoped that by subjecting naked girls to fondling, they will try harder to avoid nudity.

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| **Bottomless girl, wearing a short shirt to show spirit on Bottomless Day** |

The [Code of Conduct](http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/RichardHertz/www/CCC.htm) requires that girls refrain from becoming visibly sexually excited, and this rule applies to all girls, naked or not.  So when a naked girl is being stroked, say, on her inner thighs, she is required to open herself up to additional fondling by spreading her legs apart, and at the same time she is required to avoid becoming excited.  Needless to say, many girls lose the battle, and allow themselves to display signs of sexual excitement.  Some even cum during the fondling, in spite of their best efforts to stay dry.  The punishment for displaying sexual excitement is called "consensual rape".  That is, by becoming excited, a girl is deemed "asking for it", and so her punishment -- forced sexual penetration by a boy -- is something she brings upon herself.  The prospect of being raped is not particularly pleasant to most girls, so this provides an incentive for them to avoid becoming sexually excited.  Alas, some girls aren't able to remain dry even knowing (or in some cases because they know) they'll be raped as a result.

With the cards stacked so desperately against the naked girls, it's no wonder that girls try as hard as they can to avoid becoming naked, especially on Spirit Days, when fondling is not only allowed but encouraged.  So, while the College expected that allowing fondling would encourage girls to be avoid nudity and be generally more modest in their dress, exactly the opposite happened.  The stakes became so high on Spirit Days to not be the one girl who gets stripped for showing the least spirit that all the girls showed a lot more spirit than they ordinarily would have.  On bottomless day, for example, it was expected that girls would wear ordinary dresses, and just forgo the bottoms they would ordinarily wear.  But it turned out that girls were so fearful of being stripped that they wore shorter and shorter tops which no longer covered their naked bottoms.  The girl pictured here is typical of one showing a good deal of spirit on Bottomless Day.  Even if none of the girls are wearing a stitch of clothing below their belly buttons when they get together to choose the one with the least spirit, one of them will have to be stripped naked, because the tradition requires it.

I say all this to explain the backdrop for the unfortunate sequence of events that took place on this fine spring day at the College.  Partial nudity, and even full nudity were running rampant, in spite of the College's best efforts to discourage it.  At every turn, the College made rules to encourage modesty -- first, not allowing knickers under short dresses to discourage short dresses, then allowing fondling of naked girls to discourage nakedness, and finally allowing consensual rape of excited girls as a way of discouraging public displays of sexual excitement -- all very sensible rules, but all backfired in a most spectacular way.

The College, in its wisdom, had not made any provision for the possibility that a beautiful young teacher might be mistaken for a student.  That very thing tragically happened this day.  The birds were chirping, and boys and girls were walking about, some fast, others slow.  Some in small groups, chatting.

The teacher in question was a stunningly beautiful mix of Asian and European blood.  She had straight black hair, almond-shaped green eyes, and a smile that would melt any heart.  The boys and girls in her biology class adored her.  She was only 4' 9" tall, but she made up for her short stature by having a stunningly proportioned body -- enormous boobs, thin waist, and gorgeously curvy hips.  She liked to wear short skirts, so she was glad the Dress Code didn't apply to her.  Her skirts were short enough that there was really no way to avoid showing her knickers from time to time, so she was grateful to be allowed to wear them in class.

She was walking back to her car after a fulfilling day teaching biology to a class of nearly naked students when she was approached by an overweight man in a rent-a-cop outfit.  "Please step over to the fence, young lady," he said.

"Excuse me?" said the teacher.  Some students, including one or two she recognized from the class she had just finished teaching, gathered around to watch the unfolding events.

"You may disrobe now," said the inspector as he shoved the teacher against the fence, making her stumble and almost fall.

"You've got this all wrong, I'm--" began the teacher.  But she didn't get to finish.  The rent-a-cop pulled out his handcuffs, and deftly cuffed her wrists to the top of the fence.

As the teacher continued to protest, the inspector began groping her with his dirty hands.  She struggled against the handcuffs, and writhed in disgust at the man's advances.  She made some efforts to protest, but somehow couldn't find the words to get the inspector to understand the big mistake he was making.  "Would you like me to strip you now?" asked the inspector.

"NO!" screamed the teacher.

"Well then you can pick a volunteer from the audience."  The inspector chuckled as if he had made some big joke, but it was somehow lost on her.  He held onto the fence with one hand, and wheeled around, gesturing at the audience that had gathered to see the inspection with his other hand.

The teacher was dizzy.  She had trouble focusing.  She tried harder.  When they came into focus, she saw they were laughing at her and pointing.  *They know I'm a teacher,* she thought.  *Why won't they say anything?  They're just going to stand there and let me get stripped rather than tell the inspector that I'm a teacher, the bastards!*  Finally she was able to focus on one girl whom she recognized as a student in the biology class she just finished teaching.  This girl was wearing just a T-shirt, a style that has become quite popular on campus.  This T-shirt was longer than some she'd seen girls wearing.  At least this one covered her entire belly, right down to the top of her vulva, and the top half of her ass crack as well.  It met the letter of the Dress Code, if not its spirit.  "Her," the teacher said to the inspector.  "I pick her."

The girl pointed at herself and mouthed the word "Me?".  The inspector nodded, so the girl came over to the fence where the teacher was tied up.

Something about the girl's grin wasn't right.  The teacher almost crapped in her knickers when she remembered what it was.  She had called on this young babe to answer a question, and she didn't know the answer.  She had had a long day, and was sick of students in her class who didn't study, so she had decided to teach this girl a lesson.  She had made the girl take off her shirt to help her "remember" the answer.  Then, when she still didn't know the answer, she asked the boy sitting next to her to massage the girl's pussy until the answer came to her.  The girl came while she was struggling to remember the answer to the question. Finally, the teacher had given the girl one last chance.  Deposit her little flirt-skirt in the "clothes for the poor" bin in the school's courtyard, and return to class naked, and she would get a passing grade in spite of not knowing the answer.  The girl eagerly did that, and upon returning with her pussy still wet from having cum a short while before, the teacher told one of the boys to rape the girl, which he did to the delight of the class. Finally, after she had been raped, the teacher said she decided not to give the girl a passing grade after all.

And now here was the teacher in the opposite position.  "I'll give you an A in the class if you would just tell the inspector who I am."  The girl scratched her pussy as she thought it over, and decided revenge was better than an A.

The girl picked up the hem of the teacher's skirt, and began lifting it.  The teacher writhed in protest, but as she was tied up, there was nothing she could do to stop the girl.  "Oh oh," said the girl.  "You're a bad girl.  You know better than to wear knickers, don't you?"  The girl mocked the teacher.  Then she slowly lowered the teacher's knickers to her knees, and told the teacher she was a bad girl.  The teacher began crying softly, and begging the girl for mercy. She promised an A for anyone else in the class, too. The girl thought it over for a while, massaging the teacher's breasts all the while, then finally said no, then she ripped the teacher's blouse off with both hands, revealing a lacy push-up bra. "Which should I take off first, teacher?" teased the girl. "Your bra or your miniskirt?"  The teacher, her knickers still about her knees, didn't answer. "Listen, teach," she said. "I'll never tell the inspector that you're a teacher if you don't cooperate with me."

"OK, OK," said the teacher, "I'll cooperate. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to beg me to strip you. Pick which you want me to remove first, and beg me to take it off."  The teacher wanted to delay showing her pussy to the students gathered to witness her humiliation as long as possible, so she begged to have her bra removed. The teacher's hands were hurting from the handcuffs high over her head, but she begged as well as she could beg.

"Not good enough," said the girl. I want you to mean it.

"Please remove my bra," whimpered the teacher.  Instead the girl unbuckled the teacher's miniskirt. "No, my bra," she insisted.  Then realizing her mistake, she said "I mean please," and then more plaintively, "pleeease."  The girl unzipped the miniskirt, allowing it to slip dangerously down onto the teacher's thighs.  Beg more, she said. I like it when you beg.  The teacher knew she had to stand still lest her skirt fall completely.  She was still hoping to get out of this with her dignity intact.  Finally the girl relented.  OK, she said, I'll do as you requested.  She unbuckled the boulder-holder, and let the teacher's bozos plummet earthward.  Still perky, thought the girl, in spite of the teacher's advanced age (23!).  The teacher was ashamed that all her students, especially the boys, were now gawking at her breasts.  It was doubly humiliating that she was tied up to a fence with her knickers about her knees.  *Thank God my pussy is still covered up,* she thought.

The boys craned their necks, because it looked like teacher's skirt had fallen to the point where it would be possible to see if she was completely shaven, something they always wondered about. The teacher was so ashamed she wished her hands were free, because she would use them to cover her face first, and then strangle the girl second.  But she remained composed -- any shaking or other needless motion, and she would dislodge the unzipped miniskirt from its precarious perch on her nicely rounded ass cheeks.

The girl said to the teacher, "You choose, teach: Knickers or skirt."

Well, this was a no-brainer. *If my skirt falls, everyone sees my pussy. My knickers are a ship that has already sailed, even if that ship has hit a sandbar.*  "I choose knickers. Take them down."  It sounded like an order.

"I don't much like your tone," said the girl.

"Please," the teacher begged. "Pleeeease," she started shaking with frustration, then thought better of it when her skirt slipped another quarter-inch.

"It's up to you, teacher," said the girl.  "Jump up and down to dislodge your skirt, or else put your knees together to let your knickers fall to the ground.  You choose."

This was very kind of the girl, thought the teacher.  She felt her nipples harden, and her pussy moisten, such was the teacher's unexpected reaction to this unexpected sweetness on the part of her tormenter.  *Having knickers about one's knees is embarrassing anyway,* thought the teacher, so she locked her knees together to dislodge them, but the knickers wouldn't fall.  She carefully, gently lifted one leg to try to squirm through the leg-holes of the knickers, and that seemed to have an effect.  Then she lifted the other leg to try to work the knickers down. Oops!  The skirt slipped.  It was now quite obvious to the boys that she was fully shaved.  "Please pull my dress up, just an inch," she whispered to the girl.

"What did you say about an "A" for my friends?" asked the girl.

"Yes, anything," said the teacher.

"Well, OK, I'll pull your skirt up one inch if you give everyone in the class an A and you call in some favors to get me an A in every one of my classes."

"Deal," said the teacher.

"You're going to do all that if I pull your skirt up one inch."

"Yes," said the teacher.  She was desperate.

The girl traced a circle around the teacher's perky nipples, and watched them get hard.  She ran her finger down the middle of the teacher's flat belly, causing her to shudder -- the skirt fell halfway down her thighs, revealing not only that she was fully shaved, but also that her pussy was open like a lovely red flower.  The girl fell to her knees before this beautiful teacher, and licked her pussy -- she couldn't resist it.  The teacher shuddered.  The girl probed with her tongue and massaged the teacher's firm rump with her hands.  The teacher shuddered again when she came, but her skirt stayed put.

The girl backed away to give the audience, now quite numerous, a clear view of their teacher, cumming in public.  The humiliation of it caused her to cum twice, and then again once more.  She so desperately wanted to touch herself, or to be touched, but that wasn't in the cards.  The girl left her writhing on the fence, cumming again and again against her will.

Eventually, the girl returned to face the teacher. By this time, all the teacher's public cumming and shuddering had lowered the skirt down to her knees, along with her knickers. "One inch, teach. That was our deal."

"But.." began the teacher, but then she thought better of it.  *The deal was to raise it one inch higher than it was at the time, so it would cover my pussy, not one inch now!*  The girl raised the skirt one inch, just above her kneecaps, leaving the teacher's bright red glistening pussy in full view.  The audience laughed, which pissed off the teacher even more than the girl's deceit.

"I'm still waiting for you to choose knickers or skirt," said the girl.  *By this time it doesn't matter. What do I have to lose?* she thought.  *I'm naked, in full view of my students. I came in public, causing my students to laugh at me. I just want this to be over with.*  So the teacher put her legs together, and wiggled and wriggled in an effort to shed the last of her clothing. Finally she got her knickers and skirt to drop to the ground, where she deftly stepped out of them.

"Now I'm naked," said the teacher with a forced calmness that belied deep anger, "and you've had your fun, it's time to tell the inspector that I'm a teacher, OK?"

"What do you have to offer me?"

"Nothing," said the teacher. "I've already promised you all the A's I can give you and your friends. You know I'll be drummed out of the college for giving out so many A's, don't you? You've ruined me."  The teacher seemed oddly defiant for someone in such a poor negotiating position.

"Well, my work is done," said the girl to the inspector, who had been watching the whole show with obvious enjoyment.  The girl patted the inspector on his bulge as she returned to the ranks of the spectators.

The inspector looked at the teacher's swollen pussy, and pointed out that public displays of sexual excitement are prohibited, and that the punishment (in case she didn't know) was rape.  But it won't be forced rape, he explained, but rather "consensual rape".  It is the duty of any boy who sees this violation to carry out the punishment.

None of her students stepped up to rape her, so the inspector muttered something about having to do the job himself, and started to take down his pants.

The girl said to the teacher, "Are you sure there's nothing you can do for me?" The teacher was in a panic, seeing she was about to be raped.  So she blurted, "I'll teach in the nude."

"For the rest of the year?"

The inspector had his pants down now, and was sauntering over to the teacher. He was definitely ready to exact the proper punishment for the teacher's public display of sexual excitement.

"OK", said the teacher, "For the rest of the year! I'll think of some excuse to do my teaching naked, just please call off this baboon!"  The teacher's pussy was dripping in anticipation of receiving the inspector's huge dick.  She closed her eyes.

"Excuse me, sir," said the girl.

"Huh?" said the inspector, his eyes rolled back in his sockets like a shark in anticipation of striking his prey.

"This lovely lady is a teacher here at the college, not a student."

"Oh, thank you," said the teacher, breathing a sigh of relief.

The inspector apologized and unlocked the handcuffs.  The teacher quickly set about locating her clothes, but the inspector still had a hard-on, and would not be deprived of a victim.  "What about you, little girl? I'd like to see if your clothes meet the Dress Code."  He grabbed the girl's T-shirt, and lifted it up, revealing her naked butt.

"Feet, do your stuff," said the girl, and started running. The inspector followed, but then tripped and fell flat on the ground because his pants were still about his ankles.  The crowd scattered, including the teacher who was so upset she dropped her clothes, and ran naked back to her car only to realize she had forgotten her keys.

The dean happened by the parking lot, and saw her standing next to her car, stark naked. "Did you forget something?" he inquired, perhaps referring to her lack of clothing.

"Yes," said the teacher, "I forgot my car keys."  Then all of a sudden the teacher was afraid the dean would stay around and offer to help her find her keys, which was the last thing she wanted, so she said, "But I remember where I left them," and started heading back to the scene of her humiliation. "OK, then," said the dean. "Have a nice day," he called after her.

The teacher went back to the fence, figuring she would pick up her clothes and her keys, but unfortunately her clothes were nowhere to be seen.  Luckily, though, her keys were right on the ground where she had dropped them.  So she picked them up, and got in her car. "What a day!" she said as she started the car.