**Sam goes to a new School**

**Part 1**

"Yes, Dr. Schlosky, we did receive the papers you sent us. When can we expect for you to arrive? We are very anxious for you to start; our Classical Studies department has been at a loss since Father Vestion's passing."

"Expect us to arrive early Thursday. I've never been one to dally."

"Us? I wasn't aware you were a family man."

"My wife passed away several years ago, so now it is just me and Sam. [I hope you all see where this is going.] That is why I was so interested in your offer. A university position would be more in line with my experience than a finishing school, but the educational records of the Academy are outstanding, and I feel that Sam's studies might suffer in a lesser environment. And given that the tuition is waived for your instructors' children, the offer was too good to pass up."

"You have no worries there, sir; your son will be in good hands at the Academy."

"Fine, I'm sure my daughter will make a fine addition to your school."

"Dr. Schlosky! You are aware that Destern's is an all-boys school... I'm sorry, but your daughter will be unable to attend."

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"Dr. Schlosky ?"

"I was afraid you would try something like this, so I had my attorney look over my contract. There is no mention of the gender of my child, but it is made quite clear that said child will be enrolled and educated at Destern's free of charge, for the length of my employment. Refuse and it's breach of contract, full payment due immediately for the length of my contract term... Five years, I believe."

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"...Thursday, you said? We will be expecting you." 'Click'

"Sir, this is not possible. To the best of my knowledge, no female has ever set foot on campus, let alone attended a class here. How could you allow it so easily?"

"Because he is right. Our lawyer caught that, too. We just assumed it was an oversight in the papers he sent us, and accounting advised us to sign with no further delay, before he had a chance to reconsider his fee. He has us over a barrel."

"So, are we just going to let her attend?" asked Bradley Jacobs, the Student body president and student liaison to the faculty.

"Yes. For now. But tell the faculty, that she gets no special treatment, and start researching our charter and the Book of Rules. Maybe we can find some loophole to get us out of this mess."

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"Father, why were you yelling?"

"It's that new school you will be attending. They were reluctant to let you in."

"But why?" she asked pushing her thick glasses up her nose. "I'm top of my class and I was class president and a starter for the swimming team. What problem did they have with me?"

"Don't worry about it, dear. Daddy's taken care of everything. You just run along and get packed."

Samantha turned to leave, but was snapped to a halt by the sternness in her father's voice. "What are you wearing young lady?"

Knowing exactly what he was talking about, Samantha started to cry, "...but sometimes they move around so much and boys stare at me..."

"I'll hear none of that. Off with it."

Samantha had no choice but to comply; her father was not someone who took 'no' for an answer. Reaching under her sweater, she could only wonder how her father had managed to see the thin bra strap through the wool.

"Boys only look when you flaunt yourself. I know that's why you want one of these," he said, grabbing the brassiere from her hands. "You are not old enough to be interested in boys yet. And you don't even need one of these. They are for women who don't take care of their bodies."

She did need it; she could tell by the way it sometimes hurt when she went down stairs too fast. And boys WERE interested, she could tell by the way they stared at her no matter what she did, ever since they had stopped calling her "chubby" and started calling her "stacks". Maybe she was a flirt subconsciously, just like her father said, because even though she knew she wasn't ready, sometimes she liked it when the boys looked at her.

"I know, Father," she said meekly, before rushing back to her room to pack for their trip.

**Part 2**

Boys. Everywhere.

That was all Samantha could think about as she sat front row center in the school auditorium. Her father hadn't mentioned that it was an all boys school. In fact, it was only the fact that virtually every eye in the room was trained on her, that allowed her to resist running her fingers under her skirt. She knew that there were more important things for her to be interested in besides boys, and she knew that she was too young (her father had told her many times), but this was too good to be true. Around her were the new freshmen, and a few transfers like herself, but in the back of the auditorium and on the stage, there were some of the current students, and they were all wearing their school uniforms. A tight dress shirt, necktie, and little tiny dress shorts. On the younger boys, it was just a uniform, but on the older ones, the shorts were obscene. Sitting just staring at the tight butts of one of the students (a handsome young man who seemed well liked by the crowd) as he finished speaking to the assembly and turned and walked back to his seat, she hoped her father was absorbed enough in the orientation not to notice her obvious interest. Suddenly a sharp 'peep' escaped her, as she realized that she too would be required to wear the same uniform. The thought of all of the boys looking at her in that outfit (and they would look, no matter what her father claimed), had her blushing deeply red in her seat.

The sharp noise from his daughter drew Dr. Schlosky's attention away from the speaker. Looking at Samantha, he noticed that she was flushed and glistening (only boys sweat); surely this was a sign of some anxiety. Sam always was a very shy girl, so this situation of having to make all new friends in a new school must be really getting to her. But, he was her father, damn it, and he could protect her from these things. "Honey, what's wrong?" he asked under his breath.

"Nothing. It's just these uniforms they're wearing. I've never worn shorts like that before."

He knew what she was talking about, and he agreed. After the assembly, he would talk to Dean Hammilton about this; there must be some compromise. "Don't worry Dear, Daddy will take care of everything."

This worried Sam. She didn't want him to take care of anything. Whenever he "stood up for her" it only ended up causing her more trouble.

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"Dr. Schlosky, Samantha, this is Bradley. He will act as a go-between if Samantha has any conflict with the rules or the faculty. That is why I invited him to this meeting. Now, Doctor, what exactly is your complaint about our uniforms? It is of a standard type worn in many schools. I realize that the shorts may be a little short and childish for some of the upperclassmen like Bradley here, but that is part of our philosophy. It reminds them that no matter how mature they think they are, until they have completed out curriculum, they are still children." The dean was smiling inside. Many of the boys were embarrassed when they first wore the uniforms. For this girl, it must be terrifying. maybe she could talk some sense into her father.

"No, that's not the problem I have with the uniform. I've read the charter, and I agree with your philosophy." Sam's eyes snapped open. If that wasn't the problem, what was. "You see, this is my daughter," pointing to Samantha, "not my son. Just because she is to be treated like one of the male students, does not mean I will sit by and see her masculated. I expect my daughter to wear dresses and skirts at all times, like a lady, not pants like some tomboy 'daughter' of a mechanic."

"Surely you cannot expect us to alter our uniforms; they wouldn't very well be uniforms would they?" Maybe a little jest would lighten the mood. "Have you seen Samantha in one of our uniforms? I'm sure she will look like a perfect young lady."

"Very well, Dean Hammilton, I will indulge you, but, if I do not approve of the uniform, I will expect some cooperation on your part. I seem to recall a case from last year of a young gentleman who was forbidden from wearing his yarmulke during school functions. As I sit here, I feel my philosophical -- no, religious -- convictions about this growing. Dressing my daughter up like a boy might damage her sexual identity, and I would never want that. "

"Samantha, you may use my private bathroom to try on this uniform," said the dean, offering her a uniform from one of the drawers on his desk. "And Brad, will you go get me copies of sections 43 a-d of the student handbook?"

Sam couldn't believe it. Her father didn't care that all of the boys would be staring at her legs, he only cared that she dress like a young lady. Now, not only would they stare at her legs, but also try to look up her skirt like the boys at her last school did. Well, she didn't care either. No matter what her father said, she liked it when boys stared at her, and if Daddy wasn't going to be sensible about this, they she damn well was going to make the most of it. Wait... these shorts were too tight. Whenever she put them on, she would pull her knickers out of place. Well, her father had only started letting her wear her pretty lace things a few years ago, so she thought nothing of removing them so she could fit into the tight shorts. Next, the shirt. This was too tight too. And as she looked at herself she was shocked. Her breasts moved freely under the shirt, and the shorts showed off every curve. Maybe this uniform wouldn't be so bad.

**Part 3**

Samantha slowly folded her clothes and placed them in a pile; her father would not approve of her leaving them lying around. Now, what to do with her knickers? Her father would never approve of her taking them off in some strange man's office, and besides, they were still damp from looking at all the boys in tight shorts. She couldn't let her father see them like that. Quickly she stashed them out of sight in the only available place; the trash can. She would just grab them when she changed back into her street clothes.

Shyly she opened the door, knowing that soon her father and the dean would see her in her revealing uniform. She laid her clothes on the corner of Dean Hammilton's desk, and did a little turn to model her outfit. Her father had to see how revealing it was, if she had to wear this every day, and feel the eyes all over her, she would go insane (or at least have to start rubbing herself again).

"See, lovely and feminine."

"No, it looks absurd. Samantha, get out of those ludicrous pants right now."

When her father said jump, you jumped. Before she had a chance to think, she had her shorts down around her ankles. Then she realized what she had done. She stood up slowly with her shorts in hand. Luckily her shirt was long enough, but if she wasn't careful, her father would find out she wasn't wearing her knickers. It was bad enough that Dean Hammilton and her father were seeing her in just a shirt, but she didn't want to get in trouble too.

"These," said her father, grabbing her shorts from her hands and tossing them on the dean's desk, "are unacceptable."

"Don't get upset. I said we would reach a compromise, and we will. Here, this is the address of a local tailor. When Bradley gets back, he will give you the official dress code rules. Mr. Kollens should be able to make something that is acceptable to both yourself and the school standards. You'll have to go there for him to take your measurements, but then you can just have them delivered here, and you can come in Sunday to see if we all approve."

Samantha was panicking now. She had forgotten about Bradley. These two old men were one thing, but if one of her classmates saw her like this, she would probably faint.

"Daddy, can I change back now?" she asked in her most innocent voice.

She still had to walk between her father and the dean to get back to the bathroom, and knew any quick movement might give her away. Slowly she reached for her clothes, feeling the shirt ride up her legs as she bent over, and thankful that the two men were in front of, instead of behind, her. Then things got really hectic. Bradley opened the door and slipped in. Samantha knew that he could see the bottom of her bare butt and freaked. Grabbing her clothes from the desk, she spun around, using them to cover herself. Unknown to her, Dean Hammilton's coffee cup was sitting on the corner of her sleeve. There was a scream from the dean as he caught a cup of hot coffee in his lap; he jumped to his feet to rush to the bathroom, slamming the door once inside.

"Sam, what is wrong with you!"

"I'm sorry Daddy; its just that he came in, and I didn't want him to see me like this."

"What is it with you? You always have to look perfect when a boy might see you. Well, this time you're not dressed up; when are you going to stop acting like such a flirt?"

"It's not that..."

"Don't give me any excuses. Just look at the mess you made! Get dressed so we can make it to the tailor's in time."

Sam just stood there, scared -- her father never yelled unless he was really angry. She was eyeing the bathroom door, hoping the dean would hurry up so they could get out of there.

"What are you waiting for? We only have a couple of hours."

"But, Daddy, I can't change out here, he will see me."

"When are you going to get it out of you head that everyone is as obsessed with sex as you are? Bradley, would you be offended if Sam changed her clothes?"

"No sir," said Brad, stifling the biggest grin of his life, "I have seen many of the other students change before; sometimes you must learn to forgo modesty when you live at a boarding school."

"Good boy. See, Sam, that's how a young person should look at life. Now get dressed and be quick about it," he said before turning back to talk to Brad. "Bradley, could you do me a favor?"

"Certainly sir, that is one of my duties here. What can I help you with?"

Brad was again fighting a smile, as he had a clear view of Sam as she removed her tie, and started unbuttoning her shirt.

"Well, Samantha's behavior is sometimes lax when it comes to boys. She likes to flirt and then blame them for her behavior. Now, it's not a big job, but could you keep an eye on her for me? I wouldn't want her making trouble at her new school."

Samantha got an offended look on her face and stopped her changing to stare at her father’s back -- sort of a silent challenge to what he was saying. Of course, by this point she had finished unbuttoning her shirt, and was standing there revealing the insides of her breasts and her neatly trimmed bush to Bradley. Suddenly this realization hit her, and she quickly stripped off the shirt before grabbing her skirt and pulling it up her legs. Bradley was ecstatic; for a nerd this girl was cute, and not only was she getting changed with him watching, but for some unknown reason, she wasn't wearing underwear.

"Don't worry, sir; I'll make sure she stays out of trouble," promised Brad and he lowered himself onto the dean's plush couch, to hide his growing excitement, as she finally put on her shirt, depriving him of his view.

"Thank you Brad, that will mean a lot to me. Are you ready to go yet?" said Dr. Schlosky, while getting up from his chair and turning towards Sam. Luckily she was covered, and he hadn't found out about her knickers.

"Yes, Daddy," she smiled before following her father out of the office, all the while trying to tuck her shirt into place.

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Why had she done it, she thought. She could have put her skirt on first, and then turned before she took her shirt off. Did she want him to see everything? Or was it really just the car's air conditioning that had her nipples hard and rubbing against her shirt? She had much to think about as she crossed her arms across her chest (to hopefully warm and hide her nipples) and stared out the window of her father’s car as they drove towards town.

**Part 4**

"Are you sure you'll be OK?"

"Don't worry, I'm a big girl; I'll get fitted for my uniform and then take the bus back out to campus. Just get back to your office. You still have unpacking to do."

"Well, just make sure he follows all of my requirements," he said, handing her the photocopy of the dress code with his personal requirements penciled in the margins.

Samantha slipped out of the car, careful to keep her skirt from revealing anything, and quickly ran across the street to Kollins and Sons Tailors.

The shop was rather small, like everything else in the town, but looked nice enough. For a small shop in a small town, the suits displayed in the large picture windows were very stylish and expensive -- probably owing quite a bit to the money that was drawn to the town by the school. On entering, she saw Mr. Kollins, and her hopes were raised. He was aging and had a newly developing bald spot, but he was still quite a handsome man. Putting on her best "innocent little girl" face, she walked up to him. Maybe if she played her cards right, she might get out of this with something she might not mind wearing.

"Hi, Mr. Kollins, I'm Samantha. Dean Hammilton should have called."

"Well, that'll teach me. I just assumed the old bastard was joking. But here you are. What exactly do you need changed with the uniform? Old Jacky made it sound like something major, but a few minor alterations and it should fit you just fine."

"Um...my father is very demanding and very traditional; he does not approve of girls dressing like boys. He asked me to give you this. It has both the dress code requirements and what my father wants."

"I understand your father's concern. You are quite a lovely young lady and it would be a shame to waste that by hiding it under a frumpy boy's clothes." At this statement, Samantha turned a bright shade of red and looked down embarrassed.

"It's just that I want to hide it. I don't want to have everyone staring at me; it's going to be bad enough being the only girl in the school. I just want to blend in."

"You might be out of luck on that one. I think you would be noticed if you wore a nun's habit every day. But... step over here so I can get your measurements, and I'll see what I can do."

Again Sam turned her head away and blushed. Most young boys just stared at her, but Mr. Kollins wasn't shy with actual compliments. It made her nervous, but it was flattering and made her grin in spite of herself. Mr. Kollins made no effort to hide his grin. "There you go, that's better. A girl as pretty as you shouldn't get upset over something silly like standing out; you should do your best to be noticeable. And it's also good that you have already blushed so much, that way it might not happen again when I ask you to strip down to your underwear."

"What..."

"It's just that in order to get good measurements, I need you to be wearing as little as possible. Don't worry, it's past closing; no one will wander in off the street and see you."

"It's just that..."

"You're not wearing a bra. Don't look so surprised that I noticed; I am a tailor you know."

"It's..." "DAMN IT, SAM, stop being a baby," she thought to herself. "He is a professional and has seen it all a hundred times before. Although," she thought as she unbuttoned her shirt and pulled it back, off of her shoulders, "I only see men's clothes in the shop." Next she reached back and unzipped her skirt, allowing it to fall to the floor before kicking it to the side -- what the hell, Daddy wasn't here now.

Mr. Kollins was somewhat shocked (pleasantly), but kept up his jovial but professional appearance. He crouched down and picked up her clothing, carefully hanging it on a hanger and placing it on a nearby rack. "Come on now, no bra or knickers. You must at least like it a little when boys look at you."

Sam started to answer "No", but all she could manage was a quick shake of her head. What was wrong with her? She used to be on the debate team, and now she couldn't even talk to one man. What was this new town and school doing to her?

"Just get your arms out straight to your sides, and we'll get you back into your clothes as soon as possible, so don't move."

Sam stood at the side of the store, facing a three way mirror, with her back to the front door. He had just started to measure her sleeve when there was a noise behind her... "Hey Dad, sorry I'm late..." The voice cut off. Looking in the mirror, she saw the reflection of a boy around her age.

"Good, you're here. Get her measurements while I find the right material to make a uniform for her. It turns out she's going to be one of your classmates."

The boy, Thomas Kollins, had already spun around and covered his eyes. "But Dad, she's naked."

"And that's why she needs to buy clothes," said Mr. Kollins, as he flashed a broad smile to Sam that she couldn't help but return. "If she doesn't mind being naked in front of a dirty old man like me, I don't think she would mind being seen by a handsome young stud like my boy."

Sam looked up again, and Tom had turned back towards her. He had turned just as red as she was, and his dad was right, he was adorable. Mr. Kollins was the nicest person she had met since she had gotten to town, and she didn't want to disagree with him. Besides, he had already seen her, there was nothing to hide.

"I guess it will be OK," she said with a weak smile, before making eye contact through the mirror with Tom. Tom, much like his father, made no effort to conceal his smile.

"So, it is true. You're the girl who's going to be attending the Academy this year. I had heard about it, but didn't believe it. I go there too. My Dad wouldn't be able to afford it, but he has a deal where he helps maintain the school uniforms and they waive tuition...," Tom was obviously nervous. He kept talking about nothing as he took her measurements, stopping only to ask her to move this way or that. Sam didn't mind. She couldn't have responded if she had wanted to. He had to get close behind her, and reach his arms around to grab the opposite ends of the tape in each hand. Chest, breasts, waist, hips... each time he held her closer and took more time and each time her breathing became heavier.

Wider? He asked her to move her legs wider apart, and without questioning she did. He was measuring her inseam. Why did he need an inseam measurement to make a skirt... Why did she care? His hand was very close to those parts even she wasn't allowed to touch, and she was liking it.

**Part 5**

She had to close her eyes and bite her tongue to keep from moaning when he pressed the tape tight against her crotch. With her eyes closed, she didn't see him come in, but recognized his voice. "Tom, how was your summer?" It was Bradley. Why did he always show up just in time to see her naked?

"Bradley! Long time no see, Bud." His hands had left her body, and she opened her eyes to see the two friends high fiving. Suddenly Tom realized the situation Sam was in and tried to help. "So what's up? The shop is closed, and I'm kind of busy right now."

"Oh, I was just hoping to catch Sam and her father before they left." He smiled a very charming smile at Sam, and she gave him a small wave before looking back down, and clutching her hands at her sides. (But not, for some reason, using them to cover herself -- she really did have some things to think about.) "We forgot to give you the regulations for the PE uniforms, and we assumed your father would want that altered as well."

"I'll take that," Tom said, taking the paper from Brad. "My dad will need this to find the right materials... Sam, wait right there and I'll be right back."

"I guess you just can't keep your clothes on today."

"Is that all you wanted. If so, you can go now."

"There is something I need to talk to you about."

"Well, get on with it..." putting her hands on her hips and staring him down. For some reason, he didn't intimidate her.

Brad had seated himself on a rail that ran behind the front window display. He patted next to him, indicating for her to sit down. She reached for her shirt, but Brad interrupted, "Come on, it's not like I haven't already seen everything."

"That was different, I wasn't just standing there for you to stare at. Besides, you can't tell me what to do," she challenged him, but she did stop reaching for her shirt.

Bradley liked her spunk. "Would you like to sit down so we can talk?" She slowly moved over and sat down beside him, forgetting about her clothes, and not noticing that her back and rear were now exposed to anyone walking by outside.

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"What do you think of her?"

"Wow, Dad, I've never seen..." Tom was too embarrassed to finish the sentence.

"I know. The Academy is a great school, but I always regretted the things you would miss by going to an all boys school. Maybe now you can make up for some lost time."

"Like I'll ever get another chance like this, even if we DO go to the same school."

"Oh, I think you will. Just look at her." Father and son both peeked through the curtain from the back room. Sam was sitting on the rail beside Brad, talking, swinging her legs, and oblivious to the fact that she was still naked.

"Your mother was like that too. Shy and insecure, but one compliment, one subtle glance, and she wanted everyone to see her..."

"Dad, I don't need to hear this."

"Yes. You do. Then it was a thigh here and a bit of cleavage there, and the more people would look, the more you mother would glow, and the more beautiful she would become. She was never as bold as your friend out there, but the spirit is the same. You should hang on to her, she's going to be a wild one."

"Hang on to her? I don't even have her to begin with. And every guy on campus is going to take a shot at her."

"And you got there first. I saw you out there. You weren't just measuring her, and she didn't mind. She likes you, don't blow it."

Tom looked at his father, looked back out the curtain, and walked back into the main room.

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"What is it you want to talk about?"

"Two things actually. First I have a confession, then I have a gift.

"Do you know why Dean Hammilton was so set on you following the dress code? No, of course not. He doesn't want you to attend the school." If Brad expect a response from Sam, he didn't get one. Sam was tough, and wasn't used to taking no for an answer, so some tired old fuddy-duddy didn't bother her. She looked at him like she expected to hear something more interesting.

"He wants to embarrass you. Your father is a real hard-ass, but he thinks he can break you, and get you to beg your father to leave. He wants me to help him, and as usual I agreed -- you don't get the privileges I get without kissing a little ass."

"So that's your confession, you and the dean are going to try to make me quit school. Thanks for the info, but what makes you think I won't just tell my father, and then you and the dean would have hell to pay?"

"Well, I play both sides. I'll do what the dean says, but I don't want you to quit; I'm just starting to like you. Anyway, you won't want to quit. I've seen you, you like being looked at. I'll just sit back and do what the dean says, AND get to see you running around half dressed. Personally I think it's a win/win situation."

"Now, you must know I'm going to turn you in to my father and the dean. Why are you telling me?"

"Your father likes me and I might be able to get to him first; that's where my little gift comes in." Reaching into his pocket, Brad pulls out a wadded rag. "Recognize these?" he asked, unrolling her knickers. "I don't know why you took these off, and I don't care. But I do know your father would be very interested in hearing that I got them from a group of freshmen."

"That's a lie."

"Maybe, but it would explain this interesting odor," putting the thin silk to his nose and sniffing. "I guess your dad was right, you are easily excited."

Sam knew she was beat. "What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing major. No touching, nothing slutty. Just do what I say, and whenever I suggest something agree with me. All new students end up doing it anyway; this," holding up her knickers, "is just my insurance." Putting his hand on the side of her face, he turned her to face him. "Don't worry too much about it; just have fun. I won't make you do anything you don't enjoy."

He leaned in close and she was expecting him to kiss her, but instead he stood up, put the knickers in his pocket and walked out the door.

**Part 6**

Sam was a wreck. She couldn't believe that she was a slave to some guy she just met. And even stranger, she couldn't believe that she was so excited it was taking all of her self control not to touch herself right here.

"Are you ready to finish your measurements now?"

Sam was shocked back into reality. "Sure, lets get it over with."

Tom was back on his knees; this time in front of her, face level to her sex. Hadn't he checked the inseam already? Maybe he just didn't write it down. She was having trouble standing, as Tom held the tape tight against her crotch and gently rubbed down her leg to smooth the tape. His hands left her and soon he was kneeling behind her checking the other leg. This was too much. He was behind her. He wouldn't see anything. As subtly as she could, she snaked one hand down to her clit and started rubbing gently. How could she be doing this so close to a boy? She was so engulfed that she didn't notice when his hands left her. Not here, she couldn't cum here. Slowly she pulled her hand away and opened her eyes. Staring into the mirror, she looked directly into Tom's face. He could have watched everything in the mirror. He didn't say anything; just stood up while writing the last number on a pad.

"There. All done. Mostly painless, I hope."

Tom was so cute when he was nervous. "It was fine, you were a perfect gentleman," she stated while wrapping her arms around his neck and giving him a quick kiss on his cheek.

"Dad wants you to look at some things in the back before you go."

Sam quickly started following behind him. "You can get dressed now."

"Oh, sorry," said Sam running back to grab the hanger with her clothes. "I guess I'm just absent minded."

All the way to the back room, Tom kicked himself mentally. Samantha just strolled along with the hanger over her shoulder, smiling.

Once in the back, she hung her clothes beside her, and removed her shirt from the hanger. Tom watched closely as she put it on and buttoned the first few buttons. All the while watching Tom watch her.

"Good, you're done with the measurements. Could you try this on for me?" Mr. Kollins had come out of nowhere and surprised them both.

"Sure, no problem." Sam took the tiny black skirt and leaned over to put it on. Tom watched closely. He could see how the shirt bunched open in the front, revealing her again. He couldn't believe it; she was sexier now than she had been fully naked.

Mr. Kollins was soon down on one knee, examining the skirt. With one hand he held up the bottom of the shirt (which actually hung lower than the skirt) and with the other he tried to adjust the hem.

"Hold on, let me get that out of your way," she told him. Soon Sam was shirtless again. Why did she keep doing this? Did she want to be naked, or did she just want Tom to stare at her? Or both? She didn't know, but she was just glad that Mr. Kollins was back here, or Tom might not escape with his life.

Still topless, and in the shortest skirt she had ever worn, Sam walked back and forth modeling for the two. "Don't you think this is a little short. And do you think it's too tight and maybe a little too sheer. My dad might think it looks too sexy." She was running her hands up and down the sides of the skirt; how could it be this thin and tight? It felt like she was wearing nothing.

"Well, the rules are strict when it comes to design. The length is hard to adjust without breaking the rules, but I'll do what I can. Now the fabric, that's a different story. I thought you and your father would like it. It's very pretty and feminine. Why don't I just make it a little less tight, and it's sheerness shouldn't be too much of a problem. Is that good?"

"I guess, but really do see how much longer you can make it. I would hate to miss school tomorrow because Daddy didn't like my new uniform." And it would be even worse if he liked it and she had to wear it every day. Here it was fun, and it obviously turned Tom on; at school she would die.

She took the skirt off, and was again completely naked in front of two people. This time she finished getting dressed without interruption, except for Tom watching her closely the whole time.

"Thanks again, Tom. I hope I see you in school Monday," she said leaning in to give him another quick kiss before quickly rushing out to catch the bus.

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"So, Dad, how much longer are you going to make that skirt?"

"Oh... about an inch and a half shorter." Giving a sly grin.

"What?"

"Oh, I told the truth. The rules are very strict. Plus, she might say she wants something longer, but you saw her -- she loves it. She might be nervous at first, but she's going to love her new clothes."

**Part 7**

"How do you like the uniform Dr. Schlosky?"

Sam was walking back and forth in Dean Hammilton's office. How could Mr. Kollins have done this to her. The shirt wasn't the problem. It was a little shorter than something she would wear (no way would it keep her covered like the old one did) and it tapered a little more to the waist than the boy's shirts did. It was very feminine so her father wouldn't mind and it looked respectable enough that the dean wouldn't be able to say no. Sam was OK with the shirt (only briefly wondering what she would look like if her nipples got hard behind the thin fabric -- but of course she wouldn't let that happen in school) The problem was with the skirt. Mr. Kollins was right, now that it was loose and flowing, the material wasn't nearly as see-through, but what about the length? This wasn't longer, if anything it was shorter. Much shorter than she wanted to wear.

As if to answer her objections, Dean Hammilton started giving her instructions. "Stand straight up... Head back... Hands down by your sides."

Sam didn't see how the skirt could be covering her decently, and that thought had her nipples starting to gradually tighten. She relaxed her hands by her side and cringed; her skirt hem didn't even reach her second knuckle before ending. She was doing her best to calm down and let her nipples relax. She was past caring whether anyone saw them or not, she just wanted to stop them from rubbing maddeningly up and down her shirt with each breath.

Dean Hammilton was thrilled. Never had he imagined that the uniform would be so revealing. No father would let his daughter be seen in public like this, let alone be seen by a few hundred young boys. He was home clear, no girls now, not ever.

"Come over here." Sam approached her father with her head down. Would he be ashamed that she had come out dressed like this? No, he couldn't be, it was her fault. He took the side of her skirt and pulled to the side. The thin material fluttered in the still air and floated high enough to give Bradley a clear view of the back of Sam's knickers. "And this is in accordance with your dress code?" asked Dr. Schlosky, directing his question towards the dean.

"Yes, fully. I understand your objections, but this really is as far as we can go. Bradley, stand up for us."

Brad stood beside Sam and Dean Hammilton proceeded to compare the two uniforms. Shirts same design but a feminine material and cut. Pants and skirt, same length. Sam wanted to say that it wasn't the same with a skirt, but a quick look from her father AND one from Brad, shut her up.

"No, you get me wrong. I approve. I just wanted to hear you commit before I agreed. Should we see the Physical Education uniform next, or do we trust in the tailor's abilities?" Dr. Schlosky asked his daughter.

The dean was taken back. How could this be fine with him. His daughter was half naked. What was it going to take to scare this guy away? He had lost, but just for now, and maybe a few days like this and she would beg to leave.

Sam couldn't believe it either. She wanted to tell him that she didn't care about the PE uniform; she wasn't going to wear THIS uniform. But one look at his face told her that his mind was made up. "No sir, I think everything will be fine," she managed to squeak out. She couldn't take them looking at her any more. She had to get into her normal clothes now. She didn't know what she would do tomorrow, but for right now, she needed to be wearing more.

"Good, it's nice to have settled that mess. If that is all, we will see you tomorrow, Dean Hammilton."

Sam looked at her father and motioned towards her clothes. With his nod of permission, she quickly moved towards the bathroom to change.

"Wait a minute, Sam. I have a tour of campus to give to some of the new students. If your father doesn't mind, you can join us."

"Of course I don't mind; Sam needs to start making new friends. Go on, honey."

Sam thought for a second. What the hell. She was looking forward to being alone in her room (her father's prohibition against touching herself had been meaning less and less recently), but maybe she could meet some more cute boys on this tour. Besides, she just wanted to be away from her father right now -- how could he let her be exposed like this?

"By the way, you should probably keep your uniform on. The other students will be wearing theirs, and you need to get used to it before Monday."

Sam couldn't speak. She looked at Brad's smile and knew he was loving this, but she also looked at the thin elastic band that he had subtly pulled from the corner of his pocket, and knew that she had better not say anything.

"That sounds like a good idea, Brad. Can you make sure she gets home?"

"Of course," smiled Brad as he pulled Sam's clothes from her limp hands. "And you can take care of these, as she will not be needing them." Turning to look at Samantha, Brad finished, "I'll try to have her home by dinner Sir, but we have a long day ahead of us."

**Part 8**

"Now, this is fine for sitting in class and at assemblies, but sometimes something more casual is in order like when you sit on the floor or outside on the ground. Try sitting "indian"-style."

Sam was reluctant, but pulled her feet onto the bench and shifted herself until she was sitting on her feet and ankles. With her skirt pulled up in the back and her thighs forced apart by her position, her skirt was little more than a belt. She leaned forward instinctively to cover the thin crotch of her knickers that she knew was visible to Brad.

"Come on now, I warned you about covering up. Here, don't lean forward, put your hands back here and relax." Brad was taking control again. He took her arms and moved them back and to her sides. She leaned back on them, and it was more comfortable, but she knew her knickers were stretched tight and everything was visible to Brad. This was the worst. She knew that she had better always find a chair or something, because if she had to sit like this, she would show off everything.

"That's good, but lets try something different." He was rearranging her again. This time her feet were on the bench near her ass, after she was stable, he wrapped her arms around her legs with her chin resting on her knees. "Adorable..." Sam wasn't happy, but she let out a little smile. Brad could definately make these situations a lot less embarassing. Somehow he always made it seem like she was just being sexy and cute, instead of being almost naked and exposed. "... but this, "Brad completed, while moving her feet further apart while leaving her knees together exposing her knickers even more, "is even better."

"Get real Brad, I can't just walk around and spread my legs for everyone, I'll look like the school tramp."

"I know, but I'm just trying to get you to losen up a little," he fake punched her on the shoulder just hard enough to knock her off balance in her awkward position. "Who cares if someone sees your knickers? It's not like you're gonna put out or anything. I don't really care how you sit; I just want you to be more casual, don't always act like you have something to hide. Do that and I might get rid of some of the rules, but until then, you need a little encouragement. OK, let's move on." Brad grabbed Samantha's hand and helped her to her feet. "Show me how you would pick up this rock."

Sam moved cautiously to the edge of the path, she bent her knees and squatted down to the ground, keeping her knees close together. "Stay there..." Brad squatted down beside her and moved her knees wide apart. "There, that's better." Brad backed up to look at his handywork. Sam's skirt hung loose in the front keeping her knickers covered, but allowing a full view of her inner thighs. Sam wasn't aware of how much was left covered. As far as she knew, Brad was staring at the new wetness that was spreading across her knickers. She bit her lower lip, almost crying that not only could this boy have such an effect on her, but also that he could actually \_see\_ the effect her exposure was having on her.

Brad saw her reaction, and it was not what he wanted. "Maybe that was a little too much, " Brad said as he took Sam's hands and helped her stand upright. "We want you to look strong and confident, and if you proudly show yourself, or even if you get a little embarassed, but hold your ground, you will look tough. But I don't want you to break down. That's cruel, and wouldn't do us much good anyway." Brad was talking quietly, trying to soothe her, while wiping the few forming tears from her face.

Brad pushed himself away from her and lifted her chin, "OK, enough of this for now. We still have to meet the rest of the tour group."