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

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This is a continuation of Kleinfelter's Way, covering the first detention.

**Kleinfelter's Way II – 1**

FRIDAY AFTERNOON DETENTION

Ms Kleinfelter greeted the four swimmers warmly. The week had passed, and most of the next week, and the four girls, Aileen, Hatha, Beth and Umbriel, had been waiting out that time anxiously expecting the penny to drop. Mr Jensen had told them that they would be punished for fighting, and that Ms Kleinfelter would supervise it, but he had not given them any details.

The swim team's previous interactions with Ms Kleinfelter had been minimal. Most knew that she had been strongly in favor of the uniform switch to Pinnacles of a few years ago, and that she and Coach Ron were apparently good friends. Some knew also that she designed the band majorette's uniforms, and anyone who was paying attention knew that last year's majorette Tiffany Damien had pretty much competed nude, her only “uniform” a tiny strip of cloth glued to her bare pubic mound. There wasn't all that much difference between that and a Pinnacle, really.

Every sporty student at Thornwood knew that smaller uniforms were a major trend, however few of them had much idea why. The Pinnacle was still the most controversial; even now, three years after Rachel Byrnes had first worn it to an inter-school competition, it still showed up in breathless clickbait articles and “get a load of this!” TV spots on slow news days. For the girls themselves, the controversy was long-gone. After the novelty of the “sexy dildo swimsuit” had worn off, they still had to get up at 5am whether it was summer or winter, eat, get to the pool, train for two hours (admittedly, being warmed internally by a Pinnacle did make that easier), get dressed, go to class, and then come back after class three days a week for more training. And also compete, except in winter.

And for these four, serve a detention. What would it involve? Teachers at Thornwood had a fairly wide degree of discretion for detentions, so Thornwood students could be doing anything from running around the school oval completely nude--the favorite punishment of Ms Stuckhampton, the gym teacher--to sitting around chatting with Mr Ozark about where to score the best weed. Stripping a student nude (or in theory, forcing a nude student to dress) absolutely was under a Thornwood teacher's control. That had been established through a state law some ten years prior, and so long as no coerced or improper sexual contact occurred, it was not grounds for a lawsuit. A student could refuse any given punishment, but would have to serve two detentions at a later date. Only the excessively modest (or exercise-averse) could be bothered.

Ms Kleinfelter however preferred much more subtle methods. “Come in, come in.” She beckoned the four girls into the Fashion classroom. “Close the door.” They looked around, seeing the fashion students, the sewing machines and measuring tables, racks of outfits, and various piles of cloth and other materials.

Only one of the swimmers was particularly fashion-oriented, beyond the normal interest that any young woman takes in her appearance. Other than Beth, generally they bought clothes off the rack, selected first for being skimpy (\*really\* skimpy) and second for being easy to slip off and on. They knew their toned muscles looked good, and they dressed to show them off. “Take pride in everything you do,” was the team motto.

Aileen wore her usual black and bright yellow active wear – black satin tights and running shoes, and a yellow hoodie with the hood back. Umbriel, tall and dark-blonde, wore a powder-blue micro-mini-skirt of the flare-up type that only reaches the middle of the wearer's buttocks, and a matching powder-blue bikini top. She was barefoot, and the Thornwood tiger emblem on her Pinnacle peeked out between her long, lithe legs. Hatha, a classically-cute Icelandic brunette, wore only a long T-shirt that reached mid-thigh, with the team logo on it. With tousled hair, she looked like she had just gotten out of bed. Beth, the most fashionable of the four, wore tight low-cut white jeans, Converse shoes, and an actual lacy white Victoria's Secret bra which she filled out very nicely.

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“Pick one,” Ms Kleinfelter smiled. The fashion class stepped forward. While they examined the swimmers, Ms Kleinfelter explained. “You four have been given three detentions each, as you know. Mr Jensen explained to me the full details of your conduct, and I have watched the security video, and in my opinion the only one of you who did \*anything wrong at all\* was Aileen here, and even she clearly acted from a desire to protect the image of her team.” The swimmers glanced at each other. This was unexpected.

Apart from Faith, who was as naked as a jaybird, the fashion class would not have looked out of place in any normal school - Mikke in bright colours, Kathy in black with pale makeup, Krystal in loose jeans and T-shirt.

“Let me be clear. I gave this Pinnacle,” she gestured towards her desk, “to Faith. Because she had no other clothing, and was uncomfortable with that prospect, I offered it to her. I demonstrated its capabilities, which you are all aware of, and as any healthy young woman should, she eagerly took it.” Faith blushed--her whole face and chest blushed--and she looked away from Aileen's eyes.

“Faith certainly did not know how important Pinnacles are to your team. I should have realized, and at least informed her, if I was even going to offer it to her at all. I could have written her a note, to set her mind at rest, and sent her off to class. As you can see, she has absolutely no reason to fear showing off some bare skin in a discreet and elegant way, and neither do any of you seven other girls.” Faith's blush had reached its peak, and Aileen chuckled.

“However, what's done is done. Faith has learned some lessons that could not have been learned any other way. I apologise to you four, as representatives of your team. Your detentions will stand, but they will be easy, and I expect they will be enjoyable for you.”

By now Krystal had chosen Hatha, who smiled brightly, and Mikke had taken Umbriel by the hand. Kathy was clearly interested in Aileen--perhaps not entirely for professional reasons--however much to Beth's irritation, Faith did not seem to be interested in Beth.

“In here, in my classroom, is a safe environment. You may wear whatever you wish here. I personally have no objection to you running your Pinnacles while we are setting up, if you like,” this time it was Hatha's turn to blush, putting her hands to her mouth as if to stifle a scream, “but if you do, please do not become noisy or distracting.”

Umbriel looked at Mikke, her eyes wide. Mikke, getting the hint, nodded. Umbriel whipped off her tiny skirt and threw it into the corner, shortly followed by the bikini top. “Oh, thank you!” she murmured, smiling. She fiddled under her Pinnacle decal, and a faint buzzing sound started.

Faith involuntarily slipped her own hand between her thighs. Her three minutes of panting, moaning and jerking about on the floor of this room had been one of the most intensely pleasurable moments of her life. She still got off to the memory of it a few times a week. Umbriel was taking half again, maybe even twice, that intensity, and \*smiling dreamily\*. Her only concession to the stimulation was to lean back lazily against a desk, and cross her long legs. Were these things addictive? Could you build up a tolerance?

“Faith, Kathy,” said Ms Kleinfelter. They looked at each other, and Aileen. “Aileen, you may choose. Beth,” she had noticed the fourth swimmer was looking a little miffed, “don't take it personally. In my career I have chosen and rejected many thousands of models and it is not because the model is not beautiful, or experienced, or worth her fee. It is because the model does not suit the style.” Beth did not appear convinced.

The swimmers looked at each other again, except for Umbriel. “Model?” asked Hatha. She pulled out the edges of her long T-shirt, half-curtsied, and raised her eyebrows as if to say “me?”. She had a point. Hatha was five-feet-two, and the least elegantly dressed person in the room, including Faith.

“Yes, you. Anyone can make Umbriel there look good. I could take the most absurd nerd out of the computer class and give him twelve dollars to buy a full outfit from the nearest Goodwill store and he would make Umbriel look good. It's not a difficult proposition. Or Faith, or Aileen, though the choices for her would be more limited.” Umbriel herself smiled and nodded, acknowledging the mention of her name. She had begun playing lightly with her nipples. “But you, Hatha. Tell me. Have you given up on your appearance?”

The question lay between them like a dropped rock. “Uh.” Hatha opened her mouth to answer, and nothing came out. She closed it again. “Um.”

Ms Kleinfelter kept looking.

The other girls looked at Hatha. Even Umbriel, deep in her reverie, looked.

“Oh, .... Sorry. Um.” Hatha looked down her T-shirt and at her bare feet and tears started to flow. Ms Kleinfelter made no move to comfort her.

“Do you like wearing the swimming uniform?” the teacher asked. Hatha nodded. “Do you work a job at all?”

“I work in the grocery store, with my dad,” she replied.

“What do you wear there?”

“A cap and some panties, unless I'm on my own or with Sarah, our shopgirl. Dad wants Sarah and I to always wear panties and he yells if we take them off. The customers don't mind though. We even do better takings, but Dad doesn't care.”

“So you have a uniform for yourself there too, your cap. Again, avoiding choices. When was the last time you had your hair done properly?” Hatha bit her lip and shrugged. “Your pussy professionally waxed?”

“I usually shave in the shower.”

“How often do you wear this \*thing\*,” she gestured at the T-shirt, with some disgust, “to school? Every day?” Hatha nodded.

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“Hatha. How old are you, nineteen?” The Icelandic girl nodded. “Giving up on your appearance at nineteen. Such a pity. You don't even really want to be a nudist, you're just trying to make it easy for yourself. Are you depressed?” The gimlet eyes narrowed. If Hatha was depressed, that would be a different kettle of fish entirely. No, she wasn't. She had been alert and happy until this conversation. She shook her head in confirmation. “You've just gotten lazy.” Ms Kleinfelter reached down and took Hatha's chin in her wrinkly hand, and gently tilted her face up. “Do you \*want\* to look good?” Hatha nodded. Ms Kleinfelter stepped back and held out her hand.

Slowly, Hatha pulled off her ratty T-shirt and handed it over. Ms Kleinfelter took the shirt and held out her other hand. Hatha looked puzzled for a moment, and then getting the point, opened the phone app that controlled her Pinnacle and deflated it. She pulled it out, and handed the glistening blue object over. Ms Kleinfelter wrapped it in the T-shirt and gently placed it on a desk. “Krystal,” she said, “you have a marble block. Chisel out the beauty within.” She looked at the three other swimmers. “Would you three like to get ready?”

They would. Umbriel turned her device off and extracted it, leaning backward over the desk with legs wide apart and slowly pulling it out, grinning, savoring the display. It came free with a faint noise. Ms Kleinfelter handed her a box of tissues and Umbriel wiped up, collected her tiny outfit and put it and the Pinnacle beside Hatha's. Then Umbriel stood next to Mikke.

Beth unhooked her bra, stepped out of her shoes, peeled her socks, jeans and surprisingly panties, and folded them all into a neat pile. Aileen took off her yellow hoodie, revealing that she wore nothing underneath, handed it to Kathy, and kicked off her sockless gym shoes. She turned her back on Faith, stepping nearer to Kathy, and peeled out of her skin-tight and micron-thin black tights. She bunched them up in a ball and handed them to Kathy also. Kathy put the clothes down on a desk, and nudged the shoes underneath it.

“Aileen has made her choice,” Ms Kleinfelter said. “Faith, you are working with Beth this time. You will have to work harder to make friends. Now, everyone, pay attention.”

Five naked and three clothed girls turned to look at her as she walked to the side of the room. “We have on this rack a selection of leftovers and seconds from various collections over the years. There should be more than sufficient here for you each to dress your models twice over in whatever two distinct styles that you and she see fit. Please do so, and photograph her as she is complete. Please put the clothes back afterwards. There will be a prize for the first pair to finish the task.”

The fashion students scrambled for the rack of clothes. Under pressure, each reverted to their own preferences. This was fine. Ms Kleinfelter wanted them to notice that fact, as they had earlier in the week when they had dressed each other, however it at least provided somewhere to start. Kathy grabbed for the black clothes with silver highlights, Mikke for colors and items of jewelry, Krystal for classic casual wear, and Faith for diaphanous and nature-toned pieces. While they worked, Ms Kleinfelter had Hatha sit on a chair and took a hairbrush to her messy mop, gently teasing out the kinks and knots.

Faith came back first. Clearly she'd mis-estimated Beth's sizes, as there was no way the harem pants she found would close up. She muttered something and ran them back to the rack, returning with a leather miniskirt that fit, far longer than Umbriel's, that ended a whole inch below Beth's apple-round butt. She had Beth step into a pair of moccasin shoes, and pull on a sheer white blouse. “Oh, come on,” Beth complained.

“What?” Faith asked, impatiently.

“Give me a feather and I'm ...ing Pocohontas. Cultural appropriation much? This won't do. No. You are not taking a photo of me dressed like this. Forget it!”

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The nude fashion student looked beseechingly at Ms Kleinfelter. “What were your instructions?” the teacher asked. \*That you and she see fit\*, Faith remembered. She wrinkled her nose. Umbriel was pulling on a beautiful long jacket, white cotton with a red and yellow sequin butterfly across the back. Krystal had found a pair of black jeans in Hatha's size and was helping the smaller girl to pull them on as Ms Kleinfelter expertly braided Hatha's hair. Kathy and Aileen had found a red bra and black panties that fit, and were about to try a long red and black dress.

In desperation, Faith gestured to Beth. “Come on, let's see,” she said and headed over to the rack. Ms Kleinfelter watched impassively as Beth and Faith began to select clothes together.

After about ten minutes, the only nude girl in the room was Faith. The first round of outfits were done: Aileen the gothic vampire princess, Hatha the pretty little college student, Umbriel the debutante with her jacket over a dress, and Beth … Beth looked like a supermodel. The outfit she and Faith had selected was absolutely perfect. A green, glittery dress with matching shoes, handbag and hat. Beth was smiling ear to ear and admiring herself in the mirror, Faith beside her working on putting Beth's hair up. “Well done, you two,” Ms Kleinfelter nodded an acknowledgement; the girls had managed to put together, out of its diverse and scattered pieces, the entire original ensemble.

Everyone had taken photographs with their mobile phones--an extra one for Beth, on her own phone--disassembled the outfits, and put the clothes back. “For the second round, have some fun!” Ms Kleinfelter called. “You three chose glamour, next try leisure. Krystal, something glamorous for Hatha please.”

“I'm done then,” Umbriel smiled to Mikke. “This is my favourite party outfit.”

Mikke blushed. “I don't think it counts, we have to do the assignment,” she said.

“Try something that she actually wouldn't \*want\* to take off,” Ms Kleinfelter suggested. Umbriel raised an eyebrow, doubting that this was possible. Mikke began rummaging through the racks again.

For Aileen's second outfit, Kathy decided to go with what she did best – paint. It was time, she thought, that she showed Ms Kleinfelter her \*real\* talents. She ignored the racks, and fetched her paints from her bag. “You have thirty minutes left,” Ms Kleinfelter called, reminding the girls that there was \*plenty\* of time.

Krystal was feeling stuck. Hatha was quite cooperative, even keen, however she didn't appear to have any sort of natural personal style. No wonder she had fallen back to T-shirts or nudity. Not all that different from herself, apart from the nudity. Krystal wondered if Hatha's attitude was healthier than her own. She wondered where Hatha's family's store was. She wondered if they were hiring. She felt a stirring in her pussy as she thought about it. Aha, there is a nice piece. A dark-grey, glossy sheath of a dress, with a pattern like lizard scales, highlighted in gold. She brought it over to Hatha, who tried it on. Not bad at all. Matching shoes, and clearly Hatha had never worn high-heels before, so let's go instead with ... ah, ballet flats with the same pattern. Ideal. In the jewelry box she found a thick gold bracelet for Hatha's left wrist and a larger one for her right bicep. Looking \*good\*!

Mikke thought she may have resolved Umbriel's problem. At first she had thought it was a necklace, but on shaking it out, she realized what she had. A beautiful glass and steel bikini, the top made entirely of outlines, interior empty. It did not conceal the wearer's breasts, it highlighted them. The bottom was even better, a thong threaded with large mobile beads, intended to stimulate the wearer as she walked around. Umbriel loved it! The exhibitionistic swimmer could not have been happier were she completely nude. She and Mikke spent the rest of the time taking photographs and posting the best of them to Umbriel's Instagram and Facebook pages.

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Beth was not so easily pleased, and despite Faith's brilliant success with the first outfit, she still felt a little miffed at being second-choice. Beth actually liked wearing nice clothes, and although as a Thornwood swim team member she was no longer the least bit shy about public nudity, left to her own devices she would dress well. She decided to make life a little difficult for Faith, and found reasons to reject everything that the increasingly frustrated fashion student suggested. Finally Ms Kleinfelter stepped in, and after a brief dressing-down, so to speak, Beth became more cooperative. The final outfit was a very American-Apparel-esque style with a striped top, three-quarter-length pants, and white sneakers, which Beth grudgingly admitted she would be happy to wear.

Last of all, Kathy and Aileen. After Kathy explained her plans, Aileen was happy. Obviously it would be difficult to do a great job in the course of half an hour, however she could get the general idea across, and if she sprayed it with fixative Aileen could wear it over the weekend if she so chose. The design was a coiled serpent around and across Aileen's body, one breast a head striking for the other, an apple. Aileen's brown skin decorated with some strategic black lines evoked tree bark, and she graciously assented to having her hair painted green like leaves, with little red apple highlights.

Ms Kleinfelter looked at her students and their models and was very happy with what she saw. “Very well done, ladies. You four models, as your fee for today, may take home your outfits. Mikke and Umbriel, you finished first, so as a special bonus you may have these tickets to an art show I have sponsored, and you may come to the opening party. Mikke, there is another one of those beautiful bikinis in the box, and I would be honoured if you and Umbriel would wear them on the night.” Mikke gulped, and Umbriel grinned. “You may invite a person each if you wish.”

“Can I come to the art show too?” Faith enquired. Aileen snickered. Beth rolled her eyes.

“All of you may attend if you wish, however please do ensure that you dress as Umbriel is now dressed. Feel free to take a bikini.” She opened up a box. Faith took one out and began to try it on.

“Does it count for detention?” Aileen asked.

“Unfortunately no,” Ms Kleinfelter replied. “I have something special in mind for next time. We will be putting on a proper show later in the semester.” She held out the box. “Would you like to attend?” Aileen bit her lip and reached into the box.

One by one, each of the girls took one. Krystal was most hesitant. “Please try it on, Krystal. In fact why don't you all try them on.” Umbriel and Faith were ahead, and Aileen obviously was not wearing any actual coverage so found it easy, however everyone else had to strip off. Finally the group were all done, sixteen bare breasts surrounded by jewelry, eight bare-shaved pussies tightly chafing against the beads.

“Group photo!” Before anyone could object, Ms Kleinfelter took a photograph of the girls, deliciously nearly-naked. “I'll post this to the school Facebook page and it will appear in the school magazine. Well done, girls! My goodness, it's nearly five o'clock. Gather your belongings, and let's go!”

Clutching their clothing and bags the eight girls looked at each other in the corridor. Hatha giggled. Umbriel snickered. Krystal and Mikke looked at each other, in their absurd outfits. Seeing each other's horrified faces, they burst into laughter. Kathy joined in. Aileen joined in. Finally, Beth and Faith were overcome with laughter, all eight girls howling until tears ran down their faces.

Finally, the laughter died down a bit, and those who wanted to do so started getting dressed again. “Holy shit, is she always like that?” asked Umbriel, who seemed happy to remain in the bikini.

“Yeah, pretty much,” Faith replied. Faith pulled shorts and a halter top out of a small bag, and started putting them on over her bikini.

“What a trip!” Umbriel turned to Mikke. “Hey, thanks for my outfits. I really like them both. Especially this one. I'm going to test the waters on Monday, see if I can get away with it at school.”

“Yeah, me too,” nodded Hatha. “No, not the bikini! Or my shirt. I'm going to see if I can get some more outfits like that first one Krystal picked out for me.” She removed the bikini and started putting her new outfit back on.

Beth looked at Faith. “I don't like you much, Miss I'm So Cute and Pretty and Earnest and Naked, but that first outfit was amazing. Good job.” She nodded to Faith, and turned to dress.

“True,” agreed Aileen. “I forgive you for the Pinnacle.”

“What do you mean, \*you\* forgive \*me\*?” Faith spluttered.

“I've seen what she's like now. I doubt she even gave you a choice. She probably even knew we'd be upset. I'm sorry I braced you up over it but I thought I had to. Friends?” Aileen held out a bark-painted hand.

Faith hesitated a moment. Aileen was a bitch. She really was. She was blaming poor Ms Kleinfelter who was obviously innocent, and Aileen hadn't even really apologised properly to Faith. But it's better to be friends with a bitch than enemies with one. And she was obviously a very loyal and forthright person who cared a lot about her friends. And her friends were loyal to her too. Oh well. Let it go. “Okay, friends,” Faith said. She moved closer as if to hug Aileen, and Kathy jumped between them.

“WAIT!” Kathy shrieked. “I haven't sprayed the fixative yet!” Awkwardly, Faith extended her hand and slapped palms with Aileen, who turned it into a high-five.

“Thanks for this, too,” Aileen said to Kathy. “Umbriel and I are going to a party tonight, want to tag along?” Kathy blushed, and nodded. “Wanna wear this?” Aileen reached out and stroked Kathy's nipples, and Kathy blushed even harder. After a moment she nodded again. Aileen grinned.

Krystal turned to Hatha. “That reminds me. Is your dad hiring?”

Hatha smiled. “I do the hiring. Help me push the no-panties policy, and you're in.”