**Tracy's First Taste of College Life (part 1 of 3)**

[](http://www.collegecodeofconduct.com/pt/blog/)

Hello, my name is Tracy and I really like math. It's hard to imagine that math could so dramatically change my life, but it did.  
  
Let me start at the beginning. I'm a senior at North High School, which is only a mile or so from the college campus. This year, my high school started an advanced placement program for seniors. High school students that qualify can take collage level courses for credit. Most of the classes are at the high school, but since our campus is so close to the college, AP students at North can take their classes on the college campus.  
  
So Monday, Wednesday, and Friday after my sixth period class, I catch the cross town bus and in five minutes I'm at the college for my afternoon Calculus and Advanced Trigonometry class. I can't tell you how exciting it's been, attending a real college class on campus! At least I thought it was exciting the first Monday and Wednesday. I had no idea just how exciting it was going to get on Friday.  
  
College classes are a lot bigger than high school classes, but everyone I met was really nice. They all treated me like a regular college student, which made adjusting a lot easier. The first week of class was actually pretty easy. The teacher started out with derivatives, which I already know, so I was mostly just taking a few notes and getting to know my way around.  
  
One thing that struck me was the way everyone at college -- especially some of the girls -- dressed. Most were dressed casually, wearing T-shirts (and I assumed they had some kind of shorts on underneath), "baby doll" dresses, or crop tops with (really) low cut jeans. But some of the girl's outfits were just over the top. I saw girls wearing "tissue" T's that were so thin they were practically topless. One girl was wearing a micro-miniskirt with *nothing* on underneath! I am not joking! She walked over to the drinking fountain to get a drink. As she bent over you could see everything between her legs. The boys and the girls walking past were really enjoying the view, and made no attempt to hide the fact that they were staring right at her private parts. Even stranger, the girl didn't seem to care at all. I think she actually took longer to get her drink than she really needed.  
  
I was thinking about that as class let out, watching the endless procession of halter tops, minidresses, and side-slit skirts go by. Everyone was hustling to their next class and I was headed back to the bus stop, when I practically ran right into a severe looking young man with thick eyeglasses and a clipboard. I muttered some apology and was about to walk around him, when he held out his hand and made the most unusual request I'd ever heard in my life: He asked me to remove my blouse!  
  
Thoughts went rapidly through my mind: He's joking. This is some kind of AP student initiation prank. He's a pervert. I didn't hear him correctly, and about a million other things. The only sound that actually came out of my mouth was "What?"  
  
As I stared at him, he calmly explained that he was a dress code inspector and that I was clearly in violation. According to campus rules, he can ask me to remove my clothing to confirm compliance with the dress code.  
  
I should probably explain at this point that I was properly dressed according to the North High School dress code, which enforces a rather mundane school uniform: Plain button-down white cotton blouse (tucked in), white bra, red pleated skirt, white panties, white knee-high socks, and black shoes. The uniform blouses they supply the girls are rather thin, so you can clearly see our bras -- which I always thought gave the uniforms a kind of slutty look. The skirts are about mid-thigh length, but a lot of the girls roll the waistband over once or twice to make it more mini-skirt length. No one seems to care, and some of the girls think it's fun to flash their panties. I usually roll my skirt too. Not because I like flashing my panties (which I'm sure happens once in awhile), but because a shorter skirt is just a lot cuter. And frankly, the uniform doesn't give us girls much to work with.  
  
After I realized that he wasn't joking, I told him there must be some kind of mistake. I told him I was a high school student taking an advanced placement class.  
  
He look at me steadily and asked, in a very calm voice, "Are you enrolled in a college class?"  
  
"Yes," I said.  
  
"For credit?" he asked.  
  
"Yes," I said.  
  
"Then you are a student and subject to the dress code while on campus," he concluded.  
  
I tried to explain that no one told me anything about a dress code, and he countered that ignorance of campus rules does not excuse me from them.  
  
I was getting a little hysterical at this point and a crowd was starting to form. He ask me again to remove my blouse and skirt and I was really starting to panic. I was just about ready to cry, when a tall girl with almost waist length blond hair stepped forward and said "Inspect me!"  
  
The inspector did a double-take. The tall girl's request certainly confused him for a second. While he was deciding what to make of it all, the girl said "Don't be mean. This girl is clearly a high school student, who doesn't know anything about the dress code or inspections. So I suggest you demonstrate. Put me through an inspection! She'll learn a little about the dress code and what an inspection is all about."  
  
The inspector contemplated this for a moment and nodded his head. He turned to the blond girl. Addressing her in a officious voice said "Miss, I suspect that you are not in compliance with the campus dress code. Would you please remove your dress?"  
  
The girl smiled at me with an expression that said "See, how easy this is?" The girl was wearing an almost transparent, sky blue, sun dress that came just to the top of her thighs. She grabbed the hem of her dress, and in a single fluid motion, pulled it over her head and held it out for the inspector. At that point I was dumbfounded. The girl in the blue dress was now completely naked! She wasn't wearing any kind of underwear at all, not even so much as a thong. And she was gorgeous. She had moderately sized breasts that hung softly on her trim and athletic frame. She had muscular abs set off by round hips. Her firm bottom transitioned gracefully into to her long shapely legs. I found it impossible not to stare at her meticulously trimmed pubic area. All of the hair had been carefully waxed off, except for a perfect little triangle of blonde hair about a dime's width across just above her vulva. The inspector accepted her dress. I just stared at the naked girl.  
  
The inspector made some notes on a form, then handed the dress back and said "Thank you for your cooperation, you may now put your dress back on."  
  
The girl just stood there with the dress in her hand.  
  
Continuing to stare, I asked "Aren't you going to put your dress back on?"  
  
"No," she said. Then she smiled and said softly "You'll see why in a minute."  
  
The inspector now turned to me and repeated his request that I remove my blouse and skirt. I froze. I didn't want to freeze. A perfect stranger had just stripped in public to show me how easy it was, but I still couldn't make my fingers move.  
  
The blond girl could tell I was still in trouble. She stepped forward and said "Let me help you."  
  
With her own dress draped over her arm, she unbuttoned my blouse. As I just stood there, she slid the blouse off my shoulders and handed it to the inspector.  
  
"And the skirt" he said.  
  
My new guardian walked behind me and unzipped the waistband of my skirt, then lowered it so that I could step out of it.  
  
So there I was, standing in the middle of the campus in my bra and panties. Oddly, I didn't feel terribly exposed. I told myself it wasn't that much different than wearing a bikini at the beach, except maybe for the crowd we'd attracted. It did help that there was someone who was completely naked standing right next to me. I guess misery really does love company.  
  
The inspector made several notations on a form, than announced "You are in violation of the 'layering' section of the campus dress code. Please remove the offending articles of clothing."  
  
I heard the words, but they didn't make any sense. What offending articles? I already gave this guy my blouse and skirt?  
  
Sensing my confusion, the blond whispered in my ear "The dress code forbids wearing a bra or panties underneath your outfit. You'll need to take them off. Don't worry, we'll be naked together." She smiled and pointed to two girls in the crowd that was steadily getting bigger. "Those are my friends Sandra and Toni. We'll take care of you."  
  
And with that, she started to unhook my bra. My breasts relaxed ever so slightly as they were released. I don't really need a bra, and generally find them uncomfortable. But the high school dress code requires them so I just put up with it. I don't have very large breasts, but since I'm only 5' 3" they look bigger than they really are. She slid the bra off of my arms, then hooked her thumbs in the waistband of my panties and slid them down to my ankles, holding them there so that I could step out of them. She handed them to the inspector. She then came back to stand beside me, and give me a reassuring hug, her breast pressing softly against my shoulder.  
  
Now I felt exposed!  
  
We stood there for what seemed like forever. I instinctively crossed my arms in front of my breasts, then instantly wondered if I shouldn't be covering my crotch with my hand instead. I shifted my feet so that my legs were closer together. After making more notes and consulting his watch, the inspector placed all of my clothes in a plastic bag and attached the form to it.  
  
He then said "You have been found in violation of the campus dress code. Your clothes will be returned to you at the end of the day." And without another word he walked off!  
  
My brain was trying to take in what had just occurred. Save for my socks and shoes, I was standing *completely naked* in the middle of the college campus! How could this have happened? Who let it happen? What was I to do now? I certainly couldn't just get on the bus and go back to high school? Could I?  
  
As if reading my mind, Sandra and Toni came running up. Sandra had had brown, shoulder length hair -- about the same length and just a shade darker than mine -- and was wearing a T-shirt with some design advertising "Spirit Day." Toni had slightly darker skin with black hair in a short pixie cut. She was wearing a man's suit vest, open on the sides, that came just to her navel and a short denim skirt.  
  
The blonde girl said "I'm Joy."  
  
I said "My name's Tracy."  
  
"Well, Tracy" Joy said "none of us have a class this period. Why don't all four of us go back to the dorm? You can stay there until five o'clock, when you can pick up your clothes at the administration building. And just so you don't feel self-concious, I'll stay naked as long as you are."  
  
I stared into her blue eyes, thinking. I finally said "You knew I was going to be stripped naked, didn't you? That's why you didn't put your dress back on?"  
  
All three girls nodded sympathetically. I thought to myself "That's probably the nicest thing anyone has ever done for me, and she's a perfect stranger!"  
  
"Well, let's get going" said Sandra.  
  
(continued in [part 2](http://www.collegecodeofconduct.com/pt/blog/default.aspx?id=197&t=Tracys-First-Taste-of-College-Life-par))

**Tracy's First Taste of College Life (part 2 of 3)**

(continued from [part 1](http://www.collegecodeofconduct.com/pt/blog/default.aspx?id=196&t=Tracys-First-Taste-of-College-Life-par))  
  
"Yes, let's" added Toni. She glanced around at the crowd that was still milling about and said "I think they've seen quite enough already."  
  
Sandra and Toni positioned themselves in front of me, with Joy walking right behind me. My self-appointed body guards explained the basics of the dress code and the inspection process.  
  
"It's supposed to encourage girls to be modest, but it sometimes has the opposite effect" said Toni. She told me how a lot of girls tend to dress in extremely revealing outfits so that it's obvious they aren't violating any codes.  
  
As she said this, a girl and boy walked by holding hands. The girl was wearing a black cocktail dress, one side of which was completely open. The dress was held together by four tiny gold chains where the left side of the dress would be. The entire left side of her breast all the way down to her hip bone and left butt cheek were completely exposed.  
  
"See," Toni said derisively, "there's no chance that she'll get inspected."  
  
I thought, "This is crazy. To avoid being naked you have to be half-naked all of the time?"  
  
As we walked, Sandra chatted with Toni. "Maybe we can do something about her personal grooming while we're at it?"  
  
Toni stifled a giggle, turned, and looked me up and down. "Definitely" she said.  
  
I turned to Joy and asked "What are they talking about?"  
  
All three girls stopped walking and turned to face me. Sandra said, "How can I put this delicately?" The other two avoided making eye contact.  
  
I said "Just spit it out. I'm standing here naked. It's not like you could embarrass me."  
  
Sandra shrugged her shoulders and said "You could use a few grooming tips. You know, down there" as she wagged a finger towards my crotch.  
  
We all looked at my crotch together. It was bushy, but I thought tastefully so. I shave my legs and enough of my pubic hair that it doesn't stick out of my panties or swimsuit, but that was all.  
  
As way of an explanation, Sandra lifted up her T-shirt and Toni flipped up her skirt. Neither of them wore anything underneath. Toni was completely shaven except for a tiny strip of jet black hair about a quarter inch wide and maybe three inches long starting from just above her pussy lips. "It's called a 'landing strip'" she whispered.  
  
Sandra was as bald as a newborn baby. There wasn't a single hair below her waist.  
  
"Some girls," Joy said "like your look, and I suppose there are a few of advantages. But if you want to wear skirts or dresses, you really must shave."  
  
The two girls let their outfits fall back into place and everyone walked on, chatting about fashion, campus news, shopping, and similar topics. Basically, just "girl talk." I watched as Sandra's cute bottom would occasionally peek out underneath her T-shirt as she walked, or catch a glimpse of Toni's small breasts whenever the sides of her vest would swing open.  
  
"No bras, no panties" I said to myself. "Could I learn to walk around bottomless like Sandra, or almost topless like Toni?" Looking over my shoulder, I thought "I might learn how to do that, but I could never be like Joy."  
  
Joy's breasts bounced softly as she walked. My breasts were clamped between my arms, as if I was afraid they would fall off. Joy held herself straight and erect. I walked with my head down. Joy was relaxed. I was trying to make myself as small and inconspicuous as possible.  
  
"How can Joy just ignore the fact that she was nude?" I asked myself. No, I thought, that wasn't it. Joy wasn't bothered by her nudity. It's as if Joy wore her nudity like clothes. Other people choose their clothes as they want to present themselves to the world. Joy was perfectly content to present "Joy" to the world. I giggled at my own pun.  
  
We got to the dorm and went down one of the main halls. There were girls coming and going. Most were dressed for class, but there were a few exceptions. A naked girl came bouncing down the hallway, kissed Joy on the cheek, and disappeared following a sign that said Rec Room. Joy stopped at the door to her room and said she needed a few things. As Joy was inside, Sandra whispered something to Toni. Toni smiled and nodded her head eagerly. Joy came back out with a bath towel and a small travel bag. Sandra stood on tip-toes and whispered something in Joy's ear.  
  
Joy smiled and said "See you later, then?" Sandra and Toni giggled, then ran off.  
  
Joy took my hand and led me the other way towards a sign that said Showers. The shower room was large and open, with a checkerboard tile floor and shower heads spaced evenly along two walls. There was a wide wooden bench build into the third wall. Joy sat me down on the bench. I took off my shoes and socks while she started the water. We soaped up together. The water was warm and felt good. We took turns shampooing each other's hair. It was weird, I'd never washed someone else's hair before. But it was like she had always been my best friend and this was the most natural thing in the world to do.  
  
I was about to grab the towel and dry off, when she stopped me and led me towards the bench. She leaned me back and pressed my knees apart. Kneeling in front of me, my pussy completely exposed, she reached over and got a tube of shaving cream from her travel bag. She squeezed some out and began rubbing it into my bush with her hands, messaging my most private area and lathering up the shaving cream at the same time. The sensation was almost unbearable. I didn't know if I was going to climax or just pass out.  
  
Before I could do either, she stopped. Taking a razor from her bag, she carefully began to shave my pubic hair. She held my lips taught as she did each side, pushing my legs wider and higher to get into the small crack around my butt hole. When she was done, she led me back to the shower. She gently ran her hands up and down, rinsing off all of the shaving cream. Then she reached around my waist and slid her hand down my backside, separating my cheeks just enough for the water to run down the crack of my bottom and rinse there too.  
  
The feeling was wonderful. Without any hair, her touch was electric. It was smooth and soft, not the tingly feeling of bristles like it was before. She handed me the towel and I dried off. After Joy dried off, she took the towel, wrapped it around her hair and led me back down the hall. Without any pubic hair, I was suddenly aware of every breeze, every step.  
  
Two girls came out of their room wearing pajamas. Well, I should say that two girls came out of their room each wearing one half of a single pair of pajamas.  
  
Joy said "Hi, Crysta. Hi, Donna."  
  
Donna, who was wearing the bottom half of the set, said "Hi, Joy. Who's your new friend?"  
  
I can only guess that Donna chose the bottom half because she had such a beautiful pair of breasts -- even more attractive than Joy's, if that's even possible. I thought to myself "It would a shame to hide those." She was almost as tall as Joy. They could have been sisters.  
  
Joy introduced me and briefly recapped the day's adventures.  
  
"Oh, I just hate inspections," Donna said emphatically. She turned to me and said, "It must have been just terrible for you."  
  
Donna came over and opened her arms to hug me. I fell into her arms without even thinking about it. I like hugs and I sorely needed one today. As our breasts touched, a little electric shock went through my body. It dawned on me that I'd never hugged a topless girl before. Her bare breasts pressed lightly against mine. The hug was soft, warm, and comfortable. Clearly this wasn't anything new for Donna.  
  
Crysta reached out and lightly brushed Joy's tiny tuft of blond hair with her finger tips. "Very attractive," Crysta said, almost purring.  
  
"Thank you," said Joy demurely, swaying her hips a little.  
  
Crysta said they were headed to the Rec Room. Joy said that was exactly where we were going too. As we walked I overheard Donna whisper to Crysta "That poor girl!"  
  
The Rec Room had a few people in it already. The naked girl we saw earlier in the hall was sitting studying some book on English literature. I don't know how she could concentrate, because another girl was taking a nap using naked girl's lap for a pillow.  
  
Crysta joined some friends playing a video game. Sitting down cross-legged in her pajama top left little to the imagination. Donna watched for awhile then went to talk to some other girls.  
  
Joy and I sat on a big, deep, sofa. So deep that I found myself laying back more than sitting up. We had just settled in, when Sandra and Toni appeared at the door with huge grins on their faces and four ice cream cones. They handed the extra two to Joy and I, then sat down beside us.  
  
The ice cream was cold and refreshing after the hot shower. Watching Joy eat her ice cream was amazing. She closed her eyes and slowly licked the ice cream in circles. She stretched her naked body out like a cat waking up from a nap. There was an expression of complete rapture on her face. She abandoned herself to the ice cream, letting the coldness slide down her throat and soothe her very soul.  
  
Watching her was so mesmerizing that I didn't notice my own ice cream melting. A big drop of ice cold vanilla landed just below my navel. I squealed. It surprised me, but not as much as what happened next.  
  
Both Sandra and Toni cried "Mine!" almost in unison.  
  
Toni was a just a fraction of a second faster. Grinning, she jumped off the couch and kneeled right between my legs. Looking straight into my eyes, she leaned forward holding her tongue out. Starting just a hair's breath above my clitoris, she pressed her tongue into my flesh, then slowly went up towards my navel licking up all of the ice cream in a single swipe.  
  
She sat back, grinned again, and announced "Very tasty."  
  
I don't think I've blushed so hard in my entire life. Toni patted my legs affectionately and sat back on the sofa.  
  
Sandra and Joy were watching intently. We all sat there quietly until Sandra said "Want to try?"  
  
I wasn't sure what she meant, until I saw Sandra hold her cone over Joy and deliberately drip some ice cream onto Joy's pubic bone. The ice cream mingled with her small tuft of blond hair and began to trickle into the folds of her pussy. Joy stared at me, her blue eyes patiently waiting. I got up slowly and kneeled between her legs, just as Toni had. Joy spread her legs a little. I started to reach for her pussy lips when Joy caught me by the wrists and laid my hands on the top of her thighs.  
  
"No hands," Sandra said.  
  
My heart was racing so fast I could hardly count the beats. I leaned forward. The scent of Joy's freshly showered pussy intermingled with the fragrance of vanilla and cream. I pressed the tip of my tongue between her lips to part them. It was warm and salty. I licked upwards, catching all of the sweet ice cream. When I got to her little blond triangle, I suckled it getting out every last drop. When I was done I sat back, proud of my accomplishment. Joy leaned forward and licked the taste of ice cream and her own pussy from my lips. Then she kissed me softly.  
  
The spell was suddenly broken when Toni cried "Look, it's almost five! You two had better get going if you want your clothes back."  
  
With everything that had just happened, I had actually forgotten that I was still naked, on campus, and with no way to get home! As I put on my socks and shoes, Joy tossed her towel to Sandra and grabbed her dress. Together we ran out of the dorm towards the administration building.  
  
(continued in part 3)

**Tracy's First Taste of College Life (part 3 of 3)**

(continued from [part 2](http://www.collegecodeofconduct.com/pt/blog/default.aspx?id=197&t=Tracys-First-Taste-of-College-Life-par))  
  
It was just a minute before five when we arrived. There was already a line of about ten naked girls waiting at one of the office doors. Almost as soon as we got to the end of the line, a women opened the door and everyone filed in. Once inside, she locked the door.  
  
Joy said "It's lucky we got here in time. Another minute and you'd have stayed the night."  
  
Inside, the line reassembled in front of a reception counter. The women asked each girl their name, checked them off of a list, then went off to get their clothes. In one instance the women didn't return with clothes. She handed some poor girl a piece of paper and told her she was to appear in court tomorrow morning. The girl ran out almost in tears.  
  
"Court?" I thought. "They really take this dress code thing seriously."  
  
It started to sink in that I was really in trouble. I've been so preoccupied by own nakedness, that I hadn't stopped to think about why I was naked; I broke college rules!  
  
When it was finally my turn, the lady asked "Name?"  
  
"Tracy," I said nervously.  
  
She turned to Joy and said "Name?"  
  
Joy said "Oh, no. I've got my clothes" and held up her dress. This caused the women's brow to knit in confusion.  
  
Joy whispered "I'm here in a show of solidarity."  
  
The women seemed pleasantly surprised. She then turned to me and said "You've got a nice friend."  
  
She went back to her list but couldn't find what she was looking for. "Tracy, right?" the women asked.  
  
I nodded.  
  
"What's your college ID number?" she asked.  
  
"I don't have one. I'm a high school student here taking an AP class."  
  
"Oh, that explains it," the women said, sounding relieved. Consulting her computer she said "Here you are, dear. I'll be back in a moment with your clothes," and she disappeared.  
  
As she was leaving, a good looking boy with dark curly hair wearing cargo pants and a T-shirt came up beside Joy and started to talk with us. As he did, he placed his hand around her waist. He then started to stroke it up and down her side, eventually sliding it up far enough to cup her right breast in his hand.  
  
"You two old friends?" I said with a knowing smile.  
  
They looked at each other. "No" they said in unison.  
  
Joy said to the boy "I'm Joy."  
  
The boy took his hand off long enough to shake hers and say "My name's Chad."  
  
His hand went right back to Joy's hip, this time sliding down to caress her shapely bottom.  
  
"But, if you don't know him why are you letting him touch you that way?" I stammered. I didn't intend to sound angry, but it came out that way. They both laughed.  
  
"Exposure rule," Joy said. "According to the college rules of conduct, you can expect to be touched and fondled on any body parts you leave exposed. If you don't want someone fondling your breasts, then don't expose them. Since I'm naked, by choice, everything I've got is pretty much fair game." She smiled at Chad. Chad smiled back. "It's like the consensual rape rule."  
  
"Rape rule?" I yelled. I glanced around hoping no one heard that. Catching myself, I spoke very softly, "There's a 'rape rule?'"  
  
"Not really," Joy said "it's just called that."  
  
Joy explained that the college rules of conduct are based on actions, not words, which is what makes them so brilliant. You don't have to ask, guess, or assume if someone minds having their bottom fondled. If they expose their bottom it's OK. If they don't, it's not.  
  
The same was true with the consensual rape rule. If someone shows sexual excitement, then it's clear they want sex. If the didn't want sex, they wouldn't be excited. I thought about that for a moment and really couldn't come up with a counter argument.  
  
"It's," Joy stated, "obvious." She went on, "So if a boy like Chad here is getting aroused..." I looked at Chad. His loose cargo pants made it obvious that he was.  
  
"... and girl like me is getting wet ..." she continued. Chad and I now both looked at Joy's pussy. She had parted her legs slightly, you could see that her "lips" were blushing and were now slightly damp.  
  
"... then if one has sex with the other, no one can argue that one of them 'didn't want it' when it's blatantly evident that they both did." Joy punctuated her statement with a smile that could light up the night.  
  
At that moment, the women returned -- but without my clothes. She said "The Dean needs to speak with you."  
  
My heart dropped into my stomach. My first week at college and I end up in the Dean's office, naked!  
  
Chad and Joy both hurried to assured me that everything would be OK. "The Dean's a really nice guy," Joy insisted. "I'm sure everything will be fine."  
  
I was unconvinced. I walked slowly towards the door the women was holding open for me. My feet were like lead weights. I held both hands flat against my privates, arms straight. I was trying to hide as much of my nakedness as possible, but I just succeeded in squishing my boobs together.  
  
Inside, the Dean sat behind a huge oak desk with my clothes folded neatly at one end. He was reading a report. When I walked in, he smiled and indicated a chair opposite the desk.  
  
"Well, Tracy it seems you've had quite the day!" he said chuckling softly. "And what an interesting problem you present us. Since you're technically a high school student, you clearly have to adhere to your high school's dress code. But since you're also enrolled for credit courses at the college you must also adhere to the college dress code."  
  
I couldn't tell if we wanted me to answer that or if he was just explaining the situation.  
  
"I wouldn't have thought this could be a problem, but the two dress codes seem diametrically opposed."  
  
I made a mental note to look up the word "diametrically" when I got back.  
  
"And we clearly can't have you changing your clothes on the bus!" he concluded.  
  
Before I could say anything in my defense, he said "I'm afraid I need to speak with your Principal."  
  
My heart sank even lower. Now I was going to be in trouble with both the Dean and my Principal. I didn't think the day could get any worse!  
  
"Laura," the Dean called out, "get Principal Whitmore on the phone for me."  
  
There was a pause while Laura dialed the phone. I sat there trying to remember if it was more proper to cross my legs at the thighs or the ankles. I think ladies are supposed to cross their legs at their ankles. But then again, most ladies weren't sitting naked with a freshly shaved pubic area for the Dean to stare at.  
  
The telephone buzzed and the Dean picked it up. "Tom? It's Wilson. How are you? Tom, we've got an interesting problem with one of your students." As the Dean spoke, he swiveled his high-back chair away from me. I couldn't make out the conversation anymore, but it sounded convivial. Not at all like they were discussing how I should be punished. Maybe there was hope.  
  
Having nothing to do but wait, I looked around the office. Then I happened to turn around and look out the window to see Joy and Chad. I had to put my hand over my mouth to keep it from blurting out "Oh, my!" Joy was leaning forward slightly with her hands on the reception counter. Chad has is pants around his knees. His pole -- now full erect -- was slowly sliding in and out of Joy from behind. Joy had the same expression she had when she was eating ice cream.  
  
As I turned back around, the Dean was finishing up.  
  
"That's an inspired solution, Tom" he said, glancing my way. "I can't tell you how much confusion this will avoid. Give my best to Lisa and the kids. Goodbye." And with that he hung up.  
  
He turned to me and said "Good news. Your Principal has come up with a solution that should avoid any problems like this in the future. He's agreed to modify your high school dress code. All high school students enrolled in AP classes can, while on the high school campus, use either the high school dress code or the college dress code as they choose."  
  
"It's quite logical, really" the Dean mused. Looking at me again he said "Your Principal said he'd make the announcement personally over the PA system Monday morning."  
  
The Dean pushed my pile of clothes towards me. I couldn't believe it. I wasn't in trouble! I instinctively reached over and picked up my panties first. The Dean looked at me critically over the top of his glasses the way my academic advisor does when I'm just not getting a math problem right.  
  
"Are you forgetting something?" he asked kindly.  
  
"Oops," I thought. "I'm still on campus -- no panties underneath my skirt."  
  
I tossed my panties and bra in his trash can. The Dean smiled as he said "Remember, you're a college girl now. Or at least you are three times a week." He gave me a wink and handed me a little pamplet entitled "Guide to College Rules."  
  
I quickly pulled on my skirt and slipped my shirt on over my arms. I didn't bother to button it. I didn't want to waste any more of the Dean's time, and I especially didn't want him to change his mind!  
  
Outside the office, Joy was back in her blue dress managing to look as fresh and radiant as she did when she was naked. She walked me to the bus stop.  
  
"I don't know how to thank you for everything you've done for me, Joy" I said.  
  
Joy smiled and said, "I like making new friends. And when I saw you this afternoon, it just looked like you needed one."  
  
I threw my arms around her and hugged her tightly. We just held each other for a long time.  
  
When I finally stepped back she said, "You'll be here three times a week. Drop by the dorm anytime."  
  
She reached out and took ahold of my shirt, which I had completely forgotten about, pulled it closed and fastened a single button just below my bust line. "And by next year, you can come live at the dorm. I can't think of a nicer way for you to say 'thanks!'"  
  
I waved goodbye as the bus pulled away, then starting reading the new rules. My new rules! As an AP student, I could now wear almost anything to high school: A nice dress or just a T-Shirt like Sandra. No more uniforms! I started laughing hysterically when I realized that, according to the college dress code, I was perfectly within my rights to walk into class Monday wearing a tube-top and a G-string! The other girls will be so jealous.  
  
"Or so jealous that they hate me?" I considered. As an AP student I should be setting an example, not flaunting my new privileges. Now I didn't know what to do! I can't use the high school dress code and attend class at college, but using the college dress code will make everyone hate me. I frowned and leaned my head against the window of the bus. "I guess this must be what 'diametrically' means," I said to myself with a sigh.  
  
Then suddenly, all those years of math came to my rescue. Set theory! "I'm thinking about one set of rules or the other, when I should be thinking about the intersection of the two sets!" I exclaimed. "I need to use both dress codes!"  
  
I couldn't wait to borrow my Aunt's sewing machine over the weekend and work on my uniform.  
  
Standing in front of the mirror Monday morning, I put on my new white blouse, red pleated skirt, white socks, and black shoes. My nipples and breasts were visible through the thin fabric of the blouse. I cupped my bosom in my hands. It felt good. I was thinking that I might never have to wear one of those uncomfortable bras again. The blouse didn't tuck in anymore. It ended in a neat hem about two inches above the waistband of my skirt, well clear of my pubic bone.  
  
I smoothed my skirt in the front and back feeling the fabric against my bare skin. It didn't take much smoothing. My new skirt was considerably shorter now, ending right at the top of my thighs -- exactly even with my privates. "AP students shouldn't have to roll their waistbands," I said to no one in particular.  
  
I proudly admired my new uniform in the mirror. "It's perfect," I thought. "The spirit of the high school dress code and the letter of the college dress code. And it looks really sharp!"  
  
I turned quickly, catching a glimpse of my bare bottom in the mirror as the skirt flew up a little, and headed out the door.  
  
Everyone was in the school's main hall before first hour getting into their lockers, chatting about what they did over the weekend, or just trying to get to class on time. I was on my way to my first class when I stopped and did something that surprised even me. I walked over to the drinking fountain, bent over, and took a long cool drink. I heard someone gasp.  
  
"Yep," I said to myself "college is going to be great."