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**Wednesday, November 21, 2007**

**Subleties overlooked by an expert**

Hi, I'm Alison. I regard myself something of an expert in the dress codes here at the college. I'm going to tell you a little story, which will teach you a few basic details about the dress code, but it will also make it clear that you have to pay attention to detail.  
  
Here I am, wearing a pretty standard outfit. A shirt and a skirt.  
  
  
  
So what's wrong with that outfit. Nothing really, but the most important rule in the dress code is, that you cannot wear two layers of clothing anywhere on the body. This means that I cannot wear underwear under my skirt. This is a rule that's enforced to encourage girls to dress decently. If girls can wear underwear, they will think it's no problem to wear a short skirt and then let their underwear by visible.  
  
The problem with the outfit I'm wearing is, that it's impossible to tell whether I am wearing underwear or not. In fact, I am currently wearing a bra and no one can tell.  
  
  
  
If I lift my skirt a bit, it's also quite clear that I am wearing underwear.  
  
  
  
Basically, what you need to do in order to comply with the dress code is either walk around in only bra or panties, or simply take off your bra and panties and keep your shirt and skirt. Most girls prefer the latter. The bra and panties aren't visible anyway, so no amount of decency is added by the bra and panties. On the contrary, wearing bra and panties may subconsciously encourage you to get more daring with your skirt length etc.  
  
Here I am, having already taken off my bra and in the midst of taking off my panties. I am holding up my skirt for demonstrational purposes only, to display to you, that my pussy otherwise would be as hidden behind my skirt, with the panties as without them.  
  
  
  
At this point, I am as decent as before, but I am not wearing a bra and panties, thus complying with the rule that only one layer of clothing is allowed anywhere on my body. That completes the basic instruction into the dress code.  
  
As girls spend time around campus, they learn that there are other circumstances that must be taken into account. As I explained earlier, it's impossible to tell if I'm wearing panties under my skirt. That means the inspectors who enforce the dress code can't tell either. It was when I met an inspector I overlooked a small, but important detail.  
  
The inspector couldn't see if I was wearing panties, and asked for my skirt to make sure. This is the embarrassing part. I'm right there in public, and asked to take off my skirt. It's embarrassing alright, but having some experience with the dress code and inspections, I know that it will only be more embarrassing if I don't comply with the inspectors instructions right away.  
  
  
  
As I'm taking off the skirt, it's quite obvious, to the inspector and onlookers, that I'm not wearing panties. I have made sure that my pussy is shaven clean. Having a bush can count as bottom, and that would force me to go bottomless. It's one thing to be bottomless for a few minutes, but it's a completely different thing to have go about my business at campus bottomless.  
  
As the inspector is studying my skirt, I try to stay as decent as possible by pulling down my shirt. Luckily, I'm wearing a shirt made out of a stretchy material.  
  
  
  
It's not comfortable to be bottomless out there. More people are stopping to watch as I'm trying to get my shirt to cover my pussy. It gives me a bit comfort that it seems I can actually cover my pussy, thanks to the flexible material. What I don't realize, this is also the problem.  
  
As the inspector is done with my skirt, he looks at me. "Everything's fine, here's your skirt back ... wait ...". The inspector looks at me shirt that barely reaches my pussy "You're already wearing a dress!? Fine, you won't be needing this, then". The inspector takes my skirt and leaves. I'm stunned.  
  
  
  
By pulling down my shirt, it became a dress, just like that. How could I overlook this!? Luckily my shirt was plenty long to function as a mini dress, but still, I hurried back to the dorm, hoping no one would notice my lack of bottom. One thing is that it's embarrassing to be bottomless, but a completely different matter is that, that I pride myself of being an expert in the dress code, and now I've overlooked such a simple detail. My shirt became a dress.