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**Hard on the new girl**

Sometimes it's hard on the new girl at college. Especially if she arrives there on her own, without knowing anyone that can help her adapt to the rules of the college. Fortunately, Mary had plenty of friends when she arrived.

"It'll be no problem. You'll see, it actually a lot of fun". Carrie calmed Mary. "Let me tell you about the time when Shirley arrived at college. She was a little worried too, but she overcame her fears".

Anne nodded enthusiastically. "Yes, I remember Shirley, I love to hear that story". Anne was also there to support Mary. "Please tell it, Carrie". Mary seemed to be attentive. "What happend to Shirley? What happened?" Mary asked impatiently.

Carrie was happy to have the full attention of her two best friends.

"Nothing happened 'to' her, not like that. Don't worry. She was just out on her first day in a cotton shirt and panties."



Carrie continued her story about Shirley:

She wasn't used to be out, wearing nothing but panties in her bottom. She didn't like the thought of not wearing panties, so she felt more comfortable in panties than with just a skirt and no panties.

Even though this was a big step for her, I had to tell her about a small mistake she had made.

"You know, that shirt is actually long enough to be a mini dress." I said to her.

At first, Shirley laughed. "Haha, yeah right, as if. It wouldn't give me much coverage". Then she saw I was serious. "What do you mean - You are saying it's not a shirt, it's a dress?"

I wouldn't want to lie to her. "According to college specifications, it's long enough to be a dress, so you better do something about it"

"Like what?" Shirley didn't think there was anything to do.

"Like taking off your panties, perhaps? You wouldn't want an inspector to catch you like that. Do you know how humiliating that would be?". I couldn't stress enough to Shirley that the inspectors are to be taken seriously.

Shirley was baffled. "You mean, they actually do all that, that they're allowed to do, according to the rules I agreed to when enrolling?"

"Certainly, but only if they catch you wearing both a dress and panties."

I continued "Really, it's not so bad to go pantieless - after all, you ARE wearing a dress."

Shirley thought about it for a moment. "I guess it's not so bad". She started pulling off her panties slowly.



"I feel like I'm bottomless", Shirley complained.

I knew all the answers to that comment. "How can you be bottomless, if you're wearing a dress? Besides, I don't really see anything that I didn't see before, even when you're bending over like that".

Shirley looked like she didn't really believe me.



"You're saying, you don't see my butt?"

I told her, what I also told you, Mary. Being bottomless, wearing a mini dress doesn't expose you any more than when you're wearing a g-string at the beach.



"The g-string wouldn't be visible from this angle if you were wearing one, so why should it be adding to your decency."

Shirley squinted her eyes, trying to figure me out. "What, are you trying to trick me into being comfortable, even though I am bottomless".

At this point, I was beginning to tire from her repeating the same questions over and over. When would it sink in. "You're not bottomless!"

"Well, my pussy is visible, isn't it?" Shirley stood in her most revealing position, just to prove her point.



"I can only see that, because you're intentionally trying to show it to me. And even so, it's no really visible. From a distance, I can see that your pussy is not fully covered by your mini dress, but I'm too far away to actually see it."

Shirley understood my point, but wasn't entirely convinced.

"So, come closer!" she ordered me. As I came closer, it slowly dawned to her, that what I had been saying was true. "So you see ... " As I started to argue, she interrupted me. "Yes, I see. When you're closer, you are viewing at a different angle, and the dress is actually covering my pussy from that angle.".

After this, Shirley was beginning to get comfortable in her mini dress. As she sat down without really thinking about it, she suddenly was startled, as if she remembered she hadn't turned off a hot plate or something. "Wait, when I'm sitting, how can my dress hide anything!?"



"You are right, you have to think about what you do, when you're wearing a short dress." I had some experience in this field, and could easily tell her all the tricks. "When you are sitting like that, just collect your knees, and you'll be fine. From most angles, your pussy is hidden behind your knees, and from other angles, it's hidden in shadow.



Shirley was happy with the response. Now I could really sense that she was getting comfortable.

As we sat talking about how her days at college would be and all the fun we were gonna have, she experimented with other ways of sitting, where her knees would still be collected.

"Look, I changed position. All anyone would be able to see, would be my pussy cleavage. I show that in my low-cut jeans anyway."



Shirley was certainly on to something, but I also thought she was getting a tad too adventerous. Some girls work that way, that when they are comfortable, they are sometimes also more excitable.

"What are you doing?" I asked Shirley. She was touching herself.

"Mmm, I'm getting so wet ..."



"Me too, but I try to make sure no one notices." I couldn't say the same about her. She was sitting outside, touching herself, getting wetter and wetter.

"It's better we leave" I took her hand, and ran off to a more secluded place. There I made sure she spread her legs and let the wind cool off her hot pussy. After a few minutes, she was good to go. What kind of friend would I be, if I let her appear excited in public on her first day here.

