**Melissa**

by [Mercie](mailto:Merciestamm2@yahoo.com)

**Melissa Part 1**

Melissa Woods loved to sing. And she was good. As in best voice in the church choir good. As in should go into show business good. But the 18 year old high school senior had a problem. She was shy. Painfully shy. And incredibly modest. She hated wearing skirts with a passion since she didn’t want the boys trying to look up and see her undies. So she didn’t wear them. Except for Fridays. She had to wear them since she was on the cheerleading team. She didn’t care for sports and she didn’t like cheering, but the choir teacher Mr. Babcock thought it might be a way for her to get used to being in front of people. Mr. Babcock thought the world of Melissa. She was as sweet a girl as could be found in the high school. She was incredibly nice to everybody, well except for her sophomore brother, Mark. Mr. Babcock was free 6th hour and made an arrangement with Mr. Curtis the orchestra teacher that Melissa could do a vocal accompaniment to the strings every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. It was another way to get Melissa used to being in front of people and Mr. Babcock would record the sessions and go over them with Melissa. Even though many of the orchestra kids detested Melissa because she was known as a goody two shoes, they would admit that her voice was at times spectacular.  
  
It was Monday and Melissa had just got done singing “My Heart Will Go On” with the orchestra. After she left, Mr. Curtis and Mr. Babcock played the recording. “Damn it, she’s just not getting any better. Sometimes she lights up the room, and sometimes she’s just merely good.”  
  
“Morton, her merely good is still better than anyone else you’ve ever had in choir.”  
  
“I know that, Chris. That’s what gets me the most. She can be a star. A superstar. I know people who know people. But I can’t have them come see her if I’m not sure what they’re getting.”  
  
“She’ll be better on Friday.”  
  
“Why?”  
  
“Haven’t you ever noticed? She’s ALWAYS super on Friday. Listen to her knock out “Think of Me” last Friday.” Mr. Curtis quickly found the file on the computer and opened it. “She’s awesome! I almost lost track of the music she was so enchanting.”  
  
“But why Fridays?”  
  
“I don’t know, it’s like ever since….. no, never mind.”  
  
“Come on, if you have a clue let me know. She can be a star.”  
  
“I was just thinking it was since football season started and she had to wear her cheerleader uniform.”  
  
“So the uniform is magic?”  
  
“No, no. Hear me out. She’s very shy. And very modest. Now suppose for a moment that she’s so worried enough about having her legs on display that she doesn’t have time to worry about her singing. Yeah, I think that’s it! She can’t get nervous about singing because she’s too worried about upskirts!”  
  
“We can’t very well insist that she wears skirts, even if your theory is right.”  
  
“Yeah, I know. We’d be out on our ears in an instant. Look, just forget we had this conversation. And if her wardrobe should change, I didn’t have anything to do with it.” Mr. Curtis had a twinkle in his eye as the two locked up and left. A plan was beginning to take shape in his mind…. “I’ve got some calls to make and emails to get off.”

**Melissa Part 2**

Thursday night came and Melissa had gotten her homework done. She came down to the living room to find her brother banging away on his laptop.  
  
“Whatcha workin’ on, Mark?”  
“I’ve got this report due on Monday and have to start going on it now.”  
  
“Wow, you’re giving yourself three whole days to work on it. What’s it on, anyway?”  
  
“Hypnosis”  
  
“Oh, what a bunch of hooey. You know there’s no such thing.”  
  
“No, I believe in it. I’ve been reading all about it.”  
  
“Oh yeah? Did someone hypnotize you into believing this nonsense?”  
  
“Tell you what- let me try to hypnotize you. If it works, you help me with the paper. If it doesn’t, I’ll give you ten bucks.”  
  
“Easiest ten bucks I’ll ever make. Go ahead, do your worst.”  
  
Deep down, Mark didn’t think he could do it. “Here, lie down on the couch. Find a spot on the ceiling, focus on it. Now imagine you’re going down a set of stairs. Each step makes you more relaxed… ten steps to go, you’re starting to relax, nine steps, more and more relaxed, eight steps, your eyes are starting to get heavy, seven steps to go, more and more relaxed, six steps, your eyes won’t stay open, five steps your eyes are closed, four steps you are very comfortable, very relaxed, three steps to go, getting sleepy, two steps to go, so relaxed, barely awake, one step to go, almost there, now you’re asleep” Mark looked over and Melissa indeed seemed to be asleep! Was she just putting him on? “You are now a chicken asleep in the coop. Every now and then you cackle in your sleep…”  
  
“Bawk………..bawk”  
  
It was working! “Okay, you are no longer a chicken….” What to do now? A post-hypnotic suggestion! “From now on, whenever you wear a skirt or dress, you will obey every order anyone gives you. You will not think about it, you will not question it, you will just do it.” If that didn’t make her wake up and belt him one, nothing would. “Do you understand?”  
  
“Yes I understand…. whenever I wear a skirt I will do as I am told.”  
  
“Now let’s go up the stairs… step one starting to stir…step two nearly awake… step three now you’re awake but your eyes won’t open…step four your eyes are starting to open…step five open your eyes… when I get to ten you will wake up and not remember anything…. six…. seven….eight…nine….ten you’re fully awake.”  
  
“Ha! Told you it doesn’t work. You owe me ten bucks!”  
  
“So you didn’t squawk like a chicken?”  
  
“Are you crazy? I did no such thing!” Mark reached in his wallet and handed over ten dollars. But he thought of it more of an investment than a loss. Tomorrow she’d have her cheerleader uniform on, and maybe he’d have some help with his paper.

**Melissa Part 3**

Melissa’s alarm went off on Friday morning. Time to put the dreaded uniform on. First the white granny panties, then the opaque nude tights, the dark blue briefs, and finally the matching pleated skirt. On top, she put on her sports bra, the white long sleeved blouse, and then the yellow sweater with the diagonal blue stripe with “Lincoln HS” letters in yellow. Finally the white socks over the tights and white sneakers. By the time she came down to breakfast, Mark was already eating. Their mother had already left for work. “Lookin’ good, sis.”  
  
“Thanks.”  
Time to test the post-hypnotic suggestion. “Pour me some orange juice.” Without saying a word, she went to the cupboard, got a glass, and went to the refrigerator and poured him a glass. As she handed it to him, he wondered if she was just being nice. “Get my shoes and put them on me.” She dutifully went off and fetched his shoes, knelt down in front of him, and slipped them on his feet. “Tie them” and she did just that. Wow! Still, she could be messing with him. “Show me your panties” he commanded. Either she would smack him upside the head, or the hypnosis worked. Melissa reached for the hem of her skirt and brought it to her waist. “Very nice. When you get home tonight, don’t change.” Melissa nodded.  
  
Several blocks away, Amanda Jennings was also getting her uniform on. She was a year behind Melissa and thought of her as a giant pain in the ass. She was looking forward to the evening, since Ms. Clayton had tipped her off as to what was going to take place before the game. Ms. Clayton didn’t really say what to do, but she really didn’t need to cross the t’s and dot the I’s. She knew the prank that she wanted her to pull on Melissa. She got her basketball cheer skirt out of the closet. While the football skirt only came a few inches above the knee, the basketball skirt only came a couple inches below the crotch. The regulation cheer panties wouldn’t do, she got out a pair of sheer blue bikinis. “Hope these will fit her” she smiled as she put the panties and skirt in a sack.  
  
Back at the Woods’ house, the Mark and Melissa were getting set to head out. “Give me a ride to school” commanded Mark. Normally, she’d make some excuse as to why she couldn’t, but not today. This was going to be sweet. As Melissa drove, Mark thought he’d push his luck. “Pull your skirt out from under you and sit on your panties” he commanded. Amazing as it was, she obeyed! “Good, now for the rest of the day whenever you sit, make sure your skirt is not under your butt.” Melissa nodded. Mark was now convinced that hypnosis worked. “Remember, no changing when you get home. And I’m going to need you in a dress tomorrow. Ask mom if you can borrow one of her minis from high school.” Mark knew his mom went to school in the 1970s when the dresses were worn very short. This could get to be a lot of fun. Not to mention, he was going to get an A on his paper.  
  
Melissa had an advanced algebra exam 4th hour. Without thinking, she pulled her skirt out from under her as she sat. This caught the attention of a few of the kids. Did Miss Goody Two Shoes really do that? During the test, the teacher, Ms. Clayton, was engrossed in Candy Crush on her laptop. Or at least that’s what Melissa thought. As she worked through her trig, Randy Putnam turned around and placed a note on her desk. It read “I’m stuck on #7 what did you get?” She obediently wrote down “Arctan 17/11” and tapped Randy on the back. Randy glanced at the paper and turned around and mouthed a word of thanks to Melissa, then after copying the answer tossed the note in the trash. Melissa was about to get back to work as Ms. Clayton stood up and walked around the room. She walked past Randy, pausing to look at his work, then walked to Melissa’s desk, pausing for what seemed like forever. God, did she get caught? Not only was Ms. Clayton the math teacher, she was also the cheerleading coach. Not that she was into cheer, but getting caught and kicked off the team would not do well for her college applications. Finally Ms. Clayton sat back down and went back to her laptop. Melissa thought she was in the clear but when she turned in the exam, Ms. Clayton said “Please see me after class.” Ulp! Was she busted?  
  
Melissa waited until the last of the exams were handed in, then approached Ms. Clayton. “Oh, thanks for staying. We’ll be doing something a little different for tonight’s game so please be at the north end of the stadium by 5:00 in uniform.”  
  
“5:00! Why so early?”  
  
“One of the local car dealerships is giving us a very nice donation if we’ll use their cars to have you girls wave to the crowd from as you’re driven around the track. What you’ll do is take turns standing with your head and upper body peeking out from the sunroofs as you’re driven around the track before the game.”  
  
“Sounds easy but isn’t that dangerous?”  
  
“They’ll drive really really slow and they won’t leave the track. You’ll be fine but we do need to practice.”  
  
“OK Ms. Clayton.”  
  
Melissa dreaded this. At least her legs would be safely within the car, and hopefully no boys would be inside to take advantage of the opportunity for prime upskirts. She left and headed to her next class. Ms. Clayton picked up her cell phone and composed a cryptic text message: “all is set”, then sent it to Mr. Curtis.  
  
Finally 6th hour came and Melissa was glad to get a chance to sing. She could unwind and after the stress of nearly getting caught helping Randy on that math test and having to wear her hated cheer uniform all day, she could let it all loose with the orchestra. Mr. Babcock and Mr. Curtis had chosen “The Rose” as the number for the day, the orchestra as always could play it perfectly by sight. But the vocals had even the musicians struggling to keep their composure, Melissa was that good. When the song was over, the orchestra stamped their feet in their version of an ovation. Mr. Babcock beamed with delight. Perhaps Mr. Curtis’ theory had some merit.

**Melissa Part 4**

Melissa had a little time to kill before the rehearsal, so she caught up on some homework in the library. Soon, it was nearly 4:00 and her homework was already complete. She packed her locker and ate a quick granola bar as she walked to the football field.  
  
“Girls, hurry up” called Ms. Clayton. “We’ve got 4 cars and we’re going to pair you up in each car, one junior and one senior. Car #1 is Becky and Amy, #2 is Jordan and Crystal, #3 is Lindsay and Tammy, and finally #4 is Amanda and Melissa. Juniors go first in all cars, got it? We’re starting here in the visitor’s end, and when car #1 gets to the start of the home stands, car #2 starts. By the time #3 starts #1 will be back here and the junior sits down and the senior stands up. And so on until Amanda gets back and you all run back to the home stands and do a few roundoffs on the way. Got it?” The rehearsal went smooth enough, each junior in turn got to practice her wave to the home stands and they were easily able to switch places in time for the seniors to take their turns. It seemed to be easy… and fool proof. After rehearsal, the girls went to the cafeteria for their pregame meal and then touched up their makeup. Finally it was time to head to the cars on the visitor’s sideline. As Lindsay started her parade down the home stretch, Amanda and Melissa’s car started. Randy was the driver, but Melissa told herself that he’d be too busy to try anything funny. When they pulled back in line behind the third car, Amanda sat down and Melissa forced her head through the opening. As soon as she stood up, Randy tightened the sunroof so that Melissa was frozen in place  
  
“Hey, what’s the big idea, Randy?” She got no response as car #2 pulled away. All of a sudden she felt a pair of hands unzip her skirt. “HEY! STOP THAT!” she yelled. “Just be quiet and stay still” Amanda demanded. Melissa had no choice but to obey. Then she heard giggles and she stood helpless as the zipper slowly came undone and felt her skirt slowly being lowered to her ankles. The skirt was now off of her, temporarily freeing her from her brother’s hypnotic spell. “PUT MY SKIRT BACK ON!” Car #2 was barely halfway down the field. The next thing Melissa knew, she felt fingers reaching in the waistband of her briefs. They were pulled slowly down her thighs over her tights as she again protested “PULL MY PANTIES BACK UP!” But her words fell on deaf ears and one foot at a time was pulled free of her skirt and briefs. As car #3 finally pulled away, one foot at a time was placed in something. She felt panties being pulled up her calves and thighs. “Come on Amanda, hurry up!” They seemed to be in place as her feet were guided inside her skirt. As her car took off, Melissa felt the skirt being pulled up in place. As they began to head down the home stands, Melissa waved and smiled and tried not to let on that her skirt was being zipped and buttoned as she did. At long last they approached the end of the parade and Ms. Clayton waved and got the car to stop.  
  
“Melissa! Are you all right? What was all that shouting?”  
  
“Tell her it’s fine and nothing happened” commanded Amanda.  
  
“I’m sorry, Ms. Clayton. Nothing happened. Everything’s fine.”  
  
“Are you sure? Is your uniform okay?”  
“Tell her it’s fine and it’s exactly how you like it” Amanda whispered.  
  
“My uniform is just fine. It’s exactly how I like it. Can I just get out now?” Ms. Clayton waved at Randy to continue to the parking lot where the other cheerleaders were waiting. He uncranked the sunroof and Melissa was able to get out of the car. “That was a dirty trick, Amanda! You’re lucky you gave me my clothes back!” Amanda just smiled and laughed.

**Melissa Part 5**

The girls were all out of the cars and ran across the field, doing a few flips along the way. Melissa was so glad to be dressed, she did more than her share of flipping. It wasn’t until the second quarter that her hands reached down to her side, and instead of feeling a skirt, she felt tights instead. She looked down at her skirt and realized it had been switched. “Oh my God”, she thought. “They’ve probably seen my briefs a dozen times.” Finally, the game was over. The cheerleaders walked across the field and put their pom pons away in the storage unit under the concession stands. Ms. Clayton was waiting for them.  
  
“Melissa, what are you doing? What happened to your skirt? And your panties?” Melissa bent over and saw for the first time the sheer blue bikinis instead of the modest briefs she was expecting.  
  
“Ms. Clayton, I swear I didn’t know they switched my clothes.” Amanda gave a puzzled look and shrugged.  
  
“You said nothing happened. You said your uniform was fine You said and I quote ‘It’s exactly how I like it.’ Looks like you wanted to be a little show-off tonight.”  
  
“Look, I wasn……”  
  
“Come by my classroom after school Monday. I needed to talk to you about last night’s school board meeting anyway.”  
  
“School board?”  
  
“It had nothing to do with your little exhibitionism. Well, not before tonight anyway. You’ll see. Now have a good weekend.”  
  
“You, too.” Melissa was stunned. Not only had she been tricked into the ridiculously short cheer skirt, she didn’t realize that she had on sheer panties as well. As she got in the car, she looked down between her legs. You could see the white briefs under her tights where the sheer panties didn’t cover and could see right through where the panties did cover. Worse, she no longer had the longer skirt or the blue uniform briefs. Ms. Clayton was not going to be happy with her.  
  
As she walked in the house, her brother let out a whistle. “Hi, legs!”  
  
“Little snot!” she shouted and stormed away only to be quickly reprimanded by her mother.  
  
“Melissa Sue, don’t talk so mean to Mark. Now why is your skirt so short?”  
  
“Oh, Mom, it’s like this…. oh forget it. This is all I have now.”  
  
“Melissa, let’s go over my paper now” Mark said as Melissa joined him on the couch. He handed her a printout which she went over and circled some corrections.  
  
“I think we need to put a little more detail in where the research came from. What articles did you read? You need to do a little more research on the origins of hypnosis.”  
  
“No, I think you can do that tomorrow. By the way, aren’t you supposed to be asking mom something?”  
  
“That’s right, I’ll do that now.” Melissa found her mother doing laundry. “Mom, can I wear one of your mini dresses from high school tomorrow?”  
  
Mrs. Woods was stunned. Her little tomboy asking for a dress? For a Saturday? “Why? What’s going on tomorrow?”  
  
“Oh nothing. I’m just going to wear a dress tomorrow.”  
  
“Go in my closet and see if one fits. If it needs to be washed, let me know. You do know that my old dresses are extremely short?”  
  
“I know.” Melissa went up to her parents’ room and went through her mom’s closet. She chose a pink strapless mini dress. She held it up in front of her in front of the mirror, not noticing or caring that it would be shorter than the ridiculously short cheer skirt. She brought it down and told her mom “I guess I’ll wear this one.”  
  
“Wow, I can’t believe it! What will you wear under it?”  
  
“Oh, I don’t know, bra and panties I guess.”  
  
“I don’t think so. The dress is meant to be worn braless. And you better have panties that match because believe me there is not going to be any hiding in that dress.”  
  
“Yes I have some pink panties. I don’t plan to wear pantyhose with it.”  
  
“In my day we would have. Personally, I don’t care for the bare legged look with dresses.”  
  
Melissa took the dress to her room to lay out for the next day, then went back down to help Mark with his paper.  
  
“I think we’ve made great progress today. Now tomorrow we can finish it up and then you can help me with a geometry problem.”  
  
“Sure thing”  
  
“Don’t forget the dress.”  
  
“I won’t.”  
  
The next morning, true to her word, Melissa came downstairs in her mom’s pink minidress. The hem barely grazed the bottom of her panties. Mark smiled at the sight of his sister’s legs. He couldn’t believe he pulled it off! Still, he’d give her a break on Sunday. Today, he just wanted to get his paper and homework done. Melissa always got such good grades, it would be nice to get her help and thanks to cheerleading, he’d have a skirted assistant to do his bidding. They spent the morning and afternoon getting the paper all finalized and Mark got his help with geometry. “Thanks, sis, if you want you can change into something else. Melissa wasted no time in shucking the dress and getting into her sweats. Sunday was another sweats day and Melissa made up for the time she lost Saturday helping Mark, getting well ahead in her homework and studying.

**Melissa Part 6**

Monday morning came. At least she could wear her comfy jeans and sweatshirt again. When she encountered Amanda before school, her blood instantly boiled. “How could you? That was so mean! I didn’t realize you were changing my skirt and panties! What a dirty dirty trick! What is Ms. Clayton going to do? And where are my skirt and panties?  
  
“Oh calm down, we were just having some fun. I don’t know where your stuff wound up, probably left on the field somewhere.”  
  
“Oooooh, you you you ….oooh I can’t say it!” Melissa stormed away. Why did she join the cheer squad anyway? But she concentrated on her classes as best she could. Even math, though she detected a glare or two from Ms. Clayton. She did her singing in 6th hour as usual, but her heart wasn’t into it, and it showed.  
  
“Not as strong as Friday, Melissa. Are you okay?” asked Mr. Babcock.  
  
“I don’t know. Friday night was a little rough. But I’ll try and do better Wednesday.”  
  
“We’re pretty sure you will” added a smiling Mr. Curtis.  
  
Melissa went off to see Ms. Clayton. She knocked on the door and Ms. Clayton told her to shut it behind her. “Sit down” she was ordered. “Melissa, Melissa, Melissa. Where do I begin? Nice job on the math test last Tuesday, you and Randy got the highest scores. You know you’re the only two to solve problem 7?”  
  
“Okay well maybe that’s just coinci…”  
  
“No, it isn’t coincidence. You know as well as I do that Randy is about as sharp as a bowling ball. I found a note that you passed to him in the trash. While you thought I was playing Candy Crush, I was really recording you passing the note. Do you want to see it?” Melissa was dumbstruck. She had been caught! “I really should have reported you. But I didn’t. Then Friday you had to put on a little show! What’s up with that? You’re usually so modest.”  
  
“Look, Ms. Clayton, I didn’t know it but Amanda switched my skirt on me.”  
  
“You expect me to believe that? When you told me that night that your uniform was fine? So you couldn’t wait to wear the basketball outfit? Is that it?”  
  
“You KNOW that’s not it!”  
  
“In any event, there was a school board meeting last Thursday. It seems the board and the principal have gotten a lot of complaints from parents. And they do have a point, you cheer for the football team and wear your outfit to school on game days, but we don’t do the same for girls’ soccer, or boy’s lacrosse, or cross country, or any other sport. So…..”  
  
“So we can’t cheer anymore? That would be fine.”  
  
“On the contrary. The board thinks we should support the other sports. Since there is a game of some sort nearly every day, the board wants at least two cheerleaders in their uniforms all day every day. Then the other students would feel supported, not just the football players.”  
  
“So we’re going to take turns?”  
  
“No, the juniors will dress one person a week at a time, they’ll take turns. But you will represent the seniors yourself. You will wear your uniform to school all day every day for the rest of the year.”  
  
“But I don’t even have the skirt any more! I lost it! And the panties too!”  
  
“So you’ll wear the basketball skirt. And the panties that you wore Friday. Since you have to wear the skirt every day, you’ll want to pick up some more panties that match those ones.”  
  
“I have to wear sheer panties?”  
  
“Yes. You wanted to show off so much, now’s your chance. See me first thing tomorrow and I’ll see if you followed directions.”  
  
“You’re kidding, right?”  
  
“No, I’m not. You’ll wear the short skirt and the sheer panties every day. Otherwise, well things would get very hard for you.”  
  
“Why are you doing this?”  
  
“All I can say for now is that it will make sense to you someday and you’ll thank me for it. Now, I’ve already spoken to your mother…”  
  
“You told my mom?”

**Melissa Part 7**

“Yes, and she’s okay with the arrangement. We won’t punish you for your behavior in math class, but don’t help anyone on exams any more. You know better than that.”  
  
“Okay, understood.” Melissa drove home. She knew she did wrong to cheat for Randy and she deserved a punishment. She just wished it wasn’t this punishment. When she got home, she found her mother waiting for her.  
  
“Melissa Sue, I can’t believe you helped someone cheat in math class.”  
  
“Look, mom, I’m really sorry. And Ms. Clayton filled me in on my punishment.”  
  
“Yes, I’ve laid out your clothes for tomorrow. I hope this teaches you a lesson.”  
  
“It will, mom. I’m sorry to have disappointed you.” Melissa went to her room, first to cry and then to catch up on some homework. She was definitely not looking forward to tomorrow.  
  
The next day Melissa woke and found her school uniform. She saw that her mother didn’t lay out panties to wear under the tights so she found a pair and put them on, followed by the tights and the sheer panties and the rest of the uniform. At least there would be one junior in her uniform too, so that helped ease the pain just a little. She went to Ms. Clayton’s office for a uniform check.  
  
“Show me your panties” Ms. Clayton ordered. Though it scarcely seemed necessary, Melissa lifted her skirt to show the sheer panties. “Are those panties I see under your tights?”  
  
“Yes, my mom didn’t lay them out for me so I…”  
  
“She didn’t because you don’t get to wear them. You know we don’t let panties show from under our tights or pantyhose. If you had kept your briefs I’d let you keep the panties, but since you were so careless and lost them, here.” She handed Melissa her scissors. “Cut them off and hand them over.” Melissa rolled her eyes and hiked up her skirt. She reached under her tights and pulled up her panties at the hips and cut them from top to bottom, then pulled them out from under her tights and tossed them at Ms. Clayton. “That’s better. I’m sure you feel quite exposed now but rest assured this is only the beginning.”  
  
“What do you mean?”  
  
“It means that when football season is done, we’ll be getting new uniforms for the rest of the year. The dealership gave us a nice donation which we’ll use to buy them. I have some samples that you’ll be modeling for the school board next week.”  
  
“Modeling? Letting those old lechers drool over me?”  
  
“They won’t drool, I assure you. Now next Friday is our last football game. There will be changes to your outfit after then, but until now you’re to dress exactly as you are. Got it?”  
  
“Yes ma’am.” Melissa slinked away, feeling very embarrassed. At least during the game she had regular panties under her tights, she had lost that security. What more would she lose?  
  
Melissa got to her first class and the principal, Mr. Weathers, got on the intercom before school started. “Students… this is Principal Weathers. Before we start the day I want to recognize the varsity cheerleaders for their pledge to support ALL the students. One junior and one senior cheerleader will be in uniform every day from now on to lend their support to all sports and academic endeavors. This week, Amanda Jennings will represent the juniors and this week and EVERY week, Melissa Woods will represent the seniors. Now please tell your parents to stop emailing me about the cheerleaders. Jeezus.”  
  
Melissa wanted to crawl under her desk and cry. Maybe it was her imagination, but all the guys in class looked at her legs. Between classes, she walked very slowly and tried not to bounce or shake or turn in any way, trying her best to keep her panty exposure to a minimum. Yes, she had the tights but the fact that she was bare under them was very upsetting to her. At least the sweater and blouse were quite modest, she was nearly as self-conscious of her breasts as she was her legs. She had developed early in life, and though she wasn’t greatly endowed now, she had memories of her early teens when she easily had the biggest boobs in the whole grade. Some of the boys called her “Metittsa” and even to this day she heard that name once in a while. She began to live for her singing sessions on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. There, she wasn’t the girl with the boobs or the legs, she was simply Melissa, and even though they may not like her, they loved her voice.  
  
Friday came and with it the second to last football game and the last home game. By now she was getting used to the short skirt and thought that there were days where her panties weren’t seen, despite the shortness of her skirt. Her mother had bought her some more sheer blue panties, some seemed to be sheerer than others and some had a higher cut. She chose the least immodest of the lot and wore them to school and to the game. She got to the football field an hour ahead of schedule so she decided to wait in the storage shed for the other girls to arrive. She got there and Amanda was already sitting outside, taking her last drags off a cigarette. “You’ll get in trouble for smoking, Amanda.”

**Melissa Part 8**

“Well if it isn’t Miss Short Skirt” said Amanda mockingly. “Still sore at me?”  
  
“Why wouldn’t I be? You’ve got my skirt and my panties.”  
  
“I don’t have them, they got lost. And you’ve got MY basketball skirt, remember?”  
  
“And you’re not getting it back. So there.” Melissa stuck her tongue out at Amanda.  
  
“So what? We’re getting new unis for basketball season anyway. Keep the skirt.”  
  
“OK I will, and I’ll keep your panties too.” Melissa lunged forward and grabbed Amanda’s panties and got them halfway down her thighs before slipping and winding up on her knees. Amanda grabbed Melissa’s hair and gave it a good tug, causing Melissa to grab her head in pain. Amanda grabbed her sweater and quickly pulled it up to her armpits and after a brief battle was able to pull it off her. “Oh, it’s ON now!” and Melissa grabbed Amanda’s skirt and pulled with all her might. It didn’t yield, and Amanda, with panties still at her knees, forcibly opened Melissa’s blouse and popped every button in the process. Melissa pulled Amanda to the ground and managed to remove her panties. Amanda was not about to let the opportunity pass and grabbed Melissa’s bra between the cups and gave it a good yank, and was rewarded with a loud ripping noise and the sight of Melissa’s useless bra hanging beside her pendulous breasts. The two wrestled and pulled each other’s hair as the door opened.  
  
“Break it up!” bellowed Ms. Clayton. Of the two, Amanda was in the best shape with only the loss of her panties. Melissa stood up and looked herself over. Her blouse was torn, her tights were ruined, and her sweater was off. “All right, what happened here?”  
  
“She pulled my panties off, Ms. Clayton! I was just defending myself.” She looked over at her practically topless antagonist. “Gee, you really are Metittsa, aren’t you?”  
  
“Oh I see.” Ms. Clayton picked up the panties and saw they were ripped. “Well, it’s a good thing we found Melissa’s skirt and panties. Here, you can wear the panties”. She reached into a paper sack and tossed a pair of panties at Amanda.  
  
“What about my skirt?” asked Melissa.  
  
“First let’s focus on your top. You ruined your blouse. Get it off.”  
  
Since she was still skirted, Melissa had no choice but to obey. She did manage to say “But my bra is ruined! I can’t go topless!”  
  
“You won’t. You’ll have your sweater.”  
  
“Okay, okay” Melissa peeled off the shirt and the broken bra and got her sweater off the floor and put it on. “Happy?”  
  
“Not yet. You ruined your tights. I can’t have my girls in holey tights. Get them off.”  
  
“Can’t I get new tights?” Melissa asked as she took off her skirt, panties, and tights. She tossed the skirt to Amanda. “Here’s your yucky skirt.”  
  
“Normally I’d have a spare pair but I’m out and since football season is almost over I’m not buying any more. You’ll be bare tonight and in sheer pantyhose next week. Now get your panties on and you can get your old skirt back. Now you are going to wear this skirt until football season ends.”  
  
“Why wouldn’t I? At least it’s not Amanda’s yucky skirt.”  
  
“Okay, but you asked for it. It must have gotten rained on, it seems to have shrunk.”

**Melissa Part 9**

Once Melissa got the skirt back, she knew she’d been had. It was shortened… a lot. She pulled it and bent over to examine her front. Well, at least she couldn’t see panties. Then she slowly pulled the skirt up until she saw the crotch of her sheer panties. She thought there couldn’t be an inch of room for error here.  
  
“Oh my God I can’t go out there like this.”  
  
“You can and you will. Okay girls, it’s the last home game and senior night. We’ll have a rose to you to present to your parent or parents as they escort you to midfield. Let’s go out and send the senior boys out winners on their last home game. LET’S GO LOGS!”  
  
Melissa trotted out with the rest of the cheer squad. She was noticeably less “peppy” than usual since she was concerned not only with flashing her sheer panties but every step caused her unconstrained breasts to bounce like a pair of frisky puppies. Mercifully, halftime came and it was time for the senior players and cheerleaders to be introduced. Melissa waved to her mother in the stands and she came down the steps to escort her to midfield. When their names were called, they waved to the crowd and walked to midfield.  
  
“So, do you like the alteration to your skirt?”  
  
“You knew about it?”  
  
“Know about it? I did it. You’ll have to tell me later what happened to your bra.”  
  
“You can tell? Oh my gosh!”  
  
“Yes, it’s quite obvious. “ Melissa was crushed. Could this night get any worse? “Oh and your father called. He’s going to come home for a few days next week.”  
  
It just got worse. Melissa didn’t know what her dad did, nor did anyone else. He always told them it was classified. He had to travel much of the time, never spending more than a few days at a time with them. She hoped he wouldn’t find out about he recent troubles, but she knew that he would know. He always knew. She suspected it was part of his job to be able to track anything and everything. The rest of the game flew by. She was thankful this was the last home game, but she knew basketball season would come soon enough, with a skimpier uniform and being much closer to the fans. She got home and sure enough Mark had beaten her home. She avoided making eye contact, it was embarrassing enough that she was giving the panty show but to flash her own brother was even worse. He was a bit flustered, too, wanting to see the forbidden flesh and underwear but not wanting to embarrass her. So after an awkward moment, she excused herself to go up and change. She took off her skirt but moments later yelled down the stairs “MOM! Where are all my clothes?”

**Melissa Part 10**

Getting no answer, she stormed back downstairs, forgetting that she had already removed her skirt. “MOM! WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES?”  
  
“Your father and I discussed it. We agreed that you should be punished for starting a fight at school. So now you aren’t going to be allowed to wear things like shorts and pants around the house.”  
  
“WHAT? What else can’t I wear?”  
  
“By the way, do you know you’re bottomless?” Melissa pulled her sweater down as best she could. She had forgotten that she at the moment had only two articles of clothing- her sweater and sheer panties. “As I was saying, no pants. No shorts. No sweats. No bras. No socks. I’m giving you my three shortest dresses, you can wear those all you want. Or a t shirt or other top. And I’ve taken all of your panties except the skimpy ones and the sheer blue ones that you wear with your cheer outfit.”  
  
“GOD! You are so UNFAIR!” She stormed to the steps. “And stop LOOKING at me” she yelled to Mark. The good news was that there’d be fewer eyes on her panties over the weekend. The bad news was they belonged to her brother. And perhaps soon even her own father…  
  
Philip Woods looked over his monitor. He had been noticing more chatter about his daughter on the school’s ISP. In the past weeks the activity intensified. He had found upskirt pictures of her in her scanty uniform. Yes, this would require his attention. He wouldn’t be able to get away for long, but he managed to free up his schedule for next weekend. Melissa would have to wait until then. But first, he had a call to make. “Harry? Yeah this is Phil. Look, I want you to look up an upstart company. It’s called FutCheer…. Yeah, it’s more or less a one-woman shop, that woman is named Gladys Clayton…Get me in, will you?... As much as you can get… But buy it slowly over the next several days, I don’t want to draw attention…. This is going to get real big… Okay, thanks…. See you later.” If anyone was going to cash in on his daughter’s skin shows, it might as well be him. This was easy. What to do about Mr. Babcock, not so much. He would figure out Babcock’s game, for the moment it was eluding him. He just knew that he was making a lot of phone calls to New York. He’d have to check those numbers. It must have something to do with Melissa.  
  
Melissa showered and put some sheer white panties on. Her lingerie drawer had nothing remotely modest, these would have to do. She looked at the dresses her mother had given her. Besides the pink mini she wore Saturday, she had two new sundresses with spaghetti straps. She chose the light green one and pulled it over her head and pulled it down. She was right, it was quite short. She looked in the mirror. Yikes. I didn’t even reach her crotch. “Oh well, he’s seen my panties before, might as well get used to it.” She went down to face the music. “Okay, mom, I hope you’re happy. I’m wearing a dress.”  
  
“That looks good on you, dear. Now I’ve been thinking, you were such a nice girl. Why are you rebelling all of a sudden?”  
  
“Rebelling? Are you serious? I just made a stupid decision and helped this stupid cheat on a stupid math test and then I got in a stupid fight with this stupid junior girl after she took my stupid skirt and panties and put her own stupid skirt and panties on me. Mom, NONE of this was planned.”  
  
“Enough! I don’t like you talking so mean. I think you need to work on being nicer, so here’s what you’re going to do. When you’re in a skirt or dress, you’re to never disagree and never say no, except for something like cheat on a test.”  
  
“But mom” Melissa didn't know it, but her mother really hadn't added anything to her ordeal. Whether she was better or worse off knowing that she couldn't say no when in a skirt is probably best left to philosophers.  
  
“No buts, just be nice to everyone and do what they say.”  
  
“Yes mother.”  
  
Mark’s eyes lit up. Now he was off hook for hypnotizing Melissa since their mom had given the exact same command. What Melissa doesn’t know wouldn’t hurt her. When their mom left the room, he whispered “Okay, sis, lift up your dress. I want to see all of your underwear.”  
  
Still under the original spell, she lifted the hem past her waist for several seconds. “Happy?”  
  
“Oh, for now. Jiggle your boobs, will you?” Melissa rolled her eyes and made her breasts bounce a bit, then walked away. This was going to be a long weekend.

**Melisssa Part 11**

Finally Monday morning came. No more tights at school, it would be sheer pantyhose under everything. She made a point to shave everything, even down under, before she went to bed last night. The boys were not going to be seeing her pubes. She slipped the pantyhose and tried to select a modest panty. It was impossible, so she just grabbed the nearest thing colored blue. She got her skirt and sweater on, then finished it off with her white socks and sneakers. When she looked in the mirror, she was horrified. The slightest move would expose her panties, and given the sheerness of the panties and the hose, would expose her private parts as well. The sweater must have shrunk in the wash, her bralessness was quite evident. This was going to be a long day. When she got to school, every eye seemed to be on her. Those who weren’t fixed on her legs and butt were looking at her boobs. She saw Becky in the hallway, who was the designated junior to be in her cheer outfit that week. Next to Becky, Melissa felt like a hooker. Becky’s skirt seemed infinitely longer, plus she had the luxury of opaque tights. Becky felt bad for Melissa, but she was quite relieved that it wasn’t her. Of course, the next time she had to spend a week in the cheer outfit it would be the basketball version, which would be much leggier. At least, unless the new unis would be different.  
  
Melissa’s 6th hour solo was her best yet. Mr. Babcock congratulated her as she left, then when she was safely out of earshot said “Can you believe that outfit? Wow! And that singing? Double wow!”  
  
Mr. Curtis was pleased. Not so much about the singing, he was pleased that the plan that he developed with Ms. Clayton had gone so well. “I’ve got the feeling that we haven’t heard nothing yet.” Or seen nothing yet, he thought to himself.  
  
When Melissa got home, only her brother was home. She had an hour or so before her mother got there. “Hi, legs” mocked Mark.  
  
“Oh get stu… oh hi.” Melissa suddenly remembered she was in a skirt and had to be nice.  
  
“Do a slow turn for me.” Melissa fumed as she slowly turned. This obedience was going to be a drag. “Hmmm….. shall we leave your panties on….or shall we have them off?” Oh God. He wouldn’t. After a long pause he added “well, let’s let you worry about that for a while. This is fun! I love your new rules!” Melissa went up to her room before he did anything else to her. Rather than change into a dress, she opted for the longest t shirt she had. Though it barely came past the top of her panties, at least she wouldn’t be in a skirt and wouldn’t have to be nice to Mark. She figured it was safer to give him a continuous panty show than to risk being ordered to strip naked. If Mark had any brains, he’d make her remove everything but her skirt when she walked in the door. Lucky for her, he was nowhere near her equal in intellect.  
  
Soon enough her mom came home. “I see you’ve chosen to go bottomless tonight.”  
  
“I had to, mom. If I have a skirt on Mark makes me show him my panties.”  
  
“So you chose instead to have them exposed constantly? Can’t argue with that logic.”  
  
“But if I keep my skirt on he could make me go topless.”  
  
“I see that would be a problem.”  
  
“MOM! You can’t let him do that.”  
  
“I’m afraid I have to, that’s what the rules allow for.”  
  
“Fine. Then I just won’t wear a skirt at home.” She could see that she was talking to a brick wall. Maybe her dad would fix things when he got home.

**Melissa Part 12**

Thursday came. Ms. Clayton reminded her to be at the school board meeting at 7:00 sharp just as she was dressed today. When she got there, Ms. Clayton gave her a sack with the instruction “Change into this.” She went to the locker room and found the short basketball skirt, the standard blue panties, a tight white full sleeve t shirt and the yellow sleeveless vest. Oh yes, this is the standard basketball uniform. At least the panties aren’t sheer. She changed and went back to the board room.  
  
Melissa had never been to a school board meeting. She was relieved to find only a few parents in the room along with the seven board members. After some boring stuff the chairwoman, Mrs. Theodore, called on Ms. Clayton.  
  
“Ms. Clayton, you’re next on the agenda.”  
  
“Thank you Mrs. Theodore. We’ve gotten a nice donation from the car dealership and would like to buy new basketball cheer uniforms with the board’s approval. Stand up, Melissa. Tell you what, go ahead and stand on this chair so they can see you better. Melissa here has last year’s uniform.” Ms. Claytong then too out a laser pointer to illustrate her points. Pointing at the underarms: “The shirts get too hot during basketball games and they have problems with sweat marks under the arms.” Then she actually pointed at Melissa’s panties! “The panties look like something that our grandmothers would wear. So we’d like to modernize the outfit.” Ms. Clayton pointed to a dressing curtain in the back corner of the room. Here, Melissa, change into this as quick as you can.” Melissa grabbed the sack and went behind the curtain. There was a note saying to leave on the pantyhose, socks, and sneakers but take off everything else. She quickly did as instructed and opened the sack. There was a yellow sleeveless vest with LHS in blue lettering. The vest exposed her midriff but left the breasts safely covered. The panties were blue bikinis, at least they weren’t sheer. Finally the skirt, if it could be called that, came down to just below the crotch. However, it opened in front all the way to the waistband so that every step would fully expose her panties. She reentered the board room. “Excellent. Now Melissa, back on top of the chair. As we see,” pointing the laser at Melissa’s breasts “this uniform is more up to date. The top is modest but flattering. It is meant to be worn without a bra but the support is excellent and not in any way risqué.” She then pointed the laser at her skirt. “The skirt is meant more to accentuate the movement than it is to conceal anything.” She then aimed the laser right at Melissa’s panties” The panties are meant to be seen and are of a more modern cut.” Melissa could feel the stares of the board members looking directly at her panties.  
  
Mrs. Theodore spoke. “Is that it? All in favor?” Seven hands went up. “Next item”  
  
“Could I show an alternative?” Mrs. Theodore nodded. “Change quickly” Melissa took another sack and went back behind the curtain. Again she was instructed to leave the pantyhose, socks, and sneakers on. The top was a yellow tank top with spaghetti straps, coming just below the breasts. The skirt was no shorter than the other, but it fastened at the front in such a way that the skirt was always fully opened. From the back, it looked ordinary but in the front, tiny blue French cut panties were in full view. She emerged from the curtain and without being asked, stood on the chair. She could hear a collective gasp. “Melissa is wearing a cutting-edge design from an avant-garde designer. This uniform would put Lincoln High on the fashion map.” Aiming the laser at Melissa’s breasts, “the top is a bit sexier and allows for some provocative bouncing of the breasts. Again the laser pointed at Melissa’s panties “the skirt is meant to draw attention to the panties and not to conceal them in any way. It introduces a bit of sexuality to the cheerleader without being vulgar.”  
  
Mrs. Nelson spoke up. “YOU may not think it’s vulgar, but I for one most definitely DO.” Mrs. Terwilliger and Mr. Strum voiced their agreement.  
  
Mrs. Theodore said “I’m open to the idea, but do you think this is too much?” Mrs. Arnson and Mr. Charles nodded. Mr. Kosloski was stone faced, impossible to read.  
  
“I anticipated that you might be reluctant to approve this uniform. Melissa, one more change” Melissa grabbed another sack and proceeded behind the curtain. “For the past week, Melissa has worn a modified cheer uniform to school all day. I believe that has caused a boost in attendance, and we all know how important that is for school funding. It’s also improved morale since she has shown support to all the students, not just the football team. I propose that starting next week, Melissa wears the outfit you’re about to see for two weeks. If I can demonstrate the positive impact it would have on attendance, test scores, and behavior, then she will wear that outfit for the rest of the school year and the other girls will wear the uniform you just saw. Melissa?”  
  
“Just a second!” Melissa called out. The note instructed her to strip down to pantyhose. The top was a totally sheer yellow tank with an “L” embroidered over the right nipple and an “H” over the left, so that the viewer would see “LH” for “Lincoln High” instead of her areolas. The top only extended about ½ inch below that point. The skirt was more of a loincloth, a triangle of blue fabric over the front about three inches wide at the waist and coming to a point right at her pussy. The back of the “skirt” was a rectangle of blue cloth about six inches wide and three inches high. The panties were blue French cut, totally transparent. And instead of socks and sneakers, there were strappy sandals with a 4 inch heel. Melissa wasn’t sure if she’d me more embarrassed if she was naked. She walked into the board room with a flushed face.  
  
“This is OBSCENE!” shouted Mrs. Terwilliger. Melissa was about to mount the chair, but was stopped by Mr. Charles.  
  
“Wait a minute, let’s look at this more carefully” said Mr. Charles. “Miss Woods, would you walk slowly in front of us, please?” Melissa walked back and forth in front of the board. “Slowly, that’s good. Now give us a turn. Okay, I’ve seen enough.”  
  
Ms. Clayton sensed she might not win the vote. She set two chairs with about a foot between them and motioned for Melissa to put one foot on each one, in effect spreading her legs while standing. “This is what the fashion world terms a ‘concept outfit’. The effect is to maximize the wearer’s sexuality”  
  
“No kidding” chimed in Mr. Charles.  
  
Ms. Clayton again took aim at Melissa’s breasts with the laser pointer. “Note that the areolas are plainly visible and that the slightest movement will uncover them completely. This says ‘you may look at my breasts, but they don’t define me.’ It’s a liberating top.” She then aimed the pointer at Melissa’s crotch. “As you can see, the panties are not only tiny, they are transparent. Between the panties and the sheer pantyhose, the vagina is clearly visible. Again, the message is sexuality and independence, the true traits of the modern woman. The shoes accentuate the curves of the legs and make walking difficult, further cementing the conflicting messages of submission and independence. This outfit will make Lincoln High stand out just as much as we can see Melissa’s pert nipples standing out. Have you seen enough?”  
  
  
“I haven’t!” said Mr. Kosloski. “Stand over here for a moment.” Melissa walked in front of him and did some slow turns. “I move that we approve Ms. Clayton’s proposal.”  
  
“Seconded” said Mrs. Theodore. “All in favor, raise your hands and say Aye” Mrs. Theodore, Mr. Charles, and Mrs. Arnson raised their hands immediately. “Opposed, raise your hands and say Nay”. Mrs. Terwilliger and Mrs. Nelson raised their hands. “Mr. Strum and Mr. Kosloski, what say you?”

**Melissa Part 13**

Mr. Strum shook his head. “Nay.”  
  
Mr. Kosloski stroked his beard, and after a dramatic pause, said “Aye”.  
  
“Motion carried.” Melissa’s heart sank. Ms. Clayton gave her a hug and walked her out to her car.  
  
“Here’s your football uniform,” she said as she handed her a sack. “Tomorrow’s the last day for that. After that, wear what you have. I’ll give you more panties Monday morning.”  
  
Melissa drove home in tears. How could she go through with this? When she got home, her mom and Mark were finishing up cleaning the kitchen. “Hi, dear… OH MY GOD!”  
  
“Tell me about it, mom. I have to wear this starting next week.”  
  
“Sis, keep your skirt on the rest of the night.”  
  
“Whatever.”  
  
“Mark, that wasn’t very nice. She’s had a hard day, you really shouldn’t take advantage of her.”  
  
“Sorry, mom, couldn’t help it. It’s just that outfit is like… AMAZING!”  
  
“You might as well look, everyone else is going to. There isn’t a thing you can’t see, I might as well be naked.”  
  
“Well in that case…”  
  
“MARK!” shouted Melissa and her mom in unison.  
  
“Every time I move, a nipple pops out. Why even bother fixing it?”  
  
“Then don’t fix it.”  
  
“You’re not helping!”  
  
“Look at the bright side, dear. At least you got a new pair of shoes out of it.”  
  
“Oh, big treat. I have to strut around in heels all the time. AND paint my toenails.”  
  
“I like the shoes. Wear them around the house from now on.”  
  
“MOM!”  
  
“Well, you are in a skirt, so he’s within his rights.”  
  
“Whatever” Melissa slumped back in the couch. “You win. Mom, what will I do? I’ll get arrested! This top shows my nipples except if I position the letters just so, and then it only lasts until I move in the slightest.”  
  
“You won’t get arrested, Ms. Clayton assured me of that.”  
  
“Well if I do I sure hope SHE goes to jail. Can I go put a shirt on, Mark?”  
  
“For a little while. Keep the nylons and shoes on, I like them.”  
  
“Fine” Melissa went to her room and emerged wearing a t shirt. You don’t have to enjoy this so much, you know”  
  
“Sorry, but you’ve got to admit you look pretty hot, even if you are my sister. I agree your situation sucks, how long do you have to do this?”  
  
“Two weeks. If school attendance improves and test scores go up in that time then I have to do it the rest of the year.”  
  
“So maybe it won’t. Maybe I can help. I’ll stay home once a week.”  
  
“You will NOT young man. Nice try.”  
  
“Can’t he stay home one day? Maybe if all his friends did, that would help. Maybe even one kid one day makes the difference.”  
  
“Okay, one day. But it can’t be on a day that you have a test.”  
  
“Thanks, mom. Thanks, Mark. Mom are you sure you’re okay with me running around like this?”  
  
“Doesn’t bother me, we’re family.”  
  
“But what about when dad comes home?”  
  
“Well, I don’t think he’d mind. But you probably shouldn’t be topless when he first gets here.”  
  
“Maybe he can do something”  
  
“Maybe. Knowing him, he could find a way.” The three chatted for a while and went up to their rooms for bed.

**Melissa Part 14**

Friday morning came. Melissa got her football uniform on for the last time and came down for breakfast. Mark smiled as he saw her. “Look, mister. It’s bad enough that you’re taking advantage of the skirt rule. Okay, fine, I can deal with it. But none of your creepy friends can come over. And you’ve got to help me get attendance down.”  
  
“Okay, okay. I’ll do what I can.” Melissa no longer cared how skimpy the panties were nor was she worried about the ever-tightening sweater. She’d get through these two weeks somehow. She learned to ignore the gawkers and took her frustrations out on her singing. As always, she knocked it out of the park. On the bus ride to the away football game, she cornered Ms. Clayton. “Ms. Clayton, please, do I have to wear the slut outfit?”  
  
“Sorry, Melissa, but you were there at the school board meeting. It’s out of my hands.”  
  
“But I’ll get arrested! That stupid designer made a top that is impossible to wear without a malfunction!”  
  
Ms. Clayton’s face soured as though she was sucking a lemon. “That designer is FutCheer and is at the forefront of fashion. You will be a trendsetter because you have the privilege of wearing her clothes!”  
  
“Yeah, right, whatever.” Melissa went back to her seat. As much as she hated cheering for football, basketball was going to be living hell. At least the games wouldn’t start for a month. Time for Ms. Clayton’s experiment to fail. The unis that the other girls were going to wear weren’t so bad. At least the panties weren’t sheer and the top hid the breasts.  
  
When she pulled in the driveway, Melissa saw a familiar car. She walked in the house and ran up to her father “Daddy!”  
  
“Hi, sweetie! You’re so beautiful!”  
  
“Thanks, but I don’t FEEL beautiful. I feel like a hooker wearing short skirts all the time.”  
  
“Nonsense. You have a lovely figure and should be proud of it. I know all about your situation.”  
  
“Then you know about the slut outfit I have to wear starting next week?”  
  
“Yes. I could see it coming. That’s why I’m here.”  
  
“How did you find out?”  
  
“That’s classified.”  
  
“Oooh, come on. What else do you know?”  
  
“I know more than I can tell you at the moment. Come sit for a bit and tell me all about it.” Melissa recounted the whole story of how she came to be the designated senior wearer of the slut outfit. Her dad knew all about this, and knew about the “skirt rule” and how Mark had been taking advantage of it. Finally, he opened up slightly.  
  
“Look, sweetie, I can’t tell you everything. There are things going on that are going to be very good for you and there are people who are trying to make things happen in a good way. There are people who are trying to get you to parade around in skimpy stuff. These aren’t necessarily different people.”  
  
“You mean Ms. Clayton is really trying to help me?”  
  
“That isn’t her primary objective, her primary objective is becoming a fashion designer. She IS FutCheer.”  
  
“No foolin’? SHE’S a fashion designer?”  
  
“Yes, and that’s PART of the motivation. I can’t tell you the other part. Look, in a couple weeks, things will make sense. I hope so anyway. So, until then, well you just have to do the best you can.”  
  
“If you say so.”  
  
“So don’t worry about me. But tomorrow I want us all to go out to dinner before I have to leave again. Your mom has a new dress for you.”

**Melissa Part 15**

At this point her mom walked in carrying a jumper dress. “Go try this on”. Melissa went off to change. She put on a white blouse to wear under it and kept her panties and hose on. Melissa was ecstatic. The jumper was quite modest on top, offering plenty of protection, and came past mid-thigh. It buttoned completely in front, making it easy to get into and out of, and the straps buttoned as well.  
  
“Mom this is great. Well, for a dress.”  
  
“Great, we’ll make reservations. You like Mangioni’s don’t you?” Melissa nodded. “Good, tomorrow you can forget about your troubles and enjoy yourself.”  
  
Mark looked over his sister. “Mom, that dress doesn’t really NEED a shirt underneath, does it?”  
  
“MARK! You little creep!”  
  
“Melissa Sue, you know the rules. And Mark, no, she doesn’t need a shirt under it.”  
  
“Good, because she’s not going to wear one.” Melissa rolled her eyes and went to watch some television. Her parents went off to bed to catch up on some long awaited lovemaking. As for Mark, he would need some rest. He was going to be up early the next day if his plan was to have any chance of success.  
  
Saturday morning came. Melissa put on a t shirt and panties. No hose today, thank goodness, she thought to herself. Well, at least until we go out. Her jumper was hanging up in the bathroom, just where she hung it last night. She wouldn’t put it on until just before they went out. Until then she contented herself with catching up more with her dad, who didn’t pay attention to her lack of clothing. Unlike Mark, who was beginning to enjoy the shows a little too much. Finally time to get ready. As she took the jumper to her room, Mark stopped her. “No panties tonight”.  
  
“I’m not in a dress yet.”  
  
“You will be. So you can remove them now or do it later.” Melissa knew there was no way to win. So rather than give him the satisfaction of having her remove her panties, she just didn’t wear any. Just pantyhose and the jumper. Despite the length of the jumper, she felt more than a little exposed.  
  
“I’m not wearing any panties, I hope you’re happy.”  
  
Mark smiled. “I have a little proposition for you.”  
  
“What is it?”  
  
“A little bet- you win, and I won’t use the skirt rule any more. You lose, and I can tell you what to do, skirt or no skirt.”  
  
“What’s the bet?”  
  
“I’ll tell you later.” Arrrgh! What could he want? The time came for going out. Melissa was starved, she skipped lunch to save room for Mrs. Mangioni’s lasagna. In the car, Mark announced “Mom and Dad, I’m giving Melissa a chance to get out of the skirt rule. All she has to do is not touch her dress for the rest of the night, no matter what. If she can do that, I’ll stop using the skirt rule. If she can’t, then she has to obey me always, skirt or no skirt.”  
  
“Do I even have a choice to accept or not?”  
  
“Not really. Mom and Dad, you okay with this?”

**Melissa Part 16**

“It’s okay with your mom and me. But she has to touch her dress to use the bathroom.”  
  
“Well yes, sure. But if a button comes undone before she goes it stays undone. And you’re to ignore any and all attempts to talk you out of it.”  
  
“Fair enough.” Mark hoped that his early morning visit to the bathroom paid off. He used a utility knife to enlarge the button holes. If that wasn’t enough, he carefully snipped off some of the threads holding the buttons on. They were secure enough to button, but perhaps not to withstand any pulling. Of course, once her top popped open, surely she would concede defeat.  
  
They arrived at the restaurant. As Melissa eased herself out, she opened her legs slightly. That tiny bit of pressure caused the bottom button to fly off the dress. She couldn’t button it if she wanted to. And she still had 7 buttons left. So she wasn’t too concerned when she walked in. The hostess showed them back to a table with a semicircular bench wrapped around it. Melissa slid along the bench to the right middle position. Shortly after ordering, she felt a sneeze coming on. The sneeze caused her amply bosom to heave mightily and as quickly as that, the top two buttons had escaped their holes and she was undone from the middle of the breasts upward. Now only 5 buttons protected her dignity. They were still on the salad when she heard a familiar voice “Melissa!”  
  
Melissa looked up. It was Jason from school. Jason had a crush on Melissa for the longest time. He was sad that it was senior year already. She liked him well enough, just not in that way. “Come join us” offered Melissa’s mom. Jason went to tell his family and slid in on the outside of the booth. He had a good view of her but not as good as head on would have been. He quickly noticed the undone top two buttons.  
  
“Um….Melissa. Do you know your top buttons are off?”  
  
Melissa looked down sheepishly. “Yes, I know.”  
  
“Aren’t you going to fix them?”  
  
“No”. Jason’s eyes widened. Wow, not only does she show leg at school, she was close to flashing her boobs! They made some small talk as they worked on their soup course. Mark told Melissa to pass him the salt and as she reached to her left, her right shoulder strap button popped off. It was all she could do to resist trying to fix it, even though the button was gone. The strap hung uselessly to one side as the top of the dress fell down slightly, revealing the upper third of her right breast.  
  
“Don’t worry, dear, your father spoke to the manager. They won’t mind no matter what happens.” Oh, great. She looked down helplessly at her breast. She could see her nipple, but luckily nobody else could. She repositioned her legs and in doing so, the pressure blew out what was now her bottom button. Four off, four left, plus she has lost a strap. And the main course hadn’t even come yet. Her lasagna finally came, and while she enjoyed it, her nervousness was detracting from the flavor.  
  
“Mom, dad? Can we just box up the food?”  
  
“Getting a little nervous, sweetie?”  
  
“Well, yes. Come on, I think I’ve been punished enough.” Melissa hadn’t even noticed that two more lower buttons had deserted their posts. She was now undone from the waist down.  
  
“We thought you’d chicken out. So button up if you must.”

**Melissa Part 17**

NO! She was NOT going to give in. As she refilled her ice water, she saw Jason’s jaw drop. The other strap. Now just two buttons were holding the dress on. As the fabric fell forward, it put new strain on the upper button, pulling it out of its hole. She looked down in horror to see that her breasts had popped out of her dress! Just as she was taking that in, the last button popped off and she was now sitting on a fully opened dress. Since she was no longer IN the dress but rather ON it, losing the dress also meant being temporarily being freed from the spell. She could cover up, and she did just that. She pulled the dress out from under her and covered her top much like a blanket. That made her somewhat decent, though it cost her the bet.  
  
Eventually, they were finished. Melissa put the dress back on as best she could. The few buttons left didn’t keep it nearly secured and she had to hold it up and shut as best she could. She said goodbye to Jason and they got in the car.  
  
“I’ve got to hand it to you, sis. I NEVER thought you were that brave. I was actually rooting for you.”  
  
“I couldn’t believe it either. I should have conceded earlier to limit the damage.”  
  
“No, sweetie, you were brave. I’m proud that you had the guts to do this.”  
  
“Tell you what, I’m so impressed that I’ll just not tell you what to do when you’re not wearing a skirt. So pretend the bet never happened. “  
  
“No. I didn’t make the bet and then humiliate myself just so you could call it off later. I hate to say this but you win. I guess I have to do what you say now, skirt or no skirt.”  
  
“Fine. Skirt or no skirt. Or no dress. Throw it in the back of the car.” Melissa did as she was told and rode back in just her hose and heels. Mark couldn’t take his eyes off her. The front of his pants showed the tell-tale stain of his excitement. Sure this was fun, but he’d get her out of this jam. Eventually.  
  
Mark let her spend Sunday in a shirt and panties. In the afternoon, Melissa said goodbye to her father.  
  
“Hope you can come again soon, daddy.”  
  
“I promise I will, princess. These next couple weeks will be hard. I’m working on the solution. Just have faith that you’ll get through this.”  
  
“I suppose so. It’s just that tomorrow I’ll be nearly as exposed as I was last night.” She gave her dad a hug and he went off.

**Melissa Part 18**

Monday came. The first day of the “concept outfit”. She couldn’t believe that she was going through with this. But she had to. She didn’t know it, but the spell left her no choice. She put the pantyhose on first, followed by the transparent blue panties, the outrageous “skirt”, and the transparent yellow crop top. Finally she stepped into the heels, strapped them tight, and went off to school. This would be a long day. She got there early and went to Ms. Clayton’s room.  
  
“Ms. Clayton, is this how you want me?”  
  
“You heard the school board. It isn’t important what I want.”  
  
“What you want is to make money for your company FutCheer.”  
  
“So you found out? Well, that’s part of it. By the way, you need to sign these model release forms.” She handed two forms to Melissa, who, because she was wearing what was officially termed a skirt, dutifully signed. “Very well. I’m sure the photos from the board meeting will put FutCheer on the map.”  
  
“Photos?”  
  
“Why yes, you didn’t notice Randy taking pictures? He’s better at handling a camera than trigonometry, that’s for sure.”  
  
“Oh God, so you’re going to use me in your advertising?”  
  
“Of course. You signed the forms.”  
  
“Whatever.” Melissa hung her head low and walked out in the hallway. Time to face the stares. As she sat down in her first hour class, the intercom came to life.”  
  
“Lincoln students, this is Principal Weathers. The school board has decided that one of your senior cheerleaders will be dressed a little more… provocatively than the others. Please don’t clog the hallways and just go about your day as normal. Yes, you can see everything and I mean EVERYTHING.” Melissa shuddered at those words. “She’ll be that way for at least two weeks so it’s not like today is your only chance to see her. Now, if you or your parents have a problem with it, tell them to contact the school board and DON’T email me. Jeezus.”  
  
Once the initial shock was over, her classmates took her near-nudity in stride. Melissa at times forgot to adjust her top and her boobs would flop freely on display. Not that the top hid much anyway. The school seemed to be visibly more crowded, Mr. Weathers would have to admit that attendance was up. Whether or not the students were learning more would be revealed once test results started coming in. Each teacher was to report not only the test scores, the attendance records, but also their opinion on the experiment. They were to give it a rating from one star to five stars. If the average was over three stars and the test scores were better than last years and the attendance held up, the experiment would continue. And since 75% of the faculty were men, the vote wouldn’t be in doubt. Only the test scores and attendance figures would save her. She did her usual incredible singing 6th hour. After the first Friday singing in the new outfit, Mr. Babcock and Mr. Curtis stayed around until Melissa left.  
  
“Chris, she’s ready. I’ve made arrangements for next Friday.”

**Melissa Part 19**

“So help me, Morton, I’d pay to teach just to hear the voice. And I hate to be a pervert but good heavens she’s the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen.”  
  
“So next Friday he’s coming 6th hour. He wants her to demo the Phantom songs for him. Even as an understudy, she’s going to do very well.”  
  
“All right, we’ll practice them all week. I just can’t believe her, she’s just incredible.” Mr. Curtis took a moment to savor the memory of the last hour. “And she sings well, too.”  
  
“Look, don’t think I haven’t noticed how she looks. It’s all I can do to take my eyes off her pussy and concentrate on her timbre.”  
  
Melissa went home for the weekend. Mark would have her sometimes wear just the hose and heels, sometimes panties and a shirt, sometimes just the panties. Since she wasn’t going anywhere after school anymore, she had ample time to help Mark with his schoolwork and still do her own. One more week of this, she prayed that the experiment would fail and she’d be able to be decent again.  
  
Wednesday morning came. She picked out a pair of side tied panties to wear over her pantyhose. She thought they might be somewhat less than totally transparent, perhaps she was just fooling herself. She longed for the days where she would wear something that wasn’t either transparent or cut ridiculously revealing. As she got to school, Amanda stopped her.  
  
“Isn’t it cool? All of us are giving blood today!”  
  
“Why wasn’t I told? When? Where?”  
  
“Right now in the cafeteria. We get to miss first and second hour. Let’s go!”

**Melissa Part 20**

On the plus side, she’d get out of being stared at for two hours. On the minus side, how would the nurses treat her? When they got there, they were the first to arrive. Amanda went off with one nurse, while Melissa got a scowling, fat middle aged woman. She immediately thought of the mean teacher from the movie Matilda. “Well, I don’t like your outfit but we do need your blood. Show me your arms.” Melissa held her arms out for inspection. The nurse proceeded to test her temperature and blood pressure. “Okay, let’s test your iron.” She got a very good result and the nurse asked “Would you be willing to consider apheresis?”  
  
“What’s that?”  
  
“We hook a tube up to each arm and we take out the blood, remove the platelets, and put the blood back in. It helps more people but it does take longer.”  
  
“Sure, I’ll give it a try.” The nurse printed the forms and had Melissa sign them and told her to meet her at bed 6. The bed was raised a bit higher than she expected, and climbing into it in that outfit was not possible to do modestly. To make it worse, it faced a window to the school hallway. The chair was kind of like a chaise lounge, but higher. Melissa fixed her top as best she could. She bravely sat as the needles went into each arm and the blood began to go out. The nurse took some samples back to a counter for testing. After a few minutes, she returned.  
  
“You’ve got a great platelet count. Can we try a triple donation? It works out to another 95 minutes on the machine.”  
  
“Sure, why not?” The nurse punched some buttons on the machine and went off to process another donor. Melissa looked at the monitor. 95 minutes to go. Her nose began to itch, but she couldn’t scratch it because she couldn’t move her arms. Then she realized she was slouched a bit in the chair. She couldn’t stand to sit like that for so long, so she thought she’d scooch her butt back about a foot. So she put her left foot down against the bedframe and pushed herself back. She felt a horrifying sensation and realized that her panties had become untied. Worse, they were now sitting a few inches in front of her crotch. She was essentially bottomless! Worse yet, she couldn’t cover herself due to the tubes she was connected to. She thought she’d just pull her left foot back and keep her legs tight together. The only trouble was, her shoe seemed to get stuck in some little niche in the bedframe. What the devil was that? She tried to pull but could not extricate her shoe, and her foot was securely strapped to her shoe. Now if she hadn’t panicked, she might not have tried this next maneuver. But, she wasn’t thinking clearly. She put her right foot down and tried to push against it. Her bad luck was holding firm as this shoe also got stuck in the bedframe. So she was bottomless and her feet bound to the sides of the frame, forcing her to sit in the chaise with her knees wide apart. Anyone in the area had a perfect pussy shot. But she was not done humiliating herself. She pushed and pulled her feet in a futile attempt to free them. But that shaking did manage to free something else- her breasts emerged from under her top and the top rose to the top of her breasts. Now essentially topless, her arms occupied by the blood lines and unable to pull it down. Nor could she move her hands to shield her pantyhose-covered pussy from view. She was helpless. Looking at the monitor, she had 90 minutes to go! Could it get any worse?  
  
Melissa sat there completely exposed as students gawked through the window at her, pointing there cell phones and recording her plight. Soon Amanda walked up to her chair. “Oh, cool, they picked you for the fancy machine!”  
  
“Please Amanda, fix my top and put my panties back on me.”  
  
“What? After our little fight in the storage room I didn’t think you’d want me to touch you. But if you insist.” Amanda pulled Melissa’s top as high as it would stay. “There! All better! Oh, yes, I forgot about your cute little panties!” She picked them off the chair and wadded them up in her fist. “There, your panties are all fixed!” She laughed as she walked out of the cafeteria.  
  
Melissa turned eight shades of red when the nurse came to check on her. “Look, I’m sorry but my feet are stuck. Can you free them? Can you fix my top?”  
  
“Sorry, but my hands are clean and your clothes aren’t sterile. You’ve only got 40 minutes to go. Once your needles are out you should be able to get free.”  
  
“Please? Everyone’s looking at me.”  
  
“Maybe you should have thought about that before you got dressed. Or undressed, in your case.” The nurse walked away. Oh God, no relief. And even when she got done, there would be no panties for her to wear. At long last she was done with her donation and her arms were freed. She was able to sit upright and move her shoes so they came out of the crevices they were stuck in. So she was off to class, sans panties. Of course Ms. Clayton was quick to realize that her model had lost her panties, and let the class out a few minutes early.  
  
“Melissa, please stay behind a moment” she said as the other students filed out. “Look, you agreed to wear the uniform but you’re not wearing the blue panties that you’re supposed to. We MUST wear the school colors, do we not?”  
  
“Ms. Clayton, the skirt… if you can call it that… is blue.”  
  
“True enough. Look, if you want to go without panties be my guest.”  
  
“You KNOW that isn’t true.”  
  
“Which of us is standing here with her pussy in view? Look, I have all the photos I need of you in panties. From now on, no panties for you.” Still bound by the skirt spell, Melissa could only nod and walk away. Not that panties hid much, but still, the idea….

**Melissa Part 21**

Finally Friday came. Mark had tried to organize a sophomore sit-out but got little participation. Things looked bleak as she got to her Friday 6th hour singing. She was surprised to see a distinguished looking man with white hair with the teachers. “You must be Melissa. I’m Andy. Let’s begin, shall we?” Melissa walked up to the microphone and started belting out “Think of Me” with this strange man sitting just feet from her. He didn’t seem the least bit interested in her body, she could tell that he was totally focused on her voice. When she got done, he cleared his throat and said “Very good, Melissa. Or is it Miss Daae? Your voice is exquisite, I can’t say you’re as good as Sarah Brightman though. But we need to test your stage presence under duress. Take your top off and do it again.” The orchestra started and Melissa hit it out of the park. “Outstanding, now let’s here you do “Wishing You Were Here Again. And let’s lose the skirt and tights, shall we?” Melissa quickly stripped and stood stark naked in front of the microphone. After two weeks of being essentially naked in public, it scarcely mattered to her. She blew the song away and Andy told her to sit. She didn’t bother dressing and sat naked in a chair next to him. “Melissa, I must be honest with you. Mr. Babcock sent me some audio files of your voice last week. I thought you had some potential. In person, you impressed me more. Now, you will require some professional voice training…”  
  
“Oh come on, she’s brilliant NOW!” interrupted Mr. Babcock.  
  
“As I was saying, some professional voice training, acting lessons, you could be a star. And I’m willing to pay you $30,000 per year for two years to learn your trade, plus all lessons will be paid for. You’ll get some minor parts, then get a chance to understudy. You could play Meg Giry at first. While you’re doing that, we have you work on Christine’s parts. Eventually, you’re a star. We’ve got several different companies doing Phantom, you’ll break in somewhere. And there are other parts in other productions I can see you in.”  
  
“That all sounds so nice, I can’t believe it. Professional work at my age?”  
  
The doors burst open. “Not so fast!” called a familiar male voice. It was her father, along with her mother, Mark, and yet another stranger. “Put this on” Her father tossed a nun’s outfit to Melissa. She put it over her nude body and her father produced a boom box. “Joyfull, joyfull from Sister Act” I know you know the words. Sing it!” Melissa sang to the recorded music with power and strength as the orchestra sat there in disbelief. When she was done, her dad took command of the room and spoke to Mr. Babcock and Mr. Curtis. “So much for your theory that she can only sing well when wearing very little. But I do admit that you probably made her a star. A month ago, she wouldn’t have gotten the offer from Broadway or the scholarship offer that she’s about to get. She had to get over her fear of being in front of people and maybe her indecent exposure was what it took.”  
  
“Scholarship?”  
  
“Allow me to introduce myself. I’m Dr. Tessberg , dean of the University of Michigan College of Theatre. We can offer you a full ride, subject to your appearing in our productions, of course.”  
  
“Time out! I need to talk to my parents alone for a minute.”

**Melissa Part 22**

She took her parents to the hallway. “Just what is going on here? Who says I can only sing if I’m dressed slutty?”  
  
“That isn’t it, dear. They just had to get you out of your shell. Before, you had stage fright. Now, you’re a star.”  
  
“Who are they?”  
  
“Just about everybody. Your teachers, your cheer coach, us.”  
  
“So what do I do now?”  
  
“First of all, you need to get the nun’s outfit off. It’s a dress, and you need to be able to say no.”  
  
“Don’t be silly, I can say no in a dress.”  
  
Mark spoke up. “Look, sis. I really hypnotized you. You can’t say no when you’re in a skirt or dress.”  
  
“Don’t be ridiculous. Of course I can.”  
  
“Oh yeah?” Mark held out his hands in front of his chest at the appropriate height and spacing. “Put your boobs on my hands.” She did as instructed.  
  
“Oh my God, why did I do that?”  
  
“We just told you. Now get it off.” Melissa obeyed her father and stood there naked. “Now go back in there and tell them your choice- an education or go directly to Broadway.” Melissa thought as she walked back to the orchestra room in the nude. She walked confidently up to Andy.  
  
“I’m really sorry, Andy. I’ve decided to accept the scholarship. The opera can wait.”  
  
“Don’t, Melissa! Take Broadway!” insisted Mr. Babcock.  
  
Mr. Woods got in his face. “Afraid to lose your $5,000 commission, Morton?”  
  
“No! That’s not it! Take the job and I’ll donate my commission to any charity you name. I’ve always dreamed of one of my students making it big.”  
  
Andy cleared his throat and stood up. “Okay, Melissa. You’re a smart girl. I know how important an education can be. Here’s what I’ll do- you’ll get $50,000 for the first two years. And we’ll put you up in one of the theaters. If we can’t reach a deal on a new contract after that, I’ll pay for your education. All I ask is two years of your time to reach for the stars.”  
  
“Take it!” said Dr. Tessberg. Melissa was surprised that the university gave up so quickly.  
  
She shook Andy’s hand. “Deal!”  
  
“Good. My people will work out the details with you and your parents. Great to have you!” Melissa gathered her concept uniform from the floor and walked up to her parents.  
  
“Go ahead and get dressed” said her father.  
  
As she put her pantyhose on, Melissa noted that Dr. Tessberg was gone. “Where did the dean go?”  
  
“Ha, ha. I’ll fill you in on a secret. He’s no dean. He’s Harry from my office.”  
  
“What was he doing here?”  
  
“Getting you a better offer. He owed me a favor, so he showed up to drive up the bidding.”  
  
Melissa put her top on and stepped into heels. “So you got me an extra twenty grand plus an apartment?”  
  
“Sure. When I figured out what this was all about, I knew you must be really talented and that you needed help to get a better deal.”  
  
“So what was with the nun outfit?”  
  
“Oh, force of habit, I guess.”  
  
“Daddy!”  
  
“Heh heh. Sorry. Okay, I’ve got to run. I’ve got an appointment to keep.” Mr. Woods darted to Ms. Clayton’s room and entered to find her waiting for him. “Hello, Gladys. I’m Phil, Melissa’s dad.”  
“Nice to meet you. Please come sit down. Now what can I do for you?”

**Melissa Part 23- Ending**

“First of all, I wanted to let you know that you made me a little money. I invested in FutCheer when you started to deal in exotic cheerleader uniforms. Sold it yesterday for a tidy profit.”  
  
“Sorry that you got out. I’ve got more orders than I can get sewn here. I’m sending the patterns out to Bangladesh now.”  
  
“You don’t have to tell me. I have ways of finding things out. Now isn’t a bit…. unusual… for a teacher to recommend that a school buy a product for which she has a vested interest?” Ms. Clayton’s eyes narrowed. “Now the school records show that attendance is up and test scores have improved over the past couple weeks. Looks like you’ll be keeping my daughter in that see thru top and no panties, huh?”  
  
“Well, the school board did agree to it.”  
  
“Funny thing about the school computer system. They’re really easy to hack into. The attendance figures and test records could show that the last two weeks have been a bust, if they checked tomorrow. Then you couldn’t sell the school on your sexy basketball cheer uniform, could you?”  
  
“What do you want?”  
  
“Everything has a price. The price of finding out is your blouse.” Ms. Clayton glared at him but slowly unbuttoned her blouse and handed it to him. Mr. Woods grabbed a pair scissors from her desk and made short work shredding her blouse.  
  
“Hey! That’s one of my favorite tops.”  
  
“I never said you’d get it back. Here’s what you’re going to do. You aren’t going to insist that Melissa goes without panties anymore.”  
  
“Fine she can wear panties. Are we done now?”  
  
“Only if you want to get fired for conflict of interest. Give me your skirt and I’ll tell you some more.” Ms. Clayton was clearly rattled by this, but obediently gave him her skirt which he quickly destroyed.  
  
“Give me your laptop and I’ll take care of that pesky little video you have of Melissa helping that boy cheat on his math.” She nodded and he expertly erased the video. “Now you and I know that was a setup. You aren’t going to threaten her in any way ever again, understood?” Ms. Clayton nodded. “Oh yes, another thing. I’ll need your bra.”  
  
“Are you crazy?”  
  
Mr. Woods started walking toward the door. “Sexual harassment of a student is a pretty nasty thing, you know.”  
  
“Wait!” As he stopped to face her, she unhooked her bra, held it in front of her breasts for a moment, and tossed it to him.  
  
“Amanda Jennings is off the team, understood? I think we all know what happened with the car the night her skirt was switched.”  
  
“Fine. Is that it?” He shook his head and pointed at her panties. “I can’t take them off, they’re under my pantyhose.”  
  
“Melissa tells me you have a way around that” he handed her the scissors. She huffed and pulled each panty hip out from her hose and snipped it, then pulled the panties free. He cut them into confetti. “There’s nothing more, I just wanted your panties. Enjoy your ride home.”  
  
Ms. Clayton covered her breasts and sat stunned in her chair after he left. Melissa was going to pay for this. She just wasn’t sure how yet. Just as she was trying to figure out how to get home unseen, the fire alarm rang. She had no choice but to run to her car before the fire department arrived. Holding her hands to her breasts, she ran as fast as heels would allow. She saw the firetruck a few blocks away but then looked down in horror. She had a flat tire. She decided to go ahead and drive on her flat, got in the car, and cranked the key. Click click click click click. The battery was drained. She lay on her front seat to stay out of view of the firemen who were entering the school. Then her cell phone rang.  
  
“Gladys, I didn’t know you were so athletic” laughed the male voice at the other end.  
  
“Mr. Woods, you’ve had your fun. Now can you please get my car going?”  
  
“Sure, that video I took of you running out of school is my insurance against your… tendencies. Now you will not take any retribution on Melissa, will you?” There was an awkward silence. “WILL YOU?”  
  
“Fine, you win.” As she hung up, she looked in the mirror. Mr. Woods attached a compressor to her tire and opened her hood to jump her battery. Later, she drove off fuming. Melissa would pay, no matter what she promised.