**Oops! A story by Donna, part 1**

You all know what I was like when I was a freshman. What? You don’t remember? Well, I’ll admit it, even I forgot what a prude I was. When Crysta and I first moved into Bodacious Hall together, I was so shy I wore a dress! No, not a little t-shirt, worn as a dress. I mean an actual dress.

I know. Hard to believe.

Or maybe not. You see, I was fresh out of high school, and when I was in high school, even on “bottomless day” I always wore at least a thong. Back in high school, we girls thought it was daring to wear “just a top” — that’s what we called it, even though we wore underwear. Panties, I mean, or maybe a thong if we we wanted to show off our cute little cheeks.

So when I got to the College I was shocked – outraged, even – to find out we weren’t even allowed to wear panties. Why was I so mad? Because the boys might get to see the “real me” instead of a pair of panties. Ha ha! So funny, now that I look back on it. It’s no wonder the Inspectors all thought I was cheating. What was I hiding under those long dresses? At first, I was a little embarrassed to be Inspected, you know? It’s understandable, I think. I wasn’t used to taking off my dress in public. On the other hand, I didn’t want people to think I was a bad girl. So I was conflicted. But in the end, it really didn’t matter. The dress had to come off. There was no saying “no” to an Inspector. I learned that the hard way: by being cited a couple times for “Indecency” just for hesitating to strip.

Don’t get me wrong. Most of the time it’s no problem being Inspected, nothing more than a minor inconvenience. I mean, we’re all naked under our clothes, right? So what’s the harm in proving it? Most of the time, I just got naked, and stood there, with my legs apart, and hands behind my head. It’s kind of a vulnerable position, but it makes sense. If you’re going to strip a girl naked, you don’t want her crossing her legs, or covering up her pussy, right? Most of the time, I just have to stand there, and let people look at me. Sometimes the Inspector makes me bend over and grab my calves, which makes me feel even more vulnerable. Most of the time, that’s the worst of it. After posing like that for about five minutes, I get to put my clothes on again, and go on my way. Sometimes the Inspector will tease me a little, you know — he’ll rub my inner thighs, or the bottoms of my cheeks just enough to make me good and wet, and then he’ll tell me to leave without any clothing. I’ve seen what happens to girls who stand up for their rights, and demand their clothing — they get cited for indecency! So I’m a good little girl, and I leave. Let me tell you: It doesn’t take long for a naked girl with a wet pussy to get raped. Not fun.

As you can imagine, I wasn’t at all happy about this whole situation, so I asked Crysta for some help. It wasn’t so much getting raped that bugged me, it was getting naked I didn’t like. Let me clarify: it was being the *only one naked* that I didn’t like. When I’m in a group of naked girls, like at the pool, I don’t mind at all being naked myself. Or back at the dorm, in the evening, like most girls, I like to just take off my clothes and relax.

Crysta explained the problem to me: My dresses are too long. “You’re thinking about it all wrong,” she told me over and over. You see, I had been thinking a dress should be an inch or two longer than crotch-length, you know, for “safety”, but how safe is that, really? Whenever you bend over, people can see everything. Or sitting, even with your legs together, people can see up your dress.

So does that inch or two below the crotch provide any safety at all? No. Crysta had me wear a top as a dress that was exactly crotch-length, and go shoe shopping! I wrote about it a few years ago. I was so embarrassed! But to my surprise, everyone was so nice! No one made me feel uncomfortable, or embarrassed. I felt so exposed, but in fact, Crysta assured me my pussy was rarely visible, and the one or two times a person saw it, they would always pretend they didn’t.

You know what I learned? A girl’s butt is only half-covered by a crotch-length dress. I know, I should have realized it, but I had no idea. Here’s the point: crotch minus one or two inches? No big difference. So it covers a third of my butt instead of half. Who cares? Trust me: I didn’t change overnight, but over time, I did get used to wearing shorter tops as dresses. And here’s something interesting: Once you’ve graduated to crotch minus three inches, then crotch minus four or five isn’t really any different. None of your butt is covered by any of these dresses, and your pussy isn’t really hidden, either. You’re essentially bottomless once you’ve got about three inches of your crotch showing.

It took Crysta a whole year to transform me from a prudish girl who got inspected almost every day to a sophisticated girl who wore tops and no bottoms to every class. Of course, when I went out into the town, I dressed a little more conservatively — my tops were crotch-length, or crotch minus an inch or two at the most — and I really felt, well, half naked when I was in the “real world”. The thing is: Crysta really helped transform me, that year.

Then in the next three years at the College, I became gradually more and more comfortable going to my classes completely bottomless. Yes, the fondling was a little annoying at times, but I took it in stride, spreading my legs whenever a boy (or a girl!) wanted to stroke my inner thighs. That was sure a lot easier than being Inspected. A lot of other girls were bottomless, too, and they were a comfort to me, especially because I saw I wasn’t the only girl who got excited in public. If a boy wanted to pick out a girl to have sex with, well, it wasn’t hard to find one. Sometimes it was me. In those cases, I was always an obedient little girl. I would always take off my top for the boy, in case he wanted to see my little tits. I know a girl is supposed to feel like she’s being punished whenever a boy fucks her in public, but I kind of liked it.

So now I’m a full grown adult, but I’m still a girl, and now I’m out in the real world, not the insulated world of the College Campus. So I’ve reverted a bit. I feel a little uncomfortable wearing a crotch-length top as a dress, especially without even a thong under it. At the same time, I have to put on a brave front for my students. These adorable young girls and boys look up to me, and they want to emulate me, and I really want them to feel comfortable. In fact, I want them to feel as comfortable wearing a crotch-minus-four-inch top as I felt by the *\*end\** of my freshman year. I want these high school girls to wear their sexy clothes not just to school, but to the mall, to dinners and movies, to their soccer games and concerts.

So I’m being a good example to them. I’m wearing a top that’s several inches short of crotch length. I’m going to stand in front of the boys and the girls with my pussy showing. It’s going to kill me to dress this way, but I’ll hide it, the way I did my freshman year at the college. I’ll turn my back to the class, knowing just about my whole butt is exposed. I’ll sit on my desk and teach them without making a special effort to keep my legs together or hold my hands in my lap. I’ll even walk between their desks, daring the boys (and the girls) to reach out and touch me. After all, that’s part of College life.

And the boys need to be prepared for College, too. Sure, the girls worry about being fondled, but no one worries about the students who have to do the fondling. Can you imagine how hard it must be for the boys in my class to reach out and stroke my thighs? It’s important they get over that fear. It’s important they see me get excited, so they know it’s okay to make a girl excited when she’s wearing a short dress.

I’ve never worn a top shorter than crotch length to class before, but it’s time to set the right example. So, this morning, Cyrsta picked out three tops for me to choose from. The longest one was a sleeveless light blue top, about two or three inches short of crotch length. It was tailored to fit my figure, and really made me look sexy, if I say so myself. The next one was a kind of wife-beater, very thin and tight, about hip length. I like this one because it’s snug on me, and shows off my figure. The last one was a cute little sweater that shows off my belly, and buttons in front. I like the sweater because it shows off my belly, but I would normally wear it with a matching bottom, like a micro-miniskirt or something.

“I like the sweater,” said Crysta, laughing. She was laughing because she knew it was too sexy for me to wear to school.

“Forget it,” I said. “But I’ll wear either of the other two.”

“You’ll wear the wife-beater that’s so thin I can see your adorable areolas through it?”

I blushed. “yes,” I said, a little choked up.

“What?”

“Can’t I wear the blue top? Please?”

Crysta laughed. “I know you need me to force you to set a great example for your kids. So I’m going to help you.”

At that moment, I felt so overwhelmed with love for my beautiful roommate I think I cried a little. I gave her a huge hug, and promised I would be a good girl and do what she says.

I left for school wearing only the wife-beater, which barely covered my belly button.

What could go wrong?

**Oops! Part 2, by Donna**

It took me so long to decide what to wear this morning (I finally decided on the “wife-beater”, because it’s thin and sexy, and almost long enough to be decent in public…) that I was running terribly late. I mobile-ordered my drink at Starbucks like I usually do, and then pulled into the parking lot — and then I remembered I wasn’t wearing a bottom!

No problem, I’ll just use my “emergency panties” I keep in the glove box. Not there! In a panic, I rifle through all the papers — receipts from long-ago oil changes, the owner’s manual, expired insurance cards and registrations — but no panties!

I get on the phone to my adorable roommate. “Crysta, where are my panties?”

“What?”

“My emergency panties. The ones I keep in my glove box.”

“Oh, \*those\* panties. I kind of borrowed them. Sorry.”

“Well that’s a problem, Crysta. I’m outside of Starbucks, and my drink is in there, which I already paid for, and now I can’t get out of the car.”

“Why not?”

“I’m not decent, remember? I’m completely bottomless!”

“Just go through the drive-through then.”

“No drive-through.”

Long silence. Crysta was out of ideas.

“Crysta?”

“Well, honey, you’ll just have to suck it up, and go in there. Own that little top. I bet no one will bat an eyelash.”

“This isn’t College, Crysta. People will notice. Even when my top is long enough to hide my panties, people still notice.”

“Honey, listen. You wore that top, it was your idea. You’re planning to wear it in front of a bunch of horny 18 year olds, right? So what’s the harm in going into the Starbucks and getting your drink? You can do it!”

“Okay, Crysta, I’ll try. I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

I got out of the car, and closed the door. I started walking, my heart beating fast. I knew my top was short, but now it seemed *really* short! I was completely bottomless in public for the first time since College!

I went in, and found my drink. I didn’t even look up. I didn’t want to catch anyone’s eye. I grabbed my drink and left.

At last, my heart still beating fast, I plopped myself down behind the steering wheel, and came! That’s right. I had an orgasm as soon as my butt hit the seat. What a thrill! I had to call my roommate.

“Crysta, you were right. I did it! Now, I can’t wait to face my kids at school. I love you!”

**Oops, part 3**

Hi, it’s Donna, again…

So, I made it in and out of Starbucks, bottomless. Back in my car, my heart beating fast, I realize I’m sopping wet! As I drove the few blocks to the school, wondering if I would cum, I was reminded of when I was in College, and Crysta would tease me right to the edge, and then send me out the door to my first class. It was so hard to keep my legs together, but I knew I had to do it, because it was against the rules to let other students see when you’re excited. Then, after I sat down, sometimes the boy sitting next to me would rest his hand in my lap, and so even though I didn’t want to, I would have to spread my legs. I would cover my face, hoping my dress would be long enough to remain decent, but if the boy started touching my inner thighs, I would have to spread my legs more, and pretty soon, the boy would have full access.

I parked the car, and then it hit me: I’m going to have to walk into the school, right past the main office, completely bottomless. Even worse, I had been teaching the boys in my class that any girl taking CP can be fondled, even their teacher. I let them fondle me in class, mostly so the girls will see it’s no big deal to let a boy touch your legs, and that it’s okay to spread your legs in public while a boy is touching you. Most of the time, I keep my cheeks covered, but even when I’m wearing a cheeky miniskirt, I still let the boys touch my legs, right up to the bottoms of my cheeks,

But today was different. I was completely bottomless, so if a boy decided he would touch my bottom, I would have to spread my legs, and then people would see how excited I was! So I hoped and prayed that wouldn’t happen, and, you know what? Whew! I made it to my class. I was early enough that only a few students had arrived, so I sat down at my desk, and pretended to be busy with administrative stuff.

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Soon, the students began filing into the classroom, chattering among themselves the way kids do, and then before I knew it, the classroom was full, and the bell rang, calling the class to order.

I took a deep breath, and stood up, praying my lack of bottom wouldn’t cause a big hubbub. I walked up and down the rows of desks as the morning announcements played over the loudspeaker in the room. A few students patted my bottom, of course, but beside that, there was very little reaction to me being bottomless.

What a relief!

“Wait a minute,” I said, looking around the room. “Something’s different. What is it?”

No one answered.

“Come on, tell me. You look different. What is it?”

After another awkward pause, my kids reminded me that I agreed to let them off the hook for one day. It had been a rough week, and they needed a break. On Monday, two girls forgot it was “topless day”, and wore *only* a top. They begged me to keep their tops on, but that wouldn’t be fair to the other girls, so I made them take off their tops.

Then, on Tuesday, one of the girls was bad, so I made her go to the “stocks” in the cafeteria. This is a harmless little punishment, meant to mimic the colonial period. The girl’s head and hands are placed through the holes, and it’s closed down on her, so she just has to kneel there until her punishment is over. It’s not as if the girl was naked or anything; she was fully clothed. I think she was wearing a t-shirt dress. One of the boys lifted her dress to make sure she wasn’t wearing panties, and, of course she wasn’t. But having her privates exposed like that, well, it made her a little excited, I guess. The poor girl begged to have her shirt pulled down over her butt, but no one did. Then they teased her and made her beg to be fucked, which, of course, she was. More than once.

Wednesday was “belly button and miniskirt” day. Cute little tops, and adorable micro-miniskirts, showing off the girls’ extra cute bellies. The girls really don’t need much encouragement, but I wanted to make it a fun game. So I made a couple ground rules: No skirts longer than 5 inches, and the three longest skirts would be removed. Well, bless their little hearts, the girls didn’t disappoint. Not a single skirt was longer than 3 inches, and many were less than 2 inches! The three girls who lost their skirts didn’t really mind too much, as none of the skirts hid very much!

Then, on Thursday, I had four girls put on a little exhibition for the other students during lunch time, to help them understand what the CP class is all about. To prepare for this, I asked all the girls to simply wear t-shirts that day, nothing fancy. Of course, I warned them not to completely cover their butts, or I would confiscate their shirts, but that was the only requirement. I was very pleased with the result. I had the girls model their t-shirts for the class. Some of the girls’ pussies weren’t completely covered, but by and large, they were pretty decent looking. I picked the four girls who were the best covered, and had them stand in the cafeteria with instructions that they didn’t have to take off any clothes, but they weren’t allowed to stop their fellow students from stripping them naked. They stood next to a sign asking students to guess which one of them was wearing underwear. The students were eager to play the game, and soon realized they could touch the girls, make them raise their arms, and even make them bend over, so they could guess which one of them was wearing underwear. Of course, they soon realized none of the girls were wearing underwear, which make the game that much more fun.

So here it was, Friday, and then I remembered — after making them pose half-naked in front of their classmates all week, I agreed to give them a break, and let them wear up to four items of clothing — a bra, panties, a top, and a bottom, if they so chose. The only catch is that one of the girls would have to get naked this morning, stay naked all day, and even go home naked. Then, if she had the courage to do so, she would stay naked all weekend, and come to school on Monday, still naked. If she did all that, then not only would she win the admiration of all her fellow students, she would also get a pass the next time she would otherwise have to get naked in school, such as an Inspection, or any of our ordinary stripping games.

To decide which girl would have to get naked, I offered them the following game: One by one, I would pull their names out of a hat. Each time I called a girl, she was allowed to take off a single item of clothing, and then her name went back in the hat. The game would continue that way until one girl was naked, ending the game. When the game ended, all the partly-naked girls still playing would be allowed to put their clothes back on again.

To make the game a little more fun, I offered the girls some twists. For example, when a girl was down to just a top and a bottom, I would allow her to take off her bottom, and drop out of the game. That way, she got a guarantee she wouldn’t have to get naked, but she would be bottomless for the rest of the day. When we played the game, only one girl actually agreed to that condition, and her top was actually pretty decent — it covered her belly, and even part of her butt, so it was a pretty good deal for her. Then, when five of the girls were topless — four wearing adorable little mini-skirts, and one wearing a thong — I offered them all the chance to quit the game, before I picked the next name. This was a pretty good deal, because the next pick could have ended the game for any one of them. And going topless for a single day wasn’t such an ordeal for my girls. But only two of them took the deal – the thong and one of the skirts.

After those three girls sat down — one in a thong, one in a miniskirt, and one wearing only a cute top — we were soon down to seven topless girls, and six girls wearing two or more items each. Now, it was more likely than not that the game would end with the next name I picked, so I made a new rule to prolong the game: From now on, when a girl wearing a single item is picked, she gets a one-time exemption from stripping if she agrees not to put her clothes back on after the game ends, but then she has to stay in the game to the end. As it happened, four girls took that deal before one of those four, Sofia, was called again.

As Sofia removed her panties, the three girls who took my last deal sat down, making seven half-naked girls, and one fully naked. The rest of the girls put their clothes back on, feeling a mixture of relief and survivor guilt.

I felt a little bad for Sofia, because she had never been naked in public before. Of course, she had been naked in the classroom, and she had even agreed to be raped by one of the boys in front of the class, which not every girl has had a chance to do so far this year. And, like most of the girls in the class, she has been coming to school most days wearing just a top, as a very short mini-dress. I’ve noticed Sofia is a little shyer than the other girls, wearing tops a little longer than necessary, and she’s a little slower to undress than the other girls.

So this weekend will be good for her. I hope she enjoys all the usual extracurricular activities that a girl her age would do on a weekend — soccer, the mall with her girlfriends, a date with her boyfriend, that kind of thing, and then, on Monday, when she returns, naked, to school, she can tell us all about her weekend.