**Melissa forgets her gym clothes**

“Consarnit!” exclaimed Melissa as she slammed the door to her gym locker. She had forgotten that she had taken her gym clothes back to the dorm to be washed. She checked the time – 8:03 AM. She needed to be dressed and on the field at 8:05. She would have to appeal to the instructor. “The dress code is very clear on this matter”, explained the instructor. “No one is permitted to attend gym in their street clothes.”

Melissa was suddenly filled with dread as the implications dawned on her. He couldn’t possibly mean… Her skin reddened to match her hair, contrasting nicely with her vivid green eyes. The instructor saw this and found pity.

“Well, I guess rules are made to be broken. However, there still must be consequences. Report to the field dressed as you are.”

And so 8:05 AM found our heroine at the field with the rest of her class dressed not in her gym outfit, but rather in her white half-top and pleated mini skirt. The instructor took the field and addressed the class. “Girls, go to the north end of the field. Boys, to the south. Not so fast, Melissa. You join the boys this time.

“The girls will be playing capture the flag. They win by scoring two points. Melissa’s top is worth one point, her skirt the second. The boys will be protecting the flags with a freeze-tag defense. If a boy manages to pull a girls shorts down to her ankles, she must freeze until another girl returns her shorts to their proper location. The game is over when either the girls are in possession of both Melissa’s top and her skirt, or all girls are left frozen on the field with their shorts around their ankles.”

The game started. Joanie, an overzealous little brunette with medium-sized tits that appeared huge on her petite body, recklessly charged toward Melissa while the rest of the girls (still in shock at the idea of being pantsed and forced to stand bottomless before the campus passers-by) remained frozen with indecision. Joanie had hoped to catch the boys off guard, but they seemed unusually motivated for some reason and her gambit failed.

She had gotten close, though. With her fingers firmly wrapped around Melissa’s collar, a horde of boys had eagerly dropped her shorts to the ground. Joanie smiled weakly at Melissa, who smirked back at her bottomless friend.

Now that the ice was broken, the boys took the offensive, charging the girl’s camp. The girls scattered and the air filled with joyous shrieks as bottom after beautiful bottom was bared. Robin, a tall blond with straight hair tied back in a pony tail, B-cups, and an ass that could pass as evidence of divine existence, took advantage of the many new distractions to gather her friends Stacy (a short blond with wavy hair, freckles, and muscular legs) and Heather (a stunning brunette with hazel eyes and shoulder-length hair that framed her pretty face).

“Check it out”, she whispered. “The boys can’t handle all this ass on display. Most of them are so hard they can’t walk, let alone run.”

“You’re right!” noticed Heather. “Many of them seem more interested in exploring the exposed-skin groping clause of the dress code then winning the game. OK – here’s the plan. Robin, you are the bait.”

Robin pouted prettily as Heather explained.

Obediently, Robin feigned toward a small cluster of boys who were still guarding Melissa. Three of the five fell for it and disengaged to chase her. She had led them as far as the far end of the field before she felt a tug at her shirt. But it was her shorts, not her shirt that was important! She struggled out of it, escaping the boy’s grasp. A few steps later she felt her waistband slip over her hips and down her legs. She lost balance as her feat bound up in her shorts and fell face first against the chain-link fence that defined the border of the campus. The three boys crashed into her from behind, pegging her against the fence, her naked tits oozing through the links. Beyond the fence, an early crowd had begun to gather on the sidewalk, going about their morning business. She gulped as she felt a hand slide between her butt cheeks and a finger graze her asshole. The dress code dictated that she permit all groping of exposed skin. A second hand found her pussy and slid adeptly toward her clitoris. She would not last long. Soon, she was visibly aroused. From her mashed position she watched the voyeuristic crowd gather at the fence to witness as the hard cock entered her.

A noble sacrifice, indeed.

Heather approached the two remaining boys from behind and pantsed them. The turn-of-tables caught them off guard. She giggled at the designs on their boxer shorts (being boys, the dress code permitted them to wear underwear) as she ran past them toward Joanie who was still clutching the neck line of Melissa’s shirt. Heather lifted Joanie’s shorts back up her legs and over her delicious ass just as her own drawers were dropped by the two boys. Now freed, Joanie’s hand came down, ripping Melissa’s top neatly from her torso. Her C-cups did a delightful jiggle and her rosy nipples hardened in the morning sun. Melissa covered her eyes, embarrassed if not yet bare-assed. Joanie easily dodged the two boys and secured Melissa’s top back at the girls’ end of the field.

The instructor enthused “Score one point for the girls!”

Joanie turned back and looked across the field to see pretty Melissa standing topless, her hands covering her eyes, here teeth and tongue exposed in a nervous laugh. Nearby, Heather stood bottomless and frozen, feet bound at the ankles by her shorts, and in the foreground the two boys, arms outstretched, ready to pounce. Joanie smirked. “Did you forget someone?”

A dumb look pushed the grins from their mugs as they turned and saw little Stacy waving from the other end of the field, one hand firmly gripping the hem of Melissa’s short, pleated skirt. Melissa yelped as Stacy ripped her skirt from her stunning body, leaving her nude and blushing. With the boys backs now turned, Joanie took a page from Heather’s play book and pantsed the boys again, but as she ran away one of them managed to return the favor. Once again Joanie felt the cold morning air on her exposed pussy.

Stacy charged toward the goal at the girl’s end of the field while the boys fumbled to restore their trousers. She nearly made it, too. But not quite. Just as Stacy attempted to end around the fumbling boys, one managed to reach out and grab her shorts. Her left foot stepped clean out of them, but her right foot hooked the waistband, dropping her to her knees. “Well,” she thought as her pussy moistened first to the boy’s tongue, then to his cock, “at least there is conciliation in defeat.”

As the victors, the boys were sent to shower early while the girls took a lap around the field. Melissa, not technically a member of the girl’s team, was allowed to gather the remnants of her clothes as the girls ran. They were in tatters, but she managed to wrap the shreds of her top delicately over her tits and clutched her skirt over the front of her pelvis before approaching the instructor.

“We can’t have you going to class like that,” he said.

“No,” she gratefully replied.

He said, “You may take a towel from the locker room if you want.”

“Thank you.”

The girls hit the showers. Just when they had got a good lather going, the massive shower curtain fell to the “whoop”s of the boys, seated in folding chairs on the other side. To the victors go the spoils.

After the shower, Melissa dried herself off and then eyed the tiny towel critically. It was not large enough to cover both her tits and her pussy. She would have to (gulp) choose. Her tits were closer to eye level, so she wrapped the towel tightly around them and headed to her 9:30 math class across campus.

Passing the library, she spotted an idle inspector. No problem here, she thought. I am clearly not wearing any panties. None-the-less, he waved her over, ignoring the curly-haired cutey in the tight blue jeans.

She said “You have got to be kidding me.”

The inspector gave her an impatient look. Any further delay would result in a citation and cost her her towel, and a crowd was beginning to gather, so she handed it over, once again exposing her nipples to the crowd. The inspector took his time examining the towel while Melissa attempted to cover up with her hands. In an uncharacteristic show of understanding, the inspector overlooked this offense and handed her back her tiny towel. She hurriedly wrapped it over her tits and dashed off to class.

She noticed a boy following her as she ran. He was a nice enough looking lad, but she was going to be late, so she picked up the pace. The boy matched it easily. Stairs were one thing Melissa had neglected to consider when making her “eye-level” decision, and her Math class was in Founder’s Hall. Founder’s Hall was a nice building overlooking the campus from atop a hill, lined with what amounted to six stories worth of stairs. Melissa took them two at a time, aware that her bare undercarriage was swinging face-level with her admirer. When she felt his fingers on her rump she stopped, as per the code.

“Look, I really don’t have time for this.”

The boy looked disappointed. All rights were his under the dress code, but he was not going to force himself on her. She reconsidered, “Maybe we can work something out,” and unzipped his pants.

His cock was chubby but not yet hard. She settled in on the stairs below him, her bare ass in the air (to the enjoyment of the passing students) and her hopes of making class on time out the window. She brought the tip of his dick down to rest on her tongue, which in turn rested gently on her ample lower lip, covering her teeth. Her top lip then came down on the top of the tip to form a seal, and she carefully sucked it through her lips. He hardened instantly. After a few minutes he shuddered and shot a load of cum so voluminous and with so much force that it hit the back of her throat and shot out her nose.

“My God!” she choked, using her towel to wipe away the liter of cum on her face.

“Oh God, I’m sorry!” the boy stammered as he reached down to help her.

“That’s OK,” she said. “Well, this towel is done for. Looks like I am attending Math in the nude.”

“Sounds nice” smiled the boy as he walked her to class.