**My First Teaching Job**By Hooked6 (Hooked6@hotmail.com)

**My First Teaching Job – Part 1**
“YOU JUST STAND THERE UNTIL THE DEAN GETS HERE!” I shouted at the naked teenage boy who was standing in my office. “And I don’t want to hear another word out of that mouth of yours or there will be hell to pay, is that clear, Mister?”

The young boy nodded his head and stood there meekly as his eyes nervously darted around the room.

You’re probably wondering how a naked teenager came to be standing in my office. In today’s highly regulated school environments with high tech surveillance cameras and school resource officers this seems like a highly improbable situation to find oneself in.

It was a different time when I first began my teaching career. It was a simpler, less complicated time in some ways and in others a much more repressive time. Sometimes I wonder which age was better. One thing is certain, however, and that is that I’ll never forget that first year out of college. Never!

I had just graduated with a Bachelor’s Degree majoring in Physical Education in 1964. Being a 23 year old female thought I’d never get a job coaching high school students in my favorite sport of basketball. This was long before Title IX worked its way into the education system requiring schools to provide opportunities for girls’ competitive sporting activities. But the handwriting was on the wall thanks to President Lyndon Johnson. It took me over a year to find a position. It was at an old but respected private high school in the South. I was hired as a P.E. instructor with the mandate to get as many female students able to qualify for and receive the Presidential Physical Fitness award. Prior to my arrival only the males participated in any sort of physical education program. The idea was that P.E was for boys and Home Economics was for girls. The school dangled the prospect of someday forming a girls’ basketball team. Though money was not yet available in the school’s budget for this the interest was apparently there and the idea had broad parental support according the school’s administration. My position was the first step towards making this goal a reality. So with excitement and a little apprehension, I accepted the job of teaching girls’ P.E.

As you can imagine a female coach in the turbulent era of the mid-sixties was quite rare. There were some but it was not common. It was the time of mini-skirts, revealing clothes and long hair. Women were supposed to be housewives or trophies for their husbands. If they had a career at all it was usually confined to the more traditional roles of nurse or the ubiquitous cashier or waitress. I knew I was breaking ground and that I was going to be facing some challenges entering a man’s world but I was determined to pursue my dream – to help young girls realize their potential. If it sounds like I was a feminist I wasn’t. Feminism wasn’t really a popular concept back then. I just wanted to do what I enjoyed. Though I was somewhat shy and not very outspoken as a rule, I figured that these very qualities might help me overcome the tensions and barriers that I might encounter. The fact that I was easy to get along with, rather than having an “in-your-face” personality, might be the key to success as far as the males were concerned. I was also told I was pretty – which I wasn’t sure if that might be an advantage or a hindrance to me but I needed all the help I could get.

School was already in session when I arrived on my first day at work, the term having started the week prior to my interview. There were many details to be worked out as you can well imagine. Coach Thomas, the Athletic Director for the school, was my immediate supervisor. The gymnasium was at least 20 years old was certainly wasn’t designed to accommodate coeducational sporting activities. Nonetheless he had arranged for the girl’s taking P.E. to use the visitor’s locker-room for the classes and the boys would continue to use their traditional “home team” locker. To prevent unforeseen problems the boys P.E. classes would be held on even hours and the girl’s classes on odd numbered hours thereby keeping the sexes somewhat separated for the most part. It sounded reasonable to me.

The first time I saw my working environment I was somewhat dismayed by the layout of the area. Coach Thomas and I shared the same small but functional office which was sandwiched between the Home and Visitor’s lockers with three doors: one to enter each locker-room and one that led to the main hallway. As I settled in and began arranging my desk I became acutely aware of rather loud noises coming from outside the room. I looked up and to my total dismay saw a large plate-glass window on the wall next to Coach Thomas’ desk that opened into the boys’ locker room. There before my eyes were about a dozen or more boys in varying states of undress. When I spotted one boy totally naked I quickly averted my eyes and looked away rather embarrassingly!

“Oh don’t worry,” my boss said, “they can’t see you. It’s one-way glass.”

“But . . . why?”

“Why the window?  You’re joking right? Honestly Susan, you don’t expect me to leave 30 adolescent teenage boys without supervision, do you? Can you imagine the trouble they’d get into? Why there would be fights and all sorts of mischief – someone may get hurt. I can’t tell you how many times I’ve had to intervene over the years. It’s a necessary evil I’m afraid. Besides, this way the boys can’t tell if I am watching them or not. I can’t be in here every moment of the day you know. Sometimes when I’m not here you’ll have to see to things for me. That’s part of the reason the school board created this job – to give me some help. It’s not a perfect system but it works. Well most of the time anyway.” He then gave me that condescending look as if I was somehow an incompetent female and said, “Surly you can handle THAT can’t you? Boys will be boys. It just goes with the territory. You’re in a position of authority representing this school and I expect you to do your part.”

I nodded my head and then, fearing for my own students’ modesty, quickly scanned the walls for an equivalent window into the girls’ room but thankfully there wasn’t one. I chalked it up to one of the “necessary accommodations” he had talked about when I was interviewed. I wasn’t about to make waves so I accepted the arrangement.

Over the next few days I witnessed most of the male student body completely naked, showering; changing into and out of their P.E. uniforms and the like. Despite being rather liberal minded this was something I had never experienced and I was most uncomfortable with the whole situation – intrigued yes, but most uncomfortable. Some of those boys were only a few years younger than me!  It was all I could do to keep Coach Thomas from catching me blushing! Though we weren’t always in the office together at the same time, mercifully Coach Thomas somehow managed to be around when any boys’ disciplinary problems arose. Still, it was hard to avoid the sight of naked teenagers parading back and forth so one day I discreetly arranged my desk at a slight angle as much as possible so that I wasn’t directly facing the window. It didn’t eliminate the problem as I was still expected to keep an “eye on things,” but it did minimize my discomfort somewhat.

As with most things I eventually grew accustomed to it and the rigors of my job kept me occupied. After two months it was no longer such a complete distraction for me. Oh I still found myself looking a little longer than necessary at times, indulging in a little admiration for the beauty that is male – we are all only human after all, but basically there was so much more to do than I had time for and I was determined to succeed.

Things seemed to be working out. Then one day one of my female students came to my office needing a P.E. Excusal slip signed.  She apparently needed it so she could attend an appointment with her guidance counselor. She came to my office immediately prior to her gym class – normally a hectic moment for me. As she stood there doing a very poor job of trying to explain why she needed to be excused from class I saw her eyes grow wide and several times she lost her train of thought and just stood there mumbling. At first I figured she was just trying to think of a plausible lie in order to obtain a legitimate excuse to skip class so I kept challenging her, forcing her to explain herself. Despite my efforts she still kept that wide-eyed look as she talked with me almost like she was in a daze. When I finally asked her if she was ill she just smirked and pointed to the window at an angle to me and said with a bit of a stutter, “Look Coach!” There in clear view of both of us through the window were at least a dozen naked male junior classmen going about their usual routine after class!

My first reaction was to blush, fearing that something terribly wrong had just happened by me letting this young teenage girl witness such a thing. Then I saw the expression on her face – such an excited and energetic look. It was addictive. I could relate to what this girl was feeling as I myself had probably felt the same way only a few weeks earlier unexpectedly seeing my first naked student.  I let her gaze linger at the window a little longer than I should have before taking control of the situation.  I quickly signed her slip and handed it to her, “Here’s your slip now off to your appointment. “

“But . . . coach . . . you can see . . . I mean . . . they’re NAKED” she said giggling. “Do they know you are in here watching them?!”

“Coach Thomas and I both watch them to make sure they behave themselves. I’m a teacher and a coach, Miss Edwards, not some wacko. It’s part of my job.”

Just then I noticed a terrified look on her face as her voice cracked, “Does Coach Thomas watch  . . . you know . . . the girl’s too?!”

The look of embarrassment and horror on her face as she pondered that thought was intoxicating. What a great opportunity to take advantage of this fear in her and improve my own ability keep my students in line. I calmly but firmly told her, “Just like a good mother, I know when you girls are misbehaving. You never know when you are being watched, Miss Edwards, so you had better be on your best behavior at all times.”

“But, Coach!”

I didn’t want to explain further so I quickly ushered her out of the office and watched her staring at the door as I closed it.

I was sure it wouldn’t be long before news of what had happened leaked out around campus. I approached Coach Thomas and told him about the incident and about my concerns. He just shrugged his shoulders and said, “Sounds like it couldn’t have been avoided. It happens sometimes but we are all professionals here.”

“Yes but, with this office arrangement the way it is it’s likely to happen again. It’s awkward. What if . . .”

My boss interrupted me by raising his hand to keep me from saying anything further. I was clearly aware that he felt my presence and gender as coach was creating all sorts of issues that he’d rather not deal with. Issues like these were tailor-made to prove that women didn’t belong in athletics.  To his credit he tried to maintain some level of accommodation and said, “Look, Susan, I’m sure that you can handle this. Just use your best judgment. Everyone here at this school knows we are attempting something new and things are bound to occur that we haven’t planned for. Just make the best of it and focus on YOUR JOB, Coach, okay? Now I have to get going. I’m late as it is.”

Now it was my turn just to stand there confused.  “Just use your best judgment indeed!” What kind of advice is that?  As I turned around to sit at my desk I saw another naked teenage boy walking towards the showers.  All I could do was stare into the locker-room. “This shouldn’t be so hard,” I thought to myself with frustration. Then I caught the humor in what I just said and laughed out loud.  “Girls are supposed to know exactly how to handle things that are hard. We do it all the time! I’m sure I can find a way to deal with this.”

The bell rang and I headed towards the gym with a silly grin on my face.

**My First Teaching Job – Part 2**
The next day I walked into the gym to conduct my fist class of the day and immediately all activity ceased and for the first time in a long time the area was completely silent as all the girls just stared at me. THAT never happened before. Usually I had to blow my whistle several times and follow up by yelling at the girls to get their attention and quit horsing around.

Amazed I just looked at the girls wondering what in the world was going on. I then looked down at my clothes to make sure I wasn’t exposing something I shouldn’t have been and thought, “OH . . . so THAT’S what this is about! The girls must have heard about the secret window and being watched.”

“Alright, let’s start with five laps around the court.”

“Yes, Coach Susan,” they all replied in unison, and they all took off without a groan or word of protest.

“What the heck?” I muttered to myself. That never happened before either. I didn’t even have to blow my whistle!  Maybe I was onto something here.  Surely the fact a teacher was keeping an eye on them wasn’t responsible for this sudden change in behavior. It must have been the thought that COACH THOMAS might have been watching them that gave them pause. The fear of being seen naked by the opposite sex is a powerful motivator.  Well I never SAID that Coach Thomas was spying on them, I just said they never knew when they might be observed doing something they shouldn’t. If better behavior was the result of this little misunderstanding who was I to complain? Teachers have been using rumors for years to keep their students in line. I’m sure everyone remembers the rumor of the dreaded “spanking machine” in the Principal’s office or the paddle with needles on it. None of these were true of course but the rumors served their purpose back then and made a trip to the Principal’s office something to be avoided at all costs – unlike today when students know they can get away with murder without suffering any consequences.

The class went without a hitch and when it was over, the girls all reluctantly headed towards the locker-room to shower and change.  While in my office I realized that it was awfully quiet – something that usually means there’s trouble afoot so I went out the office door that led to the locker area and saw that all the girls where already dressed. I also noticed the shower area was dry and this being the first class of the day the floor should have been wet.

“You girls know you are all required to take showers after P.E. I’ll give you all two minutes to get undressed and get in the showers or you’ll all spend the ENTIRE class tomorrow running laps. Now GET MOVING!”

Most of the girl’s mouths dropped open while others nervously looked around the room. I knew what they were thinking – that Coach Thomas was going to see them naked. Okay privately that was an interesting thought as he was quite a good-looking, athletic guy and even I would get week-kneed think he might see me that way. Still I couldn’t have the students running the school. Rules were rules and I was charged with maintaining order. I decided not to let the cat out of the bag and just stand my ground. Up to now many of the girls were what today are known as “Drama Queens” anyway so it would be a good lesson for them to learn that sometimes you had to do things that you didn’t like. Besides, a lot was riding on the success of this program for girls so I figured I needed all the extra help I could get. “GET MOVING, GIRLS!” I shouted as I forcefully clapped my hands. “Let’s get the lead out! No one had better be late for their next class either or there will be hell to pay! MOVE IT!”

Once they realized I was serious it was like someone had spotted a mouse on the floor! Arms and legs were flailing everywhere as the girls frantically stripped to their underwear as I watched. Eventually everyone was naked cowering behind each other to avoid being seen. It wasn’t long before there was a line at the gang shower-heads as everyone tried to get this process over with without delay so they could get dressed again. I had to laugh to myself as only a few weeks earlier none of these girls would have thought a thing about getting their showers. Powerful forces were at work here - powerful forces indeed.

I think this class set a record for the fastest showers ever! They were through and out the door before even the first bell rang announcing the change of class. I was going to have to remember this and file it away for future use.  Little Miss Edwards may not have realized it but she had done me a tremendous service being the gossip-monger that she was. Of course I realized that I’d have to tell them sooner or later but not before I established myself as a serious coach and authority figure.

Feeling smug with my new found confidence I set out to achieve my goals not as concerned as I had been about my place at the school. A lot of my self-doubts about my abilities to do the job in a man’s world seemed, from then on, to be relegated to the back of my mind as things started falling into place.

Yes Coach Susan belonged here and the world had better watch out!

Yeah, well it’s funny how the universe can conspire against you when you think everything is “perfect.”

It wasn’t long after that – a few weeks maybe that I was busy in my office doing some grading when I heard some serious shouting coming from the boy’s locker-room. I quickly looked up and there was a fight – not just some playful jousting - but a serious fist-throwing, stomach busting fight among several boys in the showers.  Oh GAWD! I had dreaded this day. I frantically went out the office door that led into the hallway to see if Coach Thomas was around but I didn’t spot him. I hurried into the gym but it was empty. He would have to pick this day to be away from his desk! DAMN!!

The sounds emanating from the locker-room had grown in intensity and the repetitive chant of “FIGHT  –  FIGHT  -  FIGHT” was now echoing throughout the gymnasium. I recalled the words of Coach Thomas on my first day as we spoke about maintaining discipline: “Sometimes when I’m not here you’ll have to see to things for me. That’s part of the reason the school board created this job. You CAN handle that can’t you?”

I knew that I HAD to do SOMETHING.  I swallowed hard, closed my eyes, took a deep breath and rushed through the door of the boy’s locker.

“WHAT’S GOING ON HERE?  BREAK IT UP!” I shouted trying my best to sound authoritative. The cracking of my high pitched voice didn’t help matters apparently as the boys kept fighting.  If I didn’t get these boys under control soon I would never be able to do my job. “I SAID BREAK IT UP!” I shouted again as I attempted to wade through the pile of naked bodies that were now wrestling on the floor. I had never seen so many naked butts and penises up close in my entire life!!! I was very intimidating let me tell you. I would have to pick today to wear shorts and a tank top!!

I grabbed a hold of the boy on top that seemed to be the most aggressive and tried to pull him off the pile. THAT was a mistake. His arm came flying backwards at me and slapped me in the face causing me to scream!!

An audible gasp filled the room as the boys realized what had just happened.

I was more shocked than in pain but the scream caused everyone to freeze – for which I was eternally grateful.

“IT’S COACH SUSAN!!!” one of the boys shouted in a panic and suddenly all the boys upon seeing that a girl was in their locker-room immediately began using their hands to cover themselves.  I seized the moment to grab that boy again and pulled him up to a standing position holding his arm as tightly as I could.

“WHAT’S GOING ON HERE? Who started this?” I barked trying not to sound intimidated.

I didn’t have to wait long for an answer. “HE DID!” several of the boy’s hollered as they pointed at the naked boy I was holding. “Adam Connors started it. He hit Tommy here because he accidentally bumped into him coming out of the showers.”

I looked around at all the boys and their faces were a combination of embarrassment and terror. I knew I had control now. My gender gave me the power I lacked physically to maintain order. I slowly looked around the room at each boy making sure they each saw that I deliberately glanced at their privates and I made sure that they also saw me smirk each time I noticed that they had seen me doing that.  Suddenly I felt the anger and hostility in the room abate and this pack of testosterone-charged boys became docile and manageable.

“YOU, Adam Conners, will come with me. The rest of you finish washing up and get dressed. “

“Yes, Coach,” they all answered in unison, just like my girls had done previously. There was no doubt about who was in charge now.

I yanked the arm of my charge and spun his naked little self around and headed for the door that led to the hallway – much to his horror I’m sure. After that disrespectful slap in the face he had just given me I didn’t care if there were girls in the hallway or not!

“She’s taking him out NAKED!” I heard one boys whisper incredulously to the others. Another added, “I wonder where she’s taking him?”

“OH MY GAWD!” I heard a girl say as I opened the door and led Adam out of the locker-room.

**My First Teaching Job – Part 3**
“She’s taking him out NAKED!” I heard one boys whisper incredulously to the others. Another added, “I wonder where she’s taking him?”

“OH MY GAWD!” I heard a girl say as I opened the door and led Adam out of the locker-room.

The sound of the sophomore girl’s shock at the sight of this naked boy being dragged out into the hallway didn’t even faze me. My mind was focused on more important issues – namely my credibility as a female coach. The boy tried to yank his arm from me and run as the female student stood there laughing hysterically. Big mistake; he wasn’t successful. The door to my office wasn’t but a few steps away and I could have easily made it in two or three seconds but this boy’s second act of defiance of trying to get away wasn’t going to go unchallenged. I stopped in mid-stride to prolong his exposure to his classmate. I purposely turned the boy, who was desperately trying to cover himself with his free hand but not doing a very good job of it, towards the girl so she could get a better look and increase the boy’s humiliation. I can be a bitch when someone tries to cross me.

“What’s going on coach?” the girl asked barely able to get the words out through her laughter.

“Adam was fighting in the showers and he is going to be punished.”

The girl’s eyes grew wide and her mouth dropped open as she just stood there trying to take it all in.

“Tiffany, don’t you have a class to go to?”

“Yes, coach . . . but what’s going to . . .”

I interrupted her obvious question, “Tiffany I’m not going to tell you again. You had better get to your next class. You don’t want to end up just like Adam here, do you? I’m not in any mood to put up with students who don’t do as they’re told.”

The girl got a panicked look on her face and turned to scurry off, “No, Coach . . . Sorry, Coach!”

I felt the boy’s arm relax in my grip as he let out an audible sigh, “Thanks Coach.”

“THANKS? Thanks for WHAT?” I snapped. “You’re in big trouble mister,” I said as I spun him around and headed to my office.

As I opened the door I literally shoved the poor boy inside and followed him in. Part of me was hoping that Coach Thomas had returned and could see for himself that I could indeed handle any disciplinary problems for him but he wasn’t there.

The boy meekly moved away from me backing up against the wall that faced the hallway door as I entered the room.  My adrenalin was still pumping at an all-time high after dealing the with situation in the locker-room, that is until I heard the door click shut and I realized that I was now alone in the office with a naked boy. If he was indeed the violent sort I could have unwittingly put myself in danger as he could have easily taken advantage of me and no one would know or come to my aid.

One look at the embarrassment on his face, however, and I knew I still had control and that I had to keep it that way.

I picked up the phone and held the receiver up to my ear. “YOU JUST STAND THERE UNTIL THE DEAN GETS HERE!” I shouted at the naked teenage boy. “And I don’t want to hear another word out of that mouth of yours or there will be hell to pay, is that clear, Mister?”

The young boy nodded his head and stood there meekly as his eyes nervously darted around the room.

As I started to dial he interrupted me in a panic, “PLEASE Coach. Don’t call the dean. PLEASE!”

“And just why not? What you did was a serious violation of school rules. Fighting will NOT be tolerated.”

“Coach, PLEASE. You don’t understand. This is the second time I’ve gotten caught for fighting. I’ll get expelled!  I didn’t mean it. I’m sorry. I’ll never do it again. I PROMISE! Please don’t call the Dean!.”

The boy looked all pitiful with his legs quivering and his face looking like he was about to cry. I actually almost felt sorry for him – almost. I couldn’t however give him the impression that I was a push-over or a softie. Everyone pleads for mercy after they have been caught! If I let him go after what had happened in front of all those witnesses my credibility would be trashed forever. I’d never be able to project authority or command respect in my job. I HAD to hold the line.

“Oh so I should just overlook this and let you go? Not a chance, mister. ESPECIALLY since you struck me on the face and this is your second time fighting. You obviously didn’t learn your lesson the first time. What makes you so special anyway? No, I HAVE to call the Dean.”

“I admit I was wrong and I’m sorry. I am REALLY very sorry. Isn’t there some other way? Can’t you handle this without calling the Dean? You’ll see. I’ve learned my lesson. You won’t see me fighting again. Can’t you think of another way – detention for a week maybe . . . two weeks or   . . .”

I interrupted him, “Didn’t I say to stand there quietly. Put your hands on your head and stand there without making a sound!”  The boy immediately complied and for the first time I noticed that he was . . . well . . . let’s just say he was indeed blessed in the male anatomy department. In all the excitement I hadn’t really noticed before. It was all I could do not to blush which would have really put me at a disadvantage if he noticed my discomfort.

Just then the hallway door opened and one of my students walked in. “Are you coming, Coach. It’s time for  . . . WHAT THE . . . ADAM?!  What’s going on, Coach ?” she said with her mouth wide open and a shocked look on her face as she looked up and down at the boy fully displayed for her unwitting inspection.

“Beth, I have a problem here that I must attend to. I’ll be there in a few minutes. In the mean time I want you to have the girls do calisthenics. You know the routine. Just keep them busy until I get there.”

The girl giggled and replied, “Yes Coach,” and then scurried out the door. Before the door closed it was easy to hear her shout down the hallway, “COACH HAS ADAM CONNERS NAKED IN HER OFFICE!!” followed by squeals of delight from some of the girls.

I was about to call out and chastise her before the door closed but then I saw the look on Adam’s face! It was priceless. I had never seen such an embarrassed, humiliated look on another human being in my entire life. This boy wasn’t so tough after all. He was putty in my hands. I put down the receiver and studied the boy for a moment as I pondered the situation. Clearly this boy’s suspension from school for fighting the first time failed to have any effect on his behavior or his temper. I doubted whether expulsion for a second offense would solve the problem either. He would just end up doing the same thing beating up some other poor soul at a different school.  The words of Coach Thomas rang loudly in my ears, “Just use your best judgment.”

Well, indeed that’s what they were paying me for, I supposed.  I studied the boy further making sure he knew I was considering his situation carefully.

“Adam,” I said with deliberation, “If I . . .”

“I’ll do anything you say Coach. I was wrong and any punishment you want me to do I’ll do it. You’ll see. Just don’t call the Dean.”

I walked right up to his face and stared at him, looking directly into his eyes silently for several moments. “You mean that? You’ll accept any punishment I deem appropriate?”

“Yes Coach. I promise, whatever you say.”

“We’ll see about that,” I said as I picked up the phone.

The color of his skin all but drained from his face. “But you said you weren’t calling the Dean!”

“I’m not,” I said calmly as I waited for someone to answer the phone.  The boy let out a HUGE sigh of relief as he stood there faithfully with his hands on top of his head.

“Hello, Mrs. Conners? This is Coach Susan at the high school.”

**My First Teaching Job – Part 4**

“I’m sorry to bother you but I wonder if you would be able to come by the school right away. You see your son Adam is in trouble and I think we need to deal with this . . . No he’s not injured but he did hurt another student . . . “ I could hear the anger rising in this woman’s voice as I continued my conversation. It was just the sort of reaction that I was hoping for. Clearly this mother cared enough about her son to set things right.  “Yes, that’s right. I’m at the gym. Just come to the Coach’s office and I’ll meet you there.”

When I hung up the phone I looked at Adam and gave him a smirk. I was sure he hadn’t expected me to call his mother. “Well, it’s better than the Dean isn’t it? And, you did say you would accept any punishment I thought appropriate. Well, this is the best way to sort this out without involving the Dean.”  I was actually proud of myself for thinking of this solution. It was responsible and, more to the point, it hit home with the boy. I could tell that it hit a sensitive spot by the sheer look of terror in his eyes as he heard my reasoning.

Adam lowered his head and looked at the floor. Much to my surprise he still kept his hands on top of his head remaining obedient and completely exposed to me. He knew he had really done it this time and I suspected he wanted to get out of this with the least amount of difficulty possible.

“Is she on her way?” he asked apprehensively still looking at the floor.

“Yes. She’ll be here in 15 minutes. I guess you don’t live too far from the school.”

“Can I get my clothes from my locker now?”

To this day I’m not sure exactly WHY, but I just smiled and simply said, “No.”

“WHAT?!”

“You just stay there until I say you can move. You had better demonstrate to me that you can follow rules and that you can indeed change, young man or our deal is off.” I then sat down at my desk and started working on my lesson plans.  The boy just looked at me in shock like he couldn’t believe what he had just heard.

Just then Coach Thomas walked in and stopped dead in his tracks upon seeing the naked boy against the wall. I glanced over at Adam and saw his face light up as if he was sure that I was the one going to get it now. To tell you the truth I thought at that very moment that this student might just be right!  I didn’t have the courage to look up at my boss, unsure as I was of what he’d say, so I just continued writing my lesson plans trying to look confident.

“What’s going on?” he finally asked as he shut the office door.

One of your students,” I said pointing at the boy. “He started a fight in the showers and I had to break it up. I dragged the little snot in here when he hit me in the face.”

“OH?” he said in an authoritative voice as he looked angrily at the boy. “Adam Conners - It figures. So did you call the Dean?”

I shuffled some papers on my desk trying to give the impression of confidence and that I was in control of the situation.  “No, I didn’t call the Dean.”

“You really need to report this.” He said as he headed towards the phone on his desk.

“No, I called his MOTHER. She’s coming right over.”

Just then Adam spoke up in a panicky voice and said, “Coach, make her give me back my clothes! She won’t let me have them. This is ridiculous. Make her give them back.”

The coach just chuckled and winkled at me. “Called his mother, eh? “

While he was still chuckling I replied, “Yep. Figured she needed to SEE what her son gets up to at school when she’s not around.”

“Good idea,” my boss said as he grabbed his whistle from his desk drawer and headed towards the door. From the expression on his face he knew what I was up to and tacitly decided not to interfere.

“BUT COACH!” the boy squealed nervously.

“Son, I think Coach Susan is being lenient. If it were up to me you’d be in front of the Dean right now and with your record believe me it wouldn’t go well. You made your bed now lie in it.”

Shortly after my boss left the room, the bell rang announcing the end of the class period. I had forgotten all about my Girl’s P.E. class! They had been alone for the entire class period! As I was pondering what mischief my girls might have gotten into, the office door opened and in walked one of my students – a different student than I had given the assignment to have the girls do calisthenics to. She had a silly, nervous but eager grin on her face as if she KNEW what to expect and seeing her naked classmate she wasn’t disappointed. I knew this was very humiliating for the boy but, to Adam’s credit, he just stood there with his hands on his head blushing as this girl looked him over.

“Yes?”

“Coach, we finished our exercises and took our showers. Betty did a good job. Just wanted you to know in case you are still busy,” the coed said giggling like . . . well, like a silly school girl.

“Thank you. Would you have time to do me a favor? Adam is going to be late to his next class and I am all out of tardy slips to give him. Could you be a dear and stop by the office and have them send some down to me?”

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“Certainly Coach!” she replied as she reluctantly left the room, looking back over her shoulder at the boy at least three times before actually exiting.

“That was horrid, Coach!” Adam said looking like he was about to faint.

“Why?” I asked as if I didn’t understand. “She was just letting me know about my class that I had to miss because of YOU! It was a very responsible thing to do on her part.”

“You wouldn’t understand.”

“Why? Because I’m a GIRL? Oh I get it. You’re sweet on Tiffany. Is THAT it?” I said snickering.  “She’s cute!” The boy’s face turned crimson as I added, “I wonder what she thinks of you now.”

As I continued to sit at my desk pretending to work on my lesson planning I couldn’t help but be grateful for my boss’s support. He could have really thrown me under the bus but instead he made it clear in his own way that he would stand behind me. That in itself was a huge accomplishment I thought. A couple of months ago I was an intrusion into a male dominated profession. Now I felt the tiniest bit of acceptance. To me that was HUGE!

After several more minutes had passed there was a knock on the door.  “Come,” I shouted figuring it was another of my students.  A smartly-dressed, middle-aged woman came in with another lady about her age tagging along behind her. They both looked a bit taken aback by the presence of this naked teenager but they handled it in stride.

“I’m Mrs. Conners,” the woman said. “You must be Coach Susan.”

We exchanged pleasantries for a moment then she turned towards her son.  “WHAT HAVE YOU DONE NOW?” She shouted angrily at her teenager.

“Ma! Did you have to bring our neighbor?! It’s bad enough as it is!”

“THAT’S what you are worried about - this woman seeing you? You should be worried about the trouble you are in.”

“But MA! I’m naked!”

“You wouldn’t be that way if you didn’t deserve it,” She said smacking his head with the palm of her hand.  Turning to me she asked, “What’d he do?”

I explained the circumstances of the fight in the showers and how when I tried to break it up he had hit me on the face.

The woman smacked the boy’s face hard this time. “You HIT a teacher?! What’s wrong with you? Such a pretty girl too - have you lost your mind?!”

As she was berating her son in front of her neighbor, Coach Thomas entered the office. “Oh, excuse me. I just need to get my class attendance roster.”

“This is my boss, Coach Thomas,” I said introducing him to the ladies present.

“Coach, what am I to do with this boy?  He fights all the time and thinks he’s some kind of big shot. I’m sick of his behavior.” Then to her son she added with emphasis, “SICK – do you hear me boy – SICK!”

“Sounds like he needs a good old-fashioned ass-whipping. Oh, please excuse my language ladies.”

“I agree,” the boy’s mother said. “You’re a strong man. Please, teach him a lesson. You have my permission. Maybe coming from you it’ll sink in.”

The boy began to look seriously worried as he sized up the damage this athletic man could do to his behind. I have to admit the thought of watching this man deliver a pummeling to this unruly teen’s tender backside was rather “stimulating” if you know what I mean. We all waited with uncertain anticipation to see what he would do.

“I’d like nothing better than to help you ladies, but I’m afraid I have a class to teach. Perhaps Coach Susan could help you out. After all, it was her face that the boy hit. I’m sure you ladies can use your own good judgment as to how to work this out.”

That seemed to be his standard answer for everything – “Just use your own good judgment.”

**My First Teaching Job – Part 5**
No sooner than Coach Thomas left the office the boy’s mother grabbed her son by his ear and pulled him across the room to my boss’s desk, turned him around and pushed him over the desk so that his naked rear-end was pointing at the hallway door and staring me in the face. “Well? How about it? Your boss was right. He needs a good tanning and I think you’re just the one who needs to do it. It will hurt more coming from his pretty young teacher than it would from me.”

“But . . .” I stammered, not sure if this was an appropriate thing for me to do.

“Don’t tell me you’re going all soft on him, now are you?”

“NO . . . it’s not that. It’s just . . . I’m not sure what I can use.”

The boy spoke up from his crouching position, “Ma, NO! I’ve learned my lesson, Honest!”

“How about this?” The neighbor lady asked as she picked up a Ping-Pong paddle from a shelf in the corner of the room.

“Perfect.” Mrs. Conner said as she grabbed the paddle and handed it to me. My heart was racing as this felt weird. This boy was only a few years younger than me and I was supposed to tan his hide?  Both women were looking intently waiting for me to take action. I had no choice. I created this mess by calling his mother and now I had no real option but to follow through and accede to her wishes.  I thought that she would just give him an earful and the embarrassment of his mother seeing him stripped bare would be more effective than anything the Dean could have done. Now I was stuck administering corporal punishment. I had never done anything like that before in my life! In fact I had only seen one man naked prior to coming to this school yet somehow I was able to overcome that awkwardness. Surely I could overcome this too.

I took a few practice swings in the air mostly for show and partially to stall for time. I swallowed hard and took up a position next to the boy and put my left hand on his back causing him to flinch. I raised the paddle in the air in an exaggerated fashion to impress the women when the hallway door opened up and Tiffany, the student I had sent for tardy slips, barged in.

She gasped at seeing the paddle in my hand and stood there almost in shock not saying a word. I quickly lowered the paddle and looked at her. “Yes, Tiffany?

“Um . . . ah  . . . I have the . . . um . . .”

“Spit it out, girl.”

“I have the tardy . . . maybe I should come back!” she said realizing what was about to happen.

“NONSENSE,” Mrs. Conners said reaching for the girl’s shoulder. “Are you one of Coach Susan’s helpers?”

“Ah . . . no ma’am . . . um, that is she did send me to the office for some forms she needed but . . .”

“Well, don’t run off just because of my stupid son. No sense in interrupting your normal work. We’ll be through in a little bit. Just wait here,” she said holding onto the girl’s shoulders.

“Please Coach!! Not with Tiffany here! Send her away,” Adam pleaded. He was right, of course. Having this girl here WAS a bit much - even for me!

I was about to tell Tiffany to leave the forms and get back to class when Adam’s mother reached out and slapped his butt with her bare hand. “QUIET, boy - since when do you tell adults what to do? Just shut up and take it like a man. You earned this. It’s nobody’s fault but your own. You caused enough trouble for the people at this school today. I’ll not have you disrupting their work anymore. Go ahead, Coach.”

I glanced over at Tiffany and the expression on her face was a combination of fear and excitement. I was absolutely sure this was a first for her!

Raising the paddle once more I half-closed my eyes and swung it towards the teen’s hind-end. I had intended on making a good show of it but in reality not using much actual force. I was shocked when I heard a very LOUD WHACK as the paddle connected to his skin.

The boy gasped at the sting of my blow and tensed the muscles in his butt-cheeks causing Tiffany to giggle, much to the delight of the two ladies present. I was shocked at my own handiwork and felt bad for the boy as obviously it must have really hurt. What was once silky-smooth skin now bore a darkening red spot in the shape of the paddle. I had never intended to hit him so hard!

 “GOOD ONE!” Mrs. Conners said. “I knew it was a good idea to have his Coach do this. That was much better than I could have ever done!” The neighbor lady also quickly agreed. There was no letting up now. I was trapped.

I swung the paddle again in the same fashion with the blow landing on his other cheek. This time Adam didn’t gasp, he yelped! Tiffany laughed out loud at that and so did the women. I had to try a stifle a giggle myself as his butt cheeks were hilariously quivering. It was quite a site to be sure.

“How many do you think he deserves?” Mrs. Conners asked.

“Well . . .” I started to reply hoping that the two strokes I administered would be enough.

Mrs. Conners then spoke up asking Tiffany what grade she was in.

“Eleventh grade,” she replied, “Why?”

“I think eleven strokes ought to do it. Adam is in eleventh grade too. Is he in any of your classes dear?”

“Um . . . yes several in fact. I see a lot of him every day. I sure never thought I’d see him this way though.”  Her comment made the two women laugh openly as Adam buried his face in his hands.

“Eleven strokes it is, Coach,” said his mother. I then dutifully administered the remaining nine strokes. By the time I was done, Adam was choking back tears and his bottom was a beautiful shade of crimson. It was clear we had gotten to the seat of the problem.

His mother spun him around and made her son apologize – first to me for fighting and slapping my face and then to Tiffany for having to witness his punishment!

“He won’t be going to class for the rest of the day,” Mrs. Conners announced. “I’m taking him home with me and deal with this some more.” She then grabbed him by the ear again and began dragging him towards the hallway door.

“But MA . . . My CLOTHES!”

“You can get those tomorrow, young man. You’ve caused enough trouble already.” She then thanked me for bringing the matter to her attention and proceeded to drag him out the door – naked with his red behind shinning for all to see. “You just wait until your father gets home!”

Tiffany looked at me cautiously for a moment then we both ended up having a good laugh as we watched the boy heading out into the parking lot, his mother still giving him an earful.

Several weeks later I was in the gym refereeing a game of basketball among my girls during their P.E. class when all of a sudden everyone stopped what they were doing like they were frozen or something. The only sound was that of the game ball bouncing to a stop on the court floor. I turned around to see what the commotion was and got the shock of my life! There entering the court was Coach Thomas dragging a reluctant, totally naked female student onto the court heading my way.

Several girls gasped! It was their worst nightmare-come-true. I always thought the girls might have suspected that Coach Thomas was spying on them in the showers – a little rumor that I did little to dispel, but THIS  . . . this was almost unbelievable. The girls were all standing with their mouths open and a few were whispering something I couldn’t make out. One thing was certain, however, no one was moving as all eyes were fixed directly on the naked girl firmly in the grasp of this MAN!

“One of yours, I believe” he said upon reaching the place where I was standing.

“What . . . what happened, Coach?

“Do you want to tell her Rose or shall I?” he asked the teenager. She looked around at her classmates then lowered her head and said nothing.

“Fine, I’ll tell her. I was sitting at my desk when something caught my eye in the boy’s locker-room. I looked up and saw this naked idiot skulking through the lockers. I saw her take this.” Coach Thomas then held up a boy’s athletic supporter, the sight of which made all the other girls laugh hysterically. “She STOLE it. She’s a thief as well as an idiot.”

The girl just stood there silently not admitting or denying anything.

“I’m sure she did it on a dare or something and OTHERS were probably involved,” he said as he looked at all my students one by one. “I trust you can deal with this effectively,” he said with a wink as turned the girl over to me.

**My First Teaching Job – Part 6**
As the entire class watched a confident Coach Thomas leave the gym, my mind was racing trying to figure out what to do. A very embarrassed naked girl was nervously trying to use her hands to cover herself as she watched her classmates turn to stare at her when the gym door finally clanged shut. Several of them were glaring at her rather oddly but most had a certain gleam in their eyes – almost as if they were enjoying this poor girl’s predicament.

“Alright girls back to the game. Rose, you just sit on the bleachers over there.” I blew my whistle to get the girls back onto the court but there was so much laughter and carrying on that it was clear I wasn’t going to get anything productive out of them.

“HEY ROSE . . . did you give Coach Thomas a boner?” one of the girl’s teased as she jogged onto the court in an exaggerated fashion.

 “I’ll bet she couldn’t give my DOG a woody – look at her boobs. My brother has bigger tits than that!” mocked another as many of the girls laughed and joined in the taunting of their classmate.

I blew my whistle loud and long. Things were about to get out of hand and I had to do something.  “ENOUGH!” I screamed. “EVERYONE HIT THE SHOWERS . . . NOW!”

“But Coach, class just started. It’s too early to quit.”

“I said NOW!!!” and clapped my hands repeatedly urging them out of the gym.

My mind was spinning, cluttered with all sorts of thoughts. If I didn’t handle this situation effectively things could get rough for me. I had gone out on a limb with Adam and things had fortunately worked out but I was definitely still on thin ice and I was not about to dragged down by a bunch of unruly school girls – not by my own kind! If these girls weren’t held in check it would only reinforce the establishment’s view that women couldn’t be taken seriously. At least that’s how I viewed the world at the time. How could Rose do that to me? What was she thinking?

After the last of my students entered the girl’s locker-room I went into my office and put my head between my hands and sighed. What was I going to do? I took several deep cleansing breaths trying to calm myself so I could think clearly. As I looked up I saw the window that looked out over the boy’s locker-room - the scene of the crime. What must Coach Thomas have thought as he sat at his desk and spotted a naked Rose in HIS shower area? Surely he must have questioned his sanity at hiring me and going to bat for me with the school board over this program of coed P.E. As I looked at the empty locker it suddenly hit me! I knew what I had to do. A little creative thinking helped turn a wayward boy around. Perhaps that was what was needed here again.

I stormed into the girl’s shower area. Most of the girls were either in the shower or had just finished and a few were various stages of getting undressed.  “You girls in the shower . . . stop what you are doing and come here! Line-up against that wall.” I said forcefully as I pointed.

A bunch of confused looks greeted my instructions so I said it again, louder and with greater emphasis. “You heard me. Turn the water off and line up against the wall over there.”  Several of the girls did as I commanded and started to reach for towels to dry off. “NONE OF THAT. Just line up like you are against the wall.”

“But Coach, we’re wet.”

“So? You won’t melt. Get over there.” Turning to the rest of the class I continued, “and the rest of you drop your towels and join them. Patty, Karen off with the panties. I want EVERYONE against the wall.”

“But why, Coach? We’ve not done anything wrong.” One student complained.

“Don’t ask questions. Just do as you’re told.”

Soon a line of 20 naked coeds was reluctantly made – some clean and still dripping wet while others looked rough like they had just run a mile. It was amusing just watching their reactions. Most were totally self-conscious and ashamed while a few – most notably the well-endowed or obviously pretty ones – were quite proud to stand there quite at ease displaying their assets to the rest of the class.  I must admit the variety of body-styles was quite intriguing. They all were fit and possessed the same essential anatomy but how they were put together was remarkably varied.

“Follow me” I instructed as I headed towards the door that led to my office.

The line of anxious girls all hesitated for a moment but as I headed towards my office they all soon followed. I opened the door and entered my domain – the inner-sanctum as it were - and then headed straight across to the opposite door that led to the boy’s locker area pausing only momentarily to ensure they knew we weren’t stopping at my desk. I spotted several girls pointing out to their classmates the large window that over-looked the showers – something that I was sure that had been talked about but very few had ever seen. Now they all had proof.

“Come along, girls. I haven’t got all day.” I entered the empty boy’s locker area and took a position facing the showers.  “Line up single file in front of the showers.”

“Aren’t those the boys showers?” one of the students asked.

“Are they really? Gee, I didn’t know that,” I replied sarcastically, “Go to the head of the class, Amber. Now line up and keep quiet.”

“Why are we here, Coach?” one of my better students asked nervously.

I stood there silently letting everything sink in. A showerhead was dripping water in the background which slowly gurgled down the drain in the wet floor of the shower area – such a waste, but in my case served me well in heightening the senses. The air was humid and sticky having recently accommodated at least 30 teenage males that had showered after their last class and were now off to other areas of the school. The nostrils were assaulted by the smell of . . . men, the pungent aroma of manly deodorant, heady cologne and that musky smell that defines all things male. It was even getting to me so I could only imagine what it was doing to these highly hormonal teenage females.  After a few moments I could see that most, if not all the girls were growing quite apprehensive. Those that were already shy had tightened their grip around their intimate parts with their hands as they tried to preserve some sense of modesty. Those that had been confident before showed no evidence of that now. They too were striking poses that showed little if anything intimate.  When I saw that, I knew I had regained the upper hand.

“You are here because it’s OBVIOUS to me that you are so curious about what the boy’s locker-room looks like that you are willing to take HUGE risks just to see it. Well, here it is. Look around. Take it all in. Get your fill of it.”

The girls just stood there looking at me not daring to move a muscle. “I said LOOK AROUND!! I’m not in the habit of repeating myself.” Slowly each girl glanced around the room – just little turns of the head at first but then as curiosity got the best of them they let their eyes wander freely checking everything out.

“So what do you see, girls?”

“Looks just like our locker area, Coach,” one of the students replied.

“EXACTLY,” I said emphatically. “So, Rose, would you mind telling me what this is all about? Why were you in here looking at something that looks EXACTLY like the facilities you have?”

Rose stood there meekly not saying a word.

“Rose, come here.”

The girl moved out of line and took a few steps towards me and stopped. She looked at me for a moment then lowered her head to the floor.

“I’m waiting, Rose. Why did you skip class and sneak in here naked?”

The girl began fidgeting a little with her hands but she kept looking at the floor not uttering a sound.

“I expect an answer.”

Still she said nothing.

“You know what I think? I think Coach Thomas was right. I think someone put you up to this, that’s what I think. Who was it, Rose? Tell me. I have to know. Things will get bad around here if you persist in shielding this person or persons or would you rather I get Coach Thomas again and you can tell him.” Several small gasps were heard after my comment as the rest of the class wondered if I was serious.

Rose continued to fidget but defiantly stood her ground and said nothing. She was beginning to really piss me off. I took it not as an act of a girl that was scared but rather as an act of defiance.

“Don’t you girls realize what’s at stake here? Don’t you realize how privileged you are to be given the opportunity to participate in sports and in classes that have been closed to women before? You have been given a chance to break new ground. All eyes in the community and at the School Board are on you judging whether this is a worthwhile endeavor or not. All it will take is one stupid stunt like this to ruin everything! Now I’m asking you again, Rose, Who put you up to this?”

Everyone looked at Rose waiting for her to answer, yet Rose stood there refusing to say anything at all that might be helpful – even something that might make things go easier for her as clearly what she did required correction.

“Fine,” I said indignantly to all the girls, “we’ll stay here just like this the whole damn day if we have to. No one is leaving until I find out what is going on and why one of my students risked everything on a stupid stunt. Do you hear me? No one moves until I find out so one of you had better start talking.

“But, Coach,” Kimberly Tanner, said excitedly. “Our class is almost over and . . .”

“And what?”

“The boys will be coming in here for their P.E. class soon!”

“I guess they’ll get quite a surprise won’t they?” I said with a smirk.

**My First Teaching Job – Part 7**
I had purposely positioned the girls so that they faced the main locker-room entrance door and the large clock that hung above it. I knew that as the students watched each second tick off coming closer and closer to the time of the end of their class that the pressure would mount.

Sooner or later I would find out what this was all about and, hopefully in the process, prevent another stunt like this from ever happening again. I just wished that someone would come forward BEFORE the boys actually arrived. I would hate to have to explain this to the Principal. Still, I thought this risk was worth taking. My creative solution with Adam Conners worked out better than I could have hoped as he had been a model student ever since our little encounter. I was pretty sure this would work out the same way – at least I prayed that it would.

As we waited in silence I spotted Rose looking at her reflection in the mirrored window. “Yes, Rose. That’s how Coach Thomas spotted you. He can see everything from in there.” I noticed the young student’s legs buckled a bit at my comment as I am sure she was wondering if he was in the office now looking at her again.

10 more minutes raced off the clock yet no one volunteered any information. I decided to ratchet up the stress a bit. “I’m sure ONE of you knows the story behind Rose’s little adventure this morning. As far as I’m concerned ALL of you do. By remaining silent you are telling me that you are ALL guilty. If I don’t find out just who was involved ALL of you will be punished. It’s a shame really. That the innocent have to suffer with the guilty, but what choice do I have? Think about it. In the meantime I want you all to put your hands on top of your heads.” There were a few sighs but no one moved to comply with my request. They were smart. Doing so would have left their bodies totally uncovered – exposed to anyone who might happen to walk through the entrance door. “MOVE!” I yelled as forcefully as I could. Soon there was a line of naked and very embarrassed students all interlocking their fingers on their heads.

“Very nice,” I said teasingly. “Any of you have any boyfriends in the next P.E. Class? If you don’t, you MIGHT, after they see you this way or if you have a boyfriend, you MIGHT NOT, after that boyfriend gets to see what you’ve been hiding.”

Okay that was mean, but time was growing short and I desperately wanted to resolve this before the boys really DID enter and catch them this way. Still, I could be a stubborn as they could and I wasn’t about to back down now.”

The silence of the locker-room was soon broken when outside the door voices could be heard. They were indistinguishable but they were voices nonetheless. I looked at the clock – five minutes until the bell rang signaling the end of the class period.

“Coach! We’ll be late for our next class! You have to let us go. I have a quiz I have to take,” Betty Timberland pleaded.

“Tough luck – that is unless one of you wants to speak up. Otherwise, that’s what Tardy Slips are for. A valid signed slip is like magic. It can excuse a whole range of absences and I have a whole drawer full of them. Now . . . if say ROSE here will tell what she knows this can all be over. Otherwise I think some boys are about to get the thrill of a lifetime. Like I said, I have all day . . .”

I went over to the girls and slowly walked down the line like a drill sergeant inspecting his troops – just like in the movies. I stopped in front of one nervous teen and looked her over carefully and then said, “Does Peter Cooper know you have a mole down there? He will in a minute, you know.”

“COACH, Please!!” she cried utterly humiliated.

As I walked back to my place in front of the girls I muttered, “Oh this is going to be rich. I can’t believe that Rose here is worth all this humiliation. Looks like you have about three minutes to make up your mind before the bell rings. I’d guess about five minutes after that the guys will get to see your student bodies. It will be out of my hands after that.”

Another minute ticked off the clock, then another but still no one stepped forward. It was clear, however that the pressure in the room had built up to explosive levels.

“Coach, you’ll lose your job over this,” Rose snapped back bitterly.

“Perhaps, but then if I don’t discipline the ones involved the School Board will probably eliminate this program anyway – too disruptive to the learning process they’ll say or the girls weren’t mature enough for this sort of activity. Rose here is a prime example of that so I’ll probably lose my job anyway. But let’s get one thing straight. I’ll not go down alone. It looks like I’ll take every one of you with me.”

Just then the bell rang making everyone jump! “STAY WHERE YOU ARE!” I shouted. “NO ONE MOVES UNTIL THIS IS SORTED OUT!”

“This is ridiculous! I’ll tell you what you want to know Coach.”

“KIMBERLY, YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!” snapped Suzy Harper.

“Like hell I will. I’m not going down because of you or anyone else.” Kimberly said angrily. “It was Suzy Harper, Emily Tanner and Sherry Greenwood. They tricked Rose into staying late and stripped her and made her get Carl Edward’s Jock strap. Suzy Harper said she wanted it as a souvenir. They said if she didn’t do it they would tie her naked to the flag pole in front of the school. They also said they would do worse if she or anyone else said anything to anyone about this so we were all scared to say anything. NOW CAN WE GO COACH? PLEASE!!”

“Is this true, Rose?”

‘COACH . . . HURRY!! The boys will be here any minute!! We don’t have time for this!!” Kimberly squealed in a panic.

“You should have thought of that before waiting so long. Is it that what happened, Rose?”

“Yes ma’am. It’s just like Kimberly said. I’m sorry. Please Coach, it was bad enough having Coach Thomas see me naked. Don’t let the entire boy’s P.E. class see me that way too.”

“Suzy, Emily and Sherry stay put. The rest of you hurry and get dressed before you are late for class.” I had no sooner finished getting the words out and there was a mass of bodies scrambling for the door. If only the girls would run that fast on the basketball court we’d have a team that would be hard to beat!

Suzy tried her best to sneak off with the crowd but I spotted her and grabbed her by the arm and dragged her back with the rest. “I didn’t say you could move. Put your hands on top of your head and stay that way! We still have some unfinished business to attend to.”

Suzy gave me the dirtiest look and reluctantly put her hands on top of her head. If looks could kill surely I would have been a dead woman. Just then the door slammed open and several boys came in talking loudly among themselves. “What the Hell?”

**My First Teaching Job – Part 8**
“Just go about your business boys,” I said. “Don’t let us interfere.”

Other boys entered in just about the same manner. The girls’ faces were bright red and Sherry looked like she was about to cry. It’s funny how things come back to haunt you. Sherry was the student that made the comment about Rose’s small boobs in the gymnasium earlier and now all the boys could plainly see that she wasn’t as well-endowed as her stuffed bra had led them to believe. What goes around, comes around, I always say.

Needless to say it wasn’t long before the locker-room was filled with boys all laughing and pointing at the three naked girls looking so ridiculous with their hands on top of their heads. Naturally they were so distracted, or possibly embarrassed that none of them got undressed to change into their gym clothes in front of these females. They were too busy making snide remarks of their own.

“Is everyone here?” I asked the class.

“Yes, I think so, ma’am. What’s going on . . . show and tell?” a lad answered giggling.

I sternly looked around the room letting the boy’s know that I meant business. ”I am conducting a serious investigation. This isn’t play time and unless you boys want to join them up here you had best pipe-down and listen up.”

The room got deathly quiet as all the boys looked at me wondering what was going on. “Is Carl Edwards, here?”

“No Coach.” A boy answered from the back. “He had P.E. earlier today. I think he’s in history class now.”

“Can I count on you to go and get him for me and bring him back here? Tell him that Coach Susan needs him for a few minutes and that I’ll give him an excusal slip to take back to class. Oh and make sure his teacher knows that it is important.”

“Yes, ma’am,” the boy said as he reluctantly left the room. I couldn’t blame him for being disappointed. After all, who would want to leave a room with three naked females in it?

“You boys can get ready for your P.E. class. I don’t want you to be late,” I said. Of course nobody made a move to strip off. I didn’t push the matter either. At least I had done my duty and instructed them not to be late.

The boys literally ogled the naked teens as if they were tall glasses of water for a bunch of parched, dying men in the desert. It was pretty comical. The girls on the other hand kept jeering at the boys as if to threaten them with their eyes. It was all I could do to keep from laughing.

All too soon I heard the sound of people running outside the door. I was worried that the principal might have heard about what was happening and was running down here to put a stop to it. That would have been a disaster for me. The door banged open and two boys ran in. “Here he is, Coach, Carl Edwards.”

The first boy then hurried overt his friends and I heard him ask, “Did I miss anything?”

“No, you didn’t miss anything,” I replied sarcastically. “You didn’t have to run all the way but thank you for not wasting time. It was considerate of you to insure that Mr. Edwards didn’t miss any more of his class than absolutely necessary.”

“What? Oh yeah . . . you’re welcome Coach.”

“Mr. Edwards, you are probably wondering why these girls are standing here like this in the middle of the boy’s locker-room. Well, sir, they are all thieves! They were involved in a conspiracy to steal from you.”

“Steal from me?”

They have something of yours and I wanted to be sure it was returned to you. Suzy, it’s on my desk. Go and get it please and you had better return here with it or it will be worse for you.”

The look I got from that girl was really something. I didn’t know the human face could screw itself up like that. I’m sure it was all she could do not to cuss me out!

“OOooohhhhh,” the boy’s mocked as she turned around and headed out the door.” Look at that butt!”

I should have put a stop to that nonsense but I didn’t. After what they had done to poor Rose I felt they deserved whatever they got.

After a long pause I saw Suzy reluctantly and very carefully re-enter the room with her hands behind her back to the chorus of several loud wolf-whistles. “Settle down, boys” I admonished the crowd. When Suzy had gotten close enough I reached out and grabbed her shoulders and made her stand front and center. I then ordered the other two coeds to join her – one on each side.

“Go on. Return what you stole.”

I could almost feel the heat from Suzy’s face as she slowly raised her clenched fist with the balled-up material inside.

“What’s this?” Carl asked clearly confused.

“Show him”

Suzy carefully opened her hand and held it out towards Carl, who picked up the wadded clump of material and started opening it up.

His face turned quite red as he realized what he was holding. “My jock strap . . . YOU STOLE MY JOCK STRAP?! WHY, for Pete’s sakes?”

His classmates all taunted him unmercifully over the fact that a girl had his unmentionables in her hand.

“Settle down or I swear you’ll all be joining these three just like they are. This is serious. This school cannot and WILL NOT tolerate stealing.” I then prodded Suzy pushing her forward a step. “Go on, tell him. Tell him why you had it stolen.”

“Please Coach . . .”

“TELL HIM.”

Suzy let out a huge sigh and whispered ever so softly, “I wanted a souvenir.”

“LOUDER! I’m sure he didn’t hear you. I know I didn’t.”

“I wanted a souvenir,” she repeated again flippantly, much louder than before causing all the boys to laugh when they heard her explanation.

Carl was so embarrassed that he quickly snatched up the jock strap and tried to stuff it in his pants pocket.

“Now girls, I want each of you to apologize to Carl for causing all this trouble.” Each girl in turn meekly said her piece. “Okay guys, the show is over. Hurry up and get ready for class. Coach Thomas will be here soon. Oh . . . and if any of you are caught taunting these girls because of what happened here today I can assure you that I WILL find out about it and those responsible might end up just like these three. Got it?”

“Yes Coach,” they replied almost in unison.

Turning to the coeds I instructed them to head for my office. “We still have some unfinished business to attend to.”

**My First Teaching Job – Part 9**
Once in my office I had the three guilty parties stand against the wall with their hands upon their heads. I launched into a lecture about how their behavior towards Rose was not only reprehensible but that it was serious enough to eventually lead to their suspension or possible expulsion. If this had happened off the school grounds they could have been charged with assault.

“EXPULSION?!” Sherry cried. “I can’t get expelled from school! My father would kill me! He pays a fortune to let me come here. Coach, I’m very sorry. I should have never let Suzy talk me into this. I just went along with her idea. She can be very persuasive.”

“We were just fooling around, Coach. We didn’t mean anything by it,” Emily quickly added.

I looked at the three girls for several moments. “So you are telling me that it was all Suzy’s doing and that she MADE you do this and you guys are innocent?”

“Um . . . not exactly, Coach,” Emily piped up meekly. “We all sorta went along with her idea. But we were just having a little fun. Didn’t you have fun when you were in high school?”

“I never assaulted anyone or stole anything, if that’s what you mean by your idea of fun,” I replied smartly. “Do you have any idea what poor Rose felt like being forcibly stripped and then later being dragged naked into the gym by Coach Thomas? You all are in big trouble, that’s all I can say. It will be up to the Dean of Students to decide your fate and he’s pretty rigid about adherence to school policy. . . .” I paused for several moments to let my last statement sink in and then added, “Unless of course you want to handle this amongst ourselves.”

The girls all looked at each other, mostly confused unsure of what to say, each looking for direction from the others. I waited for a bit to see which way they were leaning. “I didn’t think so. Anyway, I guess it’s best that I call the Dean,” I said picking up the phone as was now my polished routine and held it to my ear and began dialing.

“WAIT!” Sherry cried in a panic. “That is, I just want to say . . . um . . . Why would you do this . . . to your program I mean? If the Dean finds out wouldn’t that be bad for you, I mean us, I mean ALL us girls?”

“Yes, it would mean the girl’s athletic program would be under the spotlight and there might be consequences for what you did today that would directly affect all the other female students here, but I can’t let this slide. The right thing must be done so others won’t be tempted to pull such a stupid stunt like this by copying your behavior. I have to put a stop to this once and for all.”

“You’re planning on making an example of us aren’t you?” Suzy asked flippantly.

“I suspect the Dean will, yes, most certainly.”

Just then the door opened and Coach Thomas walked in. He looked at the girls, gave me a small grin and then asked as he shook his head, “More idiot students of yours?” His presence immediately caused the girls to quickly drop their hands to cover themselves.

I gave them a stern look and reluctantly they each returned to their proper position with their hands on top of their heads completely exposing themselves to this man. “These are the ones responsible for Rose’s behavior today. I think we are close to resolving the matter.”

Coach Thomas looked at each girl carefully with a stern face, lingering as he did so making sure each girl knew he was not happy with the situation and that he was making a note of each of them. “Well, I certainly hope so. IDIOCY, that’s what this is, IDIOCY!”

He went over to his desk and retrieved some papers and put them into a manila folder. As he turned to leave he added, “I take it you are going to call the girls’ fathers like you did last time? That paddling Adam Conners’ mother gave his naked little behind seems to have worked wonders.” He then gave me a wink and started to leave the office.

“I haven’t decided yet. I’m still working things out.”

As soon as they door closed Sherry screamed, “YOU CAN’T CALL MY DAD AND LET HIM SEE ME THIS WAY? YOU JUST CAN’T!!”

“Well, that was the punishment Coach Thomas and I worked out for Adam Conners when he got caught fighting. The Dean would have expelled him but Adam chose to have his mother do the correction instead.”

Okay, you’re right. I deliberately left a few little details out about what had really happened and the fact that the Dean didn’t really have any idea what I had done. Surely I could be forgiven those little white lies, I thought. After all, it was all in the name of achieving a lasting result that wouldn’t jeopardize my program.

“Oh that didn’t really happen,” Suzy Harper chimed in smugly. “She’s making that up just to scare us. Can’t you see that?”

“Oh no, “Emily argued, “It most certainly did!! My friend Amanda saw a naked Adam Conners being dragged out of the gym by his mother and he clearly had a bright red behind! She took him right across the parking lot in front of everybody at the change of classes. You can ask anybody!!

“It’s true, Suzy,” Sherry said. “It’s all over the school. Have you been living in a cave or something these past few weeks?”

“So I guess we’re going to get expelled then,” Suzy said matter-of-factly.

“If that’s what you want,” I said as I calmly picked up the phone again and held it to my ear.

The girls began arguing among themselves in earnest. Sherry and Emily were dead-set against calling the Dean while Suzy held her ground. It was clear that Suzy was indeed the ring-leader of this little group. I let them debate the issue for some time hoping they could reach a consensus. Finally I gave up as they were still arguing and said, “Since you can’t all agree then I’m just going to let the Dean decide and that’s all there is to it.”

The girls all got very quiet. “Okay, we did wrong,” Emily admitted, “and I know that there’s no way we are going to get out of this. I can’t get expelled, and I really, really don’t want my dad to see me this way. What did you have in mind? Maybe that will help us reach agreement.”

“You’re really in no position to negotiate and you are all really pissing me off, now.” Just then the bell rang and we could all hear the boys entering their locker-room. I knew that I had wasted enough time on this already and a good part of me wanted to just say the heck with it and call the Dean. I slammed my fist down on my desk and said in the firmest manner possible, “This is the way it’s going to be. I’m calling the Dean and then drag your naked little asses out this door and down the hallway, across the school yard in front of all your classmates to the administration building until we reach his office. He will most likely call your parents anyway and then eventually you will indeed be kicked out of the school to make an example of yourself to others . . . OR you can let me punish you my way - whatever way I choose. I’ll give you ONE MINUTE to decide or out that door we go.”

“But Coach . . .”

“Fifty-five seconds . . .”

The girls fiercely debated amongst themselves once again, still two against one.

“15 seconds . . .”

“Okay Coach, we’ll do it your way.” Sherry and Emily said in unison.

 Looking at the lone hold-out I asked, “Suzy?”

“Whatever.”

Just then Emily looked over at the window and gasped, “OH MY GOSH!”

“There clearly seen through the window were two naked boys heading towards the showers without a care in the world, letting it all hang- out. “GIRLS, EYES FRONT!” I yelled firmly snapping them back to reality.

All three girls were breathing heavily. I wasn’t sure if that was because they knew that their actual punishment was at hand or if it was because they had just seen two naked boys! “Okay,” I asserted, “this is what is going to happen . . .”

**My First Teaching Job – Part 10**

Since I believe that you obviously have no idea what you did to poor Rose and the humiliation she suffered at your hands, we are all going across the hall to the Gym for an object lesson and then Rose is going to paddle your naked behinds 11 times each. That seems fair to me and Rose will get the satisfaction of knowing that justice has indeed been done. After that we will consider the matter closed and I’ll say no more about it.”

“But Coach! The freshman girl’s P.E. class will be in there now! I don’t want to be seen by a bunch of little retards. We’re seniors! Can’t we do this in here?” Sherry pleaded.

“We could, but like you already pointed out the school will be making an example of you three either way to keep others from imitating your behavior. If we did this in my office no one will know about it let alone believe it actually happened. That’s my decision. You said you would abide by it so let’s get this over with.”

“Whatever,” Suzy said indifferently.

I picked up the now famous Ping-Pong paddle from the shelf next to Coach’s desk and opened the office door that led to the hallway. “Hands on head again, girls, and you better not move them until I say so.”

I led the way as the students nervously looked around the now empty corridor. I was a bit disappointed that the boys had already finished up and left for their next classes. Still, my point would be made. Having senior girls, who are always picking on freshmen, being made an example in front of underclassmen would definitely serve my point.

Hearing the voices of the next P.E. class in the gym made all the girls cringe – even Suzy. She may act all tough and brave but she wasn’t any different than Adam Conners or anyone else. Seeing her anxiety I was absolutely confident that this was going to end up being another success story.

As I entered the gym I turned around and walked backwards into the gym keeping an eye on my charges so that they wouldn’t bolt. I could hear the noise subside and everything getting amazingly quiet, which was then followed by a chuckle, and a few more giggles then outright laughter. The looks on my miscreants’ faces were priceless.

As I turned around it was my turn to stop dead in my tracks! There standing next to Coach Thomas were three men – two in business suits and one in construction attire.

“COACH, How COULD you?!!” Sherry cried almost in tears. “YOU PROMISED!” as she lowered her hands and tried to cover herself. The other girls had already beaten her to it. Not knowing what I had stumbled upon I didn’t try to stop them. At that point I think I was as embarrassed as they were. Part of me felt bad for these teenagers being exposed to three strange men.

I looked at my boss and asked, “What’s going on Coach? This is my class. Am I interrupting something?”

My boss just smiled from ear to ear and answered, “No, you’re not interrupting. I took the liberty of contacting their fathers and explained what had happened and suggested that it might be a good idea if they got down here right away to reinforce the fact that they are just as outraged by their behavior as we are.”

I heard Emily whisper angrily, “I can’t believe you did this to us! You are a LIAR! You said if we went along you wouldn’t call our dads!”

Surprised as I was I couldn’t let that comment slide. “As it happened, I didn’t promise any such thing. Besides, I didn’t call your dads, Coach Thomas did.” I then turned to my freshman students and yelled, “Huddle up, girls,” as I beckoned them to gather around. I then proceeded to explain what had happened and what was uncovered during my investigation.

As soon as the details came out about Carl Edward’s jockstrap Suzy’s father got an angry look in his eyes and shouted, “Susan Sanders . . . HOW COULD YOU? All this over a boy’s JOCK STRAP??”

Suzy lowered her head to the floor as if she wanted to melt right into the basketball court.

I looked around the gym and spotted Rose and called her over and introduced her to the fathers and my P.E. class. “This is Rose, the girl that your daughter’s stripped and forced under threat of tying her naked to the flagpole to sneak into the boy’s locker-room and steal the jockstrap. I thought it fitting that she be the one to give these girls their licks, 11 to be exact, as she was the one that was humiliated.”

“ELEVEN?” Suzy’s father exclaimed. “My daughter should get way more than that! Make it FIFTY.”

“No I think eleven is sufficient.”

“If you say so,” the father replied. “I’ll make up the difference in the parking lot after you’re through!”

“DAD, NO!”

I handed the paddle to Rose who looked as confused as anyone else in the gym. “Coach I can’t do that! I’ve never spanked anyone in my life!”

“I’m sure you’ll get the hang of it. If you don’t do a good job these girls will likely not learn anything from all this. Just pretend you are swinging at a softball or playing tennis. Surely you can do that, can’t you?”

“I . . . guess so, Coach.”

The tension in the gym was as thick as fog as everyone waited to see what was going to happen. I pulled each girl to the center of the gym and made them bend over and grab their ankles. I didn’t think much about this position until I went around behind them and saw how much was displayed to the freshmen girls and their fathers. It was a very immodest pose to be sure but I couldn’t readjust them now as it would look ridiculous.

Rose started off with Emily. Her first swing was barely a tap. Emily’s father chided, “Come on girl. Surely you can do better than that!” His comment caused several in the P.E. class to giggle. Rose took a deep breath and swung again this time the gym echoed resoundingly with a solid “SLAP” of the paddle against the skin. “That’s it! NINE MORE JUST LIKE THAT!” Emily’s father said enthusiastically.

With the parents encouraging her, rose seemed to really get into her role as disciplinarian, much to the delight of the rest of the class. In fact after a few more strokes they began excitedly counting them out loud: “FOUR . . . FIVE . . . SIX . . . “and so on applauding Rose as she reached the eleventh stroke. The humiliation factor was better than I had expected.

When Rose reached Suzy, which was the last girl to be punished, she seemed very reluctant to proceed. I could tell she was still afraid of this girl, who clearly commanded a certain position among the students. “Go on Rose,” I enjoined her. “We haven’t got all day, you know. Just imagine how you felt as Coach Thomas dragged you naked into the gym and channel that anger into Suzy’s behind.”

Rose grabbed the paddle firmly and swung hard.

“OW, Bitch!” Suzy yelped as she grabbed her backside and vigorously rubbed her butt cheeks causing several of the other girls to laugh heartily. Like before, there was a countdown to mark the number, each Swat bringing a more excited chant than before. They were really getting into this and I was loving it. Try to imagine a gym full of young teenage girls laughing and carrying on as three snotty upperclassmen got what they deserved. I looked over at my boss and he was smiling. When he noticed that I was looking his way he gave me an encouraging wink. I took that to mean that he was pleased with the way I was handling things and that made me feel really good.

When Rose had finished I made the girls apologize once again to Rose and then to their fathers for their behavior. As each girl stood naked before her dad, totally embarrassed at having to display herself in that fashion, their words of regret were barely audible and clearly humiliating for them to say. I released each girl to their parent and then began conducting my class as if nothing out of the ordinary had just happened. It was surprising to me how cooperative and obedient my class was after having witnessed what had just happened.

Sherry and Emily’s fathers ordered them to get dressed and get to their next class and that they would talk about things when they got home. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Suzy’s dad, however, dragging his still naked daughter out the side door of the gym that led to the parking lot swatting her ass with his free hand as they walked along. I could see several students walking about outside looking at her before the door closed. I guessed that Suzy wasn’t going back to her classes that day.

**My First Teaching Job – Part 11**
Several days passed and I heard nothing from the Principal or the Dean of Students regarding what had happened in the gym. Either they hadn’t heard about it or, if they were aware, they chose not to address the issue. Sherry, Emily and Suzy, like Adam Conners before them, seemed to be reformed characters. Classes went on without a hitch and things seemed better than ever between my boss and I. Perhaps all that was needed was a little show of authority and a little creative discipline to set things right.

Two weeks later, nearing the end of the semester, I had some grade reports to finish that I had procrastinated on. I decided to get to school early so that I could have some quiet time in my office to work on these without interruption. I parked my car in the usual spot in the faculty parking lot, grabbing my things, locked my car and headed out towards the gymnasium across campus.

Suddenly I heard a muffled sound coming from the early dawn shadows. I looked up and my heart almost stopped. There was Kimberly Tanner, the girl that finally squealed on her classmates during my interrogation in the boy’s locker-room, tied to the school’s flagpole, totally naked, arms tied behind her back, ankles bound together and a huge piece of duct tape was covering her mouth!! A small hand-lettered sign was taped to her belly that read: “Got what she deserved.”

“KIMBERLY!!” I shouted as I dropped my belongings. I immediately ran up to her and tried to unfasten the ropes around her waist to which the insulting small sign was taped. “What the hell happened?”

“MMMMpppphhhhhhh” She answered trying to respond to my question.

“Wait a minute. I’ll get this rope undone and then work on getting that tape off your mouth. It’s wrapped around your hair so it will take me a minute. I don’t want to hurt you.

“MMMMMMMPPPPPPPHHHHH . . . MMMMPPHHHHHHH!!!!” she kept on trying to shout through the tape, growing ever more emphatic as I worked feverishly to free her from her bonds.

“Just a minute!” I sighed. “I have to work quickly on these ropes as soon the parking lot will be full of kids coming to school. I need to get you free before people see you like this.”

No sooner had I gotten my words out I felt someone grab me from behind and place a paper bag over my head. “LET ME GO!” I screamed as struggled to get free. It was no use as I suddenly felt several pairs of hands pulling on my clothes. In a flash my sweatpants were pulled to the ground and I felt the cool morning air against my now bare thighs. “STOP IT . . . I’M WARNING YOU!!”

My blouse was ripped clean off my shoulders as I twisted and turned trying to break free. I heard some giggling but I couldn’t make out to who the voices belonged to. Then I started to panic as I felt my bra being unfastened. “DON’T YOU DARE!” I cried out in a panic, my voice trembling with fear. My pleas were in vain as my bra disappeared to more choruses of giggling.

Suddenly I felt something cold against my back. It was the flagpole. They were going to tie me to the flagpole just like they had done to poor Kimberly! “NO!!~” I screamed resulting in more rounds of outright laughter now. Soon my hands were stretched around the pole and tied very, very securely behind my back. Some tape was placed at the bottom of the bag that covered my head securing it to my neck thus insuring that I couldn’t see at all.

Then the unthinkable happened. I felt fingers sliding under the elastic waistband of my panties. To hysterical laughter I felt my last vestige of dignity being slowly pulled down my thighs. I quickly tried to spread my legs apart so they wouldn’t be able to get them completely off of me but that didn’t work as someone started tickling my belly and I lost control of my muscles.

“DAMN woman!” a female voice that I didn’t recognize said. Don’t you ever trim that thing?” How humiliating!! I was mortified.

I didn’t have time to reflect on my shame as someone then grabbed my left leg and pulled it as far as it would go and tied it securely to Kimberly’s right leg. Then my right leg was equally spread apart and tied to what I can only guess was someplace around the back of the flagpole. My humiliation was complete. I could just picture myself – naked, nipples pointing outward as tight as they could possibly be in the cool morning air, my legs spread apart revealing all my most intimate secrets to anyone who happened to look. My face felt flushed with embarrassment.

I then heard footsteps, lot of them, quickly running away leaving the two of us naked females trapped with only a few minutes before the parking lot filled with students and other faculty members. One couldn’t have devised a more perfect plan for revenge – if that was what this was. Karma can be a real bitch sometimes I thought to myself.

In panic mode I struggled against my bindings, but it seemed that the more I pulled and strained the tighter they got – so tight in fact that I was held fast now totally unable to move even a tiny bit. I was as helpless as any young woman could be. I lost track of time as everything seemed to move in slow motion.

Then for the second time my heart literally stopped. I heard cars, lots of vehicles entering the parking lot and voices. From the sound of them they were students – both male and female. In my mind’s eye I could picture the setting in the school yard. Kimberly and I would be clearly visible as the flagpole was in a most prominent position adjacent to the student parking lot. The faculty lot was around the corner closer to the Administration building thus making us less visible to arriving staff members. The only reason I stumbled upon Kimberly was because I was headed towards the gym. Perhaps whoever was doing this only meant to mess with Kimberly and I was an unwitting addition to their fun. As I thought about it, maybe it wasn’t revenge after all, just another student prank.

LAUGHTER - lots of hysterical laughter as I heard the voices coming closer. Soon I could perceive that many more students had joined the initial group. Crude comments were made about our bodies and some of the male students joked about what they would like to do to each of us.

It was demeaning to be sure. But somewhere between the fear and the obvious humiliation I began to realize that I was actually becoming aroused. I was definitely becoming moist – no make that awkwardly wet. It dawned on me that with the bag on my head covering my face I was basically anonymous. I was just a naked body to be ogled and hopefully lusted over. Poor Kimberly, however, had to face her classmates squarely in the eyes – her identity revealed for all those present. No one had yet mentioned my name or gave any hint of my identity. Though they regularly taunted Kimberly by name, I was referred to repeatedly as just “her cute friend.” They would shout, “Look at Kimberly’s cute friend. Her nipples could poke your eyes out!” and things like that. Though it was degrading, it was quite arousing to think that these people were looking at my body that way. Perhaps I was just young enough to get away with being mistaken for another student.

Still more students arrived and the taunting continued. Wolf-whistles, crude obscenities, nasty sexual suggestions abounded. Each comment drew applause and cheers as the crowd acknowledged the creativity of the person calling out. I can’t explain it but the raunchier the comments became the more aroused and wetter I got. I am ashamed to admit this but I found myself wishing that this, in some strange way, would never end. It was a fantasy-of-sorts come true as I was always the good little girl and never engaged in anything wrong or ever experimented in anything rebellious. In today’s age I would be considered one of those “Girls Gone Wild” types but back then I was doing something seriously unacceptable.

“HEY LOOK!” some girl shouted. “She’s horny!” I could only assume she was talking about me. I felt my face flush warm as I had been caught out.

“Baloney,” a male student’s voice disagreed. “How do you know anyway?”

“Check it out for yourself if you don’t believe me,” the girl answered back.

I felt my legs wanting to give way as I knew what was coming. I didn’t have to wait long as I felt two fingers slide easily between my wet legs causing me to gasp quite loudly.

“Hey, she likes it!” the boy said giggling as he began moving his fingers more rapidly across my intimate space. I was about to really embarrass myself by climaxing right in front of all these students when I heard a familiar voice shout, “Okay, Break it up. What’s going on here? Let me through.”

**My First Teaching Job – Part 12 END**
It was Coach Thomas, my boss! I suddenly felt sick. My boss was going to see me naked!! I finally fully realized what Suzy and her friends must have felt like having to be seen naked by their fathers; I wanted to crawl into a hole and die.

“Break it up” I heard him say as I could detect him shuffling through the crowd coming ever closer to the flagpole. “Make way . . . move over . . . what the hell?” I then heard other teacher’s voices – all male making their way through the crowd as well.

“Who’s responsible for this?” I heard Mr. Thompkins the science teacher ask.

“We don’t know,” a girl replied. “They were like that when we got here.

I felt someone trying to untie me yanking on the ropes around my wrists and I could feel someone else next to me bumping into my shoulder as they worked on Kimberly too.

As soon as my hands were free I raised them up to keep whoever it was from removing the bag over my head as my ankles were untied.

The students all clapped when the two of us were free. Ever so carefully using my fingers I made a small tear in the bag so that I could see out and was shocked at how many people were standing there still watching!! The first thing I did was to look around to see if I could find my clothes and papers – I not only wanted something to cover myself with but also to hide any evidence like my grade book that might give me away.

My breathing became rapid as I heard my boss say, “Move your hands and let’s get this bag off of you. It must be impossible for you to breathe under there.”

“NO!” I squealed in my best attempt at disguising my voice. “I’m fine. Let’s just get out of here.”

“Nonsense, it will only take a minute. Just hold on while I pull this tape off.”

I squealed once again but it was too late. As the tape was peeled away from the skin of my neck it tore the paper bag and in no time my face was uncovered.

“IT’S COACH SUSAN!!” several students shouted in delight. “DAMN, she’s hot!!”

“That’ll be enough of that,” Coach Thomas said firmly. “Everyone get to class. The show’s over.”

After trying to chase a few people back from the flagpole, the students reluctantly started moving away - not very fast but they at least made it appear like they were trying to comply with his directive all the while continuing to stare at me.

“Are you okay, Susan?” my boss asked with concern as he looked me over from head to toe. “What happened here?”

“It’s a long story,” I replied with a sigh.

My boss took hold of my arm and asked if I knew where my clothes were. When I replied that I had no idea what had happened to them he said, “Let’s get you and Kimberly here out of the parking lot.”

We started walking towards the administration building and I was fully and painfully aware that Kimberly and I were still naked and heading towards a building that would be full of students and other faculty members getting ready for the start of the school day.

“Where are we going?” I asked my boss with my voice cracking a bit.

“To the Principal’s Office. We have to get this straightened out right away. We need to get to the bottom of this while it is still fresh in your memory. Even the tiniest detail might help us figure out who did this to you. It is imperative that we catch whoever did this.”

“Yes, I agree . . . but I can’t go in there like this! I’m naked.”

“Susan, it’s not like the entire student body hasn’t already seen you this way. Besides you can’t stay out here in the parking lot. You’ll be safer once we get you inside.”

His logic made sense but it still sucked and, after all, he was my boss and he did know my history with my students. I figured I was going to need all the support I could get in front of the Principal. So, I reluctantly went along with it and tried to act like it was no big deal, but make no mistake, it WAS a big deal to me.

Walking the halls of the Administrative building completely naked - halls that I had walked hundreds of times fully clothed, was intense to say the least. Students stared, faculty members grinned appreciatively and secretarial staff smirked. I was mortified. To think, just moments before I was ever so close to having an orgasm in front of literally hundreds of students. What a difference a few minutes can make. Now I just wanted to die.

Facing the Principal and the Dean of Students, while standing in that office completely naked as they both threw question after question at us trying to figure everything out was awful. There was a tremendous sense of urgency in their interrogation – so much in a hurry were they to get to the truth that no one bothered to offer to get us something to cover with. Instead we just stood there exposed and embarrassed in front of an ever-increasing number of faculty members. With all those people there weren’t even any chairs for us to sit on! We were surrounded exposing everything on all sides.

Bottom line, my boss and the Dean were very supportive and the details Kimberly gave about Suzy, Emily and Sherry’s treatment of Rose together with what she saw as she was being tied to the flagpole was enough to get those three girls expelled.

I ended the school year and was offered a contract to return. I’m not sure what I will do in the fall. I’m still trying to decide. If I come back I can only imagine what types of things might happen! The mind boggles at the possibilities! One thing is certain, however, I will never forget my first year teaching.

THE END..