**Dress Code Violation**

by ENFAuthor

**Dress Code Violation (Part 1)**

Amanda Ryling was 16-years old who had a slim body and long brown hair. Amanda went to a strict Catholic school that required specific uniforms to be worn except on Fridays. Amanda didn’t like wearing the skirt that was required so she decided she would by a replica skirt that was the same look, but shorter. This would allow her to show off her sexy bod without getting caught. Amanda grinned ear to ear when she tried the skirt on. “They will never be able to tell,” she said.

Amanda having her license finally drove herself to school the next morning and parked her car in the lot. She walked out and everyone stared and whispered to themselves. She gave them a wink as she walked. An announcement was being made this morning and every student was called to the auditorium. Amanda sat in the front row in the middle as all of the students filed in.

“Ladies, I welcome you all here today as I have a very exciting announcement. Today marks the first time in history at this school that we will be inviting the Boy’s school to out school. This entire month, the boy’s will be coming here everyday and taking our classes. This is a way for you to be able to be social with one another and get to know each other. We are having very strict rules while the boys are here. Every student will be having uniform inspections to ensure you are wearing your proper uniform otherwise you will be humiliated and punished in front of everyone. Starting today we wi be inspecting your skirts to make sure they are all the ones given by the school. If they are not, they will be removed and you’ll be forced to attend classes in your underwear. Since this is the first day you’ll be meeting the boys, I don’t think you will want that so I hope you are all wearing school regulated skirts. Other rules include no kissing, hugging, or otherwise making contact with the boys while they are here,” Principal Adams said as she scanned the room. “Let’s start with you, Ms. Ryling and make our way down the rows.”

Amanda paled at this. It was laundry day so she wore a bright pink g-string with a pair of kissing lips on the front. If a boy saw her in that, she would die of embarrassment. She just hoped that Principal Adams wouldn’t notice her skirt. She walked up the stage and stood before the principal. “Hands by your side with fingers flat against your skirt.”

Amanda did as instructed. The principal looked at her and smirked. “Ms. Ryling, how long are the school regulated skirts?” She asked.

“Um, just past my middle finger, ma’am.”

“And how far does yours reach?”

Amanda couldn’t speak.

“I will not repeat myself. You have two seconds to respond or I will remove your underwear too. how long is your skirt?”

“J-just past my pinkie finger,” Amanda said.

The whole student body began whispering and murmuring as Amanda squirmed.

“Take your skirt off, Ms. Ryling. I shall use you as an example,” she said.

Amanda didn’t move. “Ms. Ryling, you can take them off or I can. If I do it, you won’t like it. I do recall you were the one who came to school without any bottoms on a few years ago. So this should really be no different,” Principal Adams said.

Amanda blushed as the students giggled all remembering the day.

Amanda built up the courage and removed her skirt. She handed it to the principal. “Thank you,” she said, taking out a gigantic shredder.

She put Amanda’s skirt in the machine and Amanda was forced to stand there watching her skirt be shredded into literally millions of pieces. Everyone giggled as they noticed Amanda’s underwear. “Oh look at the time, the boys are here,” Principal Amanda smiled as the doors opened, hundreds of boys filed in and saw Amanda standing in her thong.

They couldn’t help but laugh while Amanda could do nothing but stand there enduring her humiliation. She was told to spin around which made her even more red as her bare bottom was yet again visible for everyone to see as her thong left nothing to imagine.