**The Peeping Professor**

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**Professor Galloway**  
  
Dr. Galloway was a tenured professor of neurobiology at the University of Hirshsprung. He was always donned in tweed jackets and well ironed herringbone trousers. He had a salt and pepper mustache and loved to wear wire rimmed glasses. He was a fairly good looking man, passionate about teaching but he had a reputation that preluded him like a stench. Everyone, most especially girls dreaded passing through the neurobiology class. However, it was made compulsory for everyone looking to get into medical school.  
  
Many myths surrounded Dr. Galloway. The most persistent was that he engaged in voyeurism. The girls knew that for his legend to be so wide spread, enduring year after year, seeping into the ears of freshmen as soon as they stepped into sorority houses, then there had to be a modicum of truth in it. It was said that he had a penchant for peeping at the panties of girls, often tricking them to engage in activities leading to wardrobe malfunctions. For those that were on guard against him, he could easily come up with new strategies to get them to slip up, surrendering a view of their panties or even a nipple to him. that his glasses weren't at all prescribed.  
  
Of course there were people who doubted. It was also said that his office was like a kaleidoscope or an infinity mirror experiment; mirrors were hidden in inconspicuous locations, set up to trap and reflect the images of what girls had beneath their short skirts. Rumor had it that they were tactfully taped to the stairs leading to his office, on an area of his table where the legs of female students were most likely to face. All of these culminated in a ripple of fear that ran through the female students. It was worse because reporting to the authorities would only make them look stupid. How would they report a respectable lecturer for peeping at their panties when it was done covertly and there was no solid, incriminating proof to classify it as sexual harassment? It was psychological torture.  
  
Dr. Galloway did not invite students over or demand for sex. He did not make vulgar or misogynistic jokes, and he was generally respectful to women and well spoken. It was hard to build a case against him, yet everyone knew that beneath that veneer of professionalism, there was a demented pervert lurking underneath. To further complicate it all, there were female students who were fully in support of it because they heard it could earn them extra mark. Unfortunately, Dr. Galloway was quite adept at sniffing out and ignoring the existence of these desperate girls. He ignored them like debris on a side walk. Instead, the set of people who aroused his interest were girls who were unsuspecting. Girls who knew his tactics but tried their best to preserve their modesty, without giving up the clothes they loved to wear. He knew when dressing skimpily came naturally to a girl, or when it was being forced on. For the latter category, there was a way those mini skirts and crop tops hung awkwardly on them, as though the clothes had made up their minds not to belong. When confronted with girls like that, he usually shook his head and chuckled with amusement. They seemed silly.  
  
This new academic session however was proving to be a good one. He had his eyes on a couple of girls already, and everyone else in the amphitheater seemed to fade into the background whenever they were around. It pleased him to no end. He knew he had to bid his time, strategize, plan and be calculative about every action. To make matters even more convenient, his marriage was hitting the rocks. His wife who usually nagged about his lateness and frequent absence from family functions and dinners had suddenly stopped bothering. He knew a part of her had given up on the marriage, if not all. He shrugged. He felt a little bit bad but it was not entirely his fault. Sex with her had become staid. They had been together for so long and they didn't want kids, contented in their own company. The downside was that everything became so routine and open. He hated it. He wanted coyness and coquettishness from his women. He did not like the way his wife initiated sex, pouncing upon his tired bones like a tigress. Menopause was kicking in and her libido had begun skyrocketing. As for him, he was getting tired.  
  
The only thing that intrigued him now was the struggle to sneak a peek at underwear and nipples of unsuspecting women. He relished the struggle, the fight between modesty and 'bad-bitchiness'. His wife offered none of that excitement now. He remembered when they had gotten married. In the early days, she was a shy one. He recalled how rigid she would be each time he peeled down all the layers of her clothes slowly as he initiated sex. From corduroy jackets, t-shirts, braziers, to undies with scalloped edges and lacy fringes. He loved the fright in her eyes, her initial unwillingness and finally, the way her body would yield to him, warm and soft as his hands roamed her bare skin.  
  
He swallowed, shoved down the memory back to where it came from. That part of his wife was long gone now. She was bolder, more demanding, and she technically dressed like an Inuit nowadays. On most days, she wore pajamas all through with her hair tied in a messy bun. Ever since she begun working remotely, she had abandoned all sense of proper upkeep. She refused to dye the streaks of grey on her hair, stopped shaving her legs and the little moustache outline on her lips because she was 'embracing her individuality'.  
  
He admitted that he wasn't really bothered. All he just wanted was a chance to view the undies of his students. The colours flashed out to him, the scanty covering made his imaginations run wild; in the privacy of his office, he would picture the slight swell of their vulvas beneath the panties, the pink hot flesh enclosed in a small piece of fabric. He would envision cum and juices spilling out of them and onto their undies, and he would beat his meat. That was all he needed, all he asked for. Now he wasn't doing harm to anyone, was he?

**Marissa**  
  
Marissa was a free-spirited girl. She loved to party, dance alone in the shower, kick off the duvet and leave it on the floor, rummage through her wardrobe and send all her clothes flying to the ground in a fit.  
  
Her fashion sense was top notch, and during her senior year in high school, she was voted Most Likely To Appear in Vogue. It gave her a sweet relief to see guys pause at their basketball game each time she strolled past, to tease men older than her and laugh it off. Generally, she was kind, sweet, disorganized but in a cute way. Marissa may have been the kind of girl to carelessly fling off her bra after a long day or pile her not-too-neat-not-too-dirty clothes on a weary chair in her room, but she never joked with her appearance in public.  
  
She was obsessed with her legs. How creamy, soft and spotless they were. That obsession grew into a love for freedom, so she learnt to hate trousers, stir up leggings and hosts. Instead, she gravitated towards skirts. She shopped for extra mini skirts each time she was upset, ripped them an inch shorter on days she was feeling particularly sexy. She had such a notorious reputation for them that when she had shown up for prom in a long dress, people stared at her oddly. To be fair, it wasn't her idea to wear that long, hideous dress. Her mother made her. But now that she was in college, she was free to express herself and do whatever she wanted with her body. She delved once more into her collection of short skirts and gowns, bum shorts that threatened to expose her butt cheeks, crop tops that showed under boobs, and lastly, lots and lots of lace undies and G-strings.  
  
Her mother was a conservative Christian. Her dad was a little more liberal and she took after him. Marissa had a happy go lucky, larger than life attitude. It worked and paved ways for her a lot of the time. But most of her care free attitude came from a place of being ditzy and easily distracted. She was pure, wild, untamable. Those characteristics which sometimes led her to do good, also ironically stood out as bad traits sometimes. She did things impulsively without giving it a second thought, misplaced things, and had a reputation for flashing her undies at guys. Of course, this was unintentional. Marissa loved wearing skimpy clothes and they looked fabulous on her. What she never knew was that there was an entire art to it. There had to be a level of consciousness and self preservation, depending on your personality. Nudists had no problems with a sensitive body part exposing. But for girls like Marissa, they loved the clothing. They loved showing off a lot of skin, but they knew that boobs and pantie outlines were fetishes, and only wanted that part of their body to belong only to them.  
  
Effervescent, beautiful and kind with a positive vibration around her at all times, Marissa craved the bliss of admiration. She had always noted eyes on her, and it always made her happy. She knew she was beautiful, she had seen it many times on the mirror and she knew people could hardly pass up a chance to compliment her if they got the chance. She always thought there was something flattering, even complimenting about being the object of people's admiration. She fawned over this every chance she got and she, in turn, spread the positivity she had accumulated to everyone she ever did cross paths with. But all of that had since changed when she lost her innocence to the brutal claws of betrayal. Betrayal came at the hands of men, men who would do anything to stare between her legs.  
  
Men loved to stare and she was used to it. However, she knew when it had begun to grow past staring and into downright scrutiny. She could feel their piercing eyes roaming her body, looking for any available spot between her thighs that could feed their imagination. In moments like these, she would immediately tug at the hemline of her skirt or dress. Unfortunately, it would be already too late. She would see the faces of the guys, snickering and laughing, or just smirking and cat calling her. She noticed that each time they saw a part of her she wanted to hide, they suddenly felt more emboldened, as though they had a right of claim to her body. They would whisper, cat call, get her number through scrupulous means and send her unsolicited dick pics. Marissa always felt downcast when things like this happened. It made her feel dirty and violated, but if she had to continue doing what she loved, she had to find a way to circumvent their creepy eyes on her body.  
  
Marissa was such a good girl she never thought to snatch anyone's dignity from them so crudely. She wondered why they did it to her. She hated the realization and the sudden pouring of shame that would wash from her shoulders down to her feet. Marissa gated the shudder that came at once, and the sinking feeling that followed. She hated that she had to wrestle with her skirt's hem at every chance to conceal them from the perverted eyes of those who lurked for an opportunity to peek. It was exhausting but it had to be done. It wasn't always that way.  
  
But all the penetrating stares in the world could never stop her from dressing nice. It was something she learned from the movies and her friends. She took a particular liking for mini skirts and since the very moment she had tried them on and received a tone of stares, she hadn't stopped wearing them. They made her feel comfortable too, as fresh air roamed through her body whilst she maintained her grace.  
  
The combination, Marissa came to cherish the most was a tube top blouse that relaxed behind her back and pushed around her sides so that her breasts do not hurt from being packed too tightly. She enjoyed the freedom that came with it and the fact that they were very fancy. The day that had roofed the deal for her was when she had gone on a job hunt and had secured a job just because of her outfit which was complimented and even encouraged.  
  
She was given a small blue uniform that made her vulnerable to flashing so much and even when Marissa thought of it, she never dwelt too much because she thought it was supposed to help her carry on the sales with freedom and ease. The job paid a good amount and Marissa enjoyed being a salesperson at her local shoe store as it gave the chance she needed to meet more people and affect them positively. Many of the customers who came to the store always requested Marissa did the shopping with them so that they could check out her nipple slips, but Marissa who was very innocent and thought nothing of their satisfied eyes and yawning gasps. It was a good feeling to have, ignorance and bliss and Marissa would have preferred if she never saw that happen to her. It happened over the course that she worked at the store and it all ended too soon when a careless customer had stared beneath her legs for too long; long enough to draw her attention to the fact that he was staring at her panties. It was on that day she had decided to stop at the job as the betrayal overwhelmed her.

**First Day of College**  
  
When Marissa started college, she didn't think much of how she dressed as much as the fact that she was always comfortable in her blue tube top and her tight denim mini skirt. Her dad had bought her a Jeep that she loved and it was all that had mattered to her on the days before school, and as it was, she gave only little thought to school and how she intended to hide her skirt.  
  
Her first day of school had to be her biggest show. She had driven to the student parking lot, excited by the first things as every other human would. She had switched off her car's ignition and she and hopped off, spreading her legs apart so that a group of boys who saw deep into her skirt and her panties immediately started a chattering gossip. She heard nothing of what was said but she knew she had seen that smile that they had on their face. It didn't take too long for her to recall the store incident. It had been a year since then, she had learned that she had been very naive in her days at the store, and she had been hired because of how she flashed her panties to the manager of the office on that day she'd been interviewed.  
  
She also learnt that the manager became even more excited by her when he discovered that she always flashed her panties inadvertently. Marissa quickly brushed off the thought as she stepped around the campus, looking around for help to her class, still blushing from the shame of flashing her panties to fellow students on her first day of resumption...