**The First Class**

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It came as no surprise to Marissa's friends and admirers when she showed up to her first day on campus in a blue tube top and a tight denim skirt which was reaching down to just an inch above her mid-thigh. The guys on campus knew exactly where to look right when she hopped out of her Jeep in the student parking lot. As she opened the back door and reached in to grab her laptop, she heard a couple whistles and immediately remembered just how short her skirt was. It forced her to immediately adjust her skirt and top to adequately cover the delicate parts of her body before starting towards her lecture hall.

With her laptop held tightly with both hands against her slowly slumping tube top, she began to squeeze her way past the giant crowds of people in the hallway. It wasn't easy for a girl with her looks to navigate through a busy college without being undressed by every other guy in there. After finally finding the main entrance to her lecture room, she pulled up her tube top one last time and gave her her denim skirt a gentle tug before stepping inside to meet her infamous professor.

Upon stepping inside, Marissa was immediately distracted by the gigantic size of the lecture hall, not realizing she was being carefully studied, inch by inch, from top to bottom by her professor. He stared immensely at her bare thighs, desperately trying to visualize what this gorgeous little thing had hidden underneath her denim skirt. She looked around for several seconds at the empty seats available and finally decided on an outer spot up in the far back row. It was the only seat in the room with access to the an unoccupied electrical outlet. The fact that the lighting up there was rather dim also influenced her decision as it would make it a little easier for her to hide her panties from any prying eyes. She realized, however, that the seat would position her crotch at eye level with her professor, but it was too hard for her to resist taking the only spot left in the class with access to an outlet.

Marissa took a deep breath as she quickly studied the steps that led up to her desired seat. It was going to be quite a task to climb up the few steps without revealing any of the delicate parts of her body which had been in danger of exposure since she stepped out of her car. She glanced at the professor and caught a sly smirk on his face as she correctly guessed what was going through his mind. He folded his hands and leaned slightly against his table as he made it obvious that the class would not commence until she was seated.

Marissa bit her lip and summoned all her courage to put her foot up on the first step of the long staircase leading up to her desired seat. Her denim miniskirt rode up at the exact moment she lifted up her leg, revealing an additional inch of her creamy smooth thighs to the professor. She dropped her left hand from her chest and intensified the grip of her right on her laptop. Her left hand cautiously dragged her skirt against the back of her thighs with each step as she made her way up to the back row. She prayed silently that her laptop would not drop because it would be impossible for her to pick it up without feeding the hungry eyes that trailed her every move. When she finally made it to the seat she heaved a small sigh of relief before realizing that she would have to bend to plug in her laptop charger.

Dr. Galloway's eyes were glued to her upper thighs as she slowly kneeled to plug her charger into the outlet. Although the lights above her were dim he could make out her slender thighs as they shone brightly, a testament to her immaculate skin care routine. He imagined how clean and shiny the rest of her skin would look. That was exactly what he was trying to find out.

She noticed as total silence filled the room and it made her feel very uncomfortable. After getting back up on her feet, she naively turned around to confirm her suspicion. Facing her professor now in an elevated position, she could immediately feel his intense stares burning into the front of her white lace panties. Her thighs were held tightly together but they were no match for his strategic low viewing angle. Face beet red, she threw a hand down to block the view. It broke his dirty hypnotic stare but she knew it was far too late. With a smirk on his face, Dr. Galloway looked away and finally started the lecture.

Not wanting to flash him again, she pressed her little denim skirt deep between her bare thighs as she took her seat and crossed her left leg over her right. Feeling somewhat relieved, she looked down at her skirt to confirm everything was in a secure position before removing her guarding hand from her skirt. Still, with Dr. Galloway lurking below and his eyes dangerously facing at her crotch, Marissa knew that she was in a precarious situation.

Dr. Galloway began the lecture with a lengthy introduction of himself. Being as accomplished as he was, it wasn't easy for him (or anyone else really) to quickly breeze through his decades of experience in the field of neurobiology. Marissa listened attentively as she remained seated with her legs crossed, taking in everything like a good little girl. Occasionally, he even cracked a couple corny jokes which seemed to have his desired effect on most of the female students in the class, including Marissa. The guys however weren't nearly as pleased but they generously patronized the professor by giving him the occasional smile. Marissa, on the other hand, was obviously amused by every terrible joke of his, giggling along, playing with her hair, and moving her body like an amused little girl. All the classic signs of a ditsy pretty little thing letting her guard down, something that, even after all these years, never ceased to please Dr. Galloway. He was especially delighted to be having such an effect on a girl as stunning as Marissa.

Given how sincere and funny her professor appeared to be, Marissa was starting to naively wonder if she may have misjudged him earlier when he tried to peek up her skirt. She replayed the events from earlier in the morning in her head and started to blame herself for wearing such a short skirt, prompting him to look.

"It probably wasn't his fault for checking me out. All men would react the same way," she thought to herself as she giggled yet again at some stupid thing he said.

When the professor noticed the effect these jokes were having on Marissa he started churning them out more often. It was like the whole class was watching a live stand-up comedy show but he did not care. He talked about his pathetic attempts to chase after girls when he was younger, and his love for 'adipose tissue' on girls. Now smiling at her "funny prof," she stared patiently at him with those beautiful eyes, trying not to miss anything hilarious he had to share. Dr. Galloway stared back at her gorgeous face, covered with layers upon layers of foundation and makeup, wishing he could completely ruin it all with his own manhood.

The jokes kept coming and Marissa couldn't help but giggle at his every punch line, slightly leaning her tight little body forward against her desk with two hands supporting her head. Dr. Galloway smiled when he saw her tube top slump slowly down a bit as she assumed this pose. She seemed to be completely oblivious as her top gradually betrayed her decency, and as her laughter continued, Dr. Galloway kept telling funny stories that entranced her, dangerously distracting her from the old familiar feeling of her tube top slipping down.

Gradually, as Melissa got a little too comfortable with her surroundings, she leaned back into her chair, stretching both arms behind her head for a quick yawn. She maintained this ominous position for a couple of seconds, stretching out her shoulders, and playing with her beautiful brown hair. Her top barely managed to contain her nipples but it did a lousy job in covering her areolae as they worked their way out over the thin blue material of the fabric.

Marissa was none the wiser. Still smiling at her professor, her defenses were completely down and she was now eagerly waiting for his next joke. Dr. Galloway scrambled to the next punch line after noticing the present situation with her top. There was a sudden moment of silence after delivering his last joke, and it felt like an eternity to him. Eventually, his patience and continued commitment to cracking out his cheesy one-liners, one after the other, mostly ridiculing his own prior unsuccessful relationships with women, was well awarded when Marissa's nipples finally burst out in synchrony with her laughter. Two pink little nipples, looking like they were still hard from the ice-cold air conditioning blasting in the room, were now resting just over her defeated top. Their colours made for a nice contrast, he thought.

Dr. Galloway tried his best to maintain his composure so as not to arouse her suspicions and he expertly stole calculated glances at the pink pointy nipples as they protruded from her top. His efforts to inconspicuously enjoy the view however were rendered futile when Marissa felt the cold air brush against her exposed nipples. Dr. Galloway knew the jig was up when Marissa's smile faded away and she looked down at her chest. Her eyes turned as wide as dinner plates. With a look of complete surprise on her face, she yanked her top right back up with both hands, cautiously looking down to confirm everything was covered before letting go of her top.

Face red, and no longer giggling, she looked back up at her professor, who was still zeroing in on her cold hard nipples jabbing at the fabric of her top. She knew he had got her good there. Consequently, she pulled out a white button-up shirt from her bag and wore it over her tube top without doing up any of the buttons, just to provide her with a little more modesty.

Feeling so incredibly stupid for being distracted by her professor's endless barrage of jokes, she gave him a death stare and retracted all of the positive thoughts she had of him. The jokes conveniently stopped after the appearance of her nipples and he ended his personal introduction with a "Welcome to human anatomy folks!"

"What a sick freak!" thought Marissa as she tugged on her skirt, fully aware he was now coming for her panties next.

As the lecture continued, Dr. Galloway began pacing towards the right side of the room, hoping to get a better view of the gap between her thighs. Marissa caught on right away and she frantically tried to squeeze her legs even tighter to reduce the size of the gap. She began to panic in silence upon realizing this was the first time she had ever had to keep her legs this tight to stop someone from looking up her skirt. Leaning against the wall at the right side of the room, he began going through the course schedule and the college policies, all of which he had previously memorized entirely as a result of his many years of teaching. His ability to recite all these off hand allowed him the opportunity to focus most of his attention on Marissa.

Having seen her white panties earlier, Dr. Galloway was shamelessly trying to pick out that same shade of white from the tiny pinhole of darkness between her thighs. Even with his advantageous eye-level view of that gap, there was nothing to be seen other than the sexy display of her shiny tanned legs. She was playing excellent defence, but her professor knew for sure the same panties he saw from earlier were hiding somewhere deep between her thighs, shrouded in the safety of darkness from her tightly crossed legs.

Despite Marissa's incredible ability to cross her legs shut, the professor's intense expression on his face was slowly starting to make her question herself. She began to repeatedly flick down to check on her hemline, hoping nothing could be seen in the small gap between her squeezing thighs. Over the years, Dr. Galloway had witnessed this classic gesture of uncertainty from the many girls bold enough to face him in a miniskirt. Just judging from his prior experience alone, he knew it was only a matter of time before those white lace panties would make another appearance again.

For the next hour, the professor rambled on about the different anatomical planes of the human body. Marissa had to endure his countless penetrating stares at her thighs. She was somewhat relieved to have her legs concealed by the dim lighting in the back row of the room. The professor, however, was still very persistent. He continued to pace slowly around the room, desperately trying to find the perfect angle to see even the tiniest hint of her white panties from the small pinhole in her lap.

Then, without any advanced warning, the professor reached over to the light switches and turned up the lights to their maximum intensity. Minor complaints could immediately be heard from some of the other students waking up in the back. It was at this moment Marissa realized she had underestimated his determination, never expecting him to mess around with the lights to get a better view of her thighs. She almost let out a tiny squeal as she attempted to snap her legs even tighter together. Expectedly, the bright light lit up every inch of her smooth, shiny legs, dangerously scattering its way up into the small opening of her thighs. He wasted no time in examining every last inch of that same gap once more. This time, instead of being denied by the darkness that had previously protected her, he was beginning to see the inside material of her denim skirt, but still, he couldn't discern the colour of her panties, not yet.

Quickly beginning to realize just what the light was doing to her thighs, Marissa contemplated covering her lap with her hand, but she also didn't want to draw any more attention to them. The professor took a couple strategic steps to readjust his angle for a better view and she continued to try in vain to counter his move. She knew that she had been defeated when his eyes suddenly started getting bigger and he began stumbling on his words. Marissa immediately turned beet red, realizing that he might have finally gotten a good look at her panties. Regrettably accepting the possibility that her little denim skirt may have just betrayed her; she promptly pressed on her skirt and crossed her legs over to the opposite direction.

Although she was very careful to keep her hand pressed in the middle to avoid showing anything to anyone, it just wasn't enough to hide her contrasting white panties from her pervert of a professor. Being taken away in a moment of sudden panic and embarrassment, she didn't press hard enough into her denim skirt during the leg switch, consequently revealing a fair portion of her white pantie triangle to her professor. The contrasting colour of her panties against her light blue denim skirt also didn't leave any room for error. The odds were simply stacked too much against the poor girl...

For the remainder of his teaching career, Dr. Galloway would forever remember that exact moment when her bright white panties finally beamed through the darkness under her skirt. It was like turning on a flashlight in the dark. He had been in similar battles before but this victory definitely felt like the sweetest. Of course, he was no stranger to these common moments of victory. Having put many girls through similar experiences in the past, the resulting view of their panties were always a nice little bonus on top of the main prize, the great satisfaction of fracturing their cute little egos. Marissa was now as red as a strawberry, fully aware she had been caught in one of the most embarrassing moments of her life on her very first day of college.

However, the professor did find himself feeling a strange guilt for tormenting the prettiest girl in his class on the first day. He knew Marissa had tried really hard just now to not show anything to him, or anyone else who might have been looking up her skirt. Unlike most girls on campus, he respected her for keeping her legs tightly crossed at all times. He did feel particularly sorry for her when he saw her try with great desperation to grab onto her hemline after being forced to uncross her legs. To top it off, the professor could tell Marissa wasn't the typical spoiled brat with an attitude problem, something all too common with his students over the years.

With a sudden change of heart, he decided to proceed with the rest of the lecture without trying to sneak another peek at her panties. Of course, this was done entirely out of his goodwill, for he knew he was more than capable of outmaneuvering all her cute little defensive strategies to preserve her dignity. This was also by no means an end to his dirty tricks on her. After all, he had a personal goal of discovering at least one girl's entire pantie collection by the end of each semester. He certainly had no plans of suspending this tradition for Marissa, regardless of how innocent and kind-hearted she may appear to be. For the remainder of the lecture, Marissa spent most of her time squeezing her crossed legs together while keeping one hand covering her lap, hoping to god that nothing more could be seen between her fatigued thighs...