Naked in Class  
Part One  
By Robert Dogwood  
  
The next day I went to school as usual and was late again – as usual. After third period, I happened to run into Matt in the hall. You remember Matt, right? The guy who Kristine was so hot on? He’s tall and slender and has dark blond long hair, tied in a pony tail – ring a bell with anyone?  
  
I thanked him very much for helping Kristine and he told me if I really wanted to thank him I could invite him to our next party. Well, we didn’t get to talk for very long because the bell rang for the next class. It turned out that Matt, being a senior, had an open period so it was decided that he would accompany me to my class. He said that he happened to know my teacher very well and that he was positive the teacher wouldn’t mind him sitting in.  
  
Matt and I sat in the very back row in the room. Half of the class was missing due to sickness. The closer it became to Christmas, the more people said they were sick. I guess they weren’t worried whether Santa brought them anything or not.  
  
There was no one sitting within four or five desks in either direction because of this. I was sitting in the next to last desk in the last row and Matt had taken the desk behind me. The handsome young man was wearing a long raincoat still because it had been drizzling early in the morning.  
  
After the teacher had called the roll, she began the usual boring lecture when suddenly one of those runners from the office showed up and the teacher stepped out into hall. A few minutes later, she stepped back in the room and explained she had to travel down to the office for a minute and to please behave until she got back.  
  
I thought, ‘Of course I will – NOT!’  
  
Matt suddenly began to massage my shoulders gently. I felt all my tension melt away at his sensual touch. “Oh,” I exclaimed softly, “that feels so good. Don’t stop.”  
  
As Matt continued to gently massage me, I pushed my desk back flush with his in order to allow him maximum room and access. Matt responded by slowly pulling my blouse out of my short skirt until it was completely in the open.  
  
The young man began to massage my back near my waist. God, it felt so good and I moaned softly. Matt then placed his hands higher on my back and then moved them around front to my breasts, pausing once in a while to rub my nipples. I began to squirm in my desk seat.  
  
“Oh Matt,” I whispered, greatly worried as to where this was heading. “What are you doing?”  
  
Matt quietly slipped out of his desk and dropped to one knee beside my desk. He reached out with the touch of a surgeon and removed my skirt and blouse. Oh my god! He had stripped me stark naked in the middle of class! This went way beyond the pale. I was far too embarrassed to look around and see if anyone was watching, but then I realized someone was cognizant of the fact because I heard several moans and gasps. Despite being totally mortified or maybe because of it, I was already sopping wet.  
  
“Stop it!” I hissed, attempting to sound furious. “And put my clothes back on. You wanna get me expelled and arrested?”  
  
Paying absolutely no attention to me, the tall, young man stood up beside me and pulled me up into his arms, while slipping his open long raincoat completely around me. At least I was covered! He reached down and unbuckled his belt, unsnapped his light brown trousers and pushed them and his red bikini briefs down to his knees, completely freeing his now totally rigid penis. I now tumbled to the very obvious fact that this fool was going to ... me in the classroom! ‘He can’t do that, can he?’ I thought completely befuddled from the fact that I was now so hot that I wanted to screw him – right here, right now!  
  
Matt leaned down kissing me passionately and then lowered his body by bending his knees, while I groped his thick erection, finally culminating with me standing on my tip toes while helping to guide his penis into my engorged labia.  
  
“Oh God,” I moaned as Matt began to rock inside of me.  
  
It was so incredibly sexy to be standing there in the middle of a classroom during a regular school day making love and yet, of course, I was scared to death and humiliated to boot. You can go to jail for something like this. And then, believe or not, I felt even more ashamed because I managed to turn my head just enough to use my peripheral vision to observe the entire class was silently watching our every move, except for one guy who was sound asleep with his head on his desk. I bet when he woke up later and discovered what he’d missed he wouldn’t believe it.  
  
Matt was making slow deep thrusts into me, taking his time as though he had all the time in the world. “God damn it!” I whispered fiercely to him. “Will you just get to it, the whole world is watching us.” For the first time in my life, I just wanted the sex to be over. I mean I felt hotter than a firecracker, but at what a cost. Matt began to pound into me – whap, whap, whap. It was so silent in the classroom that the sound from each thrust sounded like a bullet exploding. I wondered how I had gotten into such a terrible position so quickly.  
  
With each one of his savage thrusts into me I was teetering right on the edge of orgasm. I considered pulling his clothing off him while he was preoccupied so he could find out what it felt like to be naked in class, but I still had hope that he was going to finish and I was going to get dressed under his coat before my teacher returned. Suddenly Matt pounded into me at a much faster rate. Matt suddenly shot off like a rocket to the moon.  
  
Seemingly out of the blue my orgasm started to bubble out of me. It felt as though it began at the soles of my feet and worked it’s way up – it felt that good. At that moment, our teacher, Miss Collins stepped back into the classroom. Naturally her attention was immediately drawn to us. By the way, I just referred to her as Miss Collins rather than the more politically correct Ms. or even, God forbid, Mrs. for a reason. I really didn’t know how old she was at the time, but she always looked to me to be about twelve years old. From certain things she had said concerning herself during the teaching of the class, I was led to believe that she had done incredibly well in school and in fact had been allowed to skip grades several times.  
  
Consequently Miss Collins could have been as young as seventeen or eighteen years of age when she began her first year of teaching the year before. On top of that, she wore a pair of huge round unattractive glasses, Godawful plaid knee skirts with some kind of old ruffled colored blouses and had her hair in pigtails!  
  
I kid you not. She wore pigtails. What I’m attempting to communicate here is I think the only area that Miss Collins was mature in was her education. I had always felt she was a stone cold virgin and probably never had even been out on a date. What happened next proved my point. I had locked eye contact with her and you can best believe she was blushing as bright red as a fire truck. The average teacher who walked in on such a situation in their classroom would have been screaming holy hell, but Miss Collins just stood there completely nonplussed. I do think it was probably a miracle that she didn’t faint. Even though we were still hidden beneath Matt’s raincoat, I think she was able to infer from our closeness that something sexual had been going on.  
  
I used him as a shield to pull on the paltry amount of clothes I usually wear. Of course the minute the young teacher had returned to the classroom, the rest of the class had swung around to eyes forward, not wanting to become involved in our sexual shenanigans in any way. This turned out to work in our best interest as it allowed Miss Collins once she could finally move again to just return to her desk at the front of the room and ignore the entire thing.  
  
As she lectured for the last few minutes of the class which were all that were left to her, Miss Collins remained extremely flushed appearing. I bet she had areas in her body tingling she hadn’t even been aware of. I sat there barely listening as I was experiencing all sorts of conflicting feelings about what had just happened.  
  
Finally the bell rang to proceed to lunch period. Of course everybody didn’t eat lunch at the same time. The cafeteria wouldn’t begin to hold everyone. It so happened I didn’t have another class for an hour. I noticed when everyone exited the classroom they were cutting sly glances at us and some of the guys still were sporting obvious erections beneath their tight jeans.  
  
Matt and I were standing in the very back of the line exiting the classroom and just before we left Miss Collins discovered her voice and asked me to remain. I’m thinking naturally why just me, that Matt was involved too, although I already knew the answer to it. She really liked Matt from the year before when she apparently taught some Junior level classes. I’ll say this for Matt. Unlike most other guys that I know he didn’t cut and run, he stood right there beside me waiting.  
  
“You can go, Matthew. I need to speak with Sara alone.”  
  
“But-.”  
  
“Please, Matthew,” Miss Collins entreated. She certainly was a shy thing. I think I might have felt sorry for her in ordinary circumstances but since I was certain she was about to take me down to the principal’s office and have me expelled I was a little light in the sympathy department.  
  
Matt offered one ‘Well, I tried’ glance at me and then had to leave. I understood. It wouldn’t have helped me any if he got into trouble too. My teacher walked him out into the hall and then came back into the classroom, closed the door and locked it. I must admit I was very surprised that Miss Collins didn’t just dump me off in the front office and I looked in askance at her when she returned to me.  
  
To be continued

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Naked in Class  
Part Two  
By Robert Dogwood  
  
  
Of course none of this stopped her from saying that tired old hackneyed, “Sara! What exactly were you doing when I came back into the room?”  
  
I think teachers take a special class in college entitled ‘Useless Inanities and Other Foolish Ways to Confront Your Students.’ I just had this gut feeling that nothing bad was going to come out of this.  
  
One reason was I think Miss Collins was far too shy to talk to the principal about two students having...you know...uh...sex together. And the other reason was how badly it would reflect on her teaching skills for something to happen like that in her classroom. Teachers do have to earn tenure you know and something like public shagging going on when you’re supposed to be teaching algebra just doesn’t help your case for long term employment.  
  
I decided that I wasn’t going to pretend to be led around by the nose by this young virgin, so when she said, “Sara! What exactly were you doing when I came back into the room?” I responded with “We were ...ing our brains out!”  
  
“Sara!” she complained, flushing bright crimson. “There’s no need to be vulgar.”  
  
“I agree, I just enjoy it.”  
  
“Sara, I’m going to ask you again,” Miss Collins began to say.  
  
“No,” I interrupted. “I want to ask you some questions first. What’s your first name?”  
  
The young teacher stood slightly stunned not quite certain how the reversal in interrogation had occurred but she apparently found the question to not be considered too personal to answer.  
  
“Dorothy,” she replied.  
  
“Do you like to be called Dot, Dottie, what?”  
  
“I prefer to be called Dorothy,” Miss Collins said formally.  
  
“Okay, Dorothy it is. Now how old were you when you graduated from college?”  
  
She hesitated but finally answered because I had her completely off balance. This was not the way she had intended this interview to proceed but the young teacher now appeared powerless to stop it.  
  
“I was seventeen when I obtained my M.A.,” Dorothy explained shyly.  
  
“Seventeen, Gawd! You must be a damn genius,” I exclaimed.  
  
“Sara,” she said primly, “I wish you wouldn’t curse.”  
  
“Well, you know what they say, you can wish in one hand and – oh, never mind. So you still live at home with your parents?” I asked.  
  
Lowering her head until she was no longer looking at me, she murmured, “Uh huh.”  
  
That certainly let me know she was embarrassed about not living on her own, but for God’s sake she was only nineteen and actually emotionally she was probably about twelve. So moving on to the more pertinent information, I asked, “Have you ever been on a date?”  
  
Dorothy quickly raised her head to glare at me. “I don’t see where that is any of ‘your’ business,” she snapped.  
  
I giggled at her. “Well, that answers that question. You haven’t, have you?”  
  
The young teacher’s entire expression softened from anger to sadness. “No, not really. I’ve gone out with groups of people in college thanks to roommates who always felt so sorry for me being so young and socially out of place; but to answer your question no, no one has ever asked me out on a date.”  
  
While Dorothy was speaking I had reached over and gently removed her glasses and placed them on her desk. Before she could complain, I queried, “Do you actually need those to see?”  
  
“Well,” she equivocated, “I need them some for reading.”  
  
“Ok, use them just for reading and do yourself a favor, get contacts or better still get that laser surgery done. You’re just hiding behind these. Now what’s with this hair?” I asked while moving behind and starting to take it apart.  
  
“Hey! What are you doing?” Dorothy demanded.  
  
“Take the other side and unravel it,” I directed. “What’d you do – wear your hair like this when you were twelve?”  
  
“Yes,” she responded in a small voice.  
  
“Well, it’s time you grew up,” I suggested.  
  
Once we had her hair untangled, I asked her if she had a brush. After she silently handed it to me, I spent the next five minutes brushing her hair out until it looked great. She had dark black hair that brushed out to hanging halfway down her back.  
  
I wouldn’t say she was beautiful by any means, but she was certainly damn attractive now that she wasn’t wearing those horrid appearing glasses and her pigtails.  
  
“You know,” I said, “you’re really very pretty and no one would ever know it.”  
  
Miss Collins blushed and lowered her head. “No, I’m not,” she murmured.  
  
‘So it’s gonna be like that, is it? That’s okay I love a good challenge,’ I thought.  
  
Next I leaned over and unsnapped her skirt in preparation of pulling it down. “Stop!” she demanded in a panicked voice. “What are you doing?” Her complexion now resembled the color of a ripe tomato.  
  
“I want to see what your body looks like underneath all this crap you wear.”  
  
“No,” she insisted, struggling with me.  
  
I paid her no mind at all and pulled her skirt off. I wasn’t even surprised when I discovered she was wearing a full slip beneath her skirt and red blouse. That meant the blouse had to go too.  
  
“Take you blouse off,” I said.  
  
“I will not!” Dorothy exclaimed while trying to reach her skirt I was still holding in my hand. “I will not be humiliated in my own classroom.”  
  
“Oh, where do you usually go to be humiliated?”  
  
I was discovering this to be extremely tiresome. “Look, take the damn blouse off!” I exclaimed. “I want to see how good a body you have beneath all these poofed out clothes. Or would you rather I ripped it off you?”  
  
Still greatly blushing, Dorothy finally obeyed me unbuttoning and removing her red blouse. She stood attired in a full slip.  
  
“There, that’s wasn’t so bad was it?” I asked the trembling teacher. “I am female you know. You certainly don’t have anything I haven’t seen before.”  
  
“But we’re in school,” she protested in a half whine.  
  
“And the door is locked and there’s no class expected for another hour,” I answered her.  
  
I reached up and pulled her slip down off her shoulders and then all the way down her body and ordered her to lift her feet. When she complied, I placed her slip over with her skirt and blouse. Holy shit, Batman! You wouldn’t have believed it! It looked as if she were wearing an industrial bra and panties with reinforced steel. I’m surprised she wasn’t wearing a chastity belt.  
  
“Sara, don’t look,” Dorothy complained, attempting to cover herself with her hands.  
  
“Haha! I can see why you wouldn’t want me to look. Where do you buy that hideous underwear from? The Sears mail catalogue?”  
  
“Why, yes, I do,” she answered a bit nonplussed. “What’s wrong with that?”  
  
“I’ll tell you what’s wrong with it, men like sexy underclothing on a young woman – not that stuff.”  
  
“Men!” she squealed. I swear to God she was blushing again.  
  
“Yeah, men,” I repeated. “You know what men are right? They look alot like us but they don’t have big breasts and they have penises.”  
  
“Sara. please!” Dorothy protested.  
  
“Oh, okay,” I replied. “I wasn’t planning on it, but if you’re gonna raise a fuss then I’ll have to.” And I proceeded to pull her panties down to her feet. She had the prettiest black pubic hair.  
  
Of course she dropped her hands to cover her pubic area and I used the opportunity to pull off her bra. Oh, it was just all so predictable. Haha! Just another stripping of a public school teacher in her classroom in the middle of the school day.  
  
After removing her bra I discovered she had the prettiest breasts with gorgeous nipples. I reached out and pulled her hands down from where she was attempting to cover her pussy, and wasn’t surprised at all to observe that she had a real right tight body.  
  
“You are so pretty,” I gushed. “Why do you hide yourself behind such horrible clothes?”  
  
“I’m frightened,” the young teacher spoke barely audible.  
  
“You’re frightened of men?” I asked.  
  
“No,” Dorothy answered shaking her head. “I’m frightened of being rejected, of no one finding me attractive so it’s easier if I reject myself before someone else can.”  
  
Well, at least she had some insight into herself – it was a crock of shit, but it was insight. The young teacher of course had continued to blush furiously at me staring at her naked body.  
  
“There’s no need to be so embarrassed,” I smiled at her. “I’ve seen all this equipment before.  
  
When Dorothy offered me a tentative shy smile I knew I was home free. I insisted Dorothy wear my blouse and short skirt and wouldn’t give the young teacher her industrial underwear back. I threw them into my backpack and put on her Godawful skirt and blouse. Man, people were giving me strange looks for the rest of the day because of ‘that’ outfit.  
  
We made plans to meet after school and you should have seen the look on Krista’s face when she discovered we were going to be hanging out with a teacher. Another amazing thing was it turned out that her parents were worse than mine. I didn’t think that was possible, but it was sad – but true. My mother, of course, was thrilled to think we were hanging out with a teacher.  
  
The End

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