|  |
| --- |
| **Feeling Decent**  What does it take to feel decent? That's the question girls are asking themselves all across campus. You see, they're caught in a terrible conflict. Naturally, they want to feel decent, but if they cover themselves up too much, they look suspicious. Maybe I should explain. Here at the College, we have a Dress Code designed to ensure that all girls have an equal opportunity to dress in a modest and appropriate way. The Dress Code doesn't specify any particular clothing that must be worn, and it certainly doesn't set limits on the length of the hem of a girl's dress, because to spell out such arbitrary rules was judged antithetical to the spirit of freedom nurtured by the College. So another way had to be found to gently guide the girls toward a path of decency and modesty without being harshly autocratic or restrictive.   Before the first version of the Dress Code was even a glimmer in the College's eye, administration officials surveyed not just our campus but campuses all across our great country to see what girls were wearing. To their horror, some girls were wearing such short minidresses that their matching panties showed. One of our officials stopped a girl and questioned her about her attire. "What's the big deal?" she asked. "My dress is plenty long enough. And besides," she added, "my panties are \*meant\* to be seen."   The official was aghast. "Take them off right now," she demanded.   "What?!" The poor girl couldn't believe her ears. But the official didn't back down. Trembling, the girl obeyed, removing her panties in the center of a crowded square, with her astonished classmates looking on. She held onto her panties, hoping the crazy lady would let her put them back on.   "Throw them in the fountain," she ordered. The girl hesitated for just a minute, but feeling she had no choice, she complied. For a minute, everyone watched the panties move up and down with the current. Then all eyes returned to the girl, her minidress just barely covering her. She stood very still, knowing even the slightest movement might disturb her dress sufficiently to uncover some of her most private places.   "Is your dress still plenty long enough?" asked the official.   "There's nothing wrong with my dress," said the girl very quietly. She was trembling.   "Then reach for the sky."   "Please," she whimpered. Tears rolled down her cheeks. She glanced at her panties in the fountain. By this time, quite a crowd had gathered. Students whispered to each other, pointing to the panties in the fountain. Some students laughed. Others were shocked and dismayed. Those standing behind the poor girl were able to see the bottoms of her nicely rounded butt cheeks.   "Reach for the sky and be glad I'm not making you touch your toes!"   "What do you want from me?" begged the girl.   "I want you to admit that your dress isn't long enough."   "Why don't you leave me alone," she asked, unable to hold back her tears.   "Are you crying because you know your dress is too short?" demanded the lady. The girl didn't answer. "Are you crying because the boys standing behind you can see all the way between your legs?" She reached behind her back in an effort to regain a modicum of dignity. "Hands at your sides!"   This was finally too much for the poor girl. She lost all composure, and began bawling like a baby. She hunched forward, holding her head in her hands, and covering her face as she wept. Oddly, she kept her feet planted as she had been ordered, oblivious to the gasps of the spectators as they took in the girl's underlying beauty.   The administrator finally took pity on the sobbing wreck before her, hugging her, and smoothing her dress against her backside. "I know, honey," she said as she stroked the girl's bare lower buttocks. "I know," she repeated. The girl seemed not to notice that the lady ran her fingers gently between her cheeks as she consoled her. Whispering in her ear, the lady said, "I want you to leave your panties off for the rest of the day as a reminder to you that your dress is too short. Will you do that for me?" she smiled.   The girl stopped crying, and looked up at the administrator. "OK," she sniffed, letting one last crocodile tear roll down her cheek before she wandered off. The administrator smiled as she watched the girl's naked lower cheeks vanish into the crowd.   And thus was born the central concept of our Dress Code: If a girl is forced to go without panties, she will naturally want to wear a longer -- and more decent -- dress. And without realizing it, this administrator also planted the seed of the second major feature of the Dress Code: public inspections. By inspecting the girls publicly, and threatening to humiliating them if they don't comply, the girls are very reluctent to violate the Dress Code, or even \*appear\* to violate it.   The Dress Code has been in force for several years at the College, so people seldom stop to consider how well it works. The compliance rate is very high, with less than one percent of girls wearing anything under their dresses. So every girl knows she has to wear a dress long enough for her to feel sufficiently decent. We achieve such high compliance through public inspections. Several times each day, a girl who looks like she might be violating the Dress Code is singled out as she walks about campus, and forced to strip. These inspections are a fact of life at the College, and, for the most part, girls take them in stride. Naturally, no girl \*wants\* to be inspected, because it's hard to suppress those feelings of embarrassment that go hand-in-hand with being forced to remove her clothing in a public setting. So girls strive to avoid even the appearance that they might be violating the Dress Code.   This sets up an interplay of opposing forces in each girl as she dresses for the day. Since she can't wear panties, she must wear something that helps her feel decent, but she can't cover herself completely for fear of looking guilty to an inspector. An equilibrium is established for each girl, in which she's comfortable that she's dressed sufficiently modestly, given the constraints of the Dress Code, and also that she is revealing enough bare skin to make her a less attractive target for inspection.   Fashion choices are available to help make a girl's job easier. Some girls swear by backless dresses. Although a girl's ass is fully visible in a backless dress, she feels decent because her front is covered. With practice, a girl can put out of her mind the possibility that gawkers may lurk behind her. And it's very rare that a girl wearing a backless dress is ever inspected.   Other girls wear such short dresses that it would be impossible for them to be wearing panties -- even a thong -- without it being seen. Some girls try to get away with showing just the very lower part of their cheeks, which looks cute on them, but such dresses might be too long to be certain of avoiding the risk of inspection.     To be assured she won't be insepected, it's unfortunately necessary for a girl to expose the entire lower half of her rump, from her tailbone on down, because a thong strap would emerge from between her cheeks just south of her tailbone. Luckily, a dress this short can be tailored so that it covers most of her vulva, leaving only the barest lower part of her vertical smile out in the sunshine. For many girls, such a dress is plenty long enough for her to feel decent. It's all a matter of convincing herself that the part of her pussy that \*is\* covered represents her entire pussy.   She is able to convince herself that she's done a sufficient job of covering herself, in effect transferring the blame for flashing from herself to the person who sees her. Even a token covering is enough for her to transfer blame. If she catches someone looking at her pussy, she completes the transfer of blame by huffing, or showing some other sign of displeasure (or even by smiling sweetly), and then rearranging what little she has to cover herself. This is what any girl would naturally do when someone goes out of their way to peer between her legs. The trick, here, is to pull it off even when the person need not go out of his way to see her pussy.     Even if she's wearing the shortest dress she thinks she can get away with, and still feel decent, in the back of her mind, a girl will always worry that she might be inspected. Being stripped in public is something no girl is ever fully prepared for. Certainly, if her dress is so short she's more or less bottomless to begin with, then you would think the spectre of being publicly stripped would not loom large in her mind. But it's one thing to go about your business quietly exposing your underside to one or two people who might glance your way, and quite another thing to be physically restrained and have your inspection announced in a way designed to draw a large crowd.     Some girls find inspections flat-out degrading. The girl pictured, below, for example, was forced to sit on a park bench, with her legs apart, which was OK. She understood the need to make sure she wasn't wearing any panties. But then the inspector forced her to expose her boobs. She found this udderly humiliating, and so she hesitated before unbuttoning her blouse. That's all the provocation the inspector needed to suspect her of indecency. In this case, he ended up citing her for indecency, and taking all of her clothing as evidence to be used against her in a hearing, which was scheduled for a later date. To make matters worse, she was late for class, so she had no time to go back to her dorm to get anything to wear. She had to attend class in the nude, and endure the giggling of her classmates who accused her of being "miss proper" because she had been wearing panties, or so they thought.     It's not hard to see, then, why a girl might opt for something a little more skimpy just to avoid inspections altogether. It's an individual choice, which is left up to the girls themselves. The College is confident that no girl will opt to wear clothing in which she feels uncomfortable just to avoid the mere chance of an inspection, because if she did that, she would have to endure that discomfort every minute of every day she was wearing such skimpy clothing. So we feel the Dress Code, as implemented, strikes a good balance between the need to inspect girls and punish them if necessary on the one hand, and the girl's need to feel decent on the other.   As girls explore their own femininity through fashion, they shorten their dresses or skirts day by day to discover their own "breaking point" of discomfort. Some girls have found that going topless, while technically a violation of the Code of Conduct, is rarely enforced, and their bare breasts often distract other students from their miniscule skirts. This allows them to expose their pretty little pussies without feeling as if people are staring between their legs (because they're staring at their tits instead). The feeling of freedom a girl gets from letting her yabbos out in public lets her explore even shorter skirts without feeling awkward, especially if they are large and firm.   Off-the-shelf miniskirts often have a minimum length -- even after rolling the waist -- of about three inches, which is often too long, leaving a girl feeling vulnerable to inspection. Thus, many girls have taken to wearing belts as an alternative to the minidress. It is perfectly logical to consider a belt the limiting case of a miniskirt whose length has shrunk to a couple inches, or maybe even less.      A belt is a tricky accessory, and not every girl can pull off this look. For a girl to feel decent in a belt, it should be worn as low as possible, so that it covers at least part of her pussy, while at the same time drawing the eye away from her pussy so she feels less naked. Paradoxically, girls feel less naked if they are topless, because eyes are drawn north, away from their most private areas. By wearing her belt as low as she can, a girl can also cover part of her backside as well. Many girls like to position the back of the belt just below their tailbone, so their assholes are less evident. However, a girl takes a big risk by wearing her belt this low: it may fall off altogether, and clatter to the ground at the most inopportune moment. There are very few things a girl finds more embarrassing that bending over -- stark naked -- to pick up a belt that has fallen off her.     The biggest problem a girl faces after she's made the decision to shrink her miniskirt to the size of a belt is drawing the eye away from her pussy. You see, a belt, no matter how carefully it is worn, is really not big enough to even hint at covering her pussy. One attractive style that some girls have adopted is the "belt and garter". By wearing a garter high on her leg, she draws the eye toward her beautiful legs, and away from her sexy little pussy, making her feel much more comfortable. As you can see, this girl not only looks decent, but she feels decent as well, knowing her garter draws the eye from her private area, hiding it from view as effectively as a miniskirt. And the best thing is that she is much less vulerable to a humiliating inspection.     Does this girl feel decent dressed in just a belt and garter? Let's ask her.   "No, to be perfectly honest, I don't feel completely decent. No matter what I do, I have a nagging suspicion that someone might be looking at my tits, or staring between my legs. When my back is turned, I'm afraid to bend too far forward for fear someone might see my asshole, or worse, my pussy. But I don't dwell on it. Most of the time I'm busy doing something -- going to class, or lunch, or shopping -- so I don't think about whether someone's looking at me." She paused, then smiled. "Besides," she added, "there's nothing more indecent than an inspection. I've had a few of them, and I've hated every one of them."   We wanted to know, have you ever been found guilty of indecency?   "Oh, it was terrible, yes. And it wasn't my fault, either. I was caught up in mass inspection. It seems the College received a report that a girl was wearing a bra under her shirt, so every girl wearing a shirt was asked to take it off and prove she wasn't wearing anything under it. No big deal. All the girls were gladly taking off their shirts. They didn't mind because they could keep their skirts on. I don't know any girls who mind showing just their boobs."   So did you take off your shirt?   "No, I was wearing a dress. The problem was that it looked a lot like a shirt. It buttoned down the front, and it was short, like a shirt. But it really was a dress. It covered the top of my butt crack, and most of my pussy, as well. I told the inspector it wasn't fair to make me take off my dress, because then I would be naked. None of the other girls had to get naked, I pointed out. Well, that just sent him over the edge. He handcuffed me to a tree in a really uncomfortable way. He put the handcuffs over a high branch before snapping them over my wrists. I had to stand on my tippy toes or else they cut into me. Needless to say, with my arms stretched so far over my head, my little dress wasn't covering much any more. The inspector made an announcement that I was resisting the inspection, and suggested that I was probably the culprit they were looking for. He told people to gather around to see an indecent girl get what's coming to her. I'm ashamed to say I found the experience not only humiliating but a bit exciting, too. I felt my nipples harden against my dress. The worst thing is that some of the people in the crowd were friends of mind. They didn't know what to do. One girl came to me and consoled me. She kissed me, and stroked me gently, helping me to forget my troubles. I asked her if my pussy was wet. She said she could see it was. Please check, I begged her. She felt me gently between my lips, up and down, in and out. I spread my legs as far as I could to help her, and I nearly came because she was very thorough. You're really wet, she said, finally. The inspector was mean, though. He made my friend stand back with the crowd, and told me I had to take off my shirt. It was a dress, I reminded him, but he didn't seem to hear me. After a while, I asked him how he expected me to take off my dress with my hands tied up over my head, and all he would say is that I had to ask for some help. So I called to my friend, asking her to take off my shirt for me, but the Inspector said I had to get a stranger to help me. I begged for someone in the crowd to please take off my shirt. Finally, a boy came over to me. He kissed me, but I didn't kiss him back. You're going to have to be nicer to me, he said, if you want me to help you. So I kissed him back. He undid the bottom button, and stroked my ass. He made me spread my legs even farther, which hurt my wrists, but he didn't seem to care. He stroked me all over, especially between my cheeks, and between my lips, and damn it if that didn't feel good. I hated myself for juicing up for him. He undid another button, then he undid a button on his pants. Oh, shit, I said to myself. By the time my shirt was unbuttoned, his pants were off, and he had quite a hard-on, let me tell you. Are you going to let him rape me, I asked the inspector. He just moved to the side, and watched. I tried to stop him, but he was too strong, and I was already too wet. He slipped right in. I tried not to cum, but I couldn't help myself. He knew it, too. I hate it when I cum during a rape. I know it was my fault I got raped, though. I shouldn't have let myself get wet. When the boy was finished with me, he put his pants back on, and left me hanging from the tree, my dress wide open, tits and pussy fully on display. I know there's a rule that inspections can't last more than five minutes, but this one must have already been going on for twenty minutes, and I stayed there for another ten minutes at least, while people milled about, some fondling me, others just looking. Finally, the inspector told me he would let me down if I promised not to complain about the rape. For a minute, I thought he would let me keep my dress, but he took it, leaving me naked, and cum still dripping out of my pussy. They never did find the girl wearing a bra."      I guess compared to an inspection, wearing a belt and garter makes you feel pretty decent, then.   "You got that right!" |

As sometimes happens on campus, we saw two students in a philosophical debate. I hate these guys sometimes. They think they are smarter than everyone else. One guy was saying how every co-ed walking through campus felt decent and perfectly comfortable with the CCC. After all, each female had the choice to wear whatever she liked. the other guy was saying with the existing rules no female could feel comfortable. He said we had to show more than what was decent to avoid the inspectors. I listened to them for some time. I tended to sided with the second guy. Maybe I was forced to show too much to avoid inspections. I probably should have kept my mouth shut, but that's not like me at all, I said, "I agree! I have to show more than I consider is decent." The first guy turned his attention to me, "So, you think what you have on is indecent?" I looked at my short dress. It barely covered half my butt. My bare pussy could be seen from the front at a reasonable angle, except up close when it really mattered. The halter top of the dress while covering my breasts it didn't cover much else. So I replied, "Yes, this is probably considered indecent to some." He said, "I asked, 'If you think it is indecent?'" I pondered it for a few seconds. "Yes. It is indecent." He replied, "Then I will bet you your dress I can prove it being decent." I accepted the bet. He calmly replied, "Take off your dress. If you are not decent with it on, you certainly will still just be as indecent with it off." I whined, "But if I take it off, you can see everything. With it on, at least I'm somewhat covered." He said, "So you admit you are more decent than indecent in your outfit." I placed my hands on my hips, "I didn't say that. I said I, well, I said, hmmm..." He got me flustered. He egged me, "If you are indecent with it on, you will still be indecent with it off. You should feel no different after taking your dress off if that is the case." I looked to my friend, and she just shrugged. I looked at the guy who was arguing my point, but he had his chin resting in a hand as if he was pondering that thought. He finally said, "I agree. If she removes her dress and feels no different, then when wearing her dress, she is in fact feeling indecent in her dress." I gave it some thought, and it did make some sense. My friend shrugged again. I unbuttoned the neckstrap of the halter top and let the two straps fall exposing my breasts as I unzipped the side of the dress and wiggled out of it. When it hit the ground, I was naked. I wanted to desperately cover myself, but I felt if I did, he would seize that as an act that I was feeling more indecent without the dress. He would win, and take my dress. He said, "Okay, now as if you were wearing the dress, turn around. Walk down the sidewalk twenty yards and come back. If when you walked here wearing the dress you were truly as indecent as you say, walking back and forth without the dress should be the same feeling to you." I didn't like how this was going, but I was already naked and everyone could see me. So, I walked there and back. He held my dress. I thought he was offering it back to me, but instead, he wouldn't let go. He said, "Why would you need this dress back? If as you say, it is indecent, it would provide no decency for you. You have two choices: (1) admit the dress was in fact decent and you desire to cover your indeceny or (2) the dress was indecent and wearing it is meanginless. Which shall it be?" Damn, sometimes you hate these philosophers on campus. I'd either admit I was wrong and go naked. Or I swear I was right and go naked. When I realized I was going to be naked either way, I figured I might as well have the satisifaction I was right. I let go of the dress and said, "It is indecent as wearing nothing." I turned and walked away proudly with my friend. I heard several hoots and hollering. As I turned around I saw the two guys who were the ones initially arguing give each other high fives. Did I mention, I hate philosophers? But the one who took my dress was sort of cute.

Mon Jul 10, 2006 8:28 pm MST by Inde Sent

I live off campus and ride my bicycle to class. At first I wore biker shorts and a sports bra that I thought would be clear I had nothing underneath. Unfortunately, the inspectors seemed to think I was attempting to hide something. So I ditched the shorts for short skirts. Riding a bike in a short skirt makes it clear you are not wearing panties, right? At least as I sat on the seat I was decent. Everything that ought ot be covered was in contact with the seat cushion, and that was the problem. I'd get off the bike and if the guys did not notice the flash of wet pussy, they would see the wet seat. I needed somethig to distract them from that. I discovered the solution one morning after being inspected and having my skirt and sports bra taken for a hearing. As I rode to class, the guys noticed my breasts more than my bare ass and now wet pussy. I started to ride to class topless, and slipping on a top just before entering the building for class. If I wear a very short skirt, I avoid unnecessary exposure, but amzingly, the guys eyes would still be attracted to the flash as I dismounted the bike. The only solution was to ride naked. Then there was nothing to distract their attention. I usually ride through town wearing something, but would disrobe at the edge of campus. Then the inspectors would set up right there. So I needed to disrobe further away from campus. That had the problem of getting caught by the local police since I'd be in one spot for too long. The best solution was for me to race from my apartment to campus naked in the early morning. And only once I had the bike locked safely would I don my skirt and top. This was all good, except the few times I hurriedly packed my backpack and forgot my clothing. Not only did I have to attend all my classes nude, but I had nothing to wear as I studied in the library until it was late enough to ride home. Why can't the local community adopt the same dress code as on campus?

Sat Jul 1, 2006 10:03 am MST by Dick Hertz

Sorry, but I need to write this anonymously. You see, I'm an exhibitionist. I want the attention, and with so many girls wearing short skirts or even just belts, it makes getting that attention all the more difficult. So, what's a poor exhibitionist girl to do? I go the other way. I wear long dresses, jeans, or anyhting that might result in an inspection. I often wear shirts long enough to qualify as a short dress, but then wear a skirt of shorts underneath them. That type of outfit is a red flag to the bull-headed inspectors. It works every time, too. I get publicly stripped and draw much attention in the process. I find resisting the inspector at first draws the crowd more than a circus sideshow. Once you clothes are taken as evidence for your trial, you are "forced" to attend class nude. If I see a guy I like and I'm geeling bold, I will sometimes walk to him and ask, "I think I wet, but I'm afraid to check myself. Would you mind checking for me?" If I'm not feeling quite so bold, I'll say aloud to myself, "Oh dear, I'm wet down there." It never fails to win them over for a public fucking. Some call it a rape, but when you go looking for a good fucking, it is a fuck. The only problem is that I have to vary my walk to class all the time to avoid the same students and inspectors seeing me; however, there is one special inspector and some of his friends that I look forward to seeing every Tuesday in the breezeway by the Computer Science Center. We have the routine down to a well rehearsed play, just in case someone else happens through at the same time. The funny part is, I haven't a class on Tuesdays.