The Ride to School

by Katie

Chapter 1

Sat Feb 28, 2009 03:28

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Dorothy walked the lonely road to the school bus. Her family lived on the edge of town in a run down home. Even though she was 18 and a senior, there was no money for a car so she rode the school bus with the freshmen and sophomores. It was humiliating to her, a sign of her lack of money and lack of friends.   
  
Her lack of friends was mostly through shyness. Dorothy was a beautiful girl, with long flowing brown hair and a trim body. Since she was without a car, she walked or ran nearly everywhere and kept in great shape.  
  
She was naturally beautiful and did not go in for too much make up. Her mother was also beautiful as a young girl before life had taken its toll on her. Still, Dorothy inherited her mother’s looks, especially the long legs that looked great in jeans and skirts and perky breasts.  
  
Today the walk was rough. Winter was hitting hard and Dorothy walked bent at the waist to try and block the wind as she walked into it. The hood of her coat was up to warm her as well as possible but it also made it hard to see. She heard a honk of the horn and had to straighten to see who it was.  
  
The car that pulled up was a SUV and driven by Drew Stevens, one of the most popular boys in the school. She was surprised to see him and even more surprised that he was stopping next to her. He must be lost.  
  
“Can I help you,” she asked.  
  
“Well, more like can I help you? Want a ride to school?”  
  
The look of surprise filled the girl’s pretty face. She would not have expected this in a million years. “Um, yeah, sure, thanks,” she said as she backed up and let him push the car door open. She slid in and felt the blessed warmth of the car hit her cold face and hands. “I can’t thank you enough.”  
  
“No problem,” the boy said. “I’m Drew.”  
  
“Dorothy,” she answered. The two drive in silence until they pulled up to school 15 minutes later.   
  
“Thanks Drew, I really appreciate it,” she said shyly.  
  
“No problem,” came his short answer and he exited the car. Once she was out, he clicked the doors locked and took off, not waiting for her to walk with him or even inviting her to go with him. So odd, she thought.  
  
The next day, again Dorothy battled the winter elements. Again, halfway through her walk, Drew pulled up and pushed open the door. She gratefully accepted and they drove in silence, except for the radio.  
  
After a full week of rides, Dorothy finally spoke. “Drew, I feel like I am taking advantage of you by accepting these rides every week,” she said. “I wish I could repay you but I don’t have any money.”  
  
“It’s fine Dorothy, I’m going this way anyway,” he said.  
  
“Still, I wish I could repay you.”  
  
They rode in silence. But the next morning, as she slid in, he spoke. “You know Dorothy, I thought about what you said yesterday about paying me back,” he said. Dorothy braced herself. Here goes, she thought. I have nothing to pay him with.  
  
“You know, I always thought you were cute and I wonder if you would be willing to do something for me,” he said.  
  
It didn’t register for the girl. “What do you mean?”  
  
“Well, would you be willing to pull your jeans down and show me your legs?”  
  
Dorothy blushed. She was surprised that this boy had even noticed her and now wanted her to show a part of herself. Still, it wasn’t that big a deal, she thought, for a ride every day.  
  
“Um, ok,” she said, prompting a big smile from the driver.  
  
“Oh God, that’s great, that would make my day,” he said. They had pulled over to the side of the road.  
  
Nervously, she fumbled with the button of her jeans and then the zipper. Lifting her rear off the seat, she hooked her fingers into the waistband and pushed the jeans down her long legs, letting them bunch at her feet over her shoes. In a moment of panic she tried to remember what kind of panties she had worn this morning. Turns out they were white cotton bikini with pale yellow stripes running horizontally. She moved her coat out of the way to give Drew an unobstructed view of her legs and panties.  
  
A low whistle escaped from Drew’s lips. He knew that Dorothy was hot but had never seen her legs revealed. This was heaven to a leg man like himself. “Unreal,” he said softly. “You have gorgeous legs.”  
  
“Thank you,” she said shyly, biting her lips. A part of her was blushing in embarrassment but another part was very excited to be getting this kind of reaction from Drew. She felt funny sitting in just her panties, noticing how his leather seats felt under her bare thighs. She also noticed a tingling in her sex; she had never been so exposed, so sexual. Her normal attire consisted of jeans and a loose fitting shirt. She didn’t own designer clothes, most hand me downs from older siblings and cousins. She was not stylish but even so, this boy had spotted her beauty.  
  
For his part, Drew was in heaven. He had noticed this shy, pretty girl walking through the halls. Although he could get any popular girl or cheerleader, it was never meaningful. Sure he loved to have sex with them but there was no relationship. He wanted someone mysterious and smart. When he saw Dorothy, he knew this was his chance…but how to get to know her. Riding along the road one morning, he saw her walking to school and he decided to pick her up. He had no idea what to say to her but just enjoyed the moment. It wasn’t until she opened up the door, offering to repay him that this idea sprang to mind.  
  
And what a great idea, he thought. Her legs were truly breathtaking. Her calves were defined, her knees were cute, her thighs were toned and that area where her legs met in the middle was truly heavenly. That gap, that beautiful gap, gave him an erection that was hard to hide. That plus her cute little panties were making him very excited.  
  
But he made no move towards her, not wanting to ruin the moment. He had plans to keep this going and did not want to ruin it. Instead he smiled at her and pulled out of the parking spot.  
  
It was weird to the girl, driving in public with her pants down and her panties on display. She felt lucky that Drew’s car was high enough so no one could really look in, though she did get nervous when they pulled up to a truck. However, the windows were tinted and she was pretty sure she was not seen. Still the threat of being so exposed gave her a strange turned on feeling. She blushed some more and stared out the window, unable to face Drew like this. She wonders what kind of girl he must think she is, allowing herself to be seen like this but there is no denying the feeling in her sex.  
  
They turned into school but Drew noticed that Dorothy made no effort to pull her pants up and he smiled. Obviously he had lucked out…the girl was also a submissive. He pulled all the way into the senior parking lot in back of school and into a spot before he spoke.  
  
“Feel free to pull your jeans up now Dorothy,” he said, pushing the door open. The intrusion into her cocoon threw the girl into action. She bent over and grabbed her jeans and pulled them up, buttoning them as quickly as possible. She was mortified but looking around it looked like she was unseen and safe. She eased out of the car and was only a few feet away before she heard the click of the locks. Obviously Drew was still watching.

The Ride to School, Chapter 2

Sat Feb 28, 2009 03:30

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The rest of the week continued like that day. Dorothy would enter the car and pull her jeans down to her ankles. Each day she now had to think about the panties she wore. The second and third days she wore another pair of cotton bikini but on Friday she went sexy. She owned one nice pair of panties, a white lace thong. Pulling it on that morning she had naughty but thinking about how Drew would react made it worth it.   
  
She was not disappointed. Drew’s eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets when he saw the thong from the front. Even though he could not see her ass, he was turned on.  
  
Over the weekend, Dorothy was still horny. Twice that weekend she had brought herself off just thinking about showing off to Drew. She wondered if it would ever blossom into something more.  
  
On Monday, she started her walk. The pattern was that he would pick her up halfway up her street and today was no different. She slid in and said “hello.”  
  
“Hi Dorothy,” he said. “How about pulling your panties down today?”  
  
The girl stopped, surprised. For some reason she had not expected this. No one had seen her naked in years, not even her sister. Dorothy was quite a prude.  
  
“I don’t know Drew, I’m not sure I can do that.”  
  
“Ok, if you don’t want to,” he said. “It’s just I thought you wanted to pay me back for giving you a ride to school every day.”  
  
Dorothy closed her eyes in shame. She knew that she really had no choice. “I do want to pay you back Drew, I’m sorry,” she said. Her hands moved to her jeans and, grabbing the waist of her jeans and her panties, pulled both down. Drew gasped as the sight of her sex, with some wispy brown hair atop of it. Dorothy was too embarrassed to look at the boy as he drank in the sight of bare vagina.  
  
“Dorothy, I have to say, that is the prettiest pussy I have ever seen,” Drew said. Though it was meant as a compliment, it made Dorothy feel even more humiliated. “Would you mind spreading your knees apart so I can see more?” Dorothy did as instructed and spread her knees to shoulder width apart, giving an unimpeded view of her now spread and hairless lips.  
  
After a few minutes of staring, Drew finally got the car going and they made their way to school. The car’s heated vent was pointed straight at her spread sex and she noticed how good that felt. Despite the humiliation of the moment, she felt her weekend horniness return and she desperately wanted to touch herself but knew that would be the ultimate in humiliation. Instead she squirmed though she tried to keep herself calm.  
  
Drew was floored. He wasn’t sure if he should push her too far, worried that she might clam up and not participate at all. But somehow he knew that this girl was ready to show him everything. He had lucked out with this one.  
  
Periodically he would look over at the bare vagina just inches from him. He desperately wanted to reach out and slide his finger in but that would be rape and he would not do anything against her will, though secretly he thought she would enjoy it. No, he would be patient and get everything he wanted.  
  
The ride to school seemed so short to Drew but oh so long for Dorothy. She could not believe that she was sitting there naked in the front seat of a car. But she made no attempt to cover up until Drew gave her the go-ahead after he parked. She hurriedly pulled up her panties and jeans and zipped up as Drew left the car. She was so turned on that the first stop was not her locker but the girls bathroom where she took care of herself, bringing herself to an intense but silent orgasm.  
  
This went on the rest of the week…Dorothy pulling down her jeans and panties and then masturbating in the girls bathroom the minute she entered school. That weekend, she spent a lot of time in her room, keeping her fingers busy and buried inside of her sex. She wondered what Drew had in mind for this week.  
  
She heard the car pull up beside her and felt the tingle in her sex. She slid in and looked at Drew.  
  
“I was thinking that this week, you should take your shoes and socks off too,” he said with a smile. “That way you can take your pants and panties off totally.”  
  
Dorothy gasped. She had not expected this…she had thought that maybe it would be like before but Drew was a step ahead of her. Without arguing, she removed her sneakers and socks and then unzipped her jeans and panties and pulled them all the way off. She was now bottomless in Drew’s car as they drove to school.  
  
That trip was like the others but she had to really scurry to get dressed once they got to school. But the next day, just being bottomless was not enough for Drew.  
  
“Do you think you can turn towards me a bit and put one foot up on the console?”  
  
Dorothy could not think of a more humiliating pose for a girl…so exposed but she did as instructed, putting her bare right foot on the console next to the gear shift and putting the other on the arm rest. This did what Drew hoped it would…put her bare vagina in perfect line of sight to the lustful boy.  
  
Drew’s heart was in his throat and his erection pressed taut against his jeans. He wished he could unleash it and relieve the painful erection but he knew that would be wrong. Instead he would head into school and hurriedly take care of it in the boys locker room.  
  
This time Drew took his time driving to school. Dorothy felt her sex watering and could make out a sniff of her sex smell in the air. She was mortified and hoped that Drew did not notice it.  
  
Of course Drew noticed it and it made his erection even harder. He could not believe that he had this girl naked and willingly showing him her pussy. And now to find out that it turned her on too was more than he could handle.  
  
They arrived at school and Dorothy quickly put her feet on the floor and hurriedly got dressed. This time Drew waited for her to dress fully before exiting the car.   
  
“Thanks Dorothy…see you tomorrow,” he said. It was the first time that he had spoken to her on the way into school.  
  
“Ok, yeah, see ya,” she said. She was uncomfortable talking to the boy who had seen her in such an intimate way. Still she continued into the girls bathroom and took care of that yearning in her sex.  
  
The next three days were the same. She removed everything from the waist down and displayed herself for him. She could barely look at him, though the feeling was not mutual. In fact, Dorothy sometimes worried they might get into an accident because he rarely looked at the road. She also wondered if she would resist if he reached across the console and rubbed her sex, even maybe putting a finger or two inside of her. The tingling in her sex increased tenfold.  
  
That weekend she spent mostly bottomless in her room, bringing herself to orgasm after orgasm. Her public nudity was opening up a well of sexuality inside of her.  
  
Finally Monday came and she wondered what the boy had in mind.  
  
“This week, why don’t you take off all your shirt and bra too?”  
  
She didn’t expect this though she should have. What else could he have asked for? She took her coat off and pulled her sweater up over her head and then the tank she wore underneath. Drew whistled softly. Beneath the dumpy clothes was a serious rack. Dorothy’s breasts were easily a 34C with beautiful nipples that pointed straight out through the bra she was now unclipping and removing. Her breasts were large but there was not a hint of sag. They were the picture of perfection.  
  
“Holy shit,” he gasped. Dorothy kept moving, hopping not to lose her guts. Her sneaks, socks, jeans and panties were soon off and she was totally naked in the car as the world went by.  
  
“Oh God, you are beautiful,” he said, his eyes roaming from her breasts to her sex and back. Finally he asked, “can you sit like last week?” So Dorothy slid around, one foot by the gear shift, the other by the arm rest, her vagina gaping and on display.  
  
This was more than she could have ever imagined. To be naked in front of this boy in near public was too much. Without thinking, she put her hand down to her sex and began to rub. Closing her eyes, she let herself wander to her imagination.  
  
Drew almost drove off the road. This girl was not only naked but she was masturbating. This was too good to be true. The smell of her arousal filled his car but it smelled sweeter than anything he had ever smelled.  
  
It wasn’t long before the girl was moaning. Not being in the girls bathroom allowed her to finally have an orgasm without stifling it. She came, lifting her butt off the seat, pushing her sex closer to his face. When she came down from her orgasm she was humiliated but Drew smiled and said, “that was wonderful.”  
  
They pulled into the school parking lot and Drew turned to look at her. “Leave your bra and panties here,” he said. “And tomorrow, lose the big sweater and jeans and put on a skirt. Do you have one?”  
  
The girl nodded. How pathetic did he think she was? “You’d better get dressed,” he said, looking around. “I don’t want to get caught.”  
  
Dorothy laughed. He didn’t want to get caught? What about her? She was nude as the day she was born and he was worried about getting caught. Still she dressed in a hurry without complaint, leaving her bra and panties on the floor.  
  
“See you tomorrow,” he said with a smile as the went their separate ways.

The Ride to School, Chapter 3

Thu Mar 5, 2009 18:37

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Dorothy stood in front of the mirror as nervous as she had ever been. She had never worried about getting ready for school…she just threw on a pair of old, ratty jeans, a hoodie, some sneaks and was done with it. She didn’t think anyone noticed or cared about how she looked.  
  
Obviously she was wrong…Drew had noticed before and he was definitely noticing now. She had never felt more beautiful than when she was in his car, his eyes devouring her. And she still shuddered when she remembered the moment when she lost control and her hand went down there and brought her to a place she had never been.  
  
Today she would be noticed by more than Drew. The skirt that she selected was denim and short, probably from a few years back. It was frayed at the hem and showed miles of leg. She would be in constant danger of flashing her private parts to the whole school since she had obeyed Drew’s command to not wear panties.  
  
Her top was equally on display. For a girl who lived in bulky hooded sweatshirts, the form-fitting polo shirt, which she had washed and ironed after it was unearthed from a pile of clothes left by her older sister, showed off her trim body. Her chest left nothing to the imagination as it was clear that she was braless. Her nipples poked through and it was easy to see her mounds pressing into the top. She was redfaced but knew that this was what Drew wanted for her.  
  
On her feet, she wore a pair of Chuck Taylor converse sneaks and no socks. For the most part, she was a picture of virginal sexiness and she knew that Drew would love it. That was all she needed.  
  
Walking out, she decided not to wear a coat, even though it was cold. The weather seemed to feast on her poor body, especially the thighs that were rarely out in winter. She felt the cold go right up her skirt and feast on her poor, defenseless sex. She also could feel her nipples getting harder and pressing against her top. She looked down and saw that they were obscenely poking through her shirt…she wondered if this was such a good idea.  
  
At roughly the same spot as always, Drew pulled up. He lowered the window and whistled softly. “Wow Dorothy, you look amazing, what a difference.”  
  
She blushed and smiled. But as she reached for the car door he stopped her. “Today, why don’t you take your clothes off out there?”  
  
Dorothy’s smile froze on her face. Their games had gotten more and more daring but she had never expected this. A part of her screamed to stop but she loved this attention too much. She knew that she would do whatever he asked.  
  
She got down and untied her sneaks, dropping them into the open car window. Looking around quickly she slid the skirt down and off. She bent over to pick it up and thought that anyone behind her would get quite a view. Thankfully there was no one on this mostly deserted road but still she was shaking in fear. After dropping her skirt into the car she pulled her top up and over her head, revealing her bare breasts and achingly erect nipples.  
  
She dropped the top into the car and went for the car door. It was locked and for an excruciating moment she was locked out naked with her clothes inside but thankfully Drew pushed the automatic locks and she gratefully slid into the car.   
  
“Oh my God, that was awesome, totally awesome,” Drew said laughing. “Are you not so turned on right now? I mean you were just standing out there naked as can be for anyone who may have come by. Man, I can’t believe you did it!”  
  
Dorothy was stunned herself. Still, she did as she always did, angling her body so that Drew could see every bit of her. He looked her over up and down and then stopped at her vagina. “How about some more of that from last week,” he said. Obeying, she put her hand on her sex and began to rub, a task that had become very familiar to her. The situation was such a turn on that she was already wet before she started. She knew that it would not take long to bring herself off. She pushed her fingers inside, grazing the inner lips, causing her to gasp. Then, with her fingers now wet, she rubbed her now erect clit and felt her orgasm coming.  
  
Her eyes were closed and she did not see Drew lean over and kiss her on the lips. Her eyes flew open in surprise but she did not stop her movements. Instead she leaned forward and kissed back, not even flinching when Drew’s hand grabbed onto her right breast and then her left, squeezing them, grazing the nipples. It was too much for her and she screamed out as the orgasm hit her hard. Her body stiffened and she stifled a scream. But soon she was spasming violently and let our a blood curdling yell as her whole body reacted to the first touch of a boy.   
  
It seemed to go on for a while and Drew just watched. He was stunned to see this shy, quiet girl burst out of her shell. Something about her turned him on but he never thought he could get her to do this. Finally the orgasm subsided and she fell back to lean against the car door. She was surprised to realize that they had not yet moved.  
  
“That was the sexiest thing I have ever seen,” Drew said. She made no effort to hide herself from his eyes as he pushed the car into gear and drove off.  
  
“You ever been with a guy,” he asked. Despite her position, spread eagle in his car, Dorothy felt embarrassed.   
  
“No,” she said.  
  
“Not even second base?”  
  
“No. Never been on a date.”  
  
The boy whistled again. “That surprises me,” he said. “You are so pretty.”  
  
Dorothy felt her cheeks burn again but this time it was a good burn. “Thank you.”  
  
They drove in silence, Drew sneaking peeks at the nude girl next to him. Finally they pulled into the school lot. Obediently she waited for Drew to allow her to dress. Once he finally did, she pulled her legs around and bent over to pull her skirt up to her waist. She was about to put her shirt on when she noticed Drew leaning over with her bra and panties from yesterday.   
  
“Here, you can put these on if you want,” he said.  
  
She swallowed and looked at him. “Do you want me to wear them?”  
  
His eyes got big and he smiled as he realized what this meant…Dorothy now belonged to him. “No, not really.”  
  
“Then no thank you sir, I will go as you ordered.” She pulled the shirt over her head and down. She was now clothed from the neck to the top of her thighs but barely. Her breasts pressed hard against the tight top. When she leaned over to pull on her sneakers, her shirt rode up and showed a great expanse of bare back. A hint of her butt was also visible atop her little skirt.  
  
This time, Drew waited for her to exit and he took her hand as they walked into school. “How about a ride home today too?”

The Ride to School

Thu Mar 19, 2009 12:49

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Dorothy felt the eyes upon her from the minute she and Drew walked into the building. It was one thing to be on display for Drew in his car when it was just him and her but this felt different. She saw three girls huddled together and giggling as they looked at her.  
  
Drew noticed Dorothy getting uncomfortable and felt for her. He had grown to really like her and knew that she was doing this for him. So, he stopped, turned her towards him and kissed her on the lips, right there in front of everyone. She greedily returned the kiss wrapped her arms around him. When they were done, there were no giggles, just envious looks from the other kids.  
  
“See you after school,” Drew said, whispering in her ear. She reluctantly parted from him and walked to her locker. She had no real friends so no one came up to her but she knew that she was being watched by all in the hall.  
  
She carefully packed her bag, not wanting to bend the wrong way and have people see up her skirt. It was difficult for her since she rarely wore skirts and this one was so short.  
  
Walking down the halls was so very different. She was used to being invisible here, bundled under hoodies and jeans. But today they noticed her shape as her breasts threatened to burst out of her shirt and her legs looked five feet long in the miniskirt.  
  
She got to her first class, a two-period Chemistry lab. She groaned as she remembered the high stools that they sat on in lab. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to keep her knees together or legs crossed. She knew that there was a reasonable chance that someone would get a view up her skirt during the next two hours.  
  
She sat down and gingerly slid onto the stool, her knees tight together. She noticed that her skirt rode up a bit as she slid, putting her bare vagina precariously close to view. She grabbed the hem and pulled it down to give herself a bit more modesty.  
  
Her lab partner was a girl named Gina, who was nice and friendly but not someone who Dorothy thought of as a friend. They were good lab partners but got together little outside of class.  
  
“Yo, what the hell is going on with you,” the girl asked, eying up her partner’s attire.   
  
“Um, well, I just thought I’d go with something different,” she said shyly.  
  
“Well, you definitely achieved different,” Gina said, her eyes staring at Dorothy’s erect nipples poking through the shirt and then at the girl’s bare legs. “Hope he’s worth it.”  
  
“Who,” Dorothy asked, blushing.  
  
“Whoever you are wearing this for,” Gina replied. Seeing Dorothy’s embarrassment, she added, “come on girl, we’ve all done it. We’ve all gone out of our way to impress some boy. Just be careful, most boys don’t ever notice.”  
  
Trust me, he’s noticed, Dorothy thought, but she said nothing.  
  
The lab began. Dorothy noticed that Mr. Hightower, her teacher, spent an unusual amount of time working with her and Gina. She could not help but notice that his eyes often wandered from their work to her chest and bare legs.  
  
Dorothy also kept a lookout for the boys on the other side of the table from her. Her crotch was at table level so it was possible that those guys might get a look right up her skirt. She tried to cross her legs but it was hard to work that way so she was stuck with her feet on the footrest and her knees clamped tightly together.   
  
For her part, Gina was enjoying trying to get Dorothy’s legs to spread. She would ask Dorothy to reach over and grab something, momentarily forcing the girl to spread a bit. The looks on the faces of the two boys opposite them told her that she was unsuccessful thus far but would keep trying.  
  
For Dorothy, this lab was the longest of her life. It felt like it would never end. Her thighs hurt from the exertion of keeping her knees tight. Her breasts, especially her nipples, ached from rubbing against her shirt, and her head hurt from the fear that she might get caught. However, it was nothing compared to the thrill that began in her sex and filled her with butterflies. There was no doubt about it, she was turned on by the fact that people might be able to see her bare sex.  
  
Finally, mercifully, the bell rang. Dorothy was so happy that she slid one leg over to the side before the other, giving the crew across from her the upskirt they had been waiting for all lab. They gasped, “yes” and high-fived, causing the girl to blush a deeper shade of red.  
  
“Well Dorothy, good luck keeping those legs closed the rest of the day,” Gina said. “I am sure that the boys will be watching.”  
  
Dorothy was mortified by her words and the leers from the boys as she gathered her things and walked to her next class. This was English, her favorite class with her favorite teacher, Miss O’Flannery, a young woman just out of college. Dorothy and Miss O’Flannery clicked and she felt close to the woman.  
  
Entering the classroom, Dorothy walked quickly to a back corner seat, not her usual front row, but she was passed by two boys who always sat back there. One made a sarcastic comment, “you can share with me honey” and the two laughed. Dorothy quickly turned around and headed for her normal seat up front. Along the way she passed several students who turned their heads at the sight of so much bare leg. They were then frozen by the sight of the girl’s nipples poking through her top, even though she held some books in front to try and block their view.  
  
She slid into her seat, careful to keep her knees together, even though there was no one in front of her. Though she was mortified that she had allowed those boys in lab to see up her skirt, she had to admit that the tingle in her sex was pretty strong now.  
  
Miss O’Flannery entered the room by the front door, a ball of energy as usual. “Good morning, good morn--,” she started her class but paused briefly when her eyes scanned the room and stopped on the bare legs and tight top worn by her favorite student. “Um, Good morning,” her eyes still on Dorothy, “today we are going to work in small groups, group up with the students around you.”  
  
Inwardly, she groaned. This would involve shifting in her seat and the threat of being exposed. She carefully turned, keeping her knees together, to group with the three kids around her. She was glad to see that there were two other girls: Becky, a slightly overweight and friendly senior who was usually very nice to Dorothy; and Linda, a quiet, petite blonde who had not spoken to Dorothy despite being in class together several times over four years of high school. Then there was Charlie, a nerdy guy who was hopeless around girls, always trying to come on to them with little success.  
  
“Why don’t we gather on the floor, in the corner,” Becky said. Dorothy most certainly did not want to sit on the floor in the skirt she was wearing but did not object. Instead she followed the crowd over to the floor, not seeing but feeling the eyes of several on her bare legs.  
  
She maneuvered herself so her back was to the rest of the room. If she was going to expose herself at least it would only be to her group. Not knowing how best to achieve sitting in this skirt, she dropped to her knees first and, with her hand holding down her skirt in the front, she slid so her butt rested on the floor. Keeping her knees together, she slid her feet out to her right.  
  
Seeing Charlie’s eyes and then Linda’s, she knew that they were getting quite an eyeful. Looking down, she saw her skirt dangerously close to her sex and wondered if they could see it from their angle. Blushing a deep red, she did not acknowledge it to the group.  
  
The group of four were given the task of creating a character biography of one of the main characters in the novel they were reading. Dorothy volunteered to be the recorder for the group, allowing her to keep her notebook on her lap, adding some cover and just a bit of modesty. However, her top was on display and Charlie, for one, could not stop staring at her breasts. At least he’s not looking up my skirt anymore, she thought.  
  
Dorothy found it hard to concentrate because she was so focused on keeping her knees clamped tightly shut. However, after a while, she began to get into the conversation and her knees gaped slightly. Right away Charlie’s eyes flew down to her crotch and he could tell almost immediately that she was not wearing panties. He shifted in his seat to hide the growing erection in his pants.  
  
The girl did not realize it as she and Becky engaged in an animated conversation about their character. It was not until she saw Linda’s eyes bulge when she looked down at her skirt that she also looked down. The tops of her thighs were on full display and she knew that Linda and Charlie could see the edges of her lips. She could not hide the fact that she knew what they had seen as she grabbed the hem of her skirt and pulled it down as far as it would go, which covered her sex but not much more.  
  
Finally Miss O’Flannery called time and each group went back to their seats. It was another challenge for the barely clothed girl but she knew that her group had seen more of her than even her doctor had so she was less careful. The low whistle and “Crap” whisper from Charlie let her know that she had flashed him again. Still she was on her feet and not too much the worse for wear.  
  
“OK, each group’s recorder needs to come forward and present their work,” the teacher said. “This group first.” She was gesturing towards Dorothy and her gang. Reluctantly, Dorothy got out of her seat and moved behind the podium. At least my legs aren’t on display right now. She didn’t realize it but her nipples were getting harder and poking even more through her top.  
  
As she spoke, no one heard her. Instead they focused on her round breasts outlined on her chest and the erect nipples that poked through. Instinctively she knew this but soldiered on, reading the character bio her group had created. Finally she finished and sat down, her face scarlet with shame.  
  
The rest of the class presented their reports and then class was over. Dorothy packed her bag and got up to leave but Miss O’Flannery asked her to stay behind.  
  
Finally, when everyone else was gone, the teacher approached her.   
  
“What was that all about today?”  
  
Dorothy did not think it was possible but her face got even redder.  
  
“What do you mean?”  
  
“I mean, what was this whole show about? Your outfit is not you Dorothy.”  
  
The girl gulped. It was hard for her to be confrontational, especially with a teacher. “I just wanted to feel sexy today that’s all.”  
  
The teacher relaxed her body and tone a bit. “I get that hon, really I do but this is not sexy, this is trashy. Did you not notice that your breasts are showing through your top and that your skirt is so short that it is easy for anyone to see you underwear? This is not how a lady dresses Dorothy. You need to have respect for yourself.”  
  
The girl was on the verge of tears. She loved Miss O’Flannery and looked up to her. To hear her passing such negative judgment against her was rough. But, she knew that she would continue dressing like this if that’s what Drew wanted.  
  
“Listen, I am glad that you made the decision to get rid of those dreadful hoodies and jeans that you always wear,” the teacher said with a smile. “Those outfits did not show off you, the girl inside. But there is a middle between that and this. Ok?”  
  
Dorothy nodded. “Yes, thanks Miss O’Flannery.”  
  
“No problem. Have a good rest of the day.”  
  
The teacher went back to her desk while Dorothy left the room. She hurried to math class where she was forced to sit in the front again. The teacher, a middle aged man, had difficulty teaching as his gaze kept returning to her legs. She covered her breasts with a binder that she held against her but there was nothing she could do about her legs. Still, unlike the last two classes, there was no slip ups and upskirts. She kept her legs crossed or knees together the whole time. However, she could not deny the feeling in her sex. She needed relief and was thankful that her lunch was next.

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