**Nude at School**

by katie

**Nude at School, Part 1**

Missy was sitting at her desk at North Washington High School, trying to get her tests marked before the marking period grades were due on Friday morning. She was in her first year out of college, teaching freshmen English at this school in a rather wealthy suburb of Seattle. She had no ties to the area; in fact, her first visit here had been her job interview last April. She had wanted to move someplace new, someplace away from the memories of her old life.

There, she had just broken up with Eric, a beautiful surfer who she had been dating for years. She did not know that he had many other girls, including, unbelievably, her best friend and college roommate.

Missy had been devastated, moving out of her apartment and staying on the couch of her friend. Many days had been spent crying over the betrayal of her boyfriend and her best friend. She wasn’t sure which was worse but they both hurt badly.

Moving up north had been her idea but all of her friends supported it. She needed a clean start and Washington State was beautiful. She had found an apartment with three other girls and loved it. Unfortunately they were still in college and tonight they were partying. That was why she sat in her classroom in an abandoned building at near midnight.

She had begun the night at a coffee shop near her house but it closed at 9 with her marking pile still barely depleted. Teaching English in high school was a constant battle to keep up with the grading. She felt like she was constantly reading paper or marking tests.

Missy took a deep breath and leaned back, her full breasts pressing against her tight top as she stretched. Missy had worn a light top, leaving her sweat shirt in the car because her classroom was obscenely hot all the time, no matter the season. So, while it might be in the 50s outside, it was a balmy 80 in her room. Normally she would never wear a shirt like this to school because it showed too much. Looking down, she could easily make out the lines of her bra through the shirt. She could also see an outline of her nipple pressing against her top. She had always had unusually hard nipples, which caused her much embarrassment throughout her teen years. She had learned to wear padded bras, not to enhance her size (which was just fine thank you very much!) but to keep her nipples from poking through. That or an extra shirt under a shirt.

But tonight, she had worn the sweatshirt so she was just wearing the top and the bra, nothing to hide her nips from poking through. She would have been embarrassed if anyone had been here to see them but she was alone in the building. For some reason, she loved the quiet, enjoying some time alone.

Grabbing a test with one hand, she grabbed her coffee in the other. She did not have a good enough grip on it and she dropped the beverage down the front of her, drenching her top and her lap.

“Shit,” she screamed as the warm liquid soaked through the thin material of her top and into her thin sweatpants. She stood up and pulled the top away from her skin but the damage was done. The top was ruined and it had soaked through to her bra. “Dammit, now what?”

Looking around the room, she realized she was alone so she pulled the top over her head and off. Her bra was also stained with the brown liquid and she reached behind her to unhook it and remove it, letting her breasts spring out of their bindings. Her nipples were now extra hard as she grew excited at being naked in the school.

Now what, she wondered. Then it hit her. In the basement of the school, there was a washer and dryer where they washed the team uniforms. Maybe she could go down there and wash her clothes while she worked on the exams? Why not, she thought to herself. She began to pull the top back on but really did not want the dirty garment back on her body. What good would it do, she wondered, there’s no one here anyway. Grabbing her top and bra, she walked to the door and pulled it open.

**Nude at School, Part 2**

Opening the door, Missy got a funny feeling in her belly. This had always been a dream of hers, to walk naked through her high school. Of course, as a student, she had never had the opportunity or the guts to try it. But now, as a teacher, she was topless and heading down a hallway that just a few hours from now would be crowded with students, teachers and others. She shivered a bit at the thought of being seen by all of those people.

Although she had never done anything about it, Missy was a closet exhibitionist. She had wonderful dreams about walking naked through crowded streets and rooms. She had read a story on the internet about a girl who was forced to be naked all of the time and was so turned on by it. Many nights, she had rubbed herself to orgasm, thinking about being that girl (Tami was her name) and having to display her body to all people.

Now she was walking topless through the halls but something felt wrong. Then she realized it. In her fantasies, she was always barefoot, feeling the cold floor beneath her feet. She kicked off her clogs and socks, throwing them to the side of the hallway to pick them up on her way back. She moaned softly as she felt the cool tile floor against her bare feet. That, combined with the breeze playing across her bare breasts and nipples, was almost enough to push over the edge to orgasm. Not quite, but she knew that her pussy was watering up as she walked.

Her classroom was on the third floor of a four floor school building. Her room, at the end of the English wing, was probably nearly as far away from the locker room, where the washers and driers were kept, then any other classroom in the building. She walked down the empty halls now, holding her top and bra in her hands, wearing just a thin, now stained pair of sweatpants and panties. She imagined that the class bell was ringing and the hall was filling up. She walked like a topless princess, displaying her beautiful breasts for her subjects who stopped and stared in reverence. She walked through them, enjoying the hundreds of eyes upon her nudity.

She made it to the stairwell and pushed through. Here was a new feeling of exposure. New students and teachers would see her nudity as she walked down the steps, feeling the hard rubber on her bare soles, knowing that she was the only one naked here while they had to slog through the day in clothes and shoes. Only she could know the freedom of having the air on her bare body, her breasts the only ones not encased in a binding bra, cutting off her air. Being a benevolent princess, she felt bad for them but knew that she was special, only she could be naked in public.

She made it to the first floor and pushed open the door to the main hallway. Here her resolve kind of slowed. The lights were a bit brighter in this part of the school because it was the main area. She had also forgotten that the hallway leading to the lockers was all glass and mostly visible from the street. Missy almost turned back but she realized that there was little chance that she would be seen. Someone would have to be on school property to see this hallway and there was little chance that anyone would be looking here. After all, there wasn’t supposed to be anyone in the building anyway. Still, she put here hands over her bare breasts and ran full speed down that hallway, trying to minimize the chance that she was seen.

If there had been anyone looking, they would have been rewarded with the sight of a beautiful 22 year old teacher, arms crossed over her bare breasts, which bounced anyway. Her long, reddish blonde hair flowed behind her as she went.

In seconds, Missy reached the door of the gym, with the lockers beyond. Her fears of exposure behind her, she resumed her thrill of being topless in such a public place. The gym was one of the biggest in the area, easily seating 3,000 people when the bleachers were fully open on both sides and behind each basket. She felt the smooth, cool wood of the floor beneath her bare feet and moaned at the naughtiness of the moment. Later that day, at around 4 p.m., the gym would be full for a big girls basketball game against her school’s top rival. She could only imagine walking into that room then, 3,000 sets of eyes on her as she walked in to support her girls. She imagined sitting in the bleachers among the other teachers or students or even parents. She imagined her breast bouncing as she jumped to cheer a basket or argue a referee’s call.

Missy came to and started to laugh at herself. Boy, is her imagination working overtime, she thought. Still, she was a bit disappointed that the bleachers were not yet pulled out. She could have recreated her fantasy.

She headed toward the right corner of the court to where the girls locker room stood. She hadn’t thought about the fact that the door might be locked but happily it was not and she pulled the door open. She headed to the area where only the staff was allowed and pushed through that door. There sat three washing machines and three driers. She opened the lid of one washer and was surprised to find green and yellow skirts, tops and panties. Right away she realized it was from the cheerleaders who would need the uniforms for the game tomorrow. Pulling open the second one, she happily found it empty. She saw a shelf filled with detergents and stain removers and she dabbed it onto her top and bra. Without thinking twice, she dropped them into the washer.

She was about to close it and realized that her pants were dirty too from where he coffee had landed. Would she really be willing to take them off too? Why not, she thought and quickly she dropped her pants into the washer, after dabbing them with the stain remover. Again, she was closing the lid when she thought some more. If she was going to be naked in school, why not finish the job. Slowly, she hooked her thumbs into her panties and pulled them down her long legs and off. Dropping them into the washer, to join the rest of her clothes, Missy closed the lid and started the machine.

In seconds, she came to her senses and realized that she had basically left herself with no choice. She was naked in school with her clothes currently getting soaked and soapy. She was at least an hour and a half away from having dry clothes to wear again.

Without realizing it, Missy had assumed the pose of every girl who was naked in a public situation. She was bent over a bit at the waist, her left hand over her bare pussy and her right arm across her bare breasts. Anyone looking in would have seen the beautiful curvy body of a girl who obviously worked out. Missy’s breasts were full and round, a wonderful 34C. Her belly was concave, thanks to endless situps at the gym. Her legs were long and shapely thanks to hours of running since she was 12. Her waist was small and flared out to meet her hips. At that sweet point where her legs meant down below, inside that gap were two full, plump lips that separated just slightly. She was totally bare down there, as girls her age were wont to be. Her feet were so dainty, with her toenails painted a pastel but muted pink to match her fingernails. Any man (or lesbian) watching this scene would be turned on immediately.

This is crazy, Missy thought to herself, straightening up a bit and removing her hand from in front of her pussy, though her right arm stayed tight across her breasts. There is no one here, she thought. Finally she took a breath and removed her arm from in front of her breasts, letting them spring free from their binding. As always, her nipples were pointy, now achingly hard as well from the naked walk through school.

Missy sat down on a wooden chair in the corner, relishing the smooth, cool feeling of it against her naked body. Instinctively she crossed her legs at the knee as girls do, for the coverage as much as comfort. She also crossed her arms over her breasts. Anyone coming in would know that she was naked but would not see her private parts.

What was she doing, she wondered. Sitting naked in the girls locker room of the school where she worked was crazy! She would not take any more chances, she thought. I will sit here and if I hear any noises I will run like crazy for cover. She glanced around and her heart dropped. There was no place for a naked girl to hide if someone came in.

Next, she decided to try to find some clothes to wear if she got caught. The only ones she could find were the wet cheerleading uniforms in the washer next to hers. Damn, she thought, I am in a fine mess if anyone comes in.

Sitting there, another thought pushed into her brain. The tests! She had yet to mark half of them and if she waited for her clothes to dry, she would never have time to finish them and get the grades in before school began the next morning. Why didn’t she bring them with her?

Missy knew that she had no choice. She had to go up to her classroom and get those tests and mark them. To not finish them would mean she would get a reprimand from the principal and, as a first year teacher, that could mean she would not get invited back next year. She got to her feet, resigned to the fact that she was about to walk completely naked through the school where she worked.

**Nude at School, Part 3**

Cautiously, Missy walked to the door of the laundry room and went into the girls locker room. Even though she had walked topless through this room just a few minutes ago, this felt very different. She felt the cool drafts of the room hitting her bare and hairless pussy. Her nipples were straining to push through their skin, driving her crazy with sexual anticipation. If she were behind the closed door of her bedroom in her apartment, she would have shoved her fingers between her legs and brought herself off into an enormous orgasm in no time at all. It took all of her self-restraint to not stop what she was doing now and bring herself off. It might have helped her in some way, to get it over with and she could get on with it. As it was, every step seemed to heighten her arousal.

She got to the door and into the gym. There was little of the romantic dreaming from her walk down. This was simply a girl walking naked, her need to cum near the brink. She wanted it, needed it, but she had a task and rushed through the gym, her bare feet slapping against the hard wood floor.

Next came the glass hallway. She had been worried before when she was wearing pants and had her breasts covered. How could she do this and not be seen? Deciding there was just no way to do it, she pushed open the door and took off at a sprint, running down the hallway, her breasts bouncing on her chest, her feet slapping against the floor as she went. Her hair bounced up and down as she ran. Finally, she made it to the part of the hallway were the walls were no longer glass and she slowed down. This was better but not much. The lights in this area were bright, so instead of stopping and composing herself, she jogged to the stairs and ran up them to the third floor.

Here, finally, she stopped and took a breath. Although she ran nearly every day, doing it naked through her school took a lot out of her. She gathered her strength and continued on her walk towards her classroom. Turning the corner, she looked to grab her shoes and socks but they weren’t where she thought she had left them. Weird, she thought. Then it hit her. Someone had her shoes! Someone else was in the school.

Looking left and right, she tried to see if anyone was nearby. Again she covered her breasts with one arm and her pussy with the other and bent over. She realized this was crazy and took off at a run, hands still strategically placed, for her classroom.

Inside, nothing looked touched. She was shaking in fear, wondering if her career as a teacher was done. Why had she done it? Why walk naked through school? She could have gone out to her car and gotten her sweatshirt and put that on instead of walking naked through the school. Now someone knew and she was finished.

But what did they know? That someone left a pair of women’s shoes and socks in the hallway? They could belong to any girl in the school. Some student may have left them after exams or a teacher could have dropped them out of her bag. Missy took a deep breath, feeling better about her situation.

Still, she was naked in her classroom, her clothes several floors beneath her. Even if the person who found her shoes thought it was an innocent find, that did not change the fact that someone was in the building. Someone who may have already seen her or might still see her.

Somehow, she had to get back downstairs and get her clothes. Still, she needed to mark the tests. She grabbed the pile and placed them into her bag and pulled it over her shoulder. She pulled the bag in front of her, effectively covering her breasts. There was no denying that she was still naked and on display but at least this was still a form of covering. She grabbed her keys, flicked off the lights and locked her classroom door. Throwing the keys into her bag, she started the long trek back down to the locker room where her clothes lied all wet and tangled.

This walk was even more nerve racking then the last. Then she was on fire with the thought of being topless in the school. Now, she was fearful of getting caught. Around every turn or behind every door might lie someone who would see her nudity and report it. Her career was hanging by a thread.

She decided to take a different route this time, heading to the far steps at the other end of the hall instead of the main steps. This would mean a full walk through the first floor but she thought it would be a good idea to vary her path tonight, in case anyone was waiting.

Missy finally made it to the stairs and headed into the stairwell. Again she got moist when she felt the cold, hard rubber under her feet. Again she realized that she was amazingly turned on. At the bottom, she pushed open the door and went out into the hallway. She was happy to see no lights on in any of the classrooms, hoping that she would make it back to her clothes. She might get out of this mess after all.

In a few seconds she reached the main hallway where the lights were best. She prayed that no one saw her here but again she was helpless to do anything but walk. Again she reached the glass hallway and again she ran, this time her bag rubbing against her achingly hard nipples. Finally she made it to the gym and she ran in. There was no fantasy this time, just the harsh reality of being naked and vulnerable.

Again, the feel of the smooth, cool floor made her sex water but she ignored the feeling and ran into the girls’ locker room. There seemed to be nothing different this time then before. She ran through the room, around the lockers, her bare feet slapping against the concrete, and she made it to the laundry room. Pushing open the door, she burst into the room and heard the gasps. She was not alone.

**Nude at School, Part 4**

Missy stopped short, stunned to see two students moving the cheerleading uniforms from the washer to the dryer.

“Holy shit, Miss Martin,” the one girl said, her eyes wide, staring at the teachers’ bare sex. “What the hell?”

“Are you streaking,” the other girl asked, her face showing as much surprise as her friend.

Missy recognized the girls as the senior co-captains of the cheerleading team, Mary Sue and Janie. Both girls were beautiful, Mary Sue a blonde and Janie a brunette. Both had long legs, achieved after many years of gymnastics, dance and cheerleading. Mary Sue’s breasts strained against her thin t-shirt that read Cheerleading while Janey’s smaller chest was hidden beneath a sweatshirt.

“Um, girls, it’s not what you think, I, uh, oh God,” Missy stammered.

“No, it’s cool, it’s cool,” Mary Sue said with a smile. “What girl hasn’t imagined running naked through a school? Tonight was your night. Good for you.” Still, neither girls’ eyes had left the teacher’s bare legs and sex, leaving Missy to feel mortified. Even so, the woman made no move to cover up, feeling caught and unable to do anything about it.

“Why don’t you take your bag off so we can see it all,” Janie said with a mischievous grin.

“Oh God, we shouldn’t be doing this,” Missy said as she turned her body so her upper thigh blocked their view of her exposed sex. “I am a teacher and an adult and you are students.”

The two girls laughed. “Well, you are the one naked, not us, Miss Martin,” Janey said. “But if it makes you feel any better, we’re both 18 and legal. Don’t worry about it.”

Missy took a deep breath, feeling a bit better. At least these girls seemed to be okay with her nude streak. Maybe she was going to be okay.

“Come on Miss Martin, just put the bag down and let us have a look,” Mary Sue said. “We already saw your puss. Let us have a look at the boobs! We’re all girls here right?”

The nude teacher was unsure what to do but decided not to anger these girls in any way. If she could act friendly towards them, maybe she could get out of it.

“OK, you’re right girls, I’m being silly,” she said, bending over to put the bag on the floor. As she stood up, she saw that the girls had pulled the two chairs over towards her and were sitting down, as if they were the class and she were the nude teacher.

“Whoa, you have great tits Miss Martin,” Mary Sue said, her eyes staring right at Missy’s round breasts. “And those nips are so hard. Do they hurt?”

Missy was embarrassed to be appraised in such a way but nodded. “Um, yes, a bit.”

“Man, you have a great body Miss Martin, a great body,” Janie said. “No wonder you like to streak. With a body like that, it’s a shame to cover it with clothes. How often do you work out?”

“Um, mostly every day,” she answered, feeling weird to be nude in front of two fully dressed students.

“You can definitely tell,” Mary Sue said. “So, tell us what happened and how you ended up nude in the girls’ locker room.”

It was certainly the strangest moment of Missy’s young life but nevertheless she stood there and told the two girls the story of the night, starting at having to abandon her apartment to the coffee shop to the spill. She even talked about walking the halls and then going back to get the papers which she still had to mark. She did not say anything about her missing shoes and socks.

The two girls sat and listened, spellbound by the story being told. Finally they looked at each other and smiled. Mary Sue spoke first. “That is awesome, what a freaking night. So, how was it walking naked through school? I have always wanted to do something like that but I never had the guts.”

“Yeah, I shouldn’t admit this, but once when I was here alone doing the uniforms, I stripped down to my bra and panties but I chickened out when I was going to leave this room,” Janie said. “You are pretty brave to have gone through with it.”

Missy was surprised that these young girls had such respect for what she had done. Instinctively, she was embarrassed by what she had done that night but these girls were impressed by it.

“So tell us, were you turned on by this, even a little?”

Missy was mortified but felt obligated to tell them the truth. “Yes,” she said, bowing her head and averting their looks.

“I would hope so,” Janie said. “You would have to be dead not to be turned on by that.”

“Tell us what turned you on the most,” Mary Sue said.

Again, she could not lie. “I loved feeling the cold floor beneath my feet, knowing that I wasn’t supposed to be doing this,” she said, feeling moist again as she remembered the feelings she was describing. “And, walking through the gym, I had a dream that I was there cheering our girls basketball team on.”

Mary Sue stood up. “Let’s do it,” she said, looking at Janie. “Let’s make that dream come true.”

“What,” Missy asked, nervous at what the girl had in mind.

“Janie, grab some pom poms and let’s go out and do a routine on the court with Miss Morgan,” Mary Sue said. The other girl hopped out of her seat and rushed towards a closet where the cheerleaders had their supplies. She grabbed three sets of pom poms, each made of green and black strips to go with the school’s colors.

“Come on,” Mary Sue said, grabbing Missy’s arm and pulling her to the door.

“What, no, I can’t do that, what if someone sees me,” she said, trying to stop the girl pulling her but Mary Sue was a bit bigger and had the advantage of clothes and sneakers and had little problem asserting herself.

“Stop worrying, it will be fun,” she said. “This is your dream come true right?”

The two clothes students led the way, with Mary Sue keeping subtle pressure to keep Missy walking. They left the safety of the laundry room to the less secure space of the locker room. Missy felt the different immediately, the cool air of the room a marked contrast to the warmth of the laundry room. Her nipples responded appropriately, getting even harder, if that were possible. She felt the cold, hard concrete beneath her bare feet and a shiver went through her body and it was more than the cold that caused it.

“We’ll teach you a routine so you can really feel like you are really cheering for the team,” Mary Sue said as they quickly made their way to the gym.

Missy was trying to catch her breath. She was so nervous but felt that events were beyond her control. She gasped as they reached the door and Janie threw it open, not checking to see if anyone was in the room. She and Mary Sue followed the girl through and for the third time that night Missy was naked in the gym, this time joined by two students. Her stomach was churning in fear but she could not deny the stirring in her sex as she got worked up at being naked in this public place.

The two girls led her to the part of the court under one of the baskets. She knew that this was the area where the students would sit during the games. The cheerleaders always sat on the floor in front of those students and did many of their routines there.

“OK, Miss Martin, let’s practice this cheer,” Mary Sue said as she and Janie launched into a cheer. Missy, who was a pretty good dancer, forgot her nudity for a second as she watched the cheer.

“Your turn Miss Martin, you try it with us,” Janie said, handing two pom poms to the nude teacher. “Let’s go.”

Instinctively, Missy joined in as the cheerleaders went through their routine. Although she was a step behind them, she picked it up quickly and ran through the cheer. She felt her bare breasts bouncing as she went and when the cheer ended with a high kick, she could feel her pussy open a bit and air whoosh in. What a view the fans would have gotten if she had done this in a real game!

“OK, Miss Martin, you get to be the top of our pyramid,” Janie said. The two girls got on one knee and put their others knees together. “Here, put your foot on here and we’ll help you up.”

Missy moved towards the girls. She hesitated but shortly put her right foot on Janie’s thigh, feeling the rough jeans under her bare foot. She grabbed Janie’s hand with her right and Mary Sue’s with her left and, following their direction, put her other foot on Mary Sue’s thigh.

“Now let go of our hands and put your hands in air like you are leading the cheers,” Mary Sue said. “Don’t worry, we won’t let you fall.”

Shaking, Missy let go of Janie’s hand first and then Mary Sue’s and put her hands in the air. “Shake your hands, you know how cheerleaders do it,” Janie said. She did as she was told just as she felt two hands her bare butt. She wondered if they were getting sexual with her but realized they were just keeping her balanced.

Missy was about to ask how to get down when they heard a door open at the far end of the gym.

“Shit,” Missy said under her breath as she hopped off of the girls’ legs and ran at a breakneck speed towards the locker room. She had just gotten inside when she heard a voice. “What is going on down there?”

She heard Mary Sue. “Oh hi Mr. Jennings, it’s just us, Mary Sue and Janie from cheerleading,” she said. “We were just practicing a routine while our uniforms were drying.”

“What about the third girl?”

“Third girl?” The voice belonged to Janie. “Oh, that was a freshman girl. She was just finishing and ran into the locker room. She has to be home by midnight and was running late.”

“Oh, ok girls,” Jennings said. “Was that girl wearing a body stocking or something? From here, it looked like she was naked!”

The girls laughed. “Naked, that’s funny? Why would a girl practice naked here in school?”

“I don’t know, sometimes the way you girls dress, I wonder what else you are up to,” he said. “But I guess my old eyesight is getting to me. Thanks girls.”

“Bye Mr. Jennings,” the girls said in unison.

They pulled open the door to the locker room when the man called back to them. “Hey girls, did either of you leave shoes and socks in the hallway up on the third floor? I found them tonight as I was cleaning but they didn’t look like they belonged to anyone. Melissa Martin had her light on so I thought they might be hers but she seems to have left.”

“Um, they’re not ours Mr. Jennings and we haven’t seen Miss Martin all night,” they said. “She must have left.”

“Alright, I guess I’ll just leave these shoes in my office in case anyone claims them. Good night girls.”

The two girls entered the locker room and closed the door. “Miss Martin?” Mary Sue called. “Where are you?”

“I’m over here,” came a whisper. There, crouching on the floor, her arm crossed over her bare breasts, was the nude teacher. “Oh God, that was so close.”

“Mr. Jennings saw you but thought you were wearing a body stocking,” Janie said, laughing. “Oh my God, that was great! You must be so turned on!”

Strangely enough, Janie was correct. Despite the fear of getting caught, or perhaps because of it, Missy was soaking wet and thrills were running up and down her body. If it weren’t for the two students watching her, she would have already been fingering herself and halfway to an orgasm. She got up onto her feet, shaking a bit. Again she was a bit embarrassed to be naked in front of these two clothed girls but they had seen her already so covering up was silly. Still, it took a lot of self-restraint to keep her from hiding her sex and breasts from their gaze.

Getting to the laundry room, the teacher stopped short when she saw her bag there by the door. “Oh my God, the exams! I will never finish them tonight, not after all the time I’ve wasted.”

“Well, I’m no teacher but I do really well in English,” Mary Sue said. “I could help mark some for you.”

Missy looked at the girl. Could she really allow this girl to help?

“Look, in college, professors have teaching assistants right? Students who help by marking papers and stuff,” she said. “I can be your TA for the night. Just tell me what to do.”

Missy smiled. “OK, I would really appreciate it. Let me give you some papers here and we can get started.” Bending over to grab her bag, forgetting her nudity for a second and giving the girls quite a view before she demurely crouched down, she was feeling a bit better about everything until Janie spoke.

“Um, there is just one problem, I have to go home and finish a project and Mary Sue is my ride,” Janie said. “Hey, I have an idea. Why don’t you just come to my house and work on it there? You two can mark the papers and I can do my project. Then we can bring you back here for the clothes when we come back for the uniforms in a few hours. Your clothes will be dry and you can head on home, paper marked, clothes clean and fantasies lived!”

“I can’t go to your house like this,” she said. “What about your parents?”

“Well, I am sure they are asleep and I have a room in the basement, away from their room,” she said. “They are used to me having Mary Sue and other girls over at night so it won’t be a problem. Trust me, it’s no big.”

Missy could not believe it but she was actually considering it. She really did need the help and the plan actually sounded like it could work. “But I can’t go out naked can I?”

“Sure you can,” Mary Sue said. “My car is right outside of this door. I will run out, start the car and you guys can run out in two minutes after I’ve gone out. Miss Martin, you can hop in the back so you can hide if you want to.”

“Ok, I guess I will do it,” the nude teacher said, not quite believing that she was about to go through with it.

“Alright, give me your bag and I’ll go,” Mary Sue said. “Janie, you wait with Miss Martin and then you guys can run out. Don’t forget to lock the door behind us or we’ll lose our after hours entrance rights.”

Mary Sue put the teacher’s bag over her shoulder and grabbed her keys. “See you girls in a few minutes,” she said. “Jane, here’s the school door keys.”

The girl left, leaving the naked teacher alone with Janie. “Ready Miss Martin?”

**Nude at School, Part 5**

“Not really,” Missy thought but she nodded as Janie turned off the lights and headed for the door. “Oh wait, we never dried your clothes,” Janie said, turning the lights on quickly. The girl rushed to the washer and pulled the now finished wet clothes from the machine. She pulled open the door of an open drier and placed Missy’s clothes into it. She then pressed the dry button and the clothes started tossing.

“Whew, that would have sucked getting back here in a few hours and not having dry clothes! You would have been here all night in your state!”

Missy was grateful for the girl’s thoughtfulness but was concerned at her lack of judgment. In the heat of the moment, she had totally forgotten about drying her own clothes. Was she really making good decisions? As she walked towards the door, about to again leave the safety of the laundry room, she wondered what the hell she was doing.

She was jarred alert by the sound of the door opening. “Come on Miss Martin, Mary Sue is waiting.” The teacher hesitated but followed the clothed teen out of the room. She felt the cool air of the night hit her bare body, concentrating especially on her breasts and pussy, those areas that are normally covered by clothes. She felt the concrete cold and hard beneath her bare feet and crossed her arms over her breasts in an attempt to cover herself and get warmer.

She started walking towards the car but noticed that she was alone. Janie was still at the door locking up. She felt even more naked now without the girl by her side but kept walking, figuring that being caught on school grounds in the nude would not help her career. She made it to the car that was idling by the curb and saw Mary Sue in the driver’s seat. She made it safely to the car and opened the back door and hopped in. Mary Sue was smiling. “This is awesome,” she said. “What a night for you huh? First, nude in school and now out in public! You must be creaming!”

Missy cringed a bit at the crudeness of the girl’s words but the meaning was correct. She knew without touching herself that she was soaking wet down there and any movement of her thighs sent fireworks up and down her spine.

She prayed that she would not get caught and was happy to see Janie finally finishing her work at the door and coming over to the car. Suddenly, she heard a car come around the corner and saw it coming right at them. It was a police car.

“Oh God,” she groaned as she dove down below her seat, trying to make herself invisible. “I’m dead.”

The car pulled up and was right to theirs. “Hi Mr. Stiles,” Janie said. “Hi Dad,” Mary Sue said.

“Hi girls, just checking up on you both,” a man’s voice said from the parked car next to them. “How is everything?”

The girls talked to Mary Sue’s dad for a few minutes as Missy laid there in a ball, praying that the man didn’t come out of his car and come closer. For his part, the man had no idea that a naked girl was just a few feet from where he sat.

“We’re heading to Janie’s house for a few hours to finish a project,” Mary Sue said as the conversation wrapped up. “Is it alright if I sleep over?”

“Sure honey, but get some sleep.”

“Bye Dad.” Missy heard the car drive away and Janie get into the front seat. Shortly the car drove off, two clothed teen girls in the front a naked and scared teacher in the back. “Come on Miss Martin, you’re fine,” Janie said. “Get off the floor and sit right. You are safe back there.”

Slowly, the naked teacher slid off the floor and onto the back seat. She was stunned to see that they had turned onto a busy road, even at this hour. She slid down a bit, hoping that her bare breasts were below the level of the window. Truth told, no one outside could really see into the car, which was a min-SUV, unless they were in a truck and they would be too high to see in. Still, Missy felt that she was on display to everyone on the road.

Off to the left, she saw a sweatshirt sitting on the car seat. “Hey, Mary Sue, would you mind if I put your sweatshirt on,” she asked, reaching for the shirt. “At least I would be covered.”

“Come on Miss Martin, do you really want to ruin it now,” Janie asked. “You’re living out every girl’s fantasy here; stay naked as long as you can. Let’s finish this thing.”

Missy was stunned. These girls were really impressed by her activities of the night and looked up to her. She almost felt like a heroine to them.

“But, I am a teacher,” she said. “If I got caught like this, I would be in serious trouble.”

“But isn’t that part of the thrill,” Mary Sue asked. “Getting caught at any moment is a powerful aphrodisiac. I bet that helps you get so excited.”

Missy could not believe it but she dropped the shirt from her grasp and sat up straight. She knew now that she was destined to be naked until she could get her clothes back later that night.

After a few more minutes, they pulled into a leafy street with no street lights. The only lights came from porch lights on each house and, at this time of night, there were few of those on.

The car, with its two clothed teens and one very naked woman, pulled into the driveway at the fifth house on the right. Mary Sue put the car in park and shut it off. “We will go in and make sure the coast is clear. We’ll wave you in when things are good.” Before she exited, she reached back and grabbed her sweatshirt, giving the teacher a little smile.

The two cars climbed out of the car, the dome light causing the nude women to curl up in the back seat. She watched them go and felt so alone. She was miles from school, miles from her clothes and at the mercy of two teenage girls. She sat there for some time. She had no idea how long she sat there as every minute felt like an hour in her naked state.

Finally, she saw a light go on in the house and at the door, Mary Sue was waving her in. Gathering up her strength, she pushed open the door and ran out towards the house. She entered through the door that Mary Sue was holding open and was shortly in the warm house.

“Oh God, who is that?”

Missy was stunned to see two more girls standing there. They looked to be a bit older than Mary Sue and Janie.

“That’s a teacher at our school, Miss Martin. She’s on a nude adventure tonight,” Janie said. “Miss Martin, this is Jackie, my sister, and Lauren, her roommate. They are heading out now.”

The nude woman’s legs were shaking from exposing herself again. These two new sets of eyes were drinking in her nude breasts and pussy, staring at her no-so-private parts. “Oh God, I can’t believe you let me come here with other people,” she said to Mary Sue.

“Miss Martin, don’t worry, Jackie and Lauren are cool with it, right girls,” Mary Sue said.

“Yeah, when I went to that school, there wasn’t a teacher as cool as you there,” Jackie said. “I think it’s cool that you are willing to take a chance and do this. I’ve wondered how it would be to walk naked down the halls of school. Maybe someday I’ll have the guts to do what you did tonight.”

Again, more praise for her nudity. Missy mustered a smile and thanked the woman. “Girls, can we go and get started on that project?”

“Sure, let’s head downstairs,” Janie said. “See you guys later.”

“Yeah, nice meeting you,” Jackie said as she and Lauren watched the nude teacher walk past them to the basement steps and down.

The entire basement was now Janie’s bedroom. It was a typical teenage girl’s room; there were some remnants of the little girl room, pink frilly wallpaper border along the ceiling, and some teddy bears in the corner. However, there were some racy photos of male models and musicians. It was certainly evident that Janie was moving from childhood into adulthood and was right on the cusp of both.

The girls settled in, Janie removing her cheerleading sweatshirt to show herself to be very cute up top. Her breasts could only be described as perky, with nipples poking through the thin material of her t-shirt.

“It gets a bit warm down here,” she said as she slid her jeans down her legs and off, revealing pink bikini panties, cut high on the hips. She then slid a pair of cheerleading shorts that showed a good bit of her shapely legs. “Mar, want to borrow some shorts?”

“Sure,” Mary Sue said, sliding her jeans down to reveal a blue striped thong that showed off a very tight, hard ass. She took a pair of athletic shorts and slid them on. “Wish I had the guts to be nude like you Miss Martin but maybe in a few years when I am your age.”

The girls sat down, Janie taking the desk with the computer, with Mary Sue sitting on the floor and Missy on the bed. She felt the softness of the comforter under her bare ass and legs and rubbed against them. It felt so good that she had to stop before she went too far.

Missy gave a stack of her exams to Mary Sue and gave her quick instructions. After rechecking her first couple, she found that the girl really had a good eye for things. The trip settled into a quiet roll as they each got done what they needed. For a time, Missy even forgot her nudity as she read exam after exam. Mary Sue, looking up, was shocked to see their teacher sitting with her legs spread. In her current state of undress, her bare pussy was on full display to them. A silent alert to Janie and soon she was able to see the sight that few others, save for Missy’s gynecologist, had ever seen.

After two hours, they had finished. “Man, I’m exhausted,” Janie said. “How about you girls?”

Missy had to admit that she was very tired and nodded.

“Why don’t we sleep for a few hours and then go over to school around 5 or so? That would be plenty of time to get the uniforms dried and hung up and to get your clothes back.”

The nude teacher thought that was a terrible idea. She wanted her clothes back. She had been tempting fate by sitting her naked in her student’s bedroom; she did not want to spend the night.

“Good idea Jane, I am too tired to drive anyway,” Mary Sue said. “Is that okay with you Miss Martin?”

“Um, sure, but can’t I borrow something to put on for the night?”

“Miss Martin, you have come so far, you don’t want to blow it now do you,” Janie asked. “Don’t worry, you are safe here. You can have the bed. Mary Sue and I will take the floor. Do you mind if we have the bed spread?”

“What about me?”

“Well, you have the bed, that should be enough,” Janie said. “Plus, that would cover your nudity and would ruin the night. Sleep nude and free Miss Martin, for all of us girls who lack the courage to do it.”

The girls arranged the bed stuff and Janie set the alarm for 5 a.m. and the trio went to bed. In no time at all, Mary Sue and Janie were breathing heavily and asleep. Missy was too turned on and nervous to sleep. She was naked in a strange house, two of her students asleep a few feet away from her, and she was incredibly horny after the night’s activities.

Shyly, but desperately, she slid her hand down between her legs and began to rub softly. A moan escaped her lips as she rubbed her sex, feeling lightning bolts run through her body. The rubbing got faster and faster and finally she exploded, trying to muffle her moans and screams in the pastel pink and purple pillowcase she had placed over her face. In no time at all, she fell asleep as well, the night’s activities taking their toll on her.

**Nude at School, Part 6**

The alarm blared at 5 a.m., and it shook Missy out of a deep and restful sleep. She had been having the most amazing dream where she was on an island, nude and living in love with a faceless but adorable man. But here she was, naked and spread out on a strange bed, wondering for a moment where she was. It took a second before she remembered where she was and why she was naked.

Janie turned off the alarm and smiled at the nude girl. “Good morning Miss Martin, how was your night?”

“Um, good Janie, thank you,” she said. As she sniffed the air, she noticed the telltale smell of female musk and she wondered if the girl knew what had happened. As it was, her pussy was red and tender from her ministrations before bed.

“I bet, whenever I have an orgasm before falling asleep, I have the best dreams,” the teen said with a smirk.

“You knew?”

“Of course, you were pretty loud,” she said. When she saw the mortified look on the teacher’s face, she gently touched her arm. “Hey, don’t worry about it. Mary Sue and I are very open to stuff, trust me. If I were naked all the time and stuff, I would be horny too.”

“Good morning,” mumbled Mary Sue as she stretched her arms over her head. Missy could not help but notice how her breasts pushed against her t-shirt as she stretched.

“Well, I guess we should run over to school,” Janie said. “Let’s grab some breakfast first after we get dressed. Well, after Mary Sue and I get dressed at least.”

Grabbing a pair of jeans, another sweatshirt, a pair of panties and a bra, Janie walked into her closet for privacy. Missy thought it was funny that she was buck naked but Janie needed to climb into her closet to change. For her part, Mary Sue was less shy, pulling down her shorts and replacing them with her jeans from yesterday. “I’ll run home to shower after we do the uniforms and get your clothes back.”

Just then, Janie came out of the closet, dressed much like yesterday, cute but not sexy. Mary Sue, for her part, was more curvy and dressed to show it off.

The three girls walked up the steps and into the kitchen. There, Mary Sue put the light on and it scared the nude woman. She knew that anyone outside would have a perfect view into the house.

“Good morning girls and who is this,” a woman, most likely Janie’s mom, asked as she walked into the kitchen. Missy closed her eyes, believing that she was now in big trouble. She was shocked that the woman made no mention of her nudity.

“This is our friend, Melissa,” Janie said. “Um, she’s naked because…um,--”

“A team prank I suppose,” Janie’s mom said. “I saw her naked and spread when I went down to check on you and figured as much. I remember the night you guys had to wear the cheerleading uniforms with no panties to the car wash as freshman. You can’t be a freshman though?”

“No maam, I am a, um transfer and just joined the team,” Missy said.

“Well, you are a beautiful girl,” Janie’s mom said. “You are a good sport being naked all this time. When can you get dressed?”

“At school this morning,” Mary Sue answered.

“Well, let me make you some eggs,” the woman said. “Hope you don’t get caught or get in trouble.”

The three girls sat at the table and had a nice breakfast. It was the strangest meal Missy had ever eaten as everyone treated her as if she were not naked. But the cold, smooth wood under her bottom gave her all of the evidence she needed to remind her of her nudity.

Finally, they finished eating and said goodbye to Janie’s mom. Mary Sue grabbed the bag full of exams and the three headed to the car. Missy wished that Mary Sue had warmed the car up before as the cool morning was especially cool to the nude woman. She huddled in the back for warmth as they headed to school.

“My mom thought you were a cheerleader,” Janie said laughing. “How funny was it to eat breakfast nude with my mom?”

In a few minutes, they made it to school. Missy was shocked to see several cars in the parking lot. Some teachers were in early and she knew that some sports teams, like swimming, practiced early. Also, a number of custodians were there getting ready for the day.

Janie popped out of the car and headed for the door. She tried the key and tried but it didn’t work. Mary Sue got out and tried as well but it seemed to be jammed.

“Oh God, now what?”

“Well, there is another door from this end but it leads to the boys’ locker room,” Mary Sue said. “Let’s try that door.”

The two girls tried that door and it opened, the key working for both door. They were now in the laundry room of the boys’ locker room. Missy was waved in. Though she knew the door was different, she had no idea where she was headed. She took off at full speed for the door, hearing her bare feet flapping against the concrete. Finally she made it and stopped to catch her breath.

Before she could ask where she was, she moved over to the drier where her clothes had been. Finding it empty, she panicked.

“Wait, Miss Martin, it’s okay. Your clothes have not been stolen.”

“What do you mean?”

The girls proceeded to tell their nude teacher about the locked door and that they were in the boys’ locker room. Missy’s eyes got wide as she realized where she was.

“Look, the boys are never here when we come early,” Mary Sue said. “I think we should go and get your clothes and bring them back here.”

“Great plan,” Missy said, thankful that she would not have to walk naked through the boys’ locker room. She waited and watched while Mary Sue and Janie peeked into the boys’ locker room and, seeing no one, made their way out. She heard the outside door open and shut and she knew they had made it out scot free.

Missy took a seat and breathed a sigh of relief, knowing that she was a few seconds from clothes. The metal was cool beneath her but it didn’t faze her after the night she had just had. Where were those girls, she wondered. Finally she heard the door open and she stood to meet the girls. However, instead of two teenage girls’ voices, she heard a group of boys talking loudly. Shit, a team was here practicing.

“That hot piece Mary Sue was caught trying to sneak in here,” one of the guys said. “Wonder what she wanted in here? I would have given it to her out in the gym, she didn’t have to come looking for me.”

The boys all laughed as Missy sunk back into her chair. Mary Sue had gotten caught coming back in. That means that she was stuck here, naked and in the boys locker room. Her career and reputation was shot. She was about to peek out the door to see if she could make a run for it when she heard a knock on the outside door.

“Miss Martin, it’s me, Janie.” Missy threw open the door and let the girl in. She expected to see her clothes in her hands but saw only the green and white of a cheerleader uniform.

“Janie, where are my clothes,” she asked.

“Um, there is a little problem with that,” she said. “The drier you clothes were in broke…your clothes are soaked and twisted. It will take some time to get them dry and all so I brought you this.”

She held out a cheerleading uniform. “You can wear this to school today. I’ll bring your clothes home to my house and dry them there. You can pick them up tonight.”

Missy was stunned. Could she really do this?

“Alright guys, take off your practice gear and put them in the laundry room so I can wash them.” It was the voice of Jim Turner, the boys basketball coach.

“Oh God,” Missy said. There was no time to come up with a different plan so she threw on the cheerleader top, which was a bit snug but fit her. Quickly she grabbed the skirt that Janie handed her and pulled it on. There was no time to put on the panties as they heard footsteps outside the door. The two women rushed out of the room and out the door, into the cool morning air.

**Nude at School, Part 7**

Anyone looking in at the school from the back parking lot would have been given quite a sight. There, next to a fully dressed student, was a teacher, barefoot and dressed in a short cheerleading skirt and a top that though it covered her arms and breasts it left her midriff completely bare.

“Janie, I can’t wear this, it’s indecent!”

“Well, I panicked and didn’t know what to do after Mary Sue got caught trying to get into the boys’ locker room,” she said. “And, um, she was caught with your clothes.”

The teacher gulped. “What do you mean, my clothes?”

“Well, when she was caught by Mr. Rooney, she was holding your clothes,” Janie said, trying not to make eye contact with the teacher. “I don’t know what happened to them.”

Missy groaned. Her clothes were gone and school would start shortly.

“Look, Miss Martin, I don’t have another plan but I think this could work,” Janie said. “We have a big game tonight. You can just say that you are supporting the girls and the cheerleaders.”

Missy thought about it. In her tired state, she was unable to think of a better plan. “But, I’m barefoot, I can’t teach without shoes or something,” she said wearily.

The girl thought for a moment. “I have an extra pair of sneaks in my locker, a size 7 and I think I can round up some socks,” Janie said. “Why don’t you go and wait up in your classroom and I will meet you there.”

Missy nodded and bent over to pick up her bag from the ground. As she did, she felt the short skirt rise and remembered that she was bare underneath. “Oh and Janie, can you please find me some panties for underneath,” she begged. “I can’t teach like this.”

“OK Miss Martin, give me 20 minutes or so and I will have what you need,” Janie said, turning to run back into school and get some things for her teacher.

Missy felt so alone standing there. Her uniform was skimpy, with the green and white top covering her from just below her breasts to her neck and then down each arm. However, several inches of bare skin went from her breasts to the skirt that hung low on her hips. The skirt reached to mid-thigh and flared out, revealing nearly all of her bare legs, right down to her pretty, painted toes. Even after being naked for most of the night, she felt so exposed in this outfit.

She noticed that more cars were starting to fill the parking lot so she figured she should hurry to her classroom. With her schoolbag filled with exams over her shoulder, Missy started to the doors of the school.

Most mornings, Missy entered the school feeling confident. As a young teacher, she knew that it was important to look the part and feel authoritative. She usually dressed stylishly but properly. She never wore a mini-skirt to school, opting for long skirts that flowed to her ankles or pants. Sweaters, sometimes turtlenecks, had been in her wardrobe lately. In the fall, when the weather had been a bit warmer, she had stuck to blouses and pants or long skirts.

But today, she was certainly not wearing a long skirt or a turtleneck. She felt the morning chill on her body as she walked, felt a chill as her bare feet slapped against the cold concrete of the steps as she crept up to the front doors of the school.

She pushed through the doors and gratefully felt the heat. She turned right, trying to escape attraction, but was stopped by a voice. “Excuse me!”

The heart stuck in her throat, Missy turned around, expecting to see the principal standing there to admonish her. She was so glad to see a student with a box in her hand. “Don’t forget to grab a copy of the student newspaper.”

“Um, thanks,” she said, grabbing a copy and turning on her bare heels and rushing down the hall. She wanted to avoid the main stairs and thought that the side stairwell would take her right to her classroom.

It felt like her last walk down these halls had been weeks ago. Could it have been just a few hours since she had walked naked through these same halls? It was incredible to her to realize how far she had come in one night and how her life had changed.

Miraculously, she made it to the stairs without being seen. Again she felt the cold, hard rubber of the stairs beneath her bare feet, which craved some cover after so many hours without it. She took the steps as quickly as she could, hoping to avoid being seen. She made it to the third floor, just a few feet from her classroom, when she was passed by a colleague.

“Good morning Miss,” the man said, not even stopping to look at her or notice that she was barefoot. The man was a fellow English teacher and someone who Missy was friendly with but he didn’t even notice her in the cheerleading uniform. How weird, she thought.

She continued on her journey and unlocked her classroom door. Here she felt at home. Here she felt in control. Here she could leave some of the craziness of the night before and be Missy.

But she still had to contend with her odd dress. Her students would be shocked but Janie was right, she could probably pull it off. But she needed shoes, needed to feel something under her feet, to feel some power. To her, being barefoot was like being submissive. A bare footed woman had no power. It made her smaller, it made her feel weak. She hoped that Janie would make it in time.

She sat down in her chair, smoothing the skirt so that it would lay better when she sat. Still, she felt the cool surface of the wood high on her thighs and she was aware of how short her skirt really was. She crossed her legs, practicing ways to keep from flashing her bare pussy to her students.

Looking over the exams, she was pleased to see that Mary Sue had done a good job of marking the exams and in fact was right on in her criticisms. She even had writing that was similar to Missy’s; the students would not be aware that their exams had actually been marked by a fellow student.

The young teacher heard more voices out in the hallway and she looked at the clock. Classes would start in 30 minutes and Missy was starting to panic. Just when she was going to figure out another plan, she heard her door open and saw Janie peek her head in.

“Hi Miss Martin, sorry it took me so long, I was trying to find some other clothes for you,” the girl said.

“Come in, hurry Janie,” Missy said, motioning the girl to enter the room. She was happy to see a pair of white sneakers in the girls’ hand and socks stuffed into them. She was disappointed to see that the girl had nothing else in her hands but held out hope that maybe Janie had something stuffed into her bookbag.

“Here you go Miss Martin, a pair of sneakers, size seven,” Janie said, handing the woman the shoes. Missy grabbed the sneaks and uncrossed her legs. In doing so, Janie had a clear view of the woman’s bare pussy, which was still a bit visible as she bent over to pull on socks and then the sneaks and tying them. Janie smiled but decided to not say anything. She knew that Miss Martin was a closet exhibitionist and wondered how the woman would feel if her students would see her naked sex.

“Where are the panties?”

“Well, we left the one pair in the boys’ locker room and I could not find a spare pair,” Janie said. “I am sorry. I couldn’t round up anything at all for you to wear. I think you are stuck with this uniform.”

RINNNGGGG! Just then, the bell rang, warning that homeroom would start in five minutes. Shit, Missy thought, I am stuck in this getup for all of my students to see. Janie bent over and gave the teacher a hug, whispering, “I’ll come back and check on you soon,” she said before leaving for the day. Missy took a deep breath and steeled herself for a day of exposure.

**Nude at School, Part 8**

Missy kept on teaching the class, excitedly talking about the latest novel, trying to engage her students in the conversation. They were uncharacteristically unresponsive and Missy could not figure out why. So she tried harder, pushing them on questions, calling on students and trying to get them engaged.

As the lesson neared its end, she did what she always did, slid onto her desk to take questions from the class. As she slid, she felt the coolness of the desk under her bare thighs and cringed. In the seconds it took her to cross her legs, the class was awarded an unimpeded view of her bare sex, uncovered by panties. Oh God, she thought, tightly crossing her legs together, what have I done?

“Um, any questions,” she asked. One hand went up, towards the back.

“Yes, Ms. Martin, are you wearing panties under that skirt,” said the boy boldly.

Missy was at a loss for words. She had always maintained such control in her classroom and earned the respect of the kids, even the boys. Now it had melted away in one upskirt moment.

“Excuse me Mr. Parsons, but how dare you ask that question?”

“Sorry Miss Martin, but it’s just that I think we all saw up your skirt and it’s just strange that you are not wearing panties or anything and I just thought I would ask.”

“Well sir, it is none of your business and you should be grateful that I do not give you detention for your disgusting question.”

The boy looked chastised but his view remained on her bare legs.

“Miss Martin,” one of the girls said, raising her hand. “You can just prove it to us by lifting your skirt. Then we would know that you are wearing panties and this whole thing can be dropped.”

Missy was so flustered, knowing that she could lose her job if it were ever found out that she was bare under her very short and flaring cheer skirt.

“Frankly Miss, I don’t see myself doing that,” she said, trying to sound authoritative, as authoritative as she could in a brief cheerleading skirt and nothing else. “I don’t see myself lifting my skirt and showing the class my panties but that you for the suggestion.”

Mercifully, the bell rang. The class waited, hoping to see up the teacher’s skirt as she dismounted from the desk but she demurely made her way to her feet and the students exited the room, stunned by what had transpired.

Missy hid her bare legs under the desk. Even though the class making its way into the room knew that she was wearing the cheerleading uniform, they could not see how bare her legs really were. This would have been a daring outfit at any time but without panties, it was almost shameless.

The teacher launched into an explanation of her strange attire. Of course many of the students already knew as word spreads quickly in a high school. They also knew that there was a good chance that the woman was not wearing panties under her short skirt and many sets of eyes were peeled to see what happened during class. Knowing that she would have to leave the relative security of her desk to hand out the exams and teach, Missy got to her feet and carefully moved down the aisle, feeling the eyes of all of the students on her body. She wondered how she was going to make it through this day without showing her sex to her students. That would be the ultimate humiliation.

She made it through this class, taking steps to move slowly and remembering not to hop up on the desk. The next period was much the same, eyes gawking at her, trying to see up her skirt but she gave them no opportunity.

Finally, her fourth period was a free one. She sat at her desk and tried to calm down. She wished she could run home and change but teachers were not allowed to leave school once it began.

She heard a knock on the door and saw Mary Sue and Janie at the door. “Can we come in,” the asked. The tired teacher waved them in and the girls entered.

“We have come bearing gifts,” Mary Sue said, reaching into her school bag and pulling out the teacher’s folded clothes. “Sorry about this morning, I got into some trouble.”

“Oh God, Mary Sue, I am so sorry that you got into trouble on my account,” Missy said, taking her clothes. “You girls have saved my life so often last night and today. I don’t know how to thank you.”

“Well, would you mind being our moderator for cheerleading,” Janie asked. “Mrs. Draccold hates doing it and we need someone young and cool.”

A wide smile came over the teacher’s face. “Sure Janie, I would be honored to be your moderator.”

She was about to dress when she heard another knock at the door. “Miss Martin, may I come in,” the voice asked.

SHIT, it’s Mr. Thomas, the principal of the school. Missy was so close to surviving but she felt that the end was here. “Um, sure Mr. Thomas.”

The man entered, a photographer in tow.

“Good morning Miss Martin and hello girls,” he said. “I had heard about your unusual attire and thought I should see it for myself.”

“Mr. Thomas, I am so sorry, I know I should have said something to you…”

“No excused please Miss Martin,” the man said sternly, causing Missy’s stomach to flutter. “I am very proud of you for showing school spirit. I wish more teachers would follow your lead.”

Missy’s face probably registered shock at his words. “Um, uh, thank you Mr. Thomas. I appreciate it.”

“I brought along Jeremy from the yearbook and the newspaper to take a photo,” the man said. “Ladies, would you mind posing with Miss Martin?”

“Not at all,” the girls answered in unison and the put their arms around their teacher and smiled. Missy wondered what the picture would show as her face was frozen in shock.

“How about one where you are sitting on the desk Miss Martin,” Jeremy said. The smile on his face showed that he knew her secret. The word must have been out among the kids that she was wearing no panties and this boy wanted to try and get a photo of it.

“Well, I’d rather not,” Missy said.

“Oh Miss Martin, it will be cool,” Janie said, pulling the teacher towards the desk. Missy knew that she had no choice and slid onto the desk, trying desperately to keep her knees together and not giving the boy any view. But, judging by his leering smile, she was unsuccessful. She crossed her legs to try and hide a view up her skirt.

“Smile,” the boy said, pointing the camera at the three girls, who all compiled, although Missy’s was forced. “One more,” he said. Was Missy imagining or did the boy point his camera at her crotch as she shot the last one?

“Well, thank you all and I hope that you will perform a routine with the girls at the game today Miss Martin,” the principal said. “That will really get the crowd going. Well, good day everyone.”

With that, the two men left the room, Jeremy smiling at the teacher as he went. She cringed, wondered what photographic evidence was now going to circulate the school.

“Well, I guess you are not getting changed until after school Miss Martin,” Mary Sue said.

“Oh God, I can’t stay like this all day girls; please, can you find me panties for under this skirt,” she begged the two girls.

“We will try, but the panties are bought by the individual girl, not the team since they are not reused,” Janie said. “I will try to see if we have anything for you but I’m not free again until seventh period.”

RINNNGGG, the bell signaling the end of fourth period rang. “We will try our best Miss Martin but just so you know, you look awesome!”

The two girls hugged the teacher and left as a new group of students entered the room. No one even asked about her uniform. Apparently, the word was on the street that the teacher was wearing the cheer outfit. She wondered what else they knew.

**Nude at School, Part 9**

Missy spent the rest of the day teaching, trying to keep her students from seeing her bare pussy beneath her short, flaring skirt. She could feel the cool breeze blow up her legs and tickle her bare sex, which was constantly watery. She wondered if anyone could smell her arousal as she moved around the room, trying to act nonchalant despite her unusual attire.

She made it though until the last class of the day. She had mostly gotten used to her bare top and skirt and just moment before the bell, a student dropped a pen. Without thinking, she bent over to pick it up, raising her skirt and showing her bare ass to any student looking back from the front quarter of the room nearest to the door. As soon as she bent over and felt her ass get exposed, she rose quickly and turned. No students seemed to have noticed and Missy breathed a sigh of relief. However, the moment she turned her back, two boys smiled and nodded, affirming the fact that they had seen what they had seen and the rumor was true…the very hot Miss Morgan was naked under her cheerleading skirt.

Finally the last bell rang and Missy gave a sigh of relief. She had made it through the school day with most of her modesty in tact. Sure the students had seen more of her then she had ever intended, nearly all of her leg and her bare belly, back and arms but it really was no worse then she would show at the beach or the pool. She had made it.

Still, she had to deal with the basketball game. She prayed that Mary Sue and Janie would find some panties for her before the game. Missy could not imagine sitting at the game, so close to the other teachers, students, parents and fans with nothing on under her skirt. She closed her eyes and shivered as she imagined the cool wood under her bare thighs. As exciting as that moment could be, the fear of getting caught with nothing on under her skirt outweighed the thrill it could give. She knew that her teaching career would be toast if her lack of undergarments got out.

What she did not know was the word was already spreading. Students claimed that they had seen up her skirt and could see her pussy and her ass. Of course there were students who doubted it but the word spread nevertheless. Jeremy claimed to have photographic proof but had not been able to download it yet. The student body waited in the hopes of getting a view of their teacher’s naked sex.

Thankfully Missy was unaware of these developments, as she holed herself up in her classroom all day, not even leaving to go to lunch or the bathroom. She realized now that she had to go and tentatively left the relative sanctity of her classroom and headed out into the hallway. There were still students around, but most of the traffic had left. She felt intensely naked out here, much like the night before when she had walked nude through these halls. Then no one could see her but now she had several sets of eyes on her bare legs, belly, shoulders and arms. She crossed her arms over her breasts, as if shielding herself from the cold but really just trying to feel a bit more covered. Missy plastered a smile on her face and nodded when students said hello but kept walking forward, not wanting to stop and engage in small talk.

Finally, she made it to the women’s bathroom, one reserved just for faculty. She entered the room and was thankful to find it empty. Pushing into a stall, she giggled when she realized that she had nothing blocking her from peeing directly into the toilet, no panties to pull down. Instead, she slid onto the porcelain seat, spread her feet out wide and let loose a torrent of pee. She felt a bit dirty in this pose, spreading herself. At home, after a shower, still naked in the privacy of her home, she could sit like this but never here, hindered by her panties, unable to spread more than a foot apart or so.

Wiping herself clean sent a shiver up her body. Without really wanting to, Missy lowered her hand and tentatively began to rub her very sensitive lips. Without warning, her lower body flew off the feet, arching as the wonderful sensation raced through her. She rubbed furiously, her day long frustration of being so exposed coming to the surface.

“AHHHHH, GODDDD,” she moaned in as low a voice as she could manage in her ecstasy as the orgasm built. She was just about to fly headlong over the falls when she heard the door open. “NOO,” she grimaced but somehow managed to take her hands away. Knowing that she was in a compromising position, she lifted her feet, putting her sneakered feet up against the walls of the stall. She prayed, hoping that she had not been caught but was relieved to hear the two women entering continuing their conversation, unaware of what they had interrupted.

“…and I would never have had to guts to wear that in class, would you?”

“No way, I would be so embarrassed. It’s bad enough that the boys in this school probably imagine us all naked when they sleep anyway, no reason for us to give them a better image.”

“Shh, someone could hear you.”

“God, you’re right.”

Missy saw the women bend over to peer into the stalls. Looking down, she saw the pose she was in and realized that if either of these women looked into her stall, they would have no problem seeing her spread pussy completely on display. But changing positions would draw attention to her presence, something she wanted to avoid. She decided her best bet was to stay as she was and hope that she could remain undetected.

Luckily for her, the two women gave no more than a perfunctory look in the stalls. Seeing no feet on the floor, they continued their conversation.

“Have you heard the rumors that she is not wearing any panties?”

“No way, are you kidding me? What is up to?”

“I don’t know. I would never have thought that about her. She seemed so modest. I guess she has a wild side to her.”

The one woman entered the other stall while the other stood at the mirror, examining her hair. “Have you ever done that?”

“Done what,” asked the voice from the stall over the sound of pee hitting the water below.

“Gone without panties under a skirt?”

There was silence in the room as the conversation between the two women (plus an unseen but very interested listener) halted. Finally the woman in the stall spoke. “Yes, I’ve done it. Never at school though. It is very sexy and I have done it on dates, before my husband and I got married. Haven’t done it in a few years. You?”

More silence. “Yes, I have, once in college. It was a sorority stunt and we had to make sure that someone saw up our skirt. It was so humiliating but sexy somehow. I guess that’s what she’s is going for today.”

The toilet flushed and Missy heard the woman in the stall next to her walking out, her heels clapping against the tile floor.

“Maybe but I still think it’s in bad taste.”

“Well, maybe the students are making it up. You know how rumors spread.”

“Yeah, but that kid from the yearbook said he got a picture and he doesn’t think he sees panties under that skirt.”

“No shit. That kid’s a pervert but that would really stink. If that picture gets around, she could…” Missy heard the door open and the footsteps leave the room. She gratefully lower her feet to the floor and stood up, not wanting her pussy to be visible anymore. Tears were streaming down her face as she thought about the rumors spreading. She was the talk of the school apparently and not positively. Instead of talking about her teaching skills or her intellect, they were talking about her body and her lack of panties. Missy felt dirty, as if she had committed a crime.

Washing her hands and then her face clean of her tears, Missy looked at herself in the mirror, wondering what she was becoming. Last night, she had taken a huge risk, walking naked through the halls of the school where she worked and now, just minutes ago, she was fingering herself to orgasm in the teachers’ bathroom. “What the hell am I doing?”

Just then another woman walked into the bathroom and stopped short. “Excuse me Miss, this is a teacher’s bathroom, what are you doing in here,” the woman said with disdain.

“Um, Laura, it’s me, Melissa Morgan,” the young woman said, turning to face her colleague.

“Oh God, Ms. Morgan, I am terribly sorry,” said Laura Hinckley, a German teacher who had been at the school for 30 years. “What in God’s name are you doing dressed like that?”

“Just trying to show my support for the girls’ basketball team, that’s all,” Missy said, trying to be cheerful.

“Well, in my days sweetheart, there was a dividing line between the students and the teachers,” Laura said. “Don’t let them see too much dear was our motto. I see that the younger generation of teachers isn’t afraid of showing off in front of the students. Try to keep it professional though Melissa.”

With that the woman went into a stall and closed the door. Missy wanted to get out of there before the older woman had a chance to chastise her more. She already felt bad enough.

Walking down the hall towards her classroom, she spotted Mary Sue. “Miss Morgan, I was looking for you. We have to hurry, the game starts in 20 minutes.” Missy desperately wanted to go into her classroom, put on her clothes from last night, and leave the building, putting the whole shameful incident behind her. Instead she allowed the student to pull her down the stairs towards the gym.

**Nude at School, Part 10 Conclusion**

The gym was full of students, parents and families of both teams. This was a big game and the room was filled to capacity. As soon as she got close to the door, Missy stopped, her legs shaking.

“Please Mary Sue, I can’t do this, not like this,” she said, her voice quivering. “I’ll lose my job.”

“Miss Martin, you’ve gone through all of this for the past 16 hours. Naked, barely dressed and yet here you are, still standing, still employed. Finish this now and you can leave having fulfilled your dream.”

The girl took Missy’s arm and pulled her into the gym. Missy felt all eyes turn towards her and there arose a huge cheer from the section of students cheering for North Washington. The word had spread about her performing at the game and that had drawn dozens of students who would not normally be caught dead at a girls basketball game. Embarrassed, Missy lowered her head but did not resist as Mary Sue led her over to the spot where the cheerleaders were stretching.

“Girls, this is Miss Martin, our new moderator,” Mary Sue said. “She will be doing a routine with us.”

“Hi girls,” Missy said shyly. “Good luck today.”

The girls all said thanks and continued getting ready for the routine. Out of the corner of her eye, Missy saw Janie calling her over under the bleachers. She and Mary Sue went over.

“Miss Martin, I found something for you,” she said, holding out her hand. Balled up in her fist was a skimpy pair of panties for under the cheer skirt.

“Oh God Janie, thank you so much,” Missy said, hugging the girl as if she had just given her gold. “You have saved my life. Where’d you find them?”

“Well, I couldn’t find a spare so I am lending you mine,” she said. With that, she pulled her skirt up to reveal her bare sex.

The two women stood shocked. “Janie, no way, you can’t do that today,” Mary Sue said. “You are the top of the pyramid! Everyone will see that you are not wearing panties.”

“Well, I couldn’t let Miss Martin get fired and you know that I kind of like being an exhibitionist,” Janie said. “Look, I’ll be careful and do my best to not let anyone see but if they do, they do. What’s the worst thing that can happen?”

“You could get suspended or expelled,” Mary Sue said. “Janie, you can’t do this. I know you want to help Miss Martin but it’s not our fault she showed up naked. We’ve done all we can to help her but this is beyond what we can do.”

Missy watched the interaction of the two students, feeling helpless. Part of her desperately wanted those panties, anything to cover her sex in the hopes of not getting fired. But another part of her knew that Mary Sue was right. This was her problem and it didn’t do any good to drag Janie into it.

“Janie, you are such a good girl but Mary Sue is right, I can’t take your panties,” Missy said, giving the girl back the wadded green panties. “Put them on and do a great job out there. I will have to hope that I can get through the game without anyone seeing up my skirt, though I am sure there will be many people trying to sneak a peek, especially with the rumor mill flying.”

The two students looked in shock at the teacher. “You know about that,” Janie asked.

“Yeah, I overheard two teachers talking about it in the ladies room,” she said. “I’m pretty embarrassed about it but I’m not sure there is anything I can do about it.”

Behind them, a cheerleader named Amber called out for them to join the team. Missy and Mary Sue formed a wall so that Janie could pull the panties on without being seen. Once they were on, the three women moved out from beneath the bleachers and onto the court. Missy took a seat in the second row of the bleachers and crossed her legs at the knee. She felt the hard wood under her bare thighs and knew that her skirt had ridden up. She hoped that her sex was not on view for everyone.

As the game went on, she had to keep reminding herself to stay seated with her legs crossed even when the urge to jump up and cheer hit her. The game was back and forth. However, with a few seconds to go in the second quarter, a girl chased a ball out of bounds and came flying into the stands, right at Missy, who caught the girl. In doing so, her legs came uncrossed and, for a split second, her skirt flew up. It was brief but she knew that anyone close would have seen that she was bare under her skirt. Missy’s cheeks got red in shame as the horn sounded to end the half.

The cheerleaders stormed onto the court, led by captains Mary Sue and Janie. They did a cheer and then danced to a song. Finally, Janie motioned for Missy to join them. Like last night, the girls did a cheer and then got into the position for Missy to get on their legs and stand atop the little pyramid. Shaking in fear that her secret would be discovered, she got up on the girls legs. Feeling their hands grab her bare thigh, she let go and put her hands in the air, receiving a huge cheer from the crowd. From where she was, she saw Jeremy on his knees on the court, shooting the group from below. His smirk gave her all of the indication she needed…he could see up her skirt and knew that she had nothing on.

The cheerleaders left the court but Mary Sue and Janie followed Jeremy to the door where he was about to make an exit. Missy could tell that they were in a heated discussion. Finally, Mary Sue took the camera and grabbed the memory card from the back and handed him the camera back. The two girls turned and ran towards Missy.

“We got his memory card,” they said in unison.

“The little perv wants to take pictures up girls skirts again, he’s going to have to deal with me,” Mary Sue said, flexing in a comical way that caused the other girls to laugh hysterically. “By the way,” she said in whisper that only Missy could hear, “the photo from this afternoon is on there. Apparently, he never had a chance to download the photo.”

Missy’s spirits were raised and she enjoyed the second half of the game, especially when North Washington pulled out a victory. She glowed afterwards when the girls on the team and their parents thanked her for her support. Even Mr. Thomas was warm in his praise of her, telling her that her school spirit would help when it came time to offer new contracts.

Now that the game was over, she walked over to her bag, which held her clothes. She could have changed now in the locker room but decided not to. After all, she had enjoyed the ride so far. She walked over to Mary Sue and said, “so girls, what are you guys up to tonight?”