**Vocational College for Girls**

by TheSparkZone ©

**Vocational College for Girls Ch. 01**

In a small southern town, there exists an institution known as the Vocational College for Girls. VCG, as it is commonly called, is a detention center for young girls between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two. The school is an alternative to prison for girls with minor or first time offences.

It was Lisa's first day at VCG. She was a sweet little eighteen-year-old girl who was framed for a crime she didn't commit. Now she was sentenced to live at VCG until she reached the age of twenty-two. Rose, a heavy set, middle aged woman marched Lisa into the Dean's office and Lisa stood silently in front of Mr. Powers. Rose was Mr. Power's evil secretary.

Mr. Powers looked at Lisa and said, "You won't need those clothes anymore. We'll supply you with everything you need. Please remove everything you're wearing."

Lisa asked meekly, "Where should I go to take them off?"

Rose replied sternly, "Right here, now strip!"

There were tears in Lisa's eyes as she unsnapped her tight jeans and slid them down her legs, letting them fall to the floor. Next she slipped her T-shirt over her head leaving Lisa standing there in only a lacey see-through bra and a pair of matching thong knickers. Lisa was very embarrassed as she brushed her shoulder length brunette hair out of her face.

The door to the office was wide open. As the janitor pushed a trash cart down the hallway, he stopped abruptly when he got a glimpse of Lisa. The man decided to empty the trashcans in the Dean's office. Mr. Powers chuckled because the janitor was moving very slowly as he dumped each trashcan into the trash cart. The janitor's eyes never left Lisa's scantly clad body. He could see Lisa's nice pink nipples poking through the lacy bra and her silky dark bush was visible beneath the skimpy knickers. Lisa felt very self-conscious as she stood there in just her underwear.

Rose looked at Lisa and said, "What are you waiting for? You still need to remove your underwear."

Lisa whispered, "There's a man looking at me."

Rose said, "Too bad. Get those underwear off now!"

Lisa turned her back to the janitor, hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her knickers and slid them down her legs. The janitor and Mr. Powers were treated to a view of Lisa's firm little butt. As the men continued to gaze at Lisa's bare buns, she unhooked her bra, slowly slid the straps down her arms and let the bra fall to the floor.

With Lisa's body now fully exposed, Rose instructed her to turn around. Her five foot, two inch body was now on display for the men. She was red faced with embarrassment as they stared at her neatly trimmed pussy hair and puffy pink nipples. Lisa's natural medium sized breasts stuck out prominently from her petite frame.

Rose picked up all of Lisa's clothes and handed them to the janitor. She instructed him to dispose of them, so he tossed the clothes into the trash cart and disappeared down the hallway. Rose went into a storeroom to get Lisa a school uniform while Mr. Powers explained rules at VCG.

Mr. Powers told Lisa that in addition to attending daily classes, she would also have to perform community service around town as part of the punishment for the crime that she was convicted of. The VCG uses the excuse that the college work program rehabilitates the girls so they can return to society with a marketable skill.

The truth is the community profits from the presence of the VCG girls at the businesses in the community because the girls are forced to wear their skimpy little school uniforms while they work. Men come from miles around to spend their money in the town so they can watch the VCG girls perform their community service in various states of undress. In return, the businesses pay a fee to the teachers and staff of VCG, which of coarse is not reported to the state. The men and women that teach at VCG love the arrangement because they make more money with the kickbacks than they would receive teaching at any other institution.

As naked young Lisa stood there nervously thinking about the nightmare that Mr. Powers had just described, Rose emerged from the storeroom empty handed. Rose said that there was nothing available in Lisa's size, so Mr. Powers asked Rose to stop by the School and Medical Uniform Shop and pick up a school uniform for Lisa. Rose replied that she would do it right away. Lisa's heart sank because she thought that she would have to stand there naked until Rose returned, but Lisa shrieked in horror when she discovered that Rose planned to take Lisa with her.

Lisa asked, "Aren't you going to get my clothes if you plan to take me out in public?"

Rose replied, "Its too late now. The janitor already took them away. Besides, you don't want to put those dirty things back on."

Lisa tried to cover her exposed breasts with her hands, but Rose grabbed Lisa's arms and cuffed her wrists behind her back.

Rose explained, "Eventually, we'll give you a tracking bracelet so you can't leave town, but for now I'll have to put you in handcuffs."

Lisa was mortified. She was now completely naked and powerless to hide her nudity. With Lisa's arms secured behind her back, her breasts and pussy were out in the open for everyone to see! This was definitely the worst day of Lisa's young life.

Little Lisa's firm breasts bounced freely as Rose marched her to a convertible in the parking lot. The asphalt was hot on Lisa's bare feet as Rose fumbled with the car keys. Finally Rose opened the door and Lisa slid into the passenger seat.

Rose asked, "It’s a little warm today. Do you mind if I put the top down?"

Lisa protested, "Of course I mind. I'm naked!"

Rose said, "Well that's unfortunate, but I think we'll be more comfortable with the top down."

Rose put the convertible top down and started the engine. With Lisa's bare body on display, Rose pulled out of the parking lot and headed down the street. They pulled up next to a bus at a stoplight. As Rose sat patiently waiting for the light to change, Lisa looked up to find several pair of eyes staring down at her. With her wrists in handcuffs behind her back, Lisa could do nothing to hide her nudity. She knew that her breasts and pussy were in plain view of the people on the bus. Finally the light change and they were on their way again.

As they drove down Main Street, Rose asked Lisa why she was sent to the detention school. Lisa told Rose that a cop stopped her for doing 45 in a 35 mile-an-hour zone. The cop told Lisa that she could get out of the ticket if she would strip naked in front of him. Lisa replied that it would be a cold day in hell before that fat, bald headed cop would see her naked. With that remark, the cop pulled a bag of cocaine out of his pocket and placed it in Lisa's purse, then arrested her for drug possession. Lisa was convicted and sentenced to four years at VCG.

Rose started to laugh and said, "Because you wouldn't take your clothes off for one man, you're now forced to take them off for everyone. That's very ironic!"

Lisa retorted, "I'm glad you find it amusing."

As they pulled into a parking lot, Lisa asked, "What are we doing here?"

Rose replied, "We're going to the uniform store."

Lisa added, "But this is a mall!"

Rose said, "That's right. The store is in the middle of the mall."

Lisa was getting a little nervous and stated, "Surely you don't expect me to walk through the mall. I don't have any clothes on. Everyone will be staring at me!"

Rose replied, "Why yes, that is a problem. All the boys will be looking at your perky breasts, tight buns and pretty pussy hair. Guess what? I don’t care. Let’s go!"

Rose led Lisa into the mall. Lisa didn't want to put up a fight because that would only draw more attention to her nakedness. As Lisa walked across the cold tile floor, she was glad to see that there weren't many people there. However, there were enough people present to turn her face three shades of red. As she walked, her bare breasts bounced up and down. Little Lisa passed an old man and his wife. The man had a big smile on his face as he studied Lisa's naked body. The man's wife just stood there with a disgusted look on her face.

As Rose and Lisa stepped onto the escalator, a man hurried out of the Jewelry Store and got on right behind them. Lisa was mortified because she knew her bare ass was right at eye level for the man to observe. Then they passed a camera store and Lisa saw a couple of flashes go off.

Lisa said, "Oh great. Now someone has nude photos of me."

Lisa couldn't have been happier when they finally made it to the uniform store. She was given a pair of skimpy white see-through knickers and a short white cotton dress with the VCG symbol on one of the short sleeves. Lisa was forced to put the uniform on in the middle of the store. There was a crowd of guys watching in the doorway as Lisa bent over and slid the tiny knickers up her legs. Then she quickly put the little dress on, which buttoned all the way down the front. Even with the top button fastened, the dress still showed plenty of cleavage.

As Lisa looked in the mirror, she noticed that the dress was so short it barely covered her ass. She could also see her puffy pink nipples beneath the thin white cotton material. Luckily, the crowd was beginning to disperse.

Lisa said sternly, "I need a bra with this dress."

Rose chuckled, "A bra? Honey, your lucky you get to wear knickers!"

As Lisa walked out of the store, her knickers peeked out from underneath the short dress. She was still getting stared at, but she felt much better after being paraded around naked in public all morning. Lisa was going to have to get used to the skimpy outfit. She was going to be wearing it for the next three years.

**Vocational College for Girls Ch. 02**

Adjusting to life at the Vocational College for Girls was difficult for Lisa, as it was for most of the new girls. There are numerous stories detailing the many facets of VCG life that the girls have trouble accepting. The VCG girls are well aware that the institution is an alternative to prison. The girls also understand that they have to perform community service as part of their punishment. However, the girls have trouble coping with the fact that the small town profits from the presence of the VCG girls because they’re forced to wear skimpy little outfits in public while they work. This inspires men from miles around to visit the small town and the money these men spend accounts for most of the town’s revenue. The main attraction for these men is watching the VCG girls perform their community service in various states of undress. In return, the businesses give kickbacks to the teachers and staff of the VCG, which of coarse is not reported to the state.

There are stories of how the girls are treated in their dormitory. They don’t have any privacy because the doors were removed from the shower room and bedrooms. The girls can’t understand why the guards have to be men and why these men only seem to be present when there’s a chance of catching the girls without any clothes on. The men could wait outside of the shower room, but they always have to wander in when the girls are naked. This also includes the janitor. He constantly cleans the shower room while the girls are bathing or changing their clothes. The girls feel as if they’re always being watched.

There are also stories describing how the girls are treated while attending their academic classes. Both the male and female teachers are sadistic. They love to punish the girls for poor academic performance by making them disrobe in front of everyone, including visitors. The teachers have a tendency to pick on a particular student and ask her questions that she couldn’t possibly know. Sometimes the punishment can go as far as a bare ass spanking. The female teachers are the worst offenders. They invite their boyfriends, high-ranking officials or even high school boys to visit their class. Then the female teachers will try to impress their guests by finding creative ways to make the girls take their clothes off, solely for the visitors’ entertainment.

Then there are the stories of the VCG girls being forced to participate in local sporting events. These events are another example of the shameful treatment the girls are subjected to. The school officials must think they have to justify the high price of admission by disgracing the girls in front of everybody. There is something about a gymnasium full of spectators that inspires the administrators to dress the girls in flimsy little uniforms. However, what really fills the stands isn’t the uniforms. It’s the anticipation of the girls loosing pieces of their uniform during the contest. Often the girls are lucky to have any of their uniform left when the game is over. Penalties take on a whole new meaning in these games.

The school officials even dictate how the girls spend their leisure time. There are many stories about the VCG girls being taken to restaurants, dance clubs or shopping centers and before the day ends, the girls loose some or all of their clothing. This usually happens at the most inopportune time for the girls. Often the VCG girls are taken to surrounding cities to generate interest in the town’s biggest attraction…the girls and their lack of clothing. If the girls go on a road trip, they can forget about having any shred of dignity left when they return to the school.

Those may sound like captivating stories, but the work details that the girls are assigned to usually provide the most tales of humiliation. Lisa was given her first assignment when she was sent out with another new VCG girl to work on the road crew. This story is a small example of how the girls are treated when they perform their community service.

Lisa and Debbie, who is also eighteen, were dressed in their normal school uniforms. These uniforms consist of lacey white bras, matching see-through knickers, thin white blouses and plaid pleated skirts. The blouses are sleeveless with a plunging neckline that reveals a good deal of cleavage. The VCG emblem is affixed to the upper right corner of the blouses. The skirts have a zipper up the back, but no buttons or fasteners to hold the skirts on. These skirts are so short that they barely cover the girls’ butts. If the girls bend over even the slightest bit, their underwear shows. Little white socks and tennis shoes complete the ensemble.

The day’s chore for the road crew was to pick up trash along the sides of the city streets and highways. The girls were delegated to a highway department employee named Mr. Bricks. He was a fat, balding man in his forties. Mr. Bricks instructed the girls to climb into the rear bed of his pickup truck as he stooped down and pretended to check the condition of his tires. In his squatted position, Mr. Bricks was able to look right up the girls’ short skirts at their panty covered bottoms as they threw their legs over the side of the truck.

Mr. Bricks then took the girls to their first stop, a busy stretch of highway at the edge of the town. Most of the businessmen and tourists used this highway to enter the small town and the people of the community like to show off the VCG girls as soon as possible. When the girls jumped down off the truck, their skirts flew up and Mr. Bricks was again treated to a view of the girls’ little white underpants. He even caught a glimpse of their pussy hair peeking out of the see-through knickers. Mr. Bricks handed the girls trash bags and told them to get to work.

Mr. Bricks sat on the back of his pickup truck and watched the girls work. He thought Lisa looked cute with her five-foot two-inch petite body, medium sized breasts, brunette hair and angelic face. However, Mr. Bricks was most impressed by Debbie, a five-foot six-inch, raven-haired goddess with big, full breasts and model good looks. Debbie probably could stand to loose a pound or two, but Mr. Bricks preferred girls with nice round butts. Now he just had to find a way get the girls to loose their clothes so that he could see more of their gorgeous bodies. Mr. Bricks knew that it wouldn’t be a problem because he was in charge and had total control of the girls.

The girls had to hold onto the trash bag with one hand and pick up trash with the other. This didn’t leave a free hand to hold down their super short skirts. Every time they bent over, Mr. Bricks and passing motorists could see the girls’ frilly underwear peeking out from under their skirts. It was even worse when a car went by. The breeze from the car would blow their skirts up and their knickers would be out in the open for everyone to see. Lisa and Debbie were feeling a little uneasy when they saw the faces of the men in the passing cars gawking at their panty predicament. The girls were getting their first real taste of the VCG way of life.

When the bags were full, the girls brought them to the truck and threw them in back. They began complaining about how hot it was and Mr. Bricks suggested that the girls should unbutton their blouses to cool off. The girls refused, so Mr. Bricks demanded that the girls unbutton their blouses. Mr. Bricks explained that what he says goes. When the girls still refused to unbutton their blouses, Mr. Bricks decided to take matters into his own hands. He declared that since the girls wouldn’t unbutton their tops at his request, he would do it for them.

Mr. Bricks pulled out a small pocketknife and began slicing off the buttons from Debbie’s shirt. Her big bra covered breasts were now showing as cars slowed down to have a look. Then it was Lisa’s turn. One by one Mr. Bricks cut the buttons off of her blouse, too. Soon Lisa’s blouse was hanging open and Mr. Bricks had a close-up look at both of the girls’ bras. Their bras were made of a thin lacy material that did little to hide their nice round nipples. While Lisa’s breasts were not as impressive as Debbie’s, they were still full and firm. Soon the girls took another trash bag and returned to work.

Now when a car passed, not only would the girls’ skirts fly up and expose their knickers, their blouses would also blow apart and expose their bras. Lisa and Debbie decided to rectify the situation by tying the front of their blouses in a knot. This concealed their bra-covered boobs, but infuriated Mr. Bricks. He told the girls that if they wanted to tie their blouses in a knot, they would have to remove their bras. Lisa and Debbie thought about it for a moment and then decided to opt for the braless look. However, that was before they found out how Mr. Bricks would make them take their bras off.

First, both girls had to take off their blouses and hand them to Mr. Bricks. Passing traffic began to slow down to see the girls displaying their see-through bras. Next, each girl was ordered to step forward and take her bra off, then place the bra in the trash bag. Now the girls were bare-chested in front of Mr. Bricks and the gawking motorists. Lisa and Debbie tried to hide their breasts with their hands, but Mr. Bricks refused to give them their blouses back until they agreed to stand there with their hands at their sides.

Mr. Bricks studied every inch of the girls’ firm young titties as Lisa and Debbie stood there with their hands at their sides. Their breasts were now completely exposed. Finally, after traffic had almost screeched to a halt, he gave Lisa and Debbie their blouses back and they quickly put them on. When the girls finished tying the knot in front, Mr. Bricks was impressed by how much cleavage was showing. He also liked the way the girls’ hard nipples poked out against the thin white cotton material.

After filling a few more trash bags, the girls were loaded up and taken to their next stop. It was right in front of an all-boys high school. Lisa and Debbie were embarrassed because there were boys looking out of every window. The boys could see the girls’ underwear ever time they bent over. Lisa and Debbie told Mr. Bricks that the boys should not be allowed to see their knickers. Surprisingly, Mr. Bricks agreed with the girls. Lisa and Debbie were relieved until Mr. Bricks told them that if they didn’t want the boys to see their underwear, they should take their knickers off and put them in the trash bag. At first they refused, but when Mr. Bricks threatened to take away all of their clothes, the girls gave in. Lisa and Debbie slowly slid the lacy white knickers down their legs and placed them in the trash bag as the boys watched from the windows. Now the girls were really mortified. When they bent over, the boys could see their bare butts! It was even worse when the wind blew. If their skirts were blown up in front, the boys could see their pussy hair!

When Mr. Bricks decided the boys had seen enough, he took the girls to their next stop. It was in front of an outdoor café. There were men only a few feet away dining at the tables located right on the sidewalk where Lisa and Debbie were forced to work. Debbie became very self-conscious of her short skirt. After loosing her underpants, she knew that the men would be able to see her bare butt if she bent over. Debbie tried to pull the hem of her short skirt down as far as possible, but when she did, the zipper in the back of the skirt broke and would no longer stay up. It kept working its way down and since it was the only thing holding her skirt up, her skirt began to slide down exposing the top of her butt crack.

Debbie tried to fumble with the zipper in an attempt to hide her nudity when someone at one of the tables asked her not to pull her zipper up. He said that he liked the view of her young firm butt, so Lisa stepped in with a few words in Debbie’s defense. When Mr. Bricks heard what Lisa said, he apologized to the man and punished the girls by not allowing Debbie to touch her zipper any longer. As an added punishment, he forced Lisa to always unzip her skirt as low as Debbie’s.

When they went back to work, Debbie did her best to hold her skirt up, but the zipper kept working its way down further and further. As more of her butt crack was exposed for the gentlemen at the café, they would call Mr. Bricks and remind him that Lisa’s zipper needed to be pulled down to match. Lisa reluctantly complied with their request and soon her butt crack began to show, too. The crowd loved watching the spectacle as more and more of the girls’ bare behinds came into view.

The anticipation was building as each girl’s skirt slid further and further down her legs. Finally their skirts reached the point of no return. Lisa and Debbie shrieked in horror as their skirts fell to the ground. They were now bottomless in front of all those men. As the men stared at the girls’ young firm asses and neatly trimmed pussies, Mr. Bricks decided to add to their degradation. He forced the girls to place their skirts in the trash bag. Now the only piece of clothing left was their blouses.

Finally the girls were taken to their last stop, right in front of an office building. The workers quickly gathered in front of the windows when the girls arrived. Lisa and Debbie refused to get out of the truck. The girls complained that they couldn’t go out in front of all those people with only their blouses on. They should have learned by now that it was the wrong thing to say because Mr. Bricks took away their blouses, too. Now the girls were completely naked!

Dozens of people watched as Lisa and Debbie climbed out of the truck and proceeded down the street collecting trash. Lisa and Debbie’s faces were red with embarrassment because the people could see their firm young breasts and puffy pink nipples as they walked around right in front of everybody. Lisa’s neatly trimmed brunette bush and Debbie’s reddish-brown pussy hair were out in the open for everyone to see. The girls’ tight little butts were up in the air every time they bent over to pick up a piece of trash.

As if the girls were not humiliated enough, Mr. Bricks informed them that they had to go into the office building and empty the trash cans in the nude. Lisa and Debbie panicked and pleaded with him not to make them go into the building without their clothes on. Mr. Bricks just chuckled and said that he was only kidding. Then he added that cleaning the office would probably be their next job. The girls’ hearts sank because they had a feeling he wasn’t joking this time.

The girls started to think about what it would be like to bend over and empty trashcans with their naked butts pointed right at the men as they sat at their desks. Next Lisa and Debbie imagined leaning over bare-chested to clean the desktops with the men’s faces only inches away from the girls’ exposed breasts and puffy pink nipples. Finally they thought about vacuuming in the nude as the office workers sat in their desk chairs observing Lisa’s neatly trimmed brunette bush and Debbie’s reddish-brown pussy hair. Lisa even had the horrible thought of squatting down to plug the vacuum cleaner into the wall. Her legs would be spread apart and her sweet young pussy lips would be exposed to everyone. It was very unnerving, but before the nightmare went any further, Mr. Bricks ordered the girls to get into the truck.

As Lisa and Debbie rode home in the back of the pickup without a stitch of clothing on, Mr. Bricks paraded the nude young girls right through the center of town. Everyone was pointing and looking at the girls as Lisa and Debbie attempted to burrow under the trash bags. Finally they arrived at the VCG dormitory and the girls hurried into the dormitory completely naked.

Debbie whined to Lisa, “That was so humiliating!”

Lisa replied, “I know, it was terrible. All those people were looking at our naked bodies and we were helpless to do anything about it. I’m not sure if I’ll ever get used to this.”

Tracy, a twenty-one year old veteran of the school overheard their conversation and said, “You’ll never get used to it and the humiliation only gets worse!”

That left an uneasy feeling in Lisa and Debbie’s stomachs as they rolled over and tried to go to sleep. It was a restless night because the girls kept imagining all of the terrible things that the VCG administrators could do to them.

**Vocational College for Girls Ch. 03**

The Vocational College for Girls is a detention center for young girls between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two. It is an alternative to prison for girls with minor or first time offences. The girls must attend college-accredited classes and perform community service by working in the small town as part of their punishment. Unfortunately for the girls, the institution is run by corrupt administrators that force the girls to wear skimpy little outfits in public while they work. This inspires men from miles around to visit the small town. The money these men spend accounts for most of the town's revenue. In return, the businesses give kickbacks to the teachers and staff of the VCG, which of course is not reported to the state.

Lisa is an eighteen-year-old brunette that was convicted of a crime she didn't commit. She dreads being a VCG Girl because her sweet and innocent appearance causes her to become a focal point of all the men in town. Lisa's five-foot two-inch petite body, medium sized breasts and angelic face makes her come across as an easy target for the playful torture and exploitation that the girls must endure as members of the institution.

Lisa was nervous about attending her first academic class. She'd heard that the sadistic teachers loved humiliating the VCG Girls by making them disrobe in front of everyone, including visitors! There were rumors that the teachers asked questions the VCG Girls couldn't possibly answer. When they answered incorrectly, the teachers punished the girls by forcing them to take their clothes off. Sometimes the punishment would go as far as bare ass spankings.

The female teachers were the worst offenders of this hideous practice. These women would invite their boyfriends, city officials or even high school boys to visit their class. The female teachers would then attempt to impress their guests by finding creative ways to make the girls take their clothes off, solely for the visitors' entertainment.

Miss Rundell is a semi-attractive woman, pushing forty years of age and employed by the VCG as a College Algebra teacher. Mr. Winters is the new head football coach at the local high school. Miss Rundell met Mr. Winters after his team won their game on Friday night. She was immediately attracted to Mr. Winters and hoped to see him again. When the coach mentioned that he wanted to reward some of his best players for winning the game, Miss Rundell seized the opportunity and asked Mr. Winters to bring the boys to the Vocational College for Girls and sit in on one of her classes.

Miss Rundell told Mr. Winters, "I can't think of a better reward for your young boys than to let them watch the VCG Girls attend class in their skimpy schoolgirl uniforms."

Mr. Winters, who was new in town, didn't know anything about the VCG and jokingly replied, "I think a better reward would be to let them watch the VCG Girls attend class without their skimpy schoolgirl uniforms!"

Mr. Winters was shocked when Miss Rundell winked at him and replied, "I think that can be arranged."

Miss Rundell was granted her wish of seeing Mr. Winters again when he showed up at the Vocational College for Girls with ten of his senior players. Lisa entered Miss Rundell's class and she was surprised to find a group of eighteen-year-old boys sitting in the front of the classroom. Then Lisa saw her new friend Debbie and sat in a desk next to her. Soon Miss Rundell entered the room and explained to the girls that there were visitors attending today's class. The older girls in the class heaved a sigh because they knew from experience that visitors in the classroom equated to nakedness in the classroom.

Debbie is a five-foot six-inch, raven-haired goddess with big, full breasts and model good looks. She is eighteen-years-old and she is also a new member of the VCG. Even though Debbie could stand to loose a pound or two, her nice round butt was a beautiful sight to behold.

Lisa turned to Debbie and asked, "Isn't it embarrassing to sit here with those boys staring at us?"

Debbie replied, "Of course it is, but you can't blame the boys for staring. We're not much older than they are and we're wearing uniforms that consist of thin white blouses with very short plaid pleated skirts. And to make things worse, the plunging necklines on these sleeveless blouses reveal a lot of cleavage."

Lisa added, "Especially for someone with boobs as big as yours!"

Debbie smiled at Lisa's comment and then said, "But on the bright side, we are wearing underwear."

Lisa said, "Maybe so, but the boys can probably see our lacey white bras right through the thin material that these blouses are made out of. And if we're not careful, the boys will get a glimpse of the see-through knickers we're wearing under these extremely short skirts."

Debbie said, "I know what you mean. These skirts are so short that they barely cover our butts. I feel so self-conscious because if I bend over even the slightest bit, my underwear hangs out in back."

Lisa said, "I have to be extra careful. These skirts have a zipper up the back, but no other buttons or fasteners to hold them on. If the zipper falls down, then the skirt falls down and my zipper has a problem staying up. If that happens, these boys will get a good look at my skimpy knickers."

Debbie laughed and said, "My skirt has the same problem and I've heard other girls complaining about it, too. I think the VCG administration designed these uniforms so that by the end of the school day, all we'll have on is our white socks and tennis shoes."

If Debbie knew what Miss Rundell had planned for the day's class activity, she wouldn't be laughing. By the end of the class period, she'd be lucky to possess her little white socks and tennis shoes. She'd be lucky to have on any clothes at all!

Miss Rundell announced to the class, "As a reward for their great football victory last Friday, we will play 'spank the wrong answer' for the boys."

The older girls groaned, but curious little Lisa asked, "How to you play 'spank the wrong answer'?"

Samantha, a four year VCG veteran replied, "You loose an article of clothing for each wrong answer and at the end of the game, the naked girls get spanked."

Lisa's heart sank when she heard the news, but the hearts of the boys started beating a hundred times a second. Then Miss Rundell added a new twist to the game that made the boys' hearts beat even faster.

Miss Rundell announced, "We have twenty girls and ten boys, so we'll divide up into two teams with ten girls on each team. The ten boys will have the pleasure of spanking the team of girls that looses all of their clothes first."

The game was yet to begin, but the expressions of excitement on the boys' faces were already causing the girls to blush. When Mr. Winters saw how happy his boys were, he winked at Miss Rundell and she smiled back at him. Apparently, Miss Rundell's method of attracting a man was effective.

Lisa and Debbie were assigned to the same team. Sarah, a tall blonde member of their team, was the first girl to step up to the blackboard. She reached for the chalk, but nervously dropped it on the floor. It rolled right in front of the boys and Sarah became flustered because she had to bend over to pick up the chalk. When she bent over, her short plaid skirt rode up in back, revealing her underwear to the boys. The boys were thrilled because they could see right through Sarah's skimpy knickers. Sarah was so distracted by the boys that she couldn't concentrate on her work and got the problem wrong.

The girls were informed that two shoes counted as one item of clothing and everyone on the team was instructed to remove their tennis shoes. Lisa and Debbie found it very difficult to keep their legs together as they removed their shoes. The boys tried to sneak a peek between the girls' legs, hoping for a glimpse of the girls' see-through knickers as the girls removed their shoes.

The first two girls from each team answered their questions incorrectly, so all of the girls in the classroom were now in their bare feet. Next it was Debbie's turn to step up to the chalkboard. The pressure was really on because the next wrong answer would cost her team their shirts. Debbie began working on her algebraic equation, but she was so distracted by the boys watching her that she came up with the wrong answer. All of the girls on her team began unbuttoning their blouses, but Miss Rundell forced Debbie to remain at the front of the room while she removed her top.

The boys were only a few feet away as Debbie began to unbutton her shirt. One by one the buttons popped open until the front of Debbie's shirt parted and the cleavage of her mammoth breasts was exposed to the boys. Then Debbie slipped her shirt all the way off and her lacy white bra was revealed to the boys' hungry eyes. The bra pushed Debbie's breasts together, creating a great deal of cleavage and her round pink nipples were visible under the thin lace material. Debbie returned to her seat and then watched the other team suffer the same fate as they lost their shirts, too.

Samantha was the next girl on Debbie and Lisa's team to step up to the chalkboard. She was blonde, but she wasn't dumb because she appeared to know what she was doing. Unfortunately for Sam, her skirt had the same zipper problem that plagued Debbie's skirt and Lisa's skirt. It was bad enough that Samantha was forced to stand up in front of the boys without a shirt on, but now the zipper on her skirt was sliding down, too.

The zipper in the back of Sam's skirt kept coming down, allowing her underwear to play peek-a-boo with the boys. Samantha's knickers were so skimpy that her butt crack hung out above the waistband. Every time her zipper came down, her skirt came down, too. The skirt kept falling all the way down to the middle of her ass before she could pull it back up and fix the zipper. The boys loved the show Samantha was putting on because they could see her cute little butt crack hanging out of her transparent knickers each time the skirt slipped down. However, Samantha stayed focused and answered the question correctly.

The other team lost their skirts on the next question and all of the girls on that team had to strip down to their underwear. Things were looking good for Debbie and Lisa because the other team lost their bras in the next round, but Debbie and Lisa were still wearing their skirts. The boys couldn't believe their good fortune. There were ten young girls sitting in across from them and all they had on were white see-through knickers.

The girls were informed that they couldn't hide their tits, so the boys feasted their eyes on the ten sets of bare breasts on display right in front of them. The boys were also trying to look between the girls' legs at their transparent knickers to determine which girls shaved, which girls trimmed and which girls had a full bush. The brunettes were at a disadvantage because their dark pussy hair was plainly visible under the thin white knickers and this did not go unnoticed by the boys.

Then it became apparent to Lisa's team that the teacher was playing a role in the outcome of the game. Miss Rundell was giving the other team easy questions, while Lisa's team received hard questions. Lisa's team answered incorrectly in the next round and the girls were forced to stand up, unzip their skirts and let them drop to the floor while the boys watched. The girls still had their bras and knickers on, but the game was getting intense.

In the next round, the other team answered correctly again, but Lisa and Debbie lost their bras. The girls were forced to stand up, unhooked their bras and slid the straps down their arms. The stares from the boys gave Lisa chills and her puffy pink nipples quickly hardened. Debbie's big firm breasts and pretty pink nipples were drawing a lot of attention from the boys. Even though Lisa's brunette bush was neatly trimmed, she knew the boys could see the shadow of her dark pussy hair through the thin white fabric of her knickers. She looked over and noticed that the reddish-brown triangle of hair inside of Debbie's knickers was visible, too.

Now all the girls were down to their skimpy little knickers and the next wrong answer would result in a spanking from the boys. Unfortunately for Lisa, it was her turn to step up to the chalkboard. Even though most of the girls in the classroom were attractive, the boys felt that Lisa's team was comprised of the best looking girls, so the boys were really hoping that Lisa would get her problem wrong.

Lisa was standing only a few feet away from the boys as she began writing on the chalkboard. The boys had a close up view of her medium sized natural breasts, which wobbled a little as she reached up high and wrote on the board. There wasn't much of a mystery as to what was under Lisa's see-through knickers. The boys had a bird's eye view of the neatly trimmed brunette bush beneath Lisa's barely-there underwear. The transparent knickers also made the crack of Lisa's ass just as easy to see as her dark pussy hair. The intense stares from the boys made Lisa so nervous that her hand was shaking. She tried her best, but when she finished, the teacher told her that it was wrong.

The boys were ecstatic as little Lisa turned around and reluctantly slid the skimpy knickers down her slender legs. Her smooth firm butt was pointed right at the boys and one of the football players reached out and gently ran his finger up and down Lisa's sensitive butt crack. Lisa stepped away from him, but she turned around and handed her knickers to the boy. Like an immature teenager, he held the knickers up to his nose and sniffed them, while the other boys looked on and laughed.

The rest of the girls on Lisa's team removed their underwear and then they came up to the front of the room to face the boys. There were ten naked girls standing right in front of the ten young boys. All of the boys sat there and examined the exposed breasts and bare beavers that were only a couple of feet away from them. The guy that Debbie was standing in front of bent down to get a good look at her fully exposed raven-haired bush and there was nothing that she could do about it.

One at a time, each girl had to lie across a boy's lap and receive ten whacks on her bare ass. The girls were mortified enough to be naked in front of a room full of boys, but to get spanked by the boys was even more humiliating. However, the boys found the experience very exciting. When Lisa laid across her punisher, she could feel his erection pressing against her mid section.

Smack, smack, smack! Lisa moaned as the boy's hand slapped Lisa's bare ass. When he was finished, Lisa stood up and tried to look behind her to see the red marks on her butt cheeks. Debbie walked over and started to caress Lisa's fine ass in an attempt to soothe her discomfort. Everyone, including Miss Rundell and Mr. Winters, seemed to enjoy the display of sensitivity and love between Lisa and Debbie. Debbie continued to glide her soft hand across Lisa's firm young butt until Lisa felt better.

Debbie was next to get spanked and the bold young man had fun with Debbie's exquisite round butt. He would spank Debbie's ass, then softly caress it in an attempt to mock the measures that Debbie took to console Lisa. He even gently tickled Debbie's sensitive butt crack, but Debbie reached back and pushed his hand away. Since everyone seemed to enjoy the boy's actions, Miss Rundell stood up and instructed Debbie not to resist the young boy's advances.

Debbie was forced to helplessly lie there as the boy softly ran his fingers up and down her butt crack while everyone in the room looked on. The gentle touch of the boy's fingers drove Debbie crazy. She squirmed around on the boy's lap in response to the feeling of having her butt crack tickled. In the process of squirming around, the boy became erect because Debbie's squirming motion on his lap was actually massaging his hard penis through his pants. However, the motion wasn't enough to give the boy an orgasm, so when Debbie's punishment was completed, he was left with a tent pole in his pants. The sight of the big bulge in the boy's pants drew laughter from the girls in the class.

Finally all of the spankings were completed and the twenty girls were forced to stand in a line. Each girl had to hug every one of the ten boys as they filed out of the room. Ten of the girls were completely naked while the other ten girls were still wearing their skimpy see-through white knickers. However, all of the girls had a topless pair of breasts to press against the teenaged boys as the boys received their hugs.

In the process of receiving their hugs, the boys fondled the girls' breasts, tweaked the girls' nipples and caressed the girls' bare butts. Some of the boys even ran their fingers through the girls' exposed pussy hair before moving on to the next girl. The VCG Girls knew that retaliation against the boys would result in more punishment, so they were forced to accept the boys' behavior.

After the boys left, Lisa became embarrassed again. She'd given her underwear away to one of the boys, but she'd forgotten that she had to go to work after the class ended. Lisa would have to go to work without any knickers on under her short skirt. Then she really got flustered when she remembered what today's assignment was. Lisa was given the task of cleaning the storefront windows on Main Street. That meant climbing a ladder to reach the tall windows and to make matters worse, it was a windy day!

Usually, the worst part about window washing for the girls was getting their thin white blouses and flimsy see-through bras all wet. It caused the girls to display their pink puffy nipples and nice firm titties to the men. However, today was going to be even worse for Lisa. She started to get really nervous when she imagined all the men looking up her short skirt to see her naked ass and bare beaver. Lisa knew the men would watch as she climbed the ladder above them on the busy street as her super short skirt blew in the wind. It was going to be a long afternoon for little Lisa, but a happy one for the men around her.

**Vocational College for Girls Ch. 04**

The Vocational College for Girls offers an alternative to prison for girls between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two years old with minor or first-time criminal offenses. As part of their punishment, the girls must attend academic classes and perform community service. Unfortunately for the VCG girls, community service consists of wearing skimpy little outfits in public while working at some of the local businesses.

The small town profits from the presence of the VCG girls because watching the girls perform their community service in various states of undress inspires men from miles around to visit the town. The money these men spend accounts for most of the town’s revenue. In return, the businesses give kickbacks to the teachers and staff of the VCG, which of course is not reported to the state.

School officials at the Vocational College for Girls enjoy exploiting and humiliating the VCG girls on a daily basis. Forcing the girls to participate in local sporting events is just another example of the shameful treatment the VCG girls are subjected to. Tickets to these events are expensive and the school administration justifies the high price of admission by dressing the girls in flimsy little uniforms. While wearing these uniforms, it is next to impossible for the girls to play the games without exposing themselves to the crowd.

Lisa and Debbie joined the VCG touch football team because the girls were informed that while participating in a school sport, their community service obligations would be waived. However, after receiving their football uniforms, the girls determined that maybe they’d made a mistake. Their outfits consisted of lacey white see-through knickers, very short red pleated cheerleader skirts and tiny white crop top T-shirts. Little white socks and tennis shoes complete the ensemble.

Lisa and Debbie were new to the school and they didn’t belong in the institution to begin with. Lisa looked cute with her five-foot two-inch petite body, medium sized breasts, brunette hair and angelic face. Debbie was a five-foot six-inch, raven-haired goddess with big, full breasts and model good looks. Debbie probably could stand to loose a pound or two, but she had a nice round butt.

Feelings of degradation erupted for the girls as soon as they put on their uniforms. The girls couldn’t believe they were going to play touch football in T-shirts that barely covered their breasts. The lower portion of Debbie’s large globes actually hung out from below her short crop top T-shirt. Since the girls were not permitted to wear bras, Debbie was concerned that her breasts might pop out in front of the crowd if she tried to jump, not to mention how much her big melons would bounce around while she was running.

Lisa was equally concerned about the very short pleated cheerleader skirts. The skirts were so short that they barely cover the girls’ butts. They were held on by a single button and were worn dangerously low on the girls’ hips. The girls’ ass cracks were actually peeking out from above the low waistband.

Lisa knew that there was no way to play football without bending over. She also knew that bending over in the short skirts even the slightest bit would expose the girls’ knickers to the crowd. To make matters worse, the skimpy see-through knickers didn’t offer much protection against prying eyes. The VCG girls’ hairy triangles and butt cracks were easy to see beneath the practically transparent material of their little undies. If it weren’t for the lacey trim on their knickers, it would look like the girls weren’t wearing any underpants at all!

The Vocational College for Girls touch football games are played on a converted indoor soccer field. As Lisa and Debbie jogged onto the artificial turf, they were instantly mortified because the stands were packed with spectators. There were older men along with many boys as young as eighteen-years-old. There were even quite a few women scattered throughout the crowd.

Their opponent was Harbour College, which is a private school for stuck up little rich girls. Those girls had on thick blue T-shirts and matching shorts. Their shorts were pulled up nice and tight on the Harbour girls’ firm butts. Their ass cheeks were hanging out of the short shorts, but the snug fit of the shorts insured that they would stay on throughout the contest. The Harbour girls also wore sports bras, so they appeared to be well protected against exposing their precious young bodies to the audience.

Each team consisted of nine eighteen-year-old girls and it appeared that the coaches for both teams chose their players based on looks, rather than athletic ability. The girls looked more like models than gridiron animals. As the game began, the Harbour girls, in their full make-up and pristine uniforms, had no trouble dominating the VCG girls because the VCG girls had to contend with their skimpy outfits.

The VCG girls’ nipples poked out against the thin material of their tiny white T-shirts and their braless breasts bounced around as they ran down the field. Occasionally the T-shirts would work their way up over the girls’ nice firm titties, exposing their rosy round nipples to the crowd. When the VCG girls jumped up in the air, their short skirts flew up and then floated down slowly, revealing their see-through knickers to the audience. The Harbour College girls added to the VCG girls’ indignity by lifting up the short skirts and tiny T-shirts, giving the men in the stands a good look at everything the VCG girls had to offer.

What the VCG girls didn’t know was that the VCG administration offered money to the Harbour College girls as an incentive for them to debase the VCG girls as much as possible. The Harbour girls readily accepted the task. They even invited all of the schoolboys from their hometown to come and watch them humiliate their opponents. Not far into the game, the VCG girls realized that the Harbour girls had more on their minds than just touch football.

In the VCG huddle, Nancy, a cute strawberry-blonde asked, “Where did they find these girls?”

Lisa added, “I know what you mean. They’re really taking advantage of us. They keep pulling my short skirt up and exposing my little white underpants to the crowd.”

Debbie said, “They also keep pushing up my tiny T-shirt up over my breasts and exposing my tits to everyone. Its bad enough that my hard nipples are poking through this thin T-shirt, but those girls are making it even worse. I’ve never been so humiliated in my life!”

A few plays later, the VCG girls huddled again. The fans loved it when the VCG girls got into the huddle. The girls leaned over and put their hands on their knees, which caused their short skirts to rise up in back. Everyone could see the VCG girls’ tiny white knickers peeking out from under their short skirts. As the spectators gazed at the girls’ little undies, the girls continued to complain about their situation.

A tall blonde named Sarah said, “Those snobbish Harbour College girls are having a lot of fun at our expense. I realize that its one-hand touch anywhere, but do they have to touch us in every place imaginable?”

Nancy said, “I know, those Harbour girls keep grabbing my breasts and my butt.”

Lisa added, “One of those girls keeps reaching between my legs to touch my pussy, even if I don’t have the ball.”

At first, the spectators were eating up the action on the field. However, after a while the crowd wanted to see more. The VCG girls started getting a little nervous when everyone in the stands began yelling, “Skin, skin, skin!”

The Harbour College girls gave the fans a devilish grin and decided to take the game to a new level. On the next play, Sarah ran with the ball for the VCG team and one of the Harbour girls grabbed her skirt. The single button that held the skirt on popped free and the skirt fell to the ground. Another Harbour girl patted Sarah on her panty-clad bottom and the ref blew the whistle. As the crowd cheered, the tall blonde attempted to pull her skirt up, but without the button, the skirt was useless and had to be discarded.

Sarah complained to the ref, “You can’t let those girls pull our skirts off.”

The ref replied, “Sorry, but there’s no rules against it.”

The embarrassed blonde said, “But all we have on are these skimpy little knickers. How can we play football with everyone looking at us?”

The ref replied, “Its not my problem” and then he whistled for the game to continue.

On the following play, the same thing happened to Samantha. She was another cute blonde on the VCG team. When Samantha lost her skirt, she was very embarrassed because she was in front of the crowd in her skimpy see-through knickers. When she bent over in the huddle, her butt crack was visible right through the thin material of her little undies and the guys in the stands loved the view.

Samantha said, “Girls, we’re in trouble now. Those Harbour girls discovered how easy it is to pull off our skirts. We’re all going to be down to our underwear in no time.”

Lisa said, “And there’s not much we can do about it. If we quite the game, there’s no telling how the VCG administrators would punish us.”

Debbie added, “And I tried getting revenge by yanking on their uniforms, but their shorts are so tight, they won’t come off. Their thick T-shirts won’t rip, either.”

The next play was even more horrific for Nancy. As Nancy ran with the ball, all of the eyes in the stands were upon her. A Harbour girl was able to hook her fingers inside of Nancy’s waistband, but not only did she have a grip on the young girl’s skirt, she also snagged Nancy’s underwear. Nancy’s heart sank as she heard the thin material of her knickers tear apart. The scraps of material fell to the turf along with her skirt, leaving the poor girl’s bare ass and strawberry-blonde bush on display for all of the spectators to see.

Nancy was mortified as she went back to the huddle. She had to bend over and put her hands on her knees, leaving her sweet smooth ass completely exposed to everyone in the stands.

Nancy was shaking as she said, “I can’t believe I’m standing here bottomless in front of all these people.”

Sarah said, “Well I think things are going to get worse before they get better. Look over there.”

The VCG girls looked over at the Harbour College girls. They were holding up Nancy’s shredded knickers and chanting, “Who’s next! Who’s next!”

Debbie said, “Boy Nancy, there’s not much left of your knickers.”

Nancy said, “I know. They tear apart as easy as paper.”

Lisa said, “Oh man, we’re in real trouble. Now those Harbour girls know how easy it is to rip off our underpants. We’re all be going to be naked by half time.”

Sarah added, “And look at all those boys in the stands. They can’t wait to see us loose our clothes.”

The next victim was Samantha. She’d already lost her skirt and as Samantha ran with the ball, a Harbour girl caught her from behind and yanked Samantha’s knickers down to her ankles. Samantha tripped over her little underpants and fell to the ground. The panty-less Samantha’s bare butt was pointing up at the crowd and when she stood up, she was even more embarrassed. Samantha had just given herself a clean shave that morning. The hard bodied young girl held her hands in front of her hairless pussy, but when the game continued, there was no way for her to protect her nice smooth snatch from the crowd. Her sweet pussy lips were out there for everyone’s viewing pleasure.

One by one, the VCG girls were loosing their skirts and knickers. It was beginning to look more like a wrestling match than a football game. The Harbour girls were struggling to pull the VCG girls’ clothes off and the VCG girls were trying to cling to their last shred of dignity. Finally, the Harbour girls successfully stripped every VCG girl of her skirt and knickers. Everyone in attendance was cheering because now all of the VCG girls were naked below the waist.

Lisa’s face was bright red with embarrassment because the boys in the stands were gazing at her neatly trimmed brunette bush. The VCG shirts only came down to the bottom of their breasts, so the young girls had nothing to hide their bare behinds and exposed pussies from the crowd. The Harbour girls were making sure that the fans were given every opportunity to look at what they paid to see.

The touch football game was really getting interesting now. The Harbour girls were merciless as they continued to touch the VCG girls in all of their exposed areas. They were patting the VCG girls on their bare asses and probing the VCG girls’ sensitive butt cracks. It was even turning into a game of tackle football because the Harbour College girls were pulling the VCG girls down and spreading their legs apart, forcing the VCG girls to give beaver shots to the crowd. The boys in the stands cheered wildly every time they were treated to the sight of a VCG girls’ exposed pussy lips.

Samantha took the ball and ran towards the end zone for a VCG touchdown, but the people in the stands were more interested in watching little Lisa. A Harbour girl accidentally pulled on Lisa’s T-shirt and ripped it right off of Lisa’s body. Lisa was left standing on the field completely naked in front of all those spectators. Her firm breasts and pink puffy nipples were on display for all of the men to behold. Lisa tried to use her hands to shield her naked body from the crowd, but it was no use. They could see everything.

The Harbour girls now knew that the VCG thin T-shirts ripped apart quite easily. There wasn’t much time left in the game and the Harbour girls had just one thing on their minds. They wanted to pull the shirts off the rest of the VCG girls. On each play, another VCG girl was stripped of her shirt. The boys in the stands really enjoyed watching the VCG girls run across the field now because the big boobies of the topless girls bounced aimlessly in front of them.

By the time the game had ended, the Harbour girls were successful in their quest to strip all of the VCG girls of their tiny T-shirts. The VCG girls were left standing on the field totally nude, except for their white socks and tennis shoes. The VCG girls won the game, but the Harbour College girls were celebrating because they’d completed their task of humiliated the VCG girls. This infuriated the VCG girls and it was time for the girls to seek their revenge. The VCG girls attached the Harbour College girls and a fight broke out between the two teams.

The VCG girls managed to quickly pull off the Harbour girls’ shorts and expose their little underpants to the crowd. The guys in the stands loved what they were seeing, especially the Harbour hometown schoolboys. The Harbour College girls had a reputation of teasing the guys around town and enticing the guys to spend money on them, but then the Harbour girls acted as if they were too good for the guys when it came time to put out. They rushed the field to watch the stuck up princesses loose their clothes.

After removing the Harbour girls’ shorts, the VCG girls tugged on the Harbour girls’ knickers as the Harbour girls struggled to fight the VCG girls off. Many of the Harbour girls had their underpants pulled down to their knees, as the boys that ran onto the field were now only a few feet away. There were eighteen girls showing their young tight pussies and sweet smooth butts to the crowd. The VCG girls were also showing off their firm bouncy breasts and round rosy nipples, but the Harbour College girls were yet to loose their shirts. Some of the men from the stands started to break up the fight, but when they saw the naked VCG girls pulling off the Harbour College girls’ uniforms, they decided to step back and let the fight continue for a while.

With a mob of men standing nearby, the VCG girls managed to remove the knickers from all of the Harbour girls’ legs. The Harbour girls were beginning to experience the humiliation that the VCG girls had been subjected to all evening. Their bare behinds and hairy triangles were now on display for all of the men around them to examine. To add to their humiliation, the boys from the Harbour girls’ hometown were only a few feet away and the Harbour girls were the ones who invited them! Some of the boys even had cameras and video recorders, so the activities were being saved for everyone back home to see.

The men let the fight continue until every Harbour College girl lost all of her clothes. Finally, the men intervened to break up the altercation. In the process of breaking up the fight, the men were able to touch a few exposed breasts, naked butts and bare beavers. Through all of the commotion on the field, the Harbour girls’ discarded shorts, knickers, T-shirts and sports bras disappeared. They’d become souvenirs of the crowd.

Many of the fans lined up to watch the Harbour College girls board their bus. They were treated to a clear view of the girls’ naked pussies and asses as they climbed the steps of the bus. The Harbour girls felt humiliated because they had to ride home stark naked. However, it was nothing compared to what the VCG girls were going through.

The VCG girls had to walk back to their dormitory in just their white socks and tennis shoes. As they walked across the parking lot, their nude bodies were illuminated by the headlights of the cars as the people tried to exit. They had to listen to the horns honking and the catcalls as they made their way back to the dorm. The VCG girls felt degraded, but at least they found comfort in knowing that the Harbour College girls were sharing in their humiliation.

**Vocational College for Girls Ch. 05**

It was Wendy's first night at the Vocational College for Girls. School policy calls for eight girls to shower together and Wendy's group was being directed into the showers. The policy also dictates that the girls must hang their towels outside the shower room and pass in front of the guards to enter the showers.

The guards were all men so it was extremely embarrassing for Wendy to remove her towel in front of them. Maggie, who was in her second year at the institution, saw tears streaming down Wendy's cheeks. Wendy looked very sweet and innocent so Maggie walked over to console her.

Maggie said, "I know it's only your first night here, but it'll get better, I promise! Now quit trying to hide your breasts and pussy, and take a nice hot shower. It'll help you relax."

Wendy refused to move. She just stood under the water with an arm across her breasts and a hand between her legs. Wendy wasn't interested in showering. Her only intent was to hide her breasts and pussy from the guards.

Then Wendy turned to Maggie and meekly asked, "Why do the guards have to be men? Why do they get to watch us shower?"

Maggie replied, "So we don't escape...or because they're perverts. It's one of the two!"

Wendy asked, "Why are two guys in uniform, but a third guy is only wearing jeans and a T-shirt?"

Maggie looked at the guy, and then she turned to Wendy and replied, "I don't know. He must be a friend or something. I've never seen him before."

Wendy shrieked, "A friend or something? We're naked! They just let guys wander in off the street and watch us shower?"

Maggie said, "I'm afraid so. They really take advantage of us in this place."

Wendy asked, "Is that why there's no doors or window shades in the dorm rooms?"

Maggie replied, "Yeah, I guess so. Since we're only allowed to wear skimpy panties and little tank tops in the dorm, a lot of guys line up on the sidewalk outside to sneak a peek at us."

Wendy said, "I know. They were watching me when the guards forced me to strip for this humiliating shower session. It was pretty distressing!"

Maggie added, "I know the feeling. If you turn your back to the guards, then you're facing the street. If you turn your back to the windows, then you're facing the guards. It's a no-win situation. So what did you do?"

Wendy answered, "I decided to face the windows, but it was pretty embarrassing to take my top off and show my titties to the guys on the street. As I slowly lifted my top, one guy pointed at me and then they all turned to look in my direction. I stopped with the lower halves of my breasts exposed because I didn't think I could go through with it. Then the guard poked his nightstick against my ass and told me to get a move on."

Maggie joked, "You're lucky it wasn't his dick!"

Maggie saw Wendy's eyes widen with fear, so she said, "I was just kidding. Go on with your story."

Wendy said, "I was mortified because some of the guys looked like they were only eighteen-years-old, just like me, but I continued lifting my top and when my nipples popped out, the guys started applauding. I was totally embarrassed, but I went ahead and slipped the shirt all the way off, leaving me standing in front of the crowd wearing only a pair of little white undies. The guys could see my pussy hair right through those skimpy see-through panties!"

Maggie said, "I know. We all have to wear them."

Wendy continued, "Then I had to bend over and push my underpants down my legs, giving the guards a clear view of my bare ass. It was downright humiliating to stand there naked in front of everyone. The guys on the street could see my titties, pussy and everything! They even got to look at my butt when the guards made me turn around. Then the guards just stood there admiring my body while they waited for me to get my towel, but the guards wouldn't tell me where my towel was! I was completely nude for several minutes before I finally located a towel, and the guys outside the window were gawking at me the whole time. It was so humiliating!"

Maggie added, "And it gets even easier to see inside the bedrooms when it's dark out. The bright bedroom lights illuminate the entire room and people can see right in."

Wendy sarcastically said, "Oh that's just great. And I'm on the ground floor!"

Maggie said, "Yeah, I know. They usually put the newbies on the ground floor so the gawkers have fresh flesh to look at."

Wendy asked, "So it's no coincidence that the bedroom windows are so huge. They go all the way from the ceiling to the floor!"

Maggie said, "The windows are big because it makes the entertainment that much better for the bar district. There's a bunch of bars and restaurants across the street with outdoor cafés. People sit outside all night staring at us. I guess that's why they made the rule."

Wendy asked, "What rule?"

Maggie replied, "The rule where T-shirts are not permitted after dark...just panties. And of course, the evenings are when the bars and restaurants are at their busiest!"

Wendy whimpered, "This place just keeps getting better, doesn't it?"

Maggie said, "Yeah. While we're in here studying, the guys out there are studying us, but you need to forget about the guards and spectators right now. Let me help you get washed up."

Maggie put some shampoo in her hands and began massaging the top of Wendy's head. Maggie obviously didn't have a problem showing her naked body to the guards because she left everything she had out in the open for the guards to see. Wendy truly liked Maggie's touch. It was the first enjoyable moment Wendy had experienced in quite a while. As Maggie massaged shampoo into Wendy's shoulder length dark hair, she asked Wendy how she ended up in the institution.

Wendy explained, "I was only eighteen and fresh out of high school when I was convicted of Identity Theft. My friends found a way to charge merchandise to illegally obtained credit cards and they coerced me into participating in their illicit activity."

Wendy continued, "Against my better judgment, I took part in the scheme, but I was apprehended and sentenced to four years in prison. The worst part was that I was the only girl in the group that got caught committing the crime. They blamed me for the total amount of everyone's purchases. I think my friends set me up! Then my so called friends disappeared because they were afraid of being associated with the crime. They're all running free now while I'm in here facing four years of incarceration."

Maggie said, "It really sucks when your friends abandon you. It happened to me when I was sentenced for my crime. You just have to say...the hell with them!"

Maggie directed Wendy's head under the water and rinsed the soap from her hair. Once Maggie was finished with Wendy's hair, she lathered up her hands and began washing Wendy's back for her. To try and ease Wendy's distress, Maggie pushed her bare boobies against Wendy's back and moved them around. It made Wendy giggle a little, but it truly felt good for both girls. Wendy could actually feel Maggie's pink nipples stiffen as Maggie dragged her soapy breasts back and forth against the soft skin on Wendy's back.

Wendy was a very cute girl, around five-foot-two with dark hair, big brown eyes and full firm breasts. Maggie had short blonde hair. She was about five-six with an athletic build and a nice set of melons of her own. Seeing how vulnerable Wendy was, Maggie slipped her hands around the front of Wendy's naked body and began caressing Wendy's nice firm titties.

Wendy excitedly said, "Maggie, I hardly know you...and you're a girl!"

Maggie asked, "You've never been touched by a girl before?"

Wendy blushed and answered, "No, never," but as she answered, Wendy dropped her arm to her side giving Maggie full access to her breasts.

Wendy still held a hand in front of her hairy triangle, but she was definitely beginning to loosen up. As Maggie played with Wendy's pretty titties, she asked Wendy why her family wouldn't help. Wendy replied that she was raised in an upper-middle class family, so her parents were appalled by her behavior. They were so ashamed that they didn't want to see or hear from Wendy until she finished serving her entire sentence.

As Wendy told her sad story, Maggie tweaked and tickled Wendy's sensitive pink nipples while Maggie continuing rubbing her own breasts against Wendy's back. Maggie's attention was distracting, but Wendy still talked about her trial.

Wendy said that she cried when the verdict was delivered and told her lawyer that she'd never survive in prison. Playing on Wendy's fragile emotions, her shady court appointed attorney mentioned that he could get Wendy assigned to a community service program instead of going to prison. The lawyer explained that girls enrolled in this program spend four years at an all-girl school and earn a college degree. He mentioned that the girls are also expected to perform community service work during their four years in the program, but he didn't elaborate on what the community service entailed.

The lawyer said that there was only one slot available at the school so he advised Wendy to decide quickly. It was a no-brainer to Wendy. She was ecstatic to learn that she could avoid going to prison by going to school. After making her decision, the lawyer pressured Wendy into signing all the paperwork as fast as possible to avoid losing the only available opening in the school. After signing several documents without even bothering to read them, Wendy was taken directly to the Vocational College for Girls.

Maggie said, "So that's how you ended up here," as she squatted down behind Wendy and put her soapy hands on Wendy's butt cheeks.

Wendy looked over her shoulder and witnessed Maggie in her squatted position with her knees spread apart. She was giving Wendy, and the guards, a total beaver shot! Wendy noticed that there was absolutely no blonde fuzz on Maggie's pleasure area at all because Maggie's sweet snatch was clean shaven, so Maggie's pretty pink pussy lips were fully exposed to everyone.

As Maggie slid her soapy finger up and down Wendy's tender butt crack, Wendy squeaked, "Whew, what are you doing back there girl?"

Maggie giggled and replied, "Just doing a little exploring!"

Then Maggie probed between Wendy's butt cheeks and Wendy yelped, "Eek! Careful Maggie. You don't know what you're doing to me!"

Maggie giggled and replied, "Okay, I'll be gentle, but I want to let you know that I think you've got a mighty fine ass kid!"

Wendy blushed, and then she looked over her shoulder and said, "Thanks, and you've got a nice..."

Maggie finished the sentence, "Pussy? You can say pussy. It's okay, and thanks. I'll let you touch it later!"

Wendy heard the guards chuckle at Maggie's remark and it made Wendy blush an even deeper shade of red. However, as Maggie moved her soapy hands up and down Wendy's smooth legs, Wendy noticed that a feeling was beginning to build inside of her. It was a feeling that she'd only gotten from boys before. Wendy felt both excited and confused, but she knew that she didn't want Maggie to stop.

As Maggie's hands slowly moved up and down Wendy's inner thighs, there was a nervous excitement stirring inside of Wendy. Was Maggie going to go all the way up Wendy's legs and touch her pussy? Wendy was getting anxious because she couldn't wait to find out. The anticipation of what Maggie had in store for Wendy's firm bare body was driving Wendy crazy! However, Maggie took it slow, spending a lot of time on Wendy's legs and dainty little feet while toying with sweet innocent Wendy's emotions in the process.

Wendy still had a hand over her pussy to hide her neatly trimmed brunette bush from the guards. However, she also found another purpose for her hand position. With a hand over her pussy, Wendy was able to dip her middle finger down between her legs. She casually touched her fingertip against her little clitty, but she could only move it around a little bit. Otherwise the guards would detect what she was doing. Unfortunately, touching her love button did not satisfy Wendy's needs. It merely intensified the sexual desire that was building inside of her, which was very frustrating for the naked girl.

As Wendy struggled to get a grip on her emotions, Maggie lifted one of Wendy's legs and rubbed her fingers over the soul of Wendy's bare foot. As Maggie gently tickled Wendy's foot, the sensation was incredible and caused Wendy to get goose bumps all over her exposed skin. Wendy's nipples poked out prominently, too, as Maggie's touch had a strange effect on her. Maggie even worked her fingers between each of Wendy's toes before moving to the other foot.

Maggie really tickled and taunted Wendy's other foot. She lightly scratched her fingernails up and down the soul of the poor girl's bare foot. Wendy had to hang onto the faucet in order to keep from falling down. Then Maggie slipped her tongue between each of Wendy's dainty little toes before putting Wendy's big toe in her mouth and nibbled on it. Maggie was sexually torturing Wendy and really loved the effect it was having on her.

It got Wendy so excited that she let out a little yelp, which everyone in the showers heard. Wendy almost forgot that there were six other naked girls showering beside her. The noise Wendy made caused the other girls to laugh, and then two of them walked up in front of her.

A slim attractive red-head reached out and tweaked one of Wendy's nipples, and then she said, "So, you're into girls? Hey Tina, come check out the new girl's tits."

A slightly overweight blonde with really big titties came over and grabbed Wendy's other breast.

The blonde said, "Mmm, she's got a nice rack."

Then Maggie called out, "Get away from her Tina and take Donna with you. This one's mine!"

The two girls chuckled, rolled Wendy's nipples between their fingers, and then they let go of Wendy's breasts and moved back to their own showers. However, Wendy could feel the girls glaring at her.

Wendy didn't know what to do next so she nervously continued talking about her arrival at the school. She said that following a long bus ride, Wendy was met at the door by Rose, a heavy set middle-aged woman who marched Wendy into the Dean's office. Wendy stood in front of a large cherry wood desk as a man behind the desk talked on the phone. When the man finally completed his phone call, he sat back in his leather chair and looked Wendy over.

Wendy said, "The man introduced himself as Dr. Midington. He said that he was the director of the institution. He asked me if I was familiar with the Vocational College for Girls and I told him that I wasn't, so he gladly explained it to me."

The doctor explained that the Vocational College for Girls is an alternative to prison for girls between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two. The intent is to give girls a chance to receive higher education while performing community service as punishment for their crimes. Dr. Midington said that Mr. Powers had just retired as the head of the school and he was Mr. Power's replacement.

Wendy said, "Then the doctor mentioned that I was the first new addition to the school since he took over. That's when I really started feeling uneasy."

Wendy said that Dr. Midington had an evil grin on his face as his eyes once again scanned Wendy's slim shapely body. Then the doctor introduced Rose, the lady that brought Wendy into the office. He explained that Rose was his personal assistant.

Maggie said, "He's a dog and she's a snake...a really fat snake!"

Wendy said, "I believe you, but it gets worse. The doctor turned to Rose and asked what the girls normally do when they first arrive. Rose smiled and replied that the girls strip off all their clothes so they can be photographed. Then the doctor just grinned and said, 'Excellent!' That's when I knew I was being used."

Maggie said, "You were. You're the first person I've heard of that had to be photographed in the nude upon arrival to the school...but it doesn't surprise me. Rose is always looking for new ways to exploit us."

Wendy said, "Well that's disturbing news. I wonder what they'll do with the pictures."

Maggie said, "Check the Internet later. I'm sure you'll find them."

Maggie saw the sadness on Wendy's face so she leaned forward and kissed Wendy on the small of her back. Then she hugged Wendy from behind and since she was squatting down, she was able to press her large breasts against Wendy's butt. It made Wendy smile because she felt that she now had a friend, but the stares she was getting from the guards and the other girls left Wendy feeling a little on edge.

As Maggie toyed with Wendy's young firm body, the other six girls finished showering and attempted to leave the shower room. Unfortunately for the girls, the guards crowded the doorway and forced the six naked beauties to squeeze past them. The men were wearing short sleeves and they made sure the girls had no choice, but to press their bare breasts against the guards' arms in order to exit the showers.

It was very humiliating for the girls, especially since they also had to slide their wet naked bodies past a guy that wasn't even a guard. However, the girls knew that their only option was to comply with the guards' instructions, so they offered their tight nude bodies to the men in exchange for a passage to their bedrooms. Now all that remained in the shower room were Wendy, Maggie and the men.

Maggie's hands returned to Wendy's bare ass, so Wendy whispered, "Maggie, you're rubbing my butt right in front of the guards!"

Maggie said, "I know. I just can't get enough of your cute little behind. Don't you like it?"

Wendy replied, "Sure, but is it safe? You seem to be turning the guys on. I think they have bulges in their pants! How do you know they won't rush in and rape us?"

Maggie said, "They can't touch us. If they do, they'll be arrested and dismissed from their position. There's no way a guy would want to lose a sweet gig like this. That's why the girls and I go out of our way to tease the guards," as she spread her own legs even further apart, shamelessly showing all of her pink pussy lips to the men.

Then Maggie asked, "So what happened when you found out that you had to strip in front of the director?"

I yelled, "Strip off my clothes? Here? In front of Dr. Midington?"

Rose replied, "That's right little girl. Doctor, it sounds like she didn't read her paperwork."

Dr. Midington concurred, "I believe you're right."

I tried to explain that my lawyer rushed me into signing the documents because he said I had to hurry to get the last open spot in the school, but Rose just laughed and said, "Yeah...the lawyers use that one a lot!"

At that point, I really felt exploited and betrayed.

Then the doctor turned to me and said, "So you don't really know what goes on in this school?"

I nervously answered, "No."

The doctor said that as a student at the Vocational College for Girls, I would perform community service by working at various businesses in town.

Then Rose dropped the bomb, "And you'll be working in these businesses while wearing very, very revealing outfits!"

That made me shriek, "I'll have to work in public nearly naked?"

Rose responded, "That's right, dear. Having you VCG Girls working in town while wearing skimpy outfits attracts men from miles around."

I stammered, "Men? There will be men...looking at me...nearly naked?"

Dr. Midington rubbed his hands together mischievously and said, "Of course. You'll always find men where there are partially clothed women!"

I asked, "But why? Why humiliate us like that?"

Dr. Midington answered, "You see Wendy, the money these visitors spend accounts for most of the town's revenue. Then the businesses give kickbacks to the teachers and staff of the institution."

Rose added, "Yeah. I'll profit from your misfortune! In fact, they'll even reward your lawyer for convincing you to choose the Vocational College for Girls instead of prison. Now you know why he pressured you into signing up for the program so quickly."

Dr. Midington chuckled and said, "And of course, the kickback money is never reported to the state so everyone makes a lot of money off of you," and then the doctor and Rose both let out a condescending laugh.

I sternly asked, "But how do you get away with it?"

He said, "You know that paperwork you didn't bother to read? It stated that you agreed to all of our terms under your own free will so you're stuck here with us."

Rose added, "Hence, I suggest you go along with whatever you're asked to do. That way you'll walk out of here with a free college degree and a spotless record."

Dr. Midington continued, "However, if you try to make waves, you'll be sent to prison and your record will remain tarnished forever. If you don't want to go to prison, then I suggest you take Rose's advice and abide by the rules of the program."

That's when Rose demanded, "Ether go to prison or start stripping!"

As Maggie listened to the all too familiar story, Maggie's hand started to creep up higher between Wendy's legs. Talking about Rose and Dr. Midington made Wendy tense again, but when Maggie's fingers finally reached Wendy's neatly trimmed brunette bush, Wendy's sexual tension quickly replaced her stressful tension. Wendy finally dropped both of her arms, leaving her body completely exposed for the guys to examine.

Maggie put a little soap on her hand and began to slowly comb her fingers through Wendy's soft brown bush until she worked up a nice soapy lather between Wendy's legs. Wendy wanted Maggie to slide her finger down between her legs and touch her pussy, but Maggie was taking her time. Maggie knew that Wendy was feeling frustrated and wanted some satisfaction, but she was in no hurry to give Wendy any relief. Then Wendy saw that the two male guards and their friend were staring intently at her pussy, which made Wendy blush.

Maggie asked, "So getting back to your story, what happened next?"

Wendy said, "I was still wearing the clothes from my trial. I had on an elegant dress, bra, pantyhose and high heels. First, I kicked off my high-heeled sandals and then I reached up under my dress to pull down my pantyhose. As I slowly slid the nylons down my legs, I made sure my dress kept my personal areas covered which prompted Rose to make some condescending remarks."

Rose said, "Oh dear Dr. Midington, it looks like we have a shy one here. She's trying to keep her girlie places covered...as if we're never gonna see 'em!"

Maggie said, "Don't feel bad about stripping in front of the director. We've all had to do it."

Wendy said, "Maybe so, but my story keeps getting worse. At that moment, there was a knock on the door. Rose opened it and a big burly man walked in with a younger guy in tow behind him. They stopped in their tracks when they saw me standing in the office holding the pantyhose I'd just removed."

Dr. Midington said, "Hi Roscoe. How's my car?"

Roscoe answered, "It's finished. Why don't you come down and take a look?"

Dr. Midington said, "Can you wait a minute? I've got something I've gotta finish up here, first."

Roscoe said, "Sure, no problem."

Rose chuckled and said, "Yeah, he has to watch this girl take her clothes off!"

Then Rose gave me a wicked grin and said to the guys, "Why don't you gentlemen have a seat?"

The guys anxiously replied, "Sure" and sat down right in front of me.

In the shower, Wendy said to Maggie, "Can you believe it? Rose asked the guys to stay knowing full well that I was about to take my dress off!"

Maggie asked, "So what did you do?"

I sternly said to Rose, "They can't stay in here...you're making me take my clothes off", but Rose simply said, "You'd better get used to it. Now drop those hose and get that dress off."

Maggie asked, "Rose made you strip in front of all those guys?"

Wendy replied, "Yeah. It was horrible. The younger guy was actually kind of cute. He was around nineteen or twenty, but the older man was heavy set and hairy."

As Maggie continued combing her fingertips though Wendy's pussy hair, Wendy purred, "Mmm, that feels good!"

Maggie smiled and said, "You like that, huh?"

Wendy just blushed and unconsciously spread her legs a little wider apart, giving Maggie easier access to her pussy hair. Then Wendy went on with her story.

I noticed that the man was content, as if he'd seen this kind of thing before. However, the younger guy was on the edge of his seat and had a big smile on his face. He acted as if he couldn't wait for the show to begin, which really embarrassed me.

I didn't want to take my dress off in front of the three men so I continued to stall. Unfortunately, Rose became inpatient with my stall tactics so she walked over and pulled the zipper down the back of my dress. The dress now hung open and the back of my frilly bra was exposed to the guys.

Rose demanded, "Get the dress off", but I tried to tell her that I don't wear panties with pantyhose.

She abrasively said, "So?" and I answered, "So...I've already removed my pantyhose. That means all I have on under this dress is my bra. I'm not wearing any underpants!"

That statement really put smiles on the men's faces.

Then Rose said, "Too bad for you," and she stepped forward and pushed the sides of my dress off my shoulders.

The dress fell, but I was able to catch the front of it at my waist. However, with the zipper of the dress wide open in back, my entire ass was hanging out. Roscoe and his helper could see my bare butt crack between the separation in the dress. I sensed that my butt was showing so I quickly turned around to face the men. I figured that since I was holding the dress waist high in front, it would protect my pussy from the men's line of sight.

Unfortunately, Roscoe and his assistant enjoyed the view from the front, too. My round rosy nipples were quite visible through the cups of my expensive lace bra and the push up effect of the bra emphasized my cleavage. Also, I was holding the dress low enough to expose my flat tummy and cute little belly-button to the guys.

Then Rose became impatient and walked towards me again. Assuming that Rose was going to pull down my dress, I gripped the garment tightly. However, Rose went for my bra and quickly popped it open. Then Rose pushed the bra straps down my arms, which allowed the delicate bra cups to fall from my breasts.

Maggie interrupted the story and said, "I'll bet the men were turned on because your beautiful boobies are really something to see. Your breasts are so perky and firm, and I just love your silver dollar sized nipples. They look like they're longing to be touched," and then Maggie stood up, took Wendy's breasts in her hands and gently squeezed them.

Wendy smiled and moaned as she enjoyed the way Maggie was playing with her titties, but then Wendy quickly directed one of Maggie's hands back to her pussy. Maggie once again combed her fingernails through Wendy's soft brunette bush, but didn't go near Wendy's love hole.

Wendy looked Maggie in the eyes and begged, "Please?"

Maggie smiled and whispered, "Soon. Now go on with your story."

Wendy closed her eyes and grunted, "Grrr, you're driving me crazy Maggie," but then Wendy continued with her story.

When Rose pushed the bra straps down my arms, it left my titties out in the open for everyone to see. I saw the lustful expressions on the guys' faces as they ogled my bare breasts and I instinctively cupped my hands over my boobies to hide them from the men's view. That was a big mistake because it freed my hands from the grip I had on my unzipped dress.

Maggie grinned as if it excited her to hear about Wendy's misadventure. It was as though Maggie got pleasure out of imagining the humiliation Wendy was forced to endure in front of the men, but Wendy continued with her tale, unaware of the effect it was having on Maggie.

Big Rose came up behind me, reached around and grabbed my wrists. She wanted to pull my hands away from my boobs, but what she was ultimately doing was stopping me from reaching for my dress. As Rose and I struggled, I could feel my dress inching its way down in front of me. I glanced down and saw that my pussy hair was beginning to peek out above the top of the dress. I tried to hold still, but when Rose pulled on my arms, it made my hips wiggle causing the dress to slip further and further down my legs.

I yelped, "Oh no, my dress is falling down!"

Unfortunately, Rose paid no attention to me, but I had the undivided attention of the men. I tried not to move my arms, but by now just the tip of my finger covered a tiny portion of each nipple as my hands were almost pulled free from my breasts. So much of my nipples were uncovered that I was now more or less bare-chested in front of the men.

Maggie licked her lips and said, "So the men were still watching you...lusting over your tight teenaged body as your dress slowly slid down your hips, exposing the tender flesh and soft curly mound that is supposed to stay privately hidden from the men's view?"

Maggie could feel her juices begin to flow as she continued, "And you poor, poor sweet girl...you must have been so embarrassed! Not only did you have to contend with allowing the men to see your pussy as it began to show, you also had to deal with the fact that your full firm breasts were thrust out in front of you and you were powerless to hide them from the guys' hungry eyes! They could see your pretty pink nipples and all you could do was let them look. That must have been so humiliating."

Still unaware that Maggie was actually getting excited over Wendy's predicament, Wendy responded, "Yeah, it was really humiliating! I felt so helpless and vulnerable, and the men wouldn't take their eyes off of me."

The men didn't want to blink because by now almost a third of my pussy hair was showing and the dress was still creeping down the front of me. Ever so slowly, the dress kept slipping further and further down as more and more of my soft brown pussy hair came into view.

The younger guy unconsciously started chanting, "Come on dress, fall. Fall down dress. Let me see her pussy!"

The other men just smiled at the boy as my dress continued to travel down my hips. Soon half of my furry patch was visible and then the dress inched its way down until two-thirds of my pussy hair was showing with the guys sitting just a few feet away.

I was so nervous because I knew that my pussy was only seconds away from being fully exposed to the men, yet I was powerless to stop the dress from sliding down to my thighs. Rose finally pulled my hands away from my boobies and they wobbled back and forth with my erect nipples poking out, but Rose retained her firm grip on my wrists.

Rose finally realized that my dress was falling down and there was no way she was going to release my arms and let me pull it up. As Rose and I continued to struggle with my arms held to my sides, my unrestrained boobies bounced up and down in front of me. The guys liked watching my titties wobble back and forth, but their real interest was in my slowly descending dress.

With three-fourths of my pleasure patch now showing, all of the men joined into the chant by saying, "Come on dress, keep sliding down. We want to see more! Come on Wendy, let your dress fall down. Show us your pussy!"

I begged, "Please Rose...please let go of my wrists. My dress is falling down and the men can see it. They can almost see all of it!"

Rose asked, "See it...see what? Your pussy hair? You don't want the men to see your pussy hair?"

I pleaded, "No! Please Rose. Almost all of my pussy hair is showing. The dress is about to fall all the way down. Please let me pull my dress up. Please let me hide my pussy!"

Rose just laughed. Then she purposely shook my arms causing my dress to slip all the way down to my thighs.

Rose excitedly said, "Whoops. The dress took a big dip that time. And look at the men. They must be big fans of pussy hair because the guys all have their eyes focused right between your legs!"

I was almost in shock. My hairy triangle was now completely exposed and I sensed that my dress was about to fall all the way off. When my dress slid down to my knees, I spread my legs apart as far as they would go in order to prevent the dress from falling down any further.

Then Rose said, "Look guys! Wendy's spreadin' her legs for you. Mmm, mmm, mmm! She sure has a pretty patch of girl fur, doesn't she guys? And take a close look down below. With her legs spread, you can almost see...yes, you can even see her sweet pink pussy lips!"

When Rose pointed out that my pose merely gave the men a better view of my pussy, I instinctively put my legs together and that's when my dress plunged to the floor. I was now bottomless, as well as topless in front of the guys. I was so embarrassed that I think my whole body blushed.

Maggie asked, "You poor thing! So now you were standing in the office completely naked? Every inch of your sweet tender body was exposed to the guys and they were all feasting their eyes on you?"

Wendy replied, "Yep. My soft brown pussy hair was totally exposed in front of everyone. I felt so vulnerable and my face turned crimson red."

Maggie asked, "What did you do?"

Wendy replied, "I immediately bent down to reach for my dress, but Rose seized the opportunity and grabbed the bra and dress away from me. Then Rose picked up the pantyhose and high heeled shoes from the floor leaving me standing there helplessly naked in front of the three men.

Maggie was still softly running her fingernails through Wendy's pussy hair when she said, "You were standing there, totally naked in front of three men? That must have been horrible!"

Wendy replied, "It was! I'd never been so humiliated in my life. The men were all staring at me and there was no place to hide. All I could do was grit my teeth and use my arms to shield my nudity the best I could."

Maggie smiled and asked, "Did the men see this?"

Then Maggie finally moved her finger down between Wendy's legs. She gently slid her finger back and forth splitting Wendy's pretty pussy lips which sent chills up and down Wendy's spine. Wendy's knees nearly gave out, but she was able to steady herself by holding onto the faucet.

As Maggie held Wendy's pussy lips apart right in front of the guards, Maggie again asked, "Did they see this?"

Wendy softly answered, "No," as she looked up and realized that the guards were admiring her pretty pussy.

Wendy nervously said, "Oh Maggie, I want you to touch me there so much, but the guards and their friend are staring at me. They can see my pussy!"

Maggie said, "Here sweetie...let's turn you around."

Wendy quickly turned her back to the guards and Maggie squatted down in front of her. The men now had an unobstructed view of Wendy's nice smooth ass, but Wendy felt a little less vulnerable with her back to the men. By facing the wall, she no longer had to look at them.

Maggie on the other hand was now facing the men. In her squatted position, the guards had a clear view of Maggie's bald beaver. However, Maggie didn't seem to care at all. In fact, she spread her knees apart as far as they would go, leaving her love hole completely exposed for the men to observe.

Maggie was slowly sliding her hand up Wendy's inner thigh. The anticipation of what Maggie was about to do next was making Wendy's heart beat rapidly. She wanted to feel Maggie's finger inside of her so badly and it appeared as though she was finally going to get her wish. The guards couldn't exactly see what Maggie was doing to Wendy, but they assumed that Maggie was about to push her finger into Wendy's waiting pussy, so they continued to watch.

When Maggie's finger finally penetrated Wendy's wet pussy, Wendy loudly moaned, "Ohhh!"

That made the guards laugh, but it excited them, too. Then a third guard, along with another guy in plain clothes, appeared in the entrance to the shower room.

One of the guards chuckled, and then he looked at Maggie and said, "We needed backup."

Maggie just shook her head in disgust, but continued to leave her shaved pussy on display for the men to see.

Maggie directed her attention back to Wendy, and with a finger inside Wendy's tight wet pussy, Maggie said, "Go on with your story, sweetie."

Wendy was unaware that two additional men were now admiring her nude body as she said, "Mmm, okay...I'll try."

Wendy now had a little difficulty telling her story. She kept interrupting herself with soft moaning sounds, but Wendy continued reciting the story the best she could.

I tried hiding my nakedness from the men by putting an arm across my breasts and a hand between my legs, and then Rose said, "I'll get rid of these clothes and get the camera."

Roscoe chuckled and said, "Sure thing Rose. Take your time!"

Rose walked off with my clothes and I suddenly found myself alone and naked in front of all those men. I had an arm across my chest, but I was so nervous that I didn't notice that one of my nipples was carelessly exposed to the guys. Luckily the patch of hair between my legs was neatly trimmed so I was able to hide most of my soft brown bush with one hand.

Then the guys began talking to me. I don't know if they were trying to put me at ease or if they were trying to make things worse, but that Roscoe guy asked me if I played any sports. I told him that I played softball in high school so he said that if I played on a sports team, it counted as community service. However, he also stated that I may not like the uniforms.

I asked him why not and he explained that the girls who play team sports, like basketball, volleyball, soccer and softball, wear little skirts and small see-through T-shirts with no bras or panties underneath. I ask why the girls had to wear such skimpy uniforms and he said that just like everything else around here, it's all about money. Tickets are forty bucks apiece and guys aren't going to pay those prices just to watch a normal softball game, so they limit the girls' clothing in order to draw a crowd.

Maggie interjected, "And it works, too! Every game is sold out because, as you can imagine, it's pretty hard for a girl to play those types of sports in such a tiny uniform without exposing herself to the crowd."

Maggie continued, "Nobody warned me when I signed up for softball. We had to wear bare midriff see-through tank tops with arm holes so big that our boobies could literally pop out from the sides. Our nipples were plainly visible through the front of the thin tops, too. We also had to wear very short cheerleader skirts, knee socks, hats and tennis shoes. No bras or panties were allowed!"

Wendy said, "That must have been a horrible experience for you."

Maggie replied, "It was! We played against junior college teams so there was always a bunch of guys that would come to watch the games...and I had to play catcher! When I bent over behind the plate, my ass would hang out for all the guys to see. When I swung the bat, the twisting motion caused my breasts to spill out of the sides of my shirt. The crowd would roar when I stopped to tuck them back in. And my titties bounced around when I ran the bases, which also thrilled the crowd."

Wendy reached down, tweaked one of Maggie's pert nipples and sweetly said, "I would pay to see these!"

Maggie smiled at Wendy, and then she continued, "I think we heard the biggest cheers when we had to jump up to catch the ball because our short skirts would fly up in the air. The guys must have been in heaven because there were asses and pussies on display all day!"

Wendy said, "That sounds bad, but it doesn't sound as bad as the story Roscoe told about the swim team. He said that swimming was his favorite sport to watch because the girls are forced to wear tiny string bikinis that barely cover their boobs. The girls hang out all over the place! And he excitedly said that the thong bottoms were quite a sight, too. The crowd could almost see their entire ass!"

Then Roscoe said, "You should've been there the night their swimming suits fell off."

I said in disbelief, "Their suits fell all the way off? You mean the girls were naked?"

Roscoe answered, "Yep! They were as naked as you are now," which drew everyone's attention back to my bare body.

I blushed because all the men turned to look at me. Then I looked down and felt even worse because I noticed that one of my nipples was showing. I quickly repositioned my arm to hide my titties from the men, which put a smile on the guys' faces. Apparently watching me squirm due to my humiliating circumstances was quite entertaining for the men. As the guys continued to stare at me, Roscoe went on about the swim team.

Roscoe said, "So anyway, one time as a joke Mr. Powers bought the girls some normal looking swimming suits. The girls were all excited because they thought they were going to get to compete wearing Olympic style suits instead of having to prance around almost naked in front of the crowd. Then they jumped in the water and that's when it happened."

I interrupted, "Let me guess. Their suits became see-through."

Roscoe said, "Even better! The suits were designed to disintegrate when they got wet. Everyone was laughing their heads off as they watched the girls move around in the pool. Their suits started falling off and floating around at the top of the water. The girls panicked and tried to grab their suits, but the material just shredded apart like wet tissue paper. Eventually the girls had to climb out of the pool bare-assed naked! The towel boy wasn't doing a very good job that night, either, because there wasn't a single towel in the pool area."

Maggie said, "I heard about that night. The girls were forced to finish the swim meet in the nude. It was a bad deal for the swimmers, but it was even worse for the girls that were waiting to swim. Their bench was right in front of the audience and they had to sit there stark naked. Needless to say, the girls were mortified."

Well it's obvious that the administration are happy to exploit us because Dr. Midington said, "It's not just the uniforms that fill the stands. It's also the anticipation of the girls losing a piece or all of their uniform during the contest that brings people to the events. Often the girls are lucky to have any of their uniform left when the game is over."

Then Roscoe added, "It's really fun to watch when the opposing team pulls on the VCG Girls' uniforms to distract them...and penalties take on a whole new meaning in these games!"

As I continued standing naked in front of the men, Rose entered the room, took a look at me, chuckled and said, "Whoops, I forgot the camera. I guess you'll have to stand there a little longer," which made me angry.

There I stood, totally naked in front of an office full of guys and Rose purposely forgot the camera in order to prolong my nudity!

Then the boy asked, "Can I have a drink of water?"

Rose said, "Sure. The water cooler's right back here."

As the boy got up to follow Rose, Dr. Midington and Roscoe let out a laugh. Everyone knew that the water cooler was behind me and they figured the boy was only getting a drink so that he could get a clear view of my bare bottom. I watched as the boy continued to stare at me as he walked towards the water cooler.

Now I had a decision to make. I could move my hands behind me to hide my bare ass from the boy, but that would leave my titties and pussy exposed to the men. Of course leaving my arms in their current position protected my boobs and bush in front, but it left my butt on display from behind. I opted to remain covered in front, but I felt totally embarrassed as the boy checked out my naked backside.

Then Wendy looked down and noticed that Maggie had a hand between her own legs.

Wendy asked, "Maggie, are you fingering yourself?"

Maggie giggled and said, "Maybe!"

Wendy asked, "But why? What's the matter? Am I getting you all hot and bothered?"

Maggie said, "It's not just you, it's your story. Thinking about you having to stand there naked in front of all those guys is really getting me excited."

Wendy said, "But Maggie, it was humiliating. I was extremely embarrassed because all those guys were looking at me and I didn't have a stitch of clothing on. All I could do was stand there and let them see my titties. My pink nipples were showing and the hair between my legs was right out in the open...they could see everything!"

Maggie said, "I know. I can just picture it...such a sweet and innocent girl like yourself standing there all flustered and embarrassed because you were being paraded around totally nude in an office full of men. I mean, yeah I'm getting excited and I need a little relief, okay?"

Wendy reiterated, "You're getting excited thinking about how they humiliated me...how they made me stand there with every inch of my soft skin exposed for the guys' viewing pleasure? My tight teenaged body was on display and the men took pleasure in seeing me squirm to try and hide my full firm breasts, pretty pink nipples, smooth bare butt and curly brown pussy hair from their intense stares. I was blushing the whole time I was in the office and you're going to tell me that my embarrassing circumstances are turning you on?"

Maggie said, "Stop it, you're driving me wild" as Maggie furiously worked her finger around inside of her own pussy in search of sexual satisfaction.

Wendy just smiled as she watched Maggie pleasure herself, and then Wendy shivered and moaned as Maggie slid her finger deep inside of Wendy's wet pussy. Now Maggie was moving a finger in and out of two pussies as she continued to give Wendy's love hole plenty of attention.

Wendy said, "I don't know if I should continue with my story."

Maggie begged, "Oh please go on. Tell me what the boy saw!"

Wendy smiled and said, "Okay."

It was taking the boy forever to get a drink and I was mortified because he was staring at my bare butt the whole time. Then Rose came back with the camera and the boy quickly returned to his chair. Rose positioned me in front of a white wall and said, "Hands at your sides."

I yelled, "No way," so Rose pushed my arms down, removing the only protection I had from the men's view.

Maggie excitedly asked, "You mean the men could now see every inch of your soft tan skin."

Wendy replied, "Yep, it was all showing!"

I didn't want to pose for the pictures, but Rose said, "The faster we get this over-with, the faster you'll get to put some clothes on. I don't care either way. I can make you stand here naked all day and I'm sure the guys won't mind that a bit."

In unison, the men said, "That's right!"

Back in the showers, Maggie said, "I'll bet she posed you in all sorts of provocative positions."

Wendy replied, "Of course. The men saw everything I had to offer...over and over again!"

Maggie asked, "Everything?"

Wendy said, "I'm afraid so. As the camera flashed, I had to push my titties together, tease my nipples, bend over and show off my butt, and I even had to sit on the floor and spread my legs apart as wide as they could go, showing pink to all the guys in front of me."

Maggie asked, "But they weren't allowed to touch you, right?"

Wendy said, "No, just look."

Maggie said, "So they weren't able to do this," and then Maggie started making delicate circles with her finger inside of Wendy's moist pussy.

Wendy gasped because the feeling was really building inside of her. As she stood in the shower, Maggie pushed her finger in and out of Wendy's tight wet pussy. Wendy was really getting worked up as Maggie used a finger on her other hand to gently caress Wendy's sensitive butt crack. Maggie even probed Wendy's butt hole a few times before moving the hand back between her own legs to pleasure herself. As Maggie provided stimulation deep inside of Wendy, she added a few tidbits of what else goes on in the school.

Maggie explained that the abuse of authority spills over into the classrooms. The teachers seem to be sadistic because they love punishing the girls for poor academic performance. The instructors make the girls disrobe in front of everyone, including visitors. There's a tendency for teachers to pick on a particular student and ask her questions that she can't possibly know. Sometimes the punishment goes as far as a bare butt spanking.

Wendy asked if only the male teachers punished the girls and Maggie replied that the female teachers were the worst offenders. The female teachers invite their boyfriends, high-ranking officials and even high school boys to visit their class. Then the female teachers try to impress their guests by finding creative ways to make the girls lose their clothes, which is done solely for the entertainment of the visitors. Many of the younger girls say that having all their clothes removed in front of a classroom full of high school boys is the most humiliating experience they are forced to endure here at the Vocational College for Girls.

And the clothes they make us wear when we perform community service are outrageous. For example, they make girls wash windows in short skirts while on high ladders. You can imagine how humiliating it is to be up on a ladder in a short skirt with no panties on underneath while a group of guys stand below gazing up your skirt. I've even had to do it on a windy day!

There are girls that have to clean up along the roadways in too-small dresses, forcing the girls to offer their bare butts to the world when they bend over. The girls in the carwash are only allowed to wear tiny white T-shirts and matching see-through panties. I guess you can figure out what happens when those girls get all wet.

I've even had to work as a waitress wearing nothing but an apron. My ass was completely exposed, and when I bent over to serve food to one table, the table behind me had a clear view of my bare butt. I'll bet they even got a glimpse of my pussy lips from behind, too.

Then Maggie asked, "Are you listening to me" as she noticed that Wendy had closed her eyes and was purring softly.

Wendy moaned, "I'm...I'm sorry Maggie, but it feels so good."

Maggie softly said, "I understand," and then Maggie leaned forward and began to lick and nibble on Wendy's nipples while continuing to thrust her finger in and out of Wendy's tight pussy, as well as her own pussy.

Wendy purred, "Mmm, that feels good...that feels so good!"

Maggie whispered, "Don't think about the men now, just relax and enjoy my touch."

Wendy moaned, "Can't...I can't relax. Feels too good. Can't stop thinking about the men looking at me...looking at my body...examining my naked body. They could see my titties, my pussy, my bare butt...they saw everything. I was so...so embarrassed."

Maggie asked, "Oh Wendy, thinking about you naked is getting me so excited. I'm so wet. Was it really humiliating to be forced to stand there naked in front of those men?"

Wendy moaned, "Yes...yes, It was embarrassing...so embarrassing to be naked with all those men looking at me. Oh...oh that feels so good, Maggie!"

Maggie whispered, "But the guards are watching you now. They're watching me do this" as she worked her finger in and out, in and out, over and over and over again.

Maggie continued, "There watching my finger go in and out of my pussy. Mmm...in and out, in and out. It feels so good!"

Each time Maggie pulled her finger out of Wendy's pussy, she made sure that it rubbed up high against Wendy's little clitty. When Maggie made contact with Wendy's love button, she could feel Wendy's body shutter. It helped intensify the sexual tension building inside of Maggie, too.

Maggie teased, "The guys are watching us. They can see your beautiful butt. They can see our titties and our pussies. There's even more guys there now. Should I stop?"

Wendy looked over here shoulder and finally noticed that there were now five men watching them. However, she was too excited now to let anything stop her from reaching a much deserved orgasm.

Wendy begged, "No...please no. Don't stop, don't...stop. I don't care if they can see us. I don't care if there's more guys watching. I've got to...mmm...got to finish. Oh it feels so good! I'm so, oh so close. Please make me cum!"

Maggie whispered, "I know...I know...I'm so close, too. We just have to let go. I'm here for you baby. Do it for me. Cum baby...make it happen!"

Then Maggie felt Wendy's body tense up and with a deep exhale Wendy began shouting, "Oh yes...yes! I'm cumming. I'm cumming. Don't top...oh...oh...don't stop...feels good...feels oh so good! I'm...I'm cumming...mmm...I'm cumming!"

Maggie yelled, "Me too...oh...oh...me too. I'm cumming. Mmm...I'm cumming!"

Finally Wendy's body went limp and she couldn't take it anymore. Maggie followed suit and hung onto Wendy to maintain her balance. Then Maggie embraced Wendy and gave her a big wet kiss. Wendy was hugging Maggie, but mostly just to remain upright because her explosive orgasm drained all of her energy.

Just like the other girls, Wendy and Maggie had to squeeze past the guards. Wendy was so embarrassed that she refused to make eye contact with them. However, Maggie looked right at them, as if to say "We're hot and you're never gonna touch us!"

Maggie and Wendy kissed each other goodnight, but they couldn't wait until they would get to see each other again tomorrow!