**A Thornwood Story - Kleinfelter's Way**

by Axel\_Qwerty

**Kleinfelter's Way 1**

**THORNWOOD HIGH SCHOOL, 2012**

In the school's lobby, a row of trophy cabinets showed off the accomplishments of past and present students. The largest and most full of trophies was the school band's cabinet, and a row of photographs lined the back of it. Each photo depicted a pretty young woman in her late teens, sometimes on her own, sometimes in front of the band, sometimes posed, sometimes candid. The photography students took the photos, and always tried to distinguish their work from the others, and the majorettes themselves were similarly driven to be distinguished from their predecessors. It created an effect of an eclectic variety that was still a coherent whole, and many visitors to the school, and sometimes students themselves, stopped to admire it.

Of course they also chose to admire the girls in the pictures, whose fit bodies over the years were more and more shown off by the decreasing coverage of the uniform. In 1995, the majorette uniform was a skirt, a belly shirt, and go-go boots. By 2002, the shirt became a bikini top, in 2007 the skirt was replaced by a bikini bottom and the boots with light shoes. The bottom shrunk and by 2009, it was a microkini thong that necessitated a full shave, and the triangular fabric of the top covered only the chocolate-brown nipples of the wearer. The top became a pair of independent circlets in 2010. In 2011 the top was replaced with green string around the nipples, the bottom lost any hint at sides or back, footwear of any kind was gone, and only another green string was just visible between the majorette's bare labial lips. As had happened a few times the majorette was the same for both years, a lithe red-headed girl with light freckles, and in 2011 she was depicted leaping high into the air, about to fall into the arms of members of the band. All are smiling and laughing, and a young black man seems to have a particularly broad smile and it is he who will catch her weight a moment after.

The cabinet was open, and in her hands the school's fashion teacher, Ms Evangeline Kleinfelter, had the latest photograph, back from the framer. The photograph showed a girl holding a bronze trophy cup (now in the cabinet) in front of her by the cup's handles, and it was impossible to see whether any clothing was worn by the girl at all. Her breasts were pert and bare, nipples proudly erect, her hips either side of the trophy base were bare, her feet were bare, and she was smiling broadly. Slender, lithely muscled and tall, she had the look that would grace magazine covers and indeed this photo and another from the back had been the front and back covers of the last school magazine for the year.

Ms Kleinfelter smiled and her finger tenderly touched the photo's face. Tiffany had done so well, overcoming her shyness and insecurities to show off her gymnastic skills and sweep through the intra-state competition to third place among the forty schools competing. The previous majorette's back-to-back first places had set the bar so high that other schools (apparently backed by significant sums of donor money from mysterious bystanders) had stepped up, and Kleinfelter herself had been asked to design the uniforms for several competing schools. She had refused due to conflict of interest, but had been willing to advise and support the schools' own fashion designers, and she had been very pleased to note that Tiffany's were far from the only visible nipples at the competition. Three of the top ten competitors had worn designs that were fully backless from head to bare feet as well, and it was clear from the fluid and agile movements of those girls that the designs were very freeing for them.

Ms Kleinfelter had a very unusual (some had said, outright insane) view of fashion and its role in society, and after ten years of working in design and twenty years of teaching, it was very validating to her to see other designers coming around to her opinion. A few of these were graduates of Thornwood, or former employees of her fashion house, but the majority were not.

She hung the framed picture in its spot and closed the cabinet. Fashion was an advanced class that only seniors could opt for, and she had very small class sizes, but she put plenty of time into her curriculum and this was why she was here on the weekend, the last weekend before the semester began. Other than Ms Kleinfelter, only a few of the other more dedicated (or more last-minute-oriented) teachers, and some students and teachers involved in sporting activities, were here.

In her room on her desk sat a Pinnacle, a rod-and-cup device that was the new official uniform of the girls' swimming team. Although she had not personally designed it, Ms Kleinfelter thought it was excellent. She was appreciative of its elegance, and the clever way in which it solved the problem of anchoring a backless, sideless swim bottom. She noticed also the way that the girls' eyes were drawn to it, standing upright on her desk. Its mere presence in the room seemed to have an effect on the audacity, for want of a better word, of the girls' designs, and their willingness to encourage each other to cut away unnecessary fabric, and substitute alternative materials. None of last year's class were members of the swim team themselves, so had had no real opportunity to wear it, an oversight she intended to remedy this year when her ordered box of the things arrived.

Sitting at her desk, Ms Kleinfelter reviewed the semester plan. A very generous donation from the Bystech Foundation allowed for a variety of field trips, for the purchase of material and equipment, for the visits of some artists and designers, and for the presentation of a fashion show. Scheduling these in would be an exercise in juggling the girls' expectations. They should not be overwhelmed and allowed to grow bored, however they should equally not be deprived of excitement. Ms Kleinfelter was faced with the bizarre problem, for a teacher, of having far more money than she technically could use. Some of the money would be put towards the rest of the student body. Finding willing models had always been a challenge in the past, as so many of the girls had body image issues and suffered terribly from unnecessary shame, and spending the money on pampering and paying them would be a good solution. A thousand dollar modelling fee would make a big difference to many of these girls, and the idea that people were prepared to pay such a sum merely to have them dress just a little less modestly than normal would be good for young women to know.

**Kleinfelter's Way 2**

THE FIRST LESSON

Outside the classroom, four girls sat waiting for Ms Kleinfelter. Mikke Neilsen clutched her portfolio with excitement. Ever since her first year at Thornwood she had admired the daring and aesthetic grace of the school's fashion teacher's designs, and now in her senior year, Mikke had an opportunity to study directly with Ms Kleinfelter herself! Mikke had a strong interest in jewellery as a medium in preference to cloth, and was having success with an Etsy store of her own. Ms Kleinfelter had approved Mikke without the usual interview, based solely on the obvious talent of her work, and Mikke was alternately panicking and gleeful at the prospect of actually \*speaking\* to the legendary designer. Her knees shook and her feet tapped the tiled floor.

Kathy Luddeck, sitting next to Mikke, looked irritated by the shaking. She had met Ms Kleinfelter, and was not so impressed. Kathy's particular talents were more inclined towards drawing and painting, and her presence in the fashion design class was, in her eyes, more about filling her schedule with art-related activity than about pursuing any interest in fashion as a career. Ms Kleinfelter had other plans for Kathy. Any good fashion house needs a talented body painter, and Kathy's habit of doodling fake tattoos and similar art all over herself, generally in a gothic style, had been brought to Ms Kleinfelter's attention quite accidentally, during a staffroom gossip session. She had overheard a discussion about it, in the context of whether detention was warranted, and asked to see the girl. After that interview, Kathy had a note giving her provisional permission to draw and paint whatever she liked onto herself or any other willing person, and a golden ticket invitation (surprisingly to Kathy, greatly envied) to the fashion design class.

Body paint counted as clothing, for school dress code purposes. The school dress code had been a thorn in Ms Kleinfelter's side from day one of her employment. It irritated her immensely that cardigan-wearing men and women would somehow get the idea in their heads that they knew better than the students, and even worse, better than Ms Kleinfelter herself, about what was desirable to wear and what was not. For the last ten years she had lobbied hard to get control of the dress code. For the last five, some of the board had been much more supportive.

Finally, after an incident involving poor Brigid the red-headed majorette and a truly awful (and blatantly unnecessary) tent-like “modesty cover”, the school board had agreed to let Ms Kleinfelter rewrite the dress code. She had done so, reducing it to three words, “wear something nice”, and that had gone surprisingly well. Three girls and one boy dressed to the minimum that the dress code allowed had accompanied her, and once their outfits had been pointed out on their bodies to the board members, the board had all agreed that it was simply impossible to justify a negative view. Those who argued that small items of jewelry or spots of glitter did not count as “wearing something”, even though “nice” was not in question, were voted down.

The board did however refuse to publicize the dress code or notify the student body of any changes. Students could discover it for themselves by infraction, the conservative element insisted, especially about what was and wasn't “nice”. Ms Kleinfelter's argument that anything not “nice” was obvious, and the equally-obvious remedy – just take the items of clothing away from the offending student and get rid of it – fell on deaf ears. The school would not, at this time, take an opinion on what was “nice”. Ms Kleinfelter and her fashion class would have to lead by example. If she didn't want students coming to school in ratty T-shirts, Tap Out or Crocs gear, sweat pants and flip-flops, stained bras and granny panties, she would have to write a longer dress code. She sighed and let it go, took her four well-dressed students out to celebrate, paid them their modelling fees, and they all agreed with her that she had won.

Ms Kleinfelter had spotted two of her models on the way to class and had been disappointed to see that neither had taken advantage of the more lenient dress code today. Both girls wore pretty much what they always did – gym shoes, jeans, and sleeveless tops that showed a mere inch or so of midriff. They returned her waves but blushed and avoided her eyes.

Hardly anyone in the whole school showed any skin to speak of. A few of the girls wore what could be called short shorts, although Ms Kleinfelter shook her head at how far from truly short they were. She spotted quite a few bare feet, shoes having been taken out of the dress code three years ago. Very healthy in summer. There was a girl with a quite nice open-fronted vest, revealing the inner curves of two lovely breasts, however it seemed that this was unintentional as she caught Ms Kleinfelter's nod of approval and immediately closed the buttons. Magnets? Hmm, interesting. The only visible nipples belonged to one boy, and even he expected her to remonstrate with him; the first thing he said when she approached him was that he had brought a shirt and it was in his locker. “Leave it there,” she said, patting his shoulder approvingly.

**Kleinfelter's Way 3**

She was made a \*lot\* happier to see Faith Crowne. The girl was one of the school's most notorious hippies, and Ms Kleinfelter had taken notice of her well-developed style over the years. Faith would wear tie-dyed gowns, open-toed sandals, sometimes Daisy Duke shorts and T-shirts with ganja symbols, she wore natural wood jewelry, she had experimented with tying her blonde hair in cornrows, and so on. She was both inventive, \*and\* consistent.

She was also highly intelligent, and had done her own research on Ms Kleinfelter. Her intentions for this class were clear– get a high distinction and bring up her GPA. She had looked into Ms Kleinfelter's career, her influence on the industry, her daughter's career, her particular activities in the school and especially the development of the majorette costume. As far as Faith could tell, Ms Kleinfelter's approach to fashion was to minimize it. She was an “invisibilist”, like those “sculptors” who presented empty plinths, or “painters” who produced blank canvasses.

Show skin, get marks, Faith thought. This should be easy. Faith's outfit for today would have stretched the limit of the previous dress code. She was technically barefoot, her long lean legs fully exposed down to a couple of anklet strings that went to her toes like the straps of a flip-flop – these were ideal for wearing out in public places where shoes were required, as they appeared to be shoes to a casual glance. She wore light green “boy shorts” panties, skin tight and showing a camel toe. The top of these shorts came to exactly halfway across the cleft of her buttocks on the back, and just the tiniest bit above her vulva at the front, showing her pubic mound off to be nicely clean-shaven. For a top, Faith wore a wooden, woven, interlocking bead chestplate, or perhaps set of necklaces, that covered her firm young breasts from the left side of the left nipple to the right side of the right nipple, and no further. Her hair was tied down the back into a loose ponytail, between her shoulder blades. She looked gorgeous, and Ms Kleinfelter was extremely impressed.

“What a lovely top, Faith,” she said. “Did you make it yourself?” This was exactly the reaction Faith had hoped for. Demurely, she unclasped it from behind her neck and handed it to Ms Kleinfelter. Her nipples crinkled and she made no move at all to hide her breasts. Faith was relatively comfortable with nudity, it was normal for her to be nude at home and it was a common enough thing at the music festivals she enjoyed, but she had never been an outright exhibitionist. Today's outfit was by far the furthest she'd gone with clothing in a public place, and her mother—herself an adoptee of the hippy style—had expressed some concerns about it when dropping her off this morning. Faith had been pleasantly surprised to not get any trouble from teachers in the morning over it.

Krystal Chang, on the other hand, disapproved. She had transferred this semester to Thornwood, and having been as much a fashion major as high school allowed, she had of course signed herself up for Ms Kleinfelter's elective class. This, a nearly-naked hippy girl, an amateur jeweler, and a heavily tattooed (or painted?) goth type, was not what she expected at all. She clutched her portfolio, full of drawings of skirts and gowns and shirts and shoes, and wondered what she was in store for. Slightly pudgy, Krystal herself was not an exemplar of fashion: she wore a T-shirt, jeans, and sandals, all straight off the Target rack, as would be expected for school.

Still holding Faith's top, Ms Kleinfelter motioned the girls into the room. “Take a table each, spread out,” she said. The room was set up with six tables big enough to take four chairs although each had only one. At the front was Ms Kleinfelter's desk, with a high pile of magazines, fashion collections, swatch sample books, and other paraphernalia. Krystal noted with surprise that there was some kind of small sculpture that looked for all the world like a dildo. She also had art supplies of various kinds, paintbrushes, pens, pencils, and the front resource desk had many more and a big pile of poster-sized loose paper for drawing.

The walls were covered with drawings and photographs. Many could be considered erotic art, as they generally showed beautiful women wearing very little; for example, the models showing off a shoe collection, wore \*only\* the shoes.

The girls claimed tables and unpacked from their bags and backpacks. The topless hippy sat front and centre, the goth off to one side, the jewelry girl to the other, and Krystal had her choice of the three back tables. She picked the middle one. “Good choice Krystal,” Ms Kleinfelter smiled. “Aesthetic balance. I looked through your portfolio when you applied, and I must say that I admire your attention to detail and your talents. Although let me say one thing.” She waited for the girls' full attention. “Fashion is not a sometimes thing. We always, even when we are completely nude, can be said to be 'in fashion'. Even if we have had the result thrust upon us, a dreadful thing such as a traditional school uniform,” (she frowned) “or a prison uniform, what we wear becomes our own. More than this, it becomes \*us\*. And we become our fashions. May I illustrate this point, please?”

It became apparent that the question was not rhetorical. The girls one-by-one nodded. “I would like each of you to undress completely and exchange outfits. No Faith, as you are now. With Krystal please. Mikke, Kathy, same.” Krystal and Faith looked at each other with concern. The plump Chinese girl had much bigger hips than the slender hippy, and there was no way that Faith's panties would fit her. Ms Kleinfelter motioned to them. “Consider this a class assignment. Make it work. Use your ingenuity.”

Mikke and Kathy had the fortune of being more-or-less the same size. Mikke wore a cyan top and a yellow skirt over cyan boots, with a jeweled belt. Kathy's outfit of jacket, band T-shirt, jeans and Doc Marten boots was all-black, with silver buckles in apparently unnecessary places. Mikke came over to Kathy's desk, and the two began to undress.

Undressing for Faith was a very simple exercise. She stepped out of her panties and held them out to Krystal, behind her, with a nervous smile. Gingerly Krystal took them. Faith, quite nude from Krystal's point of view, sat back on her own table. “Do we have to do this?” Krystal asked. Mikke gasped. Kathy blinked. Faith crinkled her pretty nose.

“A very good question, Krystal.” Ms Kleinfelter made a note. “Thank you for being the first to ask that. I will do a great many unusual things in this class. You will find some of them, hopefully many of them, to be confronting. Yes, even you, Faith. Especially you. You have an admirable attitude to nudity, however you have apparently decoupled it from sexuality. Being nude is sexy, Faith, and you are a very sexy young woman. Embrace that fact.” Faith bit her lower lip and blushed. She wasn't expecting that, especially in the first class. Was Kleinfelter hitting on her?

“To get back to Krystal's question, no, you do not have to do this. You have to do nothing. Your lives are constructed primarily out of other people's demands and pressures on you and very little is your choice at the present. Realize that all of these are optional, and you do have choices. What there are, are consequences. So I will explain the consequences of not following the exercise.

**Kleinfelter's Way 4**

“I have been a teacher for more than twenty years. Can anyone name famous names among my students?” Mikke's hand shot up, and she named three well-known designers. Krystal had heard of them; they were all very successful, although she had thought their designs a bit scandalous. Perhaps this was why. “I would not presume to take credit for their success, these women are extremely talented. However, all continue to send me pictures and postcards and credit me with influencing them. See.” She pointed to the walls, and the girls realized that different sections were allocated to different purposes. The shoe poster was one of the ones pointed to. The poster was signed, by the designer and apparently also by the models. Two of those were household names as well.

“Nor would I presume to take credit for your future success. You can leave now if you wish, Krystal, and you may well become a successful fashion designer and look back on today as one crazy day that you walked out of this crazy teacher's class. You are welcome to do that. I hope you do succeed without me. But I hope more, to teach you things that will make you more of a success.

“Rest assured that everything I do here, I do for a reason. I am not asking you to strip nude, completely nude,” she emphasised that, “and exchange clothing with a smaller girl in order to embarrass you. I will never, ever, do anything with the intention of embarrassing you. Embarrassing you is not something that I care about in any way. If you find something I ask you to do embarrassing, my intention is that you examine that feeling, and ask yourself why you find it embarrassing, and whether that matters. Again, it is not my request that is the problem. It is your embarrassment that is the problem. Is there anything wrong with being nude? Faith, you are the nearest here to being nude. Come out the front.”

Faith did, hesitating a little. “Faith, would you like to stay dressed as you are for a week?”

She blushed and reflexively flinched. “..., no! Oh, sorry, oops, I didn't mean to swear ...”

“Again, your language doesn't embarrass or concern me. I don't mind at all. Why not? Why is this an issue for you, the student here who probably has the healthiest attitude to baring skin? It's a lovely time of year for it, and it would save a lot of time in the morning.”

“It'd be weird. Embarrassing. I mean, I strip off at home when I get through the door, but that's home, you know? School is different. We're here to learn, and be professional. Learn to be adults. Adults don't really run around naked much.”

“What would happen if they did? Someone else. Kathy.” The goth girl seemed a bit stunned.

“Uh, they'd be arrested?”

“In many places, that is correct. This State is not one of them, thankfully. Kathy, I asked you to undress completely, and you have stopped. Was that a deliberate choice?”

“No, no, I was just listening.”

“Then carry on. Please take off all of your clothing, and join Faith here with me at the front of the room.”

“I, um,” Tears welled up in her eyes.

“I'll do it!” Mikke, sensing points to gain, rapidly stripped off her bra and panties, and stepped around the desks to the front.

“Thank you Mikke,” said Ms Kleinfelter. “However, these two must make their own decisions. Do you want to learn from me? Kathy? Krystal? Why are you finding this embarrassing? Think about your feelings.”

Kathy thought it over. She was feeling embarrassed and uncomfortable. Was this sexual abuse? What was going on here? If she got dressed and left, would Kleinfelter be punished? Would Kathy? \*Why was she bothered by this?\* “I, uh … I think I was taught that I shouldn't run around naked.”

“And why would it be necessary to teach you that? Why would it even cross anyone's mind to teach you that? Would you need to be taught that if you had no inclination to do it?” Ms Kleinfelter said. “Krystal?”

Krystal also was near tears. “Y-yeah, me too. Also, I'm fat. Especially next to her.” She pointed to Faith, and looked downcast. Faith glanced down at her feet, unsure what to think.

“You are a young woman aged eighteen. You are slightly over an athletic weight, yes. But you are healthy, aren't you?”

“Yes, I suppose so.”

“You can do everything you want to do, you can run, you can climb, you can jump?”

“Yes, I can.”

“Then you are better off than many people who cannot, including people who actually are fat. Do you know what you need to do to be slimmer?”

“Eat better and exercise more?”

“Of course. Everyone knows that. The question is why we don't do what we know we should do. If you were to eat like Faith here, and exercise like her, do you think you would be slimmer, like her?”

“Probably.”

“Do you want to be? There is nothing at all wrong with you, Krystal. You are not fat. You are slightly plump. This is no great risk to your health, but apparently it is a risk to your happiness and you dress concealingly and you are reluctant to show your body. It is society that says you should be slim, just as society says you should never ever be naked. What if you made your own choices and did what made you happy?”

Krystal was stunned. What was this woman on about? Making choices? \*I've always done what people tell me,\* she thought. Suddenly that seemed like an option.

“So, do you think I can teach you anything?” Ms Kleinfelter asked, smiling.

\*Maybe\*. “Okay,” Krystal agreed. The other girls applauded.

“Now, back to work. I have four girls here and \*none of them\*,” she looked directly at Mikke and Faith, “are completely nude.” Mikke and Faith looked puzzled. Faith got it first, and pointed to Mikke's earrings and necklace, then took off her own 'shoes' and a ring she was wearing. Kathy and Krystal took their cue and stripped. They moved to pick up their partners' clothing.

“Wait a moment, please,” said Ms Kleinfelter. “You are now as close to completely nude as you can get. I want you to understand something. Firstly, you are still in fashion. Whether that fashion suits you or not, and how you have decorated yourselves,” she pointed to Kathy's temporary tattoos, and Faith's shaved pubis, “you are still in \*a\* fashion. Once tattoos exist, their lack is a choice, and therefore a fashion. \*Complete\* nudity, the absence of fashion, is actually impossible.

“Secondly, fashion defines us. While you put on your partner's clothing, think about how and why \*she\* put it on. Don't ask her, just think it over. Think about your own identity and how it differs from your partner's. Think about \*her\* fashion.”

Krystal took the little green panties. They were about four sizes too small. She looked helplessly at Faith, but Faith was preoccupied putting on Krystal's own, much baggier, outfit. Ms Kleinfelter was watching her. “They'll bust,” she said.

“Good,” smiled Ms Kleinfelter. “I hope so! There is a lesson in that too.”

**Kleinfelter's Way 5**

\*What, that panties have sizes?\* Krystal chose one leg hole and put her foot through. Sure enough, it got stuck a bit above her knee. She pulled them down again and stepped her other foot in. The panties made it to her mid-thighs, and she pulled but they wouldn't move further.

“Faith, help her.” Ms Kleinfelter gestured to Faith, who was struggling fruitlessly with Krystal's belt. Holding the waistband, Faith moved around behind Krystal, then dropped her grip, causing Krystal's jeans and panties to fall around Faith's feet, and seized hold of either side of the green panties. Krystal took hold of the front and back. The two girls pulled!

With a ripping sound, the panties separated in half and each half made it around one of Krystal's upper thighs, either side of her triangle of pubic hair. “Good work!” Ms Kleinfelter clapped and laughed. “Now the top.” She handed Faith's wooden necklace top to Krystal. Krystal put it on, and on her much larger breasts it dangled more-or-less between them, Krystal's nipples framing it on either side. Krystal jammed Faith's ring onto her finger, and then tied Faith's fake-shoes onto her own feet.

The other two were faring better. Kathy's dyed-black hair contrasted oddly with the pastels of Mikke's outfit and her colored jewelry, and Mikke looked lost in Kathy's gothic black, but neither girl would have looked out of place in a normal class. Ms Kleinfelter pulled out some mobile mirrors from the corner of the room and encouraged the girls to admire themselves. “Anyone really like what they see?” Ms Kleinfelter asked. Unsurprisingly, the consensus was not.

“You are learning to be fashion designers. If a designer is the only person who enjoys wearing their designs, are they a good fashion designer?” Understanding crossed the girls' faces. “Should you be able to design clothes for people other than yourselves?” They agreed. “Your assignment tonight is to design a basic outline of an outfit that your class partner for this exercise would be very happy to wear. Be audacious. Remember that her reaction, and the reactions that people have to her wearing it, will decide a portion of your mark for this assignment. We will work on those outfits for the rest of the week. Tomorrow, dress as you usually would. There will be no swapping tomorrow,” she smiled. “For now, you can change back. Faith, bin those silly panties and stay back for a bit.”

Faith was shocked. Did … did she expect her to run around bottomless? That would be so … \*embarrassing\*. Oh. Right. She smiled at Ms Kleinfelter, who smiled back. The other girls, dressed now and still processing their experience, filed out. Faith stood in front of the teacher, wearing her fake-shoes and her top. Her bare, bald pubic region was slightly pink.

“You are very beautiful, Faith,” Ms Kleinfelter said. “If you were a little taller you would be picked easily as a professional runway model. You may even be picked anyway. Would you like that?”

“I've never considered it,” she said. “But I think it might be fun.”

“It can be. It is very hard work, believe it or not. Getting quickly into and out of outfits. Adapting to makeup. Posing correctly. Maintaining your composure. Would you wear that outfit you have on now, in front of ten thousand people?”

Faith started. “I'm nearly naked,” she said.

“No. You are fashionably dressed. Even if you didn't have this pretty little top,” she lifted it briefly away from Faith's breasts, “you would still be fashionably dressed. Always remember that. Now, what do you want to do with the rest of your school day, now that you have no panties on? You would have one more class, then lunch and then two classes, correct?”

“Yes. Um.” She thought. \*This is a test. Of course it's a test.\* “What are my options?”

“Good question. What do you think are your options?”

“I … I could call my mother to come get me.”

“Yes, although that would be disappointing to see. Do you want to do that? Go home bare-assed and embarrassed by that, probably 'in trouble'?” She made airquotes.

“Um. No. I don't want to be embarrassed. Uh. I could get hold of a pair of pants from somewhere.”

“Or a longer shirt, or a thong, or a skirt, or a burqa if you like. Or put a little square of tape over your bare vulva,” Ms Kleinfelter held up a roll of gaffer tape, “and decide that you're 'dressed', whatever that means to you. You could borrow this, if you like.” She picked up the dildo-thing from the desk. Faith stared at it. Ms Kleinfelter lifted it up to show the bottom, a curved, V-shaped decal with a cartoon tiger, the school mascot. “It is designed to cover the vulva and anus with this decal. See? Ingenious. The rest of it holds it in. Apparently it counts as a swimsuit, and improves swim times.”

“What … ah ...” Faith was at a loss for words. The idea of the dildo-thing was fuzzing her brain. She had a dildo at home of course, but she only used it in her bedroom when she was sure that her folks were asleep or out. To \*wear\* a dildo, like \*clothing\*? That was a mind-blower. “What if it falls out?”

“Oh, it doesn't. See?” She fiddled with the base of it, and it puffed up. Faith squeaked softly as she imagined this thing growing inside of her. “You can make it as big as you want to. But those aren't all of your options. Go on.”

“I … could stay like this?”

“Of course you could. What would that be like? Be honest now. Your little bare pussy is pink already at the thought.” she smiled.

Faith blushed hard. “Oh, .... Oh my god. I … I don't know about this. Everyone will see!”

“Is there anything ugly about it? Come to the mirror.” She led Faith over. “Now sit up on the table with your legs wide apart.” Faith did. “I guarantee you, every boy and girl in every class has seen those body parts in photographs hundreds of times. Why should a real girl have to hide hers? Here, look at this.”

She rummaged around in a desk drawer and found a photograph to show Faith, a close-up of a girl's genital area with a green string running from the tip of her clitoris to her anus. “This is a wisp. You'll have seen it, it was the band majorette's uniform for the year before last. If it is approved by the interschool committee for competition, the gymnasts will have the option to wear it as their uniform next year, instead of those great big silly thongs with their ugly strings. Put it on.” She handed Faith a similar small string, this one bright blue.

“I don't know how to … um … what do I do?” Faith held the little string between her hands, puzzled by it.

**Kleinfelter's Way 6**

“First we make the anchor, which will be popped in here,” Ms Kleinfelter tapped Faith's anus, which puckered. She giggled, and tapped it again. “Cute. Relax a bit,” she said. “Then we make a knot, which goes around and over your clitoris”--she gently stroked the top of Faith's clitoris, and the girl squeaked faintly--“and then you put it on! Here is one.” She handed Faith a second wisp, fully knotted. It looked very complicated to make. “Yes, it does take a little bit of practice. Like tying a necktie. That's the major problem with making it a uniform, to be honest.”

Faith fiddled around with it. Her increasingly wet pussy did not seem to want to cooperate. Ms Kleinfelter tried to get the clit end of the wisp in the right place, however it kept slipping off.

“You know, Miss Crowne, I just don't think this is going to work.” The fashion teacher fetched a handful of tissues and efficiently set about wiping Faith's genital area. The girl moaned. “Your sexual response is entirely natural and normal, but the way the wisp works, you need to keep it within parameters. If we were committed to the wisp, I'd have you masturbate and then wait for a while, but we have other options. Since you're so nicely greased up, let's get the Pinnacle.”

Was I being molested? Faith wondered. This morning when she got dressed in her cheeky panties and barely-there top, she had \*not\* expected to be bottomless, wet, and apparently about to be taking on a dildo, in class. She felt dizzy, almost nauseous, yet intensely turned on at the same time. She couldn't help herself, rubbing her hands around her vulva and fingering her clit.

Ms Kleinfelter smiled. “Masturbation is a beautiful thing. We really ought to start off the first class of the day with it, it would keep the students so much more calm and relaxed. Here, let me.” She gently slipped the curved, egg-like end of the Pinnacle into Faith's vagina, pushing it all the way in. As promised, it cupped Faith's vulva, smoothly covering the folds of skin. Faith moaned at the fullness of the sensation. “It has an amazing array of features,” Ms Kleinfelter said. “Internal temperature control, for warmth in winter and cooling in summer. You can expand it,” she reached in between the cup of it and Faith's clit, finding a little button, and pressed. Faith cried out aloud! It was \*so full\*! Oh, god, it felt so \*good\*! How did the swim team girls run around with these \*things\* in them? “You can make it throb, or buzz,” she demonstrated again, with more hidden buttons around the sides.

Faith stood upright, jerking herself off the table. She moaned and squeaked. Frantically she rubbed at her nipples under the wooden necklace as she came. It just would not stop! She shivered and moaned and collapsed to the floor, drawing her knees up, flexing her toes, patting frantically at the front of the decal. She arched her back and spread her legs wide.

Ms Kleinfelter laughed as she watched Faith jerk about. If she had her way, the girls would have these in all the time so that their teachers could set them buzzing whenever they wanted. But the temptation would be too great. Nothing would ever get done. Also, they covered a lot of skin that Ms Kleinfelter would prefer the girls to leave tastefully bare. A model with a smaller decal, nestled nicely \*between\* the labia instead of covering anything, would be much better. Perhaps next year, for the swim class first.

Reluctantly she pressed a button on the remote control and Faith relaxed. “This device is the controller for it,” she said. She reached out to help Faith off the floor. On unsteady legs, the teenager took the remote. “Try not to overuse it, especially in class. It comes with a charging and cleaning cradle as well. You can adjust everything the Pinnacle does either from the base, or with the remote. It will even work with music from a smartphone, if you download the app.”

“Th … thank you,” Faith stammered. Ms Kleinfelter held out the tissue box, and Faith took some to clean herself up. She fiddled with the controls, and adjusted down the size of the dildo to be more comfortable. Finally she looked at herself in the mirror. The Thornwood tiger mascot was about the size of a normal thong bottom. Possibly even bigger than the gymnastics uniform. Apart from a complete lack of side or back coverage, it looked like a swimsuit bottom. “It … um … it reminds me of the Rio Carnaval bottoms,” she commented.

“Ah yes, the cache-sexe. Most of them stay on with wires or glue, far less comfortable. You're late for your next class. Here, I'll write you a note.” She already had a note printed out, and just wrote Faith's name at the top, and signed it at the bottom. “Have a good day, and I will see you tomorrow. Keep the Pinnacle. Try it out as daily wear.” She grinned cheekily. “See how you can challenge yourself.”

Faith skimmed the note, taking some of it in. \*Full permission. Legal action? What? Oh, if anyone interferes with me. Decency? Oh, only the school dress and conduct codes apply? Huh.\* She adjusted her top and fixed her hair, then set off to her next class, still feeling a bit dazed from multiple orgasms.

Ms Kleinfelter smiled to herself as she watched Faith, looking fully nude from behind, leave the room. First class, she thought, had gone very well. One done, three to go.

**Kleinfelter's Way 7**

NEXT CLASS - KRYSTAL

Krystal had excused herself to the toilet twice now this class to masturbate. The sensation of the panties splitting along her thighs as the pretty little hippie pulled them up just would not leave her head. Ms Kleinfelter probably would make the girl run around bottomless for the rest of the day, too. How embarrassing! Krystal blushed, imagining herself bottomless on her chair right now. Her own jeans left at home, her own soaked panties busted and thrown away. Her own pussy rubbing the hard chair.

“Krystal, are you paying attention?” The sharp voice of Mr Jensen the maths teacher brought her back to earth. Just at that second the bell rang, saving her, and Mr Jensen shook a finger at her as he dismissed the class to lunch.

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NEXT CLASS - FAITH

Faith's day was going very well. She had experimented with the Pinnacle and found a setting that kept her nicely blissed-out with her clit erect without actually tipping her over into orgasm. She still felt that everyone was looking at her, however she felt that they were smiling at her, admiring her, glad to have her around. It was like being lightly buzzed on ecstasy. She loved the feeling of her bare buttocks against the chair. When Miss Alton the history teacher called for a volunteer to clean the whiteboard, Faith fairly leapt up and took the cloth and spray bottle from her hands before Miss Alton could say anything. The class and teacher had a brief, unplanned break as all watched Faith, completely nude from behind, vigorously spray and wipe away the writing and diagrams.

On finishing the task, Faith turned around and presented the cleaning equipment to Miss Alton with a smile. “Uh, thank you,” the history teacher said. “Um. Is that, uh,” she pointed with the cloth at Faith's crotch.

“Oh, yes!” Faith beamed. “It's a Pinnacle!”

“Um. Oh yes, of course. I hadn't uh, realized they were so … uh, so brief. Are you, um, are you sure you're allowed to wear it outside of the pool area?”

“I'd better be, I don't have anything else!” Faith giggled. The class snickered.

“Well, uh, sit down then. Don't hop up again, okay?” Faith complied. “Alright, where was I? Oh, the opium trade. Who can tell me ...” and class continued.

“\*Nice pants, Faith,\*” Aileen Munez whispered from the desk behind Faith. Aileen was on the swim team, and seeing this girl prance around in a normal class wearing a Pinnacle, and worse yet, \*with a top on\*, really ground Aileen's gears. Coach Ron and Coach Ellie were always telling the swimmers to take pride in their appearance, to wear the Pinnacles like the uniform of victorious soldiers, to march into any practice and any competition \*knowing\* that, because we were Thornwood and we wore our Pinnacles and \*nothing else\*, we would win. Even when other schools had adopted the style, we were the \*first\*. A huge photograph of Rachel Byrnes, the first of the first, standing proud on the winner's dais, decorated the rear wall of the indoor pool area, and \*she didn't wear a top\*. How \*dare\* this girl? Where did she even get it? Had she stolen it? The coaches had access to a monitor, they knew where each Pinnacle was at all times and what it was doing, how could this happen?

“Thank you,” Faith whispered back, smiling, and returned to writing her notes.

The \*nerve\* of her! Aileen slipped her own hand under her stretch-pants, feeling along her hairless labia. Like all swim team members, Aileen dressed as scantily as the weather allowed. Pool water was cold, bare skin won races, and team spirit was vital. Today, Aileen, a tall Latina, wore black satin stretch-pants so thin and so tight that they might as well have been painted on, a yellow belly-shirt top that only \*just\* covered her firm breasts, and yellow flip-flops which spent most of the day beside her feet. Aileen's Pinnacle was in her locker in the sports complex, ready for practice this afternoon. Some swimmers wore theirs under their regular clothes, but this was a privilege for A-grade swimmers only, and Aileen had not yet advanced out of B-grade. Faith's body--so visible!--was clearly sculpted by yoga, not by swimming. Look at those skinny shoulders. Aileen sneered. She wouldn't even make the team!

Faith paused her writing and absent-mindedly adjusted her Pinnacle, slightly raising the buzz. The boy sitting beside her glanced over, his gaze briefly lingered on her bare side and back, and then returned to his own notes. Behind her, Aileen seethed as the tiny sound reached her ears, her pencil bending in her grip. The swim team had their ways of punishing slackers, and using the buzz functions when one should be paying attention was slacking. Quietly, Aileen snuck her phone out from her purse, and began texting.

History class finished, and it was time for lunch. Aileen muttered “You better watch out,” to Faith, who looked baffled, and then rushed off, leaving her flip-flops behind. Faith called out to her but she was already gone. \*I wonder what that was about,\* Faith thought, bending gracefully (a welcome sight to those around her, her wooden necklaces falling forward) to pick up the flip-flops.

**Kleinfelter's Way 8**

LUNCH

Krystal walked into the lunchroom. She had stopped off to masturbate in the toilets again, so had missed the food line rush, and she was able to get her food relatively quickly. Thornwood served only very healthy food, something else that had annoyed Krystal (a chips and Coke kind of girl) over the previous few days, but today, inspired to eat better, she was grateful. She asked the lunch-ladies for yoghurt and fruit salad, and as she turned away with her tray in hand …

Oh, my god. Faith was \*naked\*. The pretty little hippie was sitting at a table, her back to Krystal, surrounded by friends, happily chatting, \*stark naked\* from blonde hair to bare toes. Krystal was stunned. People were glancing over at Faith, but no-one (except for a small table of girls, who seemed to be glaring at Faith and whispering to each other for some reason) seemed to be paying much attention. Perhaps feeling Krystal's hot gaze, Faith turned around. She grinned, waved, and stood up. “Krystal!” she called, beckoning Krystal over.

So she wasn't \*completely\* naked. She was wearing the wooden necklace thing again, and between her legs, barely visible, where pubic hair would be if she had any, was a red and white decal with a stylized tiger. The school sports mascot.

“Make room, you guys!” Faith said, fluttering her hands to indicate a seat beside her. “This is Krystal, she's doing Fashion with me!”

“Are you going to dress like Faith tomorrow?” a slim red-headed girl asked, smiling. Krystal blushed red, and everyone laughed.

Krystal remembered that this was a new school, and nobody knew she was a friendless nerd. She \*wasn't\* a friendless nerd. She was friends with one of the prettiest, nicest, \*bravest\* girls in the whole school, a girl who had seen her naked, and didn't laugh at her, and was still her friend. “Maybe. Are you?” Krystal asked. The group laughed again, and this time the redhead blushed. “Maybe you should change right now,” Krystal said, grinning at her.

“Right on,” a black boy chuckled, “No reason for Faith's to be the only bare ass at this table! Go for it, Lynn!”

“I don't have a Pinnacle, Martin, they only give them to swimmers.” Lynn replied.

“Who cares? No-one will know 'til they're right next to you anyway,” Martin said.

“What are you going to give me?” Lynn asked, playfully toying with the top button of her blouse.

“How nude are you gonna get?” he asked, licking his lips at her.

“I'll keep my shorts on,” she replied. “It's not as if being topless is against the rules. Look over there,” she said, pointing to a table of girls in the process of taking off their clothes. That was the same table Krystal had noticed before. They were still talking among themselves, darting glares at Faith.

“Wait. Who are those girls?” Krystal asked.

“Swim team,” Lynn replied. “That's a swim uniform that Faith has on.”

“No it's ...ing not.” an angry voice said. Heads swivelled around, bodies followed. The girls had come over, and there stood four very fit and angry-looking young women. Two were completely nude, two wore Pinnacles. The Pinnacles were buzzing, like insects, shaking visibly. Their wearers stood still, apparently ignoring the intense stimulation inside their vaginas. “THAT is a swim uniform,” Aileen said, tapping the smooth plastic Pinnacle of one of the two girls. “THAT is a swim uniform,” she pointed to the other. “Hatha and Umbriel are A-grade swimmers. They are allowed to wear the Pinnacle any time they want. Charlene and I are B-grade. We're required to leave our Pinnacles in our lockers, except during competition, training, and school spirit days.” Hatha, a blonde with a buzz-cut, moaned softly and crossed one leg over the other as she stood.

The crowd around were silent, fascinated. Shit was \*going down\*. It wasn't clear \*why\*, or what exactly was going to happen, but something was, and they all wanted to see it.

“Did you use it?” Aileen demanded, stepping up over Faith, looking her in the eyes, forcing Faith to crane her head back.

“Y-y-yes,” Faith stammered. “Oh, I got your flip-flops,” she said, timidly offering them. Aileen slapped them out of Faith's hand.

“Umbriel and Hatha use theirs,” Aileen said. The two were panting softly, shifting from foot to foot, their nipples standing erect. “Beth and I want to use ours,” the other naked girl nodded, “but we're \*not allowed\*. We're not A-grade swimmers.” She bent down over Faith. “Are you an A-grade swimmer, Faith Crowne?”

“Uh, no, no I'm not, I actually can't swim,” Faith was clearly frightened. She was no fighter. Probably neither was Aileen, really, but the Latina girl was \*really\* angry, and that made up for a lot.

“Leave her alone!” yelled Krystal, jumping up. She pushed Aileen away as she did, and the nude girl fell. Not only was Krystal at least thirty pounds heavier than Aileen, she was a green belt in judo. She hadn't trained for some time, she'd gotten lazy and that was going to stop, but even so, she wasn't letting these girls menace Faith! The rest of Faith's group broke out of their reverie and one by one, they stood up.

Aileen got up off the floor. “That is an official Thornwood Tigers team swim uniform and we want it back,” she said as she rose. “You can give it back peacefully now, or we will take it off you when your little friends aren't around to save you. I don't care who you stole it from. You steal from one of us, and you steal from us all!”

“Ms Kleinfelter gave it to her!” Krystal yelled, stepping up to Aileen. “I broke her panties in fashion class and she had nothing to wear, so Ms Kleinfelter must have given it to her after I left! It's the one from her desk! Isn't that right, Faith?”

Faith nodded. “Yeah, yeah, she did. I didn't know it meant so much to you, Aileen. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to disrespect you. I just … I don't have anything else to wear.” She shrugged helplessly.

Hatha broke the silence with a loud sharp shriek, falling to her knees. She frantically dug beneath her Pinnacle to turn the buzzing down, writhing in orgasm, kneading her breasts with her other hand. Umbriel kept a bit more of her dignity, staying on her feet--perhaps she practiced with the high settings more--but also turned her device off. Beth leaned over to Aileen. “I'm gonna go get dressed again. See you after school for practice.” She patted Aileen on the shoulder and walked back to the swimmers' table, head held high. The crowd parted for her. Umbriel helped Hatha up and the two A-grade swimmers followed, unsteadily leaning on each other.

“Not my fault you broke your panties. How the ... does that happen. You should give it back,” Aileen muttered, eyes red. She looked chastened, and more like a naked, embarrassed girl than a proud nude warrior princess.

“We have two classes to go,” Faith said. “I can't run around bottomless for two whole classes.”

Krystal coughed. “Actually,” she said, “Ms Kleinfelter said you could. You just don't want to.”

“I can help,” a new voice said. Mikke Neilsen. She was holding up a jeweled belt, from which strands of jewels descended, each about six inches long and an inch apart. “I know it's Krystal's job to design your new outfit, but you can borrow this. I was wearing it over my skirt.”

Faith thanked her and took the belt. Buckling it around her waist, the strands came down just enough to look sort-of like a micro-mini-skirt. The Tiger was as visible as ever beneath and between the strands. This skirt would cover nothing. But it would do. She nodded to Aileen and parted her legs. Slowly, Aileen knelt down and reached up. Light brown fingers slid smoothly between plastic and skin, brushing Faith's slightly-swollen clit, and Aileen found the deflating button. The Pinnacle slipped out, a collective gasp coming from the crowd, and Aileen stood up, the glistening device in her hand.

“Thank you,” Aileen said. She held it high. “Anyone who wants to wear this,” she yelled, “come join the girls swim team!” As the lunchroom roared with applause, she put on her flip-flops and walked back to her table, where only her own clothes remained … with Mr Jensen's hand on them. The maths teacher stood beside the table with the other three swimmers, now dressed and all looking subdued. Detentions were certain.

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**EPILOGUE**

Evangeline Kleinfelter packed up her notes for the day, ready to head home. After lunch she had taught a junior arts and crafts class over in the junior school, and had come back to her homeroom to collect her belongings. She heard a knock at the door. Carl Jensen entered, a Pinnacle in his hand. “Yours, I believe?” he asked, holding it out to her.

She took it, and sniffed it. Dry, but still unwashed. “Yes, I lent it to Faith Crowne. What happened?”

“I took it off the swimmers at lunch. Apparently they don't like non-swimmers wearing these.”

“Oh? Oh. Oh, of course. My mistake. That makes perfect sense. I shall apologise to Faith tomorrow. I should probably apologise to the swimmers too.”

“You can do that tomorrow as well. Four girls. I gave them all three detentions each for fighting, and since it's your fault, I think you should manage their detentions. They really don't mind being naked, those girls. I figure you can work out something fun to do with them.”

Ms Kleinfelter smiled. “Oh, yes, definitely. My class and I have need of models, and the bolder the better.”