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Indecency in the Classroom

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“Sorry, Professor Adams. I sort of forgot and was in a hurry.” Okay, that was a little white lie. I did not actually forget. I just never wear panties anymore. I was in a hurry. That was why I only had time to grab a long tee shirt. At least I thought it was long as I was dashing down the stairs in the dorm to put it on. I was outside in a heartbeat and running, late to class. So I really didn't notice how short the shirt was. It wasn't like it was the first time I wore just a tee shirt to classes. It was just the first time the professor called me on it. Probably because I was late. Probably because as I dashed into class I suddenly realized how short the shirt was. Probably as I climbed the steps to the back seats in the room, I was pulling down on the hem in front causing my butt to be exposed. Well, probably all of that.  
  
Professor Adams put down his chalk, and walked around the front table. He asked me to remain standing. How completely embarrassing. Everyone looking. He asked again, “How does one forget to get dress properly before leaving their room?”  
  
I now at least had one hand holding down the front and one in back. “You've never been in a girl's dorm. We sort of run around in the morning in all states of dress.”  
  
He quipped, “And undress it seems.”  
  
That ticked me off, so I went honest, “Yes, sometimes undressed, too.” Several heads turned in my direction. I added, “I bet I'm not the only one without panties this morning. Some of us prefer it. And some I bet just do it now and then for whatever reason. Like my room mate sometimes does do her laundry and I won't lend her my few pairs on account of them being expensive and lacy, and if she...”  
  
Professor Adams raised his hand for me to stop, and I realized I was babbling too much. I do that sometimes. I just stopped talking waiting for him to say something.  
  
He did. “So you think others in this class are dressed like yourself?”  
  
I scanned around the room, maybe ten girls. Odds were one of them was going commando. “Yes, I do. Maybe not a tee shirt for a dress, but that was just a mistake. I bet someone isn't wearing panties.” I hoped at least someone would lie for me.  
  
Professor Adams asked everyone to stand. He then said, “Anyone wearing pants can sit down.” All but five girls and one guy sat down. The professor asked, “Mr. Thomas, Are you wearing a skirt or dress? “  
  
The guy said, “Well, I'm wearing shorts. I wasn't sure if they counted as pants or not.”  
  
“Sit down Mr. Thomas. I wanted the ladies who might be in the position as our young Miss Winters to account for their dress as well. Ladies, if you are wearing panties, you may sit. One remained standing with me. She had a long flowing skirt. It didn't look good for me. He said, “Thank-you Miss Kinney. You may be seated.”  
  
He turned his attention to me, “Miss Winters, it seems you are the sole one standing. Everyone else has come to my class room properly dressed. If they decided to forgo underwear, they had enough common sense to wear articles of clothing to keep that knowledge to themselves. Are you trying to tell your classmates that somehow your life is busier than theirs? That the demands placed upon you are so great that wearing indecent clothing is your only option at times?”  
  
I protested, “I am not indecent!”  
  
“Really? So, exposing your backside to the class was not an indecent act?”  
  
I thought for a minute. If I said it wasn't, what could happen? If I said it was, how much trouble would I be in? I decided to say, “I am decent, and I did not commit an indecent act. If someone happened to have seen my 'backside,' I do not believe they have cause for being offended or me embarrassed.”  
  
“Really? Miss Winters, please turn around and raise your shirt to show this class your backside.”  
  
“No!”  
  
“Why not? It is not offensive, is it not? You are not indecent for showing us earlier your backside, were you not? Why not show it to us now?”  
  
I felt trapped. I probably should have just walked out, but I didn't. I turned around and raised my shirt hem. At least my bare pussy was facing the back wall. I heard the laughter. I heard the gasps as people looked at my bare butt.  
  
“That's quite enough Miss Winters. I hope that serves a lesson to you, and your classmates. I do not expect much, but I expect the respect of my students to dress decently when coming to class.” He turned around to resume his lecture.  
  
My embarrassment turned to being pissed, “Professor, I said, 'I am decent.' you may have gotten you kicks trying to embarrass me, but it isn't going to work.”  
  
The professor stopped and turned. He surely hadn't had someone talk back to him. He decided to spit his anger out. “Miss Winters. Everyone in this room knows that tee shirt is indecent. I will not allow you to attend this class wearing that.”  
  
Who was I? I had no idea. I didn't talk back to professors, and I certainly would not have done what I did.   
  
I grabbed my tee shirt and pulled it completely off and tossed it across the room. All heads turned towards me in disbelief. “There. You will not allow me to wear that tee shirt, so I am not wearing it. I paid to be in this class. I pay your salary. I will adhere to your idiotic dress code by not wearing a piece of clothing that offends you.” I plucked down in my seat. All heads swiveled back to the professor.  
  
The professor stared at my resolve. He decided to continue his lecture. It wasn't until the end of class, that my own blood stopped boiling. For what I got from his lecture, I might as well have left earlier. As someone was heading over to give me back my tee shirt, the professor grabbed it. He said, “Miss Winters will not be needing this. She believes she is decent with it or without it. She can go without it. I will submit it as evidence to the Dean of Women.”  
  
All the other students filed out quickly, I stood in a stare down with the professor. He had the upper hand. He had my clothes. What's the singular of that? Cloth? Well, he held my only garment, my tee shirt. Some times admitting you are wrong even when you are right is okay. But it just did not feel right to do it this time.   
  
I snapped, “Fine. You keep it as evidence.” I probably should have kept my mouth shut at that point, but I didn't, “And be sure your DNA is not on it, because you are not Bill Clinton, and you won't get away with this.”  
  
I turned and ran out of the classroom, bare ass, bare titted, bare pussy, bare naked! Everyone from class was standing outside the room, and I just ran straight through them all. I took a lot of other students by quite a surprise. I only heard faint remarks trailing off behind me. Outside, my pace quicken. Everyone stopped to watch me streak across campus. I think some thought it was my idea. Some thought it was a prank. Others probably wrote it off as a sorority thing. I didn't stop to explain. Even in my own dorm, seeing me run inside naked caused quite a stir. I went straight to my room.   
  
My room mate asked, “What happened to you? Where's your clothes?” I fell on my bed crying. Damn him! I wanted to be too mad to cry, but he got me. He got me good.  
  
My room mate kept everyone out of the room until I settled down. She gave me some tea and comforted me. As I explained what had happened, she kept telling me it wasn't my fault. She thought the professor was getting some perverted pleasure from stripping me in front of the class, and forcing me to streak across campus.  
  
I said, “Everyone saw me, too. That's the worse part. I'm the laughing stock on campus.”  
  
She went over to her computer and logged on the campus' newsgroup for general happenings. It is like a big bulletin board. She said, “Nothing out there yet. Don't worry, probably only a few people saw you, and if they mention it, so what?”  
  
“So what? It wasn't your naked butt out there for all to see!”  
  
We had dinner, and I had to explain the whole thing to the other girls on the floor. Everyone was outraged. Okay, some thought I was stupid for actually taking my shirt off, and I couldn't argue about that one. But they did think it was outrageous that the professor would single me out like that.  
  
Passing the main lobby, I checked for mail, and sure enough I had something. I had to sign for it, too. I opened the letter sealed in the University stationary and on their letterhead. It was a summons to appear before a Board of Conduct. It warned failure to appear could result in summary judgment and expulsion. Damn, he acted fast.  
  
My roomie put the best spin on it. “Good, you'll get your day in court and give the professor what's good for him.” She read my summons and realized we only had two days to plan. Those were the two longest days of my life. You'd have thought the entire fourth floor of the dorm was cramming for a final. Everyone was trying to help.  
  
The Board hearing would be at 7pm. That afternoon, we went over the plan in detail with everyone. Either they were in, or I was asking them not to attend.   
  
Now, some might have thought we'd strip down in front of the Board to protest, but no, that would just get more people in trouble. We would be more subtle than that. Most of the girls agreed to wear a nice skirt and blouse – no underwear. A few wear their polo dresses – no underwear. The idea was to counter any claim that going pantiless was uncommon.   
  
Allison from down the hall wanted to serve as my attorney, so to speak. She was the one reading all the rules for this Board of Conduct. Rules no one ever heard about. It was quite a strict procedure, and Allison was prepared.  
  
Everyone took their seats. It was much like a court room with the Head Dean and a couple of professors sitting behind a large table. I sat with Allison at one table, and Professor Adams the Dean of Women sat at the other table. The classroom chairs quickly became standing room only. I was happy to see most of my floor mates find a spot to sit.  
  
The Head Dean called the room to order and asked Professor Adams to explain the charges. Allison stood up and objected. She explained the plaintiff was not the proper authority to read the charges. She cited some paragraph number. The Head Dean conferred with the other senior professors. He leaned back to into his chair, “I think we can forgo the formalities.” Allison would not hear of it. There were rules to be followed, and she expected each and every rule to be followed. She stated that I deserved a fair hearing, and the rules were there to ensure fairness. Otherwise, this whole thing was a miscarriage of justice.  
  
The Head Dean did not look happy. He talked it over with the others, and even asked the Dean of Women whether she had a copy of the Code of Conduct with her. Allison opened her attache case and handed a copy to the Head Dean. When the Dean of Women asked if she might have one, Allison said, “Sorry, I didn't think you would need a copy. Didn't you write it?”  
  
The Dean of Women sat down as several in attendance laughed. The Head Dean ignored the laughter until he finished reading the sections on opening the hearing. He instructed on of the professors at the head table to read the charges against me. God, was that awful. Professor Adams must have written it. I sounded like a whore. Allison held my hand as the charges were read. When the charges were finished, the Head Dean looked to Allison and she nodded.  
  
The Head Dean then called on Professor Adams to get his opening remarks. Adams decided he had nothing to offer beyond what was read in the charges.   
  
Allison's turn. “The defendant has not done one thing wrong against the Code of Conduct, and we ask for summary judgment in our favor as the plaintiff has offered no explicit rules violated. He is on a witch hunt and asking this Board to make the rules as he goes.”  
  
The Dean of Women rose and requested a copy of the Code. As she thumbed through it, Allison again repeated her request, adding, “If we are to sit here all evening until the plantiff can find a rule against that might have been violated, we will be here all night.”  
  
Professor Adams rose and said, “There are laws against public nudity, and Miss Winters was naked in public. State laws trump any lack of written rules in that pretense for a code of conduct.” That did not help him. He had forgotten the Dean of Women standing with him wrote the Code of Conduct. She stopped reading and glared. He was too high and mighty to even see how his words were taken by her. Apparently, she decided to stop reading the Code for possible violations.  
  
The Head Dean ruled that omissions in the Code not withstanding, this was not a State court. If the professor wishes to files charges with the police, he had that right. The Head Dean quickly cautioned, “However, we have a history to handle matters under our own jurisprudence. If you seek outside charges, you will need to do that on your own time using your own resources. I'm afraid unless you have something specific to charge Miss Winters with, I will have to dismiss this case.”   
  
The Dean of Women finally pointed our attention to the clause that basically gives a full tenured professor authority over his classrooms. She said, “If a professor demands students appear in coats and ties, he can make that ruling.”  
  
Allison had that clause earmarked. She stood up, “The Dean of Women is correct; however, she forgot the final passage in that clause which states, 'the right of the students not withstanding.'”  
  
The Dean of Women quickly countered to Allison, “Then you must show that your client has a right denied by this Professor.”   
  
Allison simply faced the Head Dean and said, “I believe all objections and issues are to be made to the judges, and not to opposing counsel as outlined in section 3.4.3 of the procedural matters concerning this hearing.”  
  
The Dean of Women rose to apologize to the Head Dean to the snickering of many in the audience. The Head Dean had a smile on his face as he made the Dean of Women make a formal objection or statement to him.  
  
Okay, the ball was back in our court. Allison rose to say, that the manner in which a student dresses is their personal form of expression. There was no evidence that my form of dress was a disturbance to the class until Professor Adams made it so.   
  
We went back and forth on silly matters that Allison took every opportunity to correct the Deans and professors on procedure. She wanted them to know she was prepared. She felt that would give us the benefit of the doubt. She was right as we got several rulings in our favor. Still the big one hung over the hearing.   
  
My rights of expression would indeed stop at the point where decency ended. The Head Dean made this clear. We could appeal that ruling, but for now he wanted the argument centered on that issue alone.  
  
Allison asked for the shirt brought into evidence. She said, “I'm prepared to ask Miss Winters to wear this shirt in front of the court. While it may be short, it is not at all indecent.”  
  
I was shocked. I called her over to explain in a whisper, “My butt hangs half out the back, and from the front they will see my pussy. It is too short.”  
  
Allison told me to relax. She knew the shirt would be thrown out as evidence. I agreed, but I really did not see how. She said, “I just need you to wear it once.”  
  
Allison stated to the Head Dean, “I will ask the Board's permission for a five minute recess while my client changes clothes.”  
  
Professor Adams rose, “No way! They probably have a second shirt hidden and will make a swap.” Well, that did not go over well. Allison charged the professor with accusing us of trying to deceive the hearing board. She stated we have not imputed his abilities to handled the garment and not make changes to it. She said, if we can trust that the professor has not swapped the garment, he should be willing to trust us. They went back and forth. The Head Dean offered to have some writing placed on the garment to ensure the same one was returned. But Professor Adams insisted the garment not leave his sight.   
  
I had enough. I stood up and said, “Dean. If it will make Professor happy. I will change into the shirt right here. He already had me naked in front of my fellow students, and if wearing it will end this,