**The Short Skirt**

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**The Short Skirt Ch. 01**

"Miss Jennings, please come to the front of the class."  
  
Little Anna turned around. Who me? She reluctantly arose from her desk and approached the teacher. What could this be about?  
  
Mrs. Kant, the most fearsome home room teacher in the 12th grade, gripped Anna by the shoulders. "Stand upright young lady."  
  
The instructor walked slowly around to inspect the innocent student. She paused long enough to flip one of the gaudy dangling earrings that were a birthday gift from Anna's big brother.  
  
"Class! Bring your attention to front."   
  
The handful of quiet conversations ended as heads turned and all eyes focused on unfolding drama.  
  
The teacher sighed dramatically. "Every year, somebody attempts to take advantage of the dress code. I never agreed with the relaxed uniform guidelines, and this policy of letting seniors have 'out of uniform' days degrades the decorum of this institution. This young lady," the exasperated matron gestured up and down Anna's body, "has clearly not remembered the guidelines for skirt length."  
  
Anna was so excited choosing her outfit for the first warm spring day of senior year. Eleven and a half years of wearing hideous plaid uniforms and heavy patent leather shoes were finally behind her. Policy permitted seniors out of uniform during the second half of their final year. The long winter chill meant Anna selected slacks or long skirts with sweaters, but the weather finally changed.   
  
Anna's white skirt extended to mid thigh, but it had a pleat and a flare. It was easy to misestimate the position of the hem based on the viewing angle. She took care when she bought it last summer. All her friends agreed it would be acceptable, but her long slender thighs naturally drew the eye upward.  
  
"I hope you aren't the common street walker you appear to be. What could have been running through your pretty little head, Miss Jennings?" The teacher's glance moved from the class to her cowed student and back several times as if appraising the overall reaction to her question.  
  
Anna slumped and pressed the hem of her skirt to her legs in self defense. It wasn't too short. She was sure.  
  
Mrs. Kant's face twised into a grimace, and she practically spat. "Go straight to Mr. Marshal's office. You'll be lucky if he doesn't send you home with a detention." The teacher held the door open just as the morning announcements started on the classroom public address speaker.

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Anna sat demurely on the hard plastic chair in the private waiting area outside the Principal's office. She kept her legs together and tugged the hem lower. An acute sensation of the boundary between shear panties and cold plastic forced awareness of her thighs and bottom. The back of the skirt unavoidably rode up when she sat.   
  
Mr. Marshal finally opened his door and ushered her in. "What is the problem Miss Jennings?"  
  
"I'm sorry sir. Mrs. Kant told me to come to you because my skirt is too short for the casual dress code, but sir, it's not. It covers to mid thigh!"  
  
"Let me see," he directed. Then he walked slowly around her in a reenactment of Mrs. Kant's inspection. "This is a prestigious school that teaches young adults to act with decorum at all times. Parents entrust us. What would the parents' committee think if they came to visit today? Would they approve of your skirt?"  
  
"I think so sir," she hoped.  
  
"I'm not so sure. This is a borderline case. I can't send you back to Mrs. Kant without some remedy." He crouched to level his eyes with her waist as he tried to estimate the position of the hem on her thighs. "You do appear to be adequately covered, but Mrs. Kant may have seen something I haven't. Walk over towards the wall and bend over to touch your toes. If you remain covered, I'll let it go this time."  
  
Anna prayed silently. Her nerves tingled with anxiety, but she obeyed the command. As she bent, she detected stray zephyrs from the Principal's open window. A sensual caress of air high between her legs alarmed the student. Anna dreaded the Principal's certain verdict.  
  
"Indeed Miss Jennings! I can see half of your derriere. This is most inappropriate. Have you no modesty befitting a lady?"  
  
Anna stood upright, and a blush spread down her cheeks and neck. The flush reached all the way to the slight rise of her heaving breasts as she hyperventilated in shame. A pink blouse - unbuttoned to a point above her heart - revealed a silky camisole beneath.  
  
He stared at her as if considering what to do. "Are you wearing a bra, Miss Jennings?"  
  
Her hands involuntarily shielded the rise of her breasts from his penetrating eyes. She shook her head, "No sir."  
  
"Why not?"  
  
"I'm very small sir, and I don't need one except in gym class." She hunched ashamed and embarrassed.  
  
"What am I going to do with you, Miss Jennings? Do you want me to call your parents to take you home for dress code violation?"  
  
"No sir. My parents work in the city. It would take hours out of their busy day. They might not be able to get away from clients. It would be unbelievably bad! Don't do that sir, please." A tear formed in the corner of her eye.  
  
"Well, what else can I do? I can't have you bend over like that in the hallway. I'm not running a peep show!"  
  
"I won't. I promise!"  
  
"What if you forget to keep your legs together? What if you trip and fall? What about the poor student who unwittingly follows you up the stairs between classes? Do you take me for a fool, Miss Jennings? Even if I catch you flaunting yourself, you will just say it was an accident or you didn't know people could see. I think you wore that skirt because you want people to see."  
  
"No sir." The tear ran down her cheek. "I don't want anybody to see. I swear. It would be so embarrassing. Can't I just spend the day in detention? I'll sit outside your office all day."  
  
"Those are good ideas, but I don't think you would learn anything that way. I see no reason for you to miss an entire day of study. More importantly, you need a lesson about propriety in dress that you will never forget."  
  
Anna stood shivering with dread. She appeared delightfully submissive, but inside she was starting to boil with complaints of injustice. A long moment passed while student and Principal appraised each other. Finally, she vented, "I really think I'm capable of keeping myself concealed. I know to keep my legs together, and frankly, boys have been trying to see up my skirt on the stairs since forever. I think I can avoid that too."  
  
"Is that so? Well, I'm glad you are so confident. I'll make you a deal: You slip off your panties right now. You can collect them from me at the final bell. I think that will ensure you go the entire day with keen awareness of potential exposure. Will you make the deal?"  
  
All of her confidence fled. Nobody ever talked to her like that before. She couldn't take her panties off. She especially couldn't do it right here in front of the Principal. Anna stared at her feet and shook her head, "No."  
  
"You disappoint me. I thought I detected the kind of confident assurance that might have saved you, but I see no alternative except to call your parents. I'll just get the numbers from the front office."  
  
"Sir! No sir. Please don't. I'll do it. Here, wait!"  
  
Mr. Marshal stood with his hand on the doorknob and his eyes riveted on the young lady before him. She wriggled and squatted to pull thin material from between her legs. She rolled the tiny pink garment down her calves and over bobby socks. With her bent like that, his attention followed an inviting path down her camisole where it gaped. He found the tantalizing glimpse distracting enough to not even notice her kicking the panties off.  
  
"Here sir. Take them." She stood and thrust the wad at him. Her thin arms trembled.  
  
Beholding the absurd scene, he became embarrassed. He never in his life accepted warm panties fresh from a student in his care. How had things gone so far? He plotted this course, so he made exaggerated motions to accept her offering. A brisk walk to his desk halted as he subconsciously rolled the silky material between his fingers. "I will lock them in my desk drawer," he pointed. "Do not forget to collect them at the end of the day."  
  
"Yes sir."  
  
"Now go. The first bell is about to ring. You might as well head straight to your first class. I'll send a note to Mrs. Kant and let her know I have dealt with the situation. Don't disappoint me any further Miss Jennings."  
  
Anna backed out of the office fully aware of the challenge before her. When she dressed in the morning, her only thoughts had been about how cute she looked and anticipation of appreciation she would get from boys. Now, she dreaded "looks."

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The bell rang when Anna was half way to her locker. Every door along the hall opened and students streamed out. The corridor became packed. Shouldering her way through the crowd, she felt her skirt swishing. People brushed against her. Tom Lloyd gave her a smile and a wink that would have thrilled her on another day, but she looked down and turned away.  
  
Lockers stacked along the walls granted some students uppers, and others, like Anna, had lowers. She knelt to enter her combination, but it suddenly fled her mind. She was dumbfounded holding the lock in her palm. What was the matter with her? She waited, heart racing, and leaned back so her bottom rested on the heels of her shoes. It was a strange sensation on flesh unaccustomed to touch.  
  
"Why can't I remember my combination? I'm losing my mind," she thought with desperation. It was the worst day of her life. It was worse than getting her first period years ago while on a school field trip. She tried to hide the stain on the back of her uniform skirt and dreaded discovering she leaked all the way through to the bus seat. Worst of all, the chaperone made her beg a pad from her worst enemy, Amanda.  
  
Tom already had his books and walked over to find out what was bothering Anna. He stood behind her waiting for her to notice his presence. She seemed deep in concentration. Somebody walking past jostled him, and his unintended half step forward landed on the hem of her skirt just as she began to rise.  
  
The elastic material slid down her hip exposing half a milky white globe before the hem pulled free of his shoe. Anna startled and quickly adjusted, but Tom would never un-see the sensual curve of flesh. Imprinted memory would remain in his fantasies for decades, he was sure.  
  
"Tom!" Her eyes shot daggers. "How could you!" It wasn't a question.  
  
"I'm sorry!" His hands flew up in defense. "Someone pushed me just as you were standing."  
  
"Go way - jerk!" She shoved at him, but he was already backing. It was not the right time to ask her.  
  
The crowds thinned as everyone found their way to class, but Anna still didn't have her books. She knelt again, and her hands dialed the combination through force of habit more than anything. Grabbing her homework and biology text as quickly as possible, she slammed the locker and ran down the hall. It was a quick trip up the stairs. Nobody lingered behind her to see the skirt flip and flare with every lunge. Anna slipped through the door just as the teacher closed it.  
  
"I'm glad you joined us, Miss Jennings. Please take your seat."  
  
Biology used high lab benches with sinks and gas lines for bunsen burners. Students sat on stools similar to bar stools. Anna very carefully smoothed her skirt under her buns as she sat, and she kept her thighs tightly together. She had to sit half off the stool to confirm she remained covered.  
  
Class proceeded as normal. Some of the boys at the table behind her whispered and laughed, but that wasn't out of the ordinary. When the bell finally rang, Anna jumped from her stool, took one step, and tripped over Amanda's bag.  
  
Other students gathered around where she splayed on the floor. Was everything Mr. Marshal said fated to happen? Boys behind marveled at the sight of her feminine cleft until she scrambled from the floor. Anna wanted to just die, and she didn't even know the explicit extent of her exposure.  
  
Whispering started. Soon everybody in class knew Anna wasn't wearing any panties under that short skirt. The worst day ever was about to take another dive.

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By the bell after the second class, heads turned everywhere she went. Thank goodness she hadn't needed to use the stairs since the morning. It seemed like people brushed her even more than usual in the throng between classes. Someone even flipped the back of her skirt, but when Anna turned, it was impossible to tell who did it. She ran to the girl's room pushing people out of the way. She almost couldn't hold it together until she slammed the stall door shut and started to sob.  
  
Why was everyone being so mean to her? Why did it have to be Amanda who saw her humiliation? What had they seen? How could she ever live this down? Would any decent boy ask her to Prom after this? Probably only the lechers with hotel room keys and dirty minds would ask her now. The skirt was supposed to be cute. She wanted some attention from the boys for a change. They all lusted for Amanda with her huge boobs and hardly noticed little Anna.   
  
The bell rang while tears continued to flow. Great, now she was late to class on top of everything. At least the next class was Creative Writing. The teacher, Mr. Mortar, was the coolest teacher in the school. He probably wouldn't give her detention for being late.

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It took Anna a few minutes to pull herself together in the bathroom and get as presentable as possible after the crying jag. She didn't exactly run to class either because once you're late, how much worse is later?  
  
At the sound of the door opening, Mr. Mortar turned from the white board where he was concentrating on writing a detailed plot outline. "My goodness Anna, I missed your smiling face in the front row when the bell rang - what, ten minutes ago?"   
  
"I'm sorry Mr. Mortar. I'm having a difficult day. I wouldn't mind talking with you about it later, if you have time." Anna knew that offering to confide might trigger his empathy and delay any snap judgement to punishment. Now, he had to wait and hear her before he could pass sentence, or he would seem to be a heel.  
  
He looked exasperated as if he guessed her manipulation, but the sparkle returned to his eyes quickly. He loved his job, and he hated punishing students anyway.  
  
"Well, now that you're here, you can help me with my least favorite chore. I was just writing this plot outline for the next assignment, and you can take over." He handed a sheet of paper covered in small print. "Just continue where I left off. Try to fit it all on the board, and leave some space at the bottom for elaborations."   
  
Anna sighed. Lately, the class practiced writing stories to fit particular famous plots and conflicts. The prior week was all about "Self Sacrifice for an Ideal." The creative element involved inventing your a unique hero and setting while revealing the 'ideal' and the the 'sacrifice' through narrative and dialog. Anna received a 'B' for her story about a girl who sells her beautiful long hair to buy Christmas presents for a poor neighbor's children.  
  
Mr. Mortar became distracted by a side discussion with some students who wanted to explore plots about crimes of passion. Anna attempted to continue the writing where the teacher stopped, but she immediately feared stretching so far to reach the top of the board would make her skirt ride up. Mr. Mortar stood at least six feet tall and had an eight inch advantage on the girl.  
  
Fortunately, a spare chair was readily available. In that class, students often sat beside the mentor at his desk for one on one consultations. Anna quietly dragged the chair a few feet, and used it as a step stool. She was fairly certain the students in the front row wouldn't be able to see too much of her legs.  
  
With her back to the class, see didn't observe the boys conspiring. There was a clatter as books, papers, and pens struck the floor. Suddenly, four boys scurried to clean the "accidental" mess. Why were they so clumsy?  
  
Mr. Mortar glanced in their direction, but he chose not to comment. Anna, of course, surmised their intention. She promptly hopped down from the chair and clamped her legs together. They weren't going to get their peek that easily, but the way her skirt formed a parachute while she descended raised a few pulses.  
  
The boys craned their necks as they crawled. Anna relished their disappointment. Put one in the "win" column for the girl whose skirt is long enough.  
  
As soon as the boys returned to their desks, she remounted the chair and resumed writing. The teacher returned to the topic at the moment Anna finished.   
  
Before she could clamber off the chair and claim her own desk, he said, "OK class, let's brainstorm some ideas for the this 'Sacrifice for Passion' plot. Anna, you stay there to write the ideas. Use a different color pen."  
  
One of the more extroverted and dramatic boys, Kyle, suddenly stood from his front row desk and recited, "Oh Romeo's dagger, this is thy sheath," as he mimed stabbing himself. "There, rest, and let me die." He fell to the floor conveniently facing up, and his eyes were not closed.  
  
Anna turned to face the class when the disruption started. She bent forward at the waist and pressed the hem of the skirt to her thighs with both hands to foil this new ruse. She couldn't stop herself from blushing though. Kyle was one of the boys she considered worthy to escort her to Prom. She might have to reconsider.  
  
"Very nice Kyle! I'm glad you remember some Shakespeare. Juliet does sacrifice all in a moment of passion, but I don't think it is the main plot. Do you?"  
  
Kyle reluctantly ascended from the floor. "No sir. You used it as the example of 'Obstacles to Love' at the start of the term."  
  
"Very good! I think you do have a point though. All of the tragic side effects of the forbidden love are sacrifices for passion - of a sort." Mr. Mortar always said something complimentary right after he corrected a student.  
  
A somewhat less clever boy jumped out from his desk. "Don't let go, Rose. Don't let me slip away into this icy water." He groped both of Anna's hands turning her sideways to the class as he sank to is knees miming the scene in "Titanic" where Jack is lost.  
  
The action forced Anna to bend far over from her waist and almost pulled her off the chair where she stood. Mr. Mortar looked intrigued by the sudden dramatics his lesson inspired. He was just about to praise the student for tying Jack's sacrifice to save Rose into the day's theme, when it dawned on him that the boys had ulterior motives. The view he beheld was almost as revealing as the morning's toe touch incident in the Principal's office, except this time, there were no panties.  
  
His first conscious thought shamed him: "The carpet does match the curtains." He wondered for the last few years if Anna's transition from strawberry blonde to full ginger might have been cosmetically enhanced.  
  
"OK. That's enough! Mr Mortar bounded to the front with a couple of long strides and pulled the inspired voyeur up from the floor. The side of the class that witnessed the exposure sat stunned with mouths agape. The other students who hadn't heard the rumors wondered what the sudden commotion was all about. Unfortunately, the boy hadn't released Anna's hands and pulled her from her perch where she stumbled and fell into her teacher.  
  
Mr. Mortar released the boy and embraced Anna to control her fall. In the moment, one of his hands clasped her on the upper thigh. As she descended, his hand slid until he found himself firmly gripping a pert young ass. The unintentional grasp lingered perhaps a fraction too long. He blushed as much as her.

"Out in the hallway right now Miss Jennings!" He half dragged her behind him.  
  
Tears flowed freely again. He positioned her against the hallway wall and bent to look directly in her eyes.   
  
"What were you thinking? The skirt was already borderline, but this is way over the line." Adrenaline surged making his voice louder than he intended.   
  
Students in class heard the remark and used it as an ice breaker to start gossiping. The fortunate witnesses regaled their classmates with the sordid particulars. Experiencing obvious schadenfreude, one of the nerdier girls even remarked, "This is the best day ever." There is always someone to relish a pretty girl's humiliation.  
  
"Where are your panties? Go put them on right now!"  
  
"I can't sir. They're locked in Mr. Marshal's office." Tears rained down.  
  
"What?" At least now he had an obvious course of action. "Alright then: You're coming with me straight to his office." The disappointment on his face broke her heart. He was the one teacher Anna really liked.

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"Mr. Marshal, we have a situation. There has been quite a disruption in my class, and I am sorry to say - this young lady was at the center of it." He indicated the miserable waif.  
  
"I see, Mr. Mortar. I feared something might happen when I agreed not to send Miss Jennings home this morning. She assured me she would preserve her modesty and show enough maturity not to let any incidents occur. Clearly, she deceived me!"  
  
Mr. Mortar glanced at the young adult in his care. "Yes, well, I am afraid a good deal of Miss Jennings's modesty has been lost. There will be no dissuading the young gentlemen from their antics."  
  
Anna hated to hear the two men talking over her as if she wasn't even there. "Sirs, it wasn't my fault! The boys tricked me." She sobbed even harder. She was the victim here. Why did they even talk about the boys unless they were going to punish them?  
  
"Miss Jennings! I am shocked to hear you shirking your responsibility in this matter. You assured me the skirt was long enough, and I accepted your word. You made me a fool to trust you!"  
  
"I'm disappointed with you, Miss Jennings." Her favorite teacher expressed a curious mix of pity and scorn. "You're such a bright and charming young lady. What were you thinking?"  
  
Distraught, her guard faltered. She blurted, "I just wanted the boys to notice me. I just wanted to feel pretty for once."  
  
The two men looked at each other. Why would Anna believe the boys didn't notice her every day? There was a long pause while the men studied their naive companion.  
  
Mr. Marshal cleared his throat noisily. "Well, hum, I better call her parents now." He started to the door, but Anna grabbed his hand.  
  
"No. Please don't sir. The day is already half over. Don't make them leave work. It will be hours before they get here, and then it will be time to go home on the bus anyway."  
  
"I let you talk me out of it this morning. Don't think you can pull that stunt twice." The Principal jerked his hand away and strode confidently out of his office to the file storage area. The Principal returned with a thick folder and dropped it on his desk with a thump.   
  
Always to the rescue of students, Anna's teacher rallied: "Well, Mr. Marshal. There must be some alternative. She may have a valid point."  
  
Anna sensed a ray of hope, and she loved her teacher in that moment.  
  
"I don't know Mr. Mortar. You seem to have a soft spot for this student. You let her transgress too far."  
  
"What does Anna's file say about corporal punishment?"  
  
"I don't know Mr. Mortar. Doesn't that seem out of place with a student this old?"  
  
"It might be an option." He tried to catch Anna's reaction.  
  
With all the stress she endured, the poor girl didn't immediately understand what they discussed. She remained fixated on her recent humiliation. How could she ever face those boys? She knew the girls might be even worse and call her a slut or whore.  
  
Mr. Marshal leafed through the papers and produced a yellowed form. Anna's parents provided information about allergies, immunizations, and contact numbers twelve years earlier when they first enrolled their daughter in the expensive private school. There was a check mark clearly visible: "Corporal punishment authorized at the discretion of teaching and administrative staff."  
  
"Her parents did authorize corporal punishment." The Principal said the words blandly as if he doubted they were applicable in this case. For one thing, Anna was an adult and could rescind any such authorization at any time. She could no longer be strictly bound by her parents' preferences.  
  
Mr. Mortar held her shoulders and peered closely into Anna's eyes to make sure she was paying attention. "Miss Jennings, the easiest remedy for us would be to send you home with detention and later convene a disciplinary committee to review grounds for expulsion. You have not adhered the code of propriety we require. But, you have always been a delightful student, and I understand your wish to avoid the course of action I describe."  
  
Worse and worse, now they were talking about expelling her and destroying her chances of attending Bryn Mawr next year. Where would she get the references she needed? What would her permanent record state?  
  
"You have little choice, Miss Jennings," the Principal almost choked on the words. "I am not completely certain what creative solution Mr. Mortar is imagining, but you are an adult. I will not condone any corporal punishment without your consent."  
  
The teacher addressed the Principal: "I appreciate your willingness to consider an administrative punishment that doesn't involve the discipline committee. You know how harsh they can be. They might refer this case to the police - indecent exposure is a crime. We don't want the police here, do we?"  
  
Anna's entire body visibly shuddered at the mention of police.  
  
"I agree with you Mr. Mortar, but this problem will only multiply if the punishment is not public. Are you prepared to deal with a rash of young ladies disrupting this institution to salve their hormones? I am afraid we need to set an example before this gets out of hand. If one of our most promising students can fall this low, imagine the possibilities when more challenging students think they can get away with this kind of behavior."  
  
"Well, Mr. Marshal, I was going to suggest that you paddle Miss Jennings right here and now. Finishing the day with the flaming red backside she deserves would surely provide a long lasting reminder."  
  
"But what about the public component? Would you have her display the red backside as an example for her peers?" The Principal sounded incredulous.  
  
"Well, no sir. That would likely be too disruptive. Do we have to decide today? Maybe hold a student assembly next week and paddle her there to provide the example you require."  
  
"It is not just me requiring it. You know as well as I that we must nip this in the bud. This is the worst kind of slippery slope, Mr. Mortar."  
  
"What if you paddle her now, and we can have an assembly later to reinforce our expectations for propriety. Miss Jennings could apologize to the entire school for her behavior and testify about the severity of her punishment."   
  
Anna saw a potential light at the end of the tunnel of despair. "Yes. Please sirs! I'll do that. I'll tell everyone how humiliating this has been. I could make sure nobody ever does this again."  
  
"And you are willing to be paddled right now?" The Principal remained skeptical.  
  
"Um, I guess."  
  
The men looked at each other again.  
  
"You realize that I must have your consent for this punishment, and I may determine that you need to be punished again in front of the assembled students - to make sure the right message is conveyed?"  
  
Anna remained silent, but she tilted her head in weak assent.  
  
"Mr. Mortar, you don't need to stay for this. Go and supervise your class. The bell for lunch will ring shortly."  
  
"Yes sir." He looked a little disappointed.

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When her teacher left, the Principal closed the office door.  
  
"Miss Jennings, may I call you Anna?" He didn't wait for an answer. "I earned a masters degree in psychology and served as a student guidance counselor for many years. I am intrigued by something you said earlier. Do you know what that was?"  
  
"No sir."  
  
"You said you wanted the boys to notice you."  
  
She nodded.  
  
"You garner more than enough attention for any normal girl, yet you remain unsatisfied. What you describe may be narcissistic personality disorder. I mention this because I am interested in finding the best treatment for you. I don't want you to suffer with this disorder. I don't want you to ruin your life by throwing yourself at men to fill an insatiable need for their admiration, or is it something else you crave from them?"  
  
Anna was perplexed by the direction the lecture took. She had a disorder? She was ruining her life? She just wanted to feel pretty for one day!  
  
"Anna, does it arouse you to display yourself? I am here to help you, and your answer will remain confidential."  
  
"No sir! I hate the boys. They're creepy and dirty. Why aren't you punishing them?"  
  
"Oh please - Anna. Listen to yourself. You would be disappointed if the boys didn't try to look. You made sure it was worth their trouble, and you exposed yourself far too easily for someone as mortified as you pretend to be. You weren't five minutes gone from my office when you exposed yourself in the hallway. Do you think I don't know what happens in my school?"  
  
He had her dead to rights. She couldn't deny what he said except that she didn't do it on purpose. She would never do that.  
  
"If you have the disorder I suspect, and you remain in denial, the prognosis is poor. You will not be able to remain at this institution. You might become a danger to other students or to staff. At the very least, the disruptions you cause could seriously jeopardize decorum."  
  
"I don't have a disorder. Please believe me. I just wanted to look pretty for one day."  
  
He shook his head sadly. "You have a very distorted body image, Anna. You are one of the prettiest girls I have ever known. This belief that you are not pretty enough is the key to your delusion."  
  
Anna flushed at the compliment, but she didn't believe he was sincere. "But sir, I have small breasts, and the boys all chase the girls with boulders on the chests. Nobody asked me to any of the dances. The school uniform makes me look like a flat sack of potatoes."  
  
How did she end up arguing that she wasn't attractive?   
  
"Dear, the boys are probably intimidated by you. I think most would agree you are the prettiest of your class if not your generation. I have no opinion about your breasts at this time, but I cannot take your word for it. You have already demonstrated a delusional self image."  
  
It wasn't fair. He backed Anna into a rhetorical corner no matter what she said. It did sound nice to hear all those compliments though. Her parents were too obsessed with their executive careers to pay much attention to her. She couldn't recall anybody telling her she was pretty in years.  
  
"Are you willing to accept my treatment for your disorder? I can refer you to another therapist, but I am afraid you won't be able to remain at this institution until that therapist has evaluated you and determined your presence is an acceptable risk."  
  
Anna stood straight and decided to take her punishment even if it included so called therapy. "Yes sir. I will accept your treatment."  
  
"Do you want to get better?"  
  
"Yes sir."  
  
"If you resist, I will have no choice but to refer you to someone more experienced with girls like you."  
  
"Yes sir."   
  
"All right, I will sacrifice the lunch period to get you started right away. This is a huge imposition, Anna. I had a full work day planned before you decided to make yourself a spectacle."  
  
"I'm sorry Mr. Marshal."  
  
"Remember that everything you tell me will be held in confidence. I need you to be truthful and volunteer information even if it is difficult or embarrassing."  
  
"I'm not sure."  
  
"Are you resisting treatment already?"  
  
"No sir."  
  
"OK then. Do you masturbate?"  
  
"Sir!" She blushed - again.  
  
"It is perfectly normal, Anna, and if you say you don't, it will go a long way to confirming my diagnosis. You see, girls with your disorder don't feel worthy to experience sexual pleasure or they think it is dirty to touch themselves."  
  
"I do it."  
  
"How often do you masturbate?"  
  
Anna choked out the words as she confessed, "Almost every day sir."  
  
"That's excellent Anna! That really gives me hope."  
  
She smiled in spite of herself. She realized she appreciated his approval.  
  
"Do you often achieve orgasm when you masturbate?"  
  
She shrugged. There was a pause. "Yes."  
  
"Very good. Have you achieved orgasm with a partner?"   
  
"No sir! I'm a virgin." She needed to defend her honor after so much humiliation.  
  
"I see. Are you saying that you haven't experimented? Have you experienced any sexual contact with another person?"  
  
"No!"  
  
"Hmmm. Start by taking off all of your clothes. You need to see yourself realistically and learn to appreciate your own beauty."  
  
"Sir, you can't mean it!"  
  
"I do, but my offer to refer you elsewhere still stands. I cannot compel you to do anything you don't want to do."  
  
"How will this help, sir?"   
  
"I will point out your obvious beauty to you. You will look at yourself as I give my own unbiased opinion. You will see how distorted your view has been. Maybe, just maybe, you will begin to see yourself the way others see you. When you realize you are pretty, you won't need to go to such disruptive lengths for approval. You will gain confidence."  
  
"Can't you just paddle me instead?"  
  
Sigh. "I'm sorry you are not wiling to accept my treatment. Paddling you might be the worst thing to do right now. It would only reinforce your unrealistic poor self image. There is plenty of time to paddle you later. Right now is not about punishment. It is about rehabilitation."  
  
Anna cried. She felt lost.   
  
"Start by taking off that ridiculous skirt. By now, half the school has seen what you've got under there anyway."  
  
Anna couldn't believe what she was doing. When the skirt pooled at her ankles, she covered her sparse red pubic hair with her hands. Embarrassment chilled her.  
  
The pink blouse was fitted and accentuated the flair of Anna's hips. Youthful athletic muscle tone combined with feminine curves.  
  
"Now remove the shirt and camisole."  
  
Anna followed the command. She kept one hand covering her loins while she fidgeted with the buttons. She quickly switched hands to get her arms through the sleeves, but she succeeded concealing her treasure for the time being. Soon enough, the shirt hit the floor.   
  
"Now put your arms up over your head, and I'll lift off the undershirt."  
  
"No Mr. Marshal. Please don't." She remained self conscious about the size of her breasts.  
  
"Well then, you do it. Be quick. This is my lunch hour."  
  
No man had seen Anna naked since she was little. She insisted on a female doctor. Her brother came close to seeing her a few times. Once, she thought she was home alone and stripped out of her bikini in the hall before she got to her bedroom. Her brother turned the corner to glimpse her just before she stepped out of sight. That moment of exposure thrilled her more than she expected. She fantasized about it often.  
  
Shaking from head to toes with anxiety, she employed both arms to pull the silky fabric over her head. It always felt nice when it rubbed her nipples. For some reason, they were puffy and hard just then. The sensation heightened the moment making her wish she could disappear.  
  
As the young woman struggled to disrobe, the Principal enjoyed the ripple of her muscles and the delicious cleft between her legs. When breasts came into view, he was shocked by the degree to which his charge was delusional. They did not encompass a great volume, but the perfectly shaped mounds rose from her chest as if gravity did not exist. Each easily formed a small handful, and after all - more than that is wasted. Puffy and slightly wrinkled areola supported nipples protruding stiff and long.  
  
"Wow! That's all I can say. You seriously misrepresented your breasts. They are ample for your slender frame, and they are truly spectacular." It felt strange saying such things to a student as enthusiasm carried away better judgement. He rationalized that his vocal approval boosted her self image.  
  
Anna's hands flew to her breasts for cover. Her breathing labored and her flush deepened.  
  
Mr. Marshal used the opportunity to inspect the glory between her legs. Unkempt but thin hair covered a prominent mound. Rose coloring darkened along her outer lips and returned to polished copper within the triangle above.   
  
"I wish I had a full length mirror so you could see yourself as I see you. You are a goddess. You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, but don't tell Mrs. Marshal." He smiled.  
  
She couldn't resist smiling back just a little. Anna felt exposed, but the compliments washed over her like warm rain. It was refreshing in a way.  
  
"Remember: this is part of your therapy. Are you aroused sexually?"  
  
She shook her head no.  
  
The man stepped close to her. He put his had on her hip and then moved it in a gentle glide to cover her ass. A shiver traveled up her spine. Nobody ever touched her like that before. She never fancied the Principal. He was as old as her father and not as good looking. Nevertheless, he somehow produced the most amazing sensations.  
  
"If you lie to me, it will only delay your recovery." He waited for a response that never came. "You said you give yourself orgasms. Do you know the signs of arousal within your own body?"  
  
She nodded.  
  
"Then you are not mistaken about your arousal; you are lying."  
  
"No sir."  
  
He caressed a breast with one hand as the other traveled back to hip and then down her thigh. He reached and lightly parted glistening moist lips with barely a nudge. He needed to stop.  
  
"As you can see, I am almost overcome by your beauty. I think I must pause for a moment to collect myself. I want you to look at yourself closely. I assure you that no red blooded boy in this school could resist you for two minutes."  
  
The Principal's unwavering gaze frightened and excited. It expressed obvious lust, and yet, the man seemed to genuinely care for her. Seeing herself in his eyes actually did make her feel pretty. It almost gave her a sense of power. I can have this effect on men?  
  
"Look at your own body. Tell me things you like about it. Tell me what looks good and what feels good. Convince me you know how beautiful you are." The Principal retreated behind this desk, but his eyes continued to rove along his student's feminine curves.  
  
Anna felt ashamed to be exposed so completely. The much older man seemed to know the thoughts in her head before she recognized them herself.  
  
Loud ringing pierced the air. Principal Marshal reluctantly answered the phone, "Yes? Alright. Thank you. I'll be right there."  
  
"Well Anna, Miss Jennings, it seems disorder has broken out in the cafeteria. Let's hope this has nothing to do with you. I'm already at my wit's end in this matter."

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The Principal returned after ten minutes to find Anna dressed. He silently cursed but then considered that he didn't have any more time for shenanigans anyway.  
  
"Well, ah, hmm. Come with me young lady. I cannot send you back to class in that skirt."  
  
He led her to the library where Tom Lloyd sat hunched in a chair looking glum. "Your assignment, Mr. Lloyd, is to write an essay about Miss Jennings' best qualities as a person and a student. That should be right up your alley after the impassioned defense of her virtues I witnessed in the cafeteria today."

Turning to the girl, he continued: "But before that, I want both of you to list Miss Jennings' ten most attractive physical qualities. Then compare notes."  
  
Earnestly facing Tom once again, he implored, "Miss Jennings has self image issues. I want you to reassure her she is indeed attractive even when she isn't displaying herself in a lewd manner. Is that clear?"  
  
The boy nodded.  
  
"Both of you stay here for the rest of the day. Anna, do not forget to retrieve your property from my office at the last bell." The harried official stormed away.

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Other students came and went through the afternoon. Several greeted Anna. A few boys tried to look up her skirt, but she retained her modesty. She didn't even know some of the boys. Rumors must have spread to everyone.  
  
Tom attempted hushed conversation several times, but Anna turned away from him. Her mind reeled with conflicting thoughts and desires. It felt good to be admired. What girl doesn't like feeling pretty? At the same time, she wondered about feeling violated. Should she call the police? Should she complain to her parents?  
  
The thought of involving her parents made her cringe. Shame and certainty that she seemed like a cheap slut clashed with a desire for justice. Anna imagined disappointment on her father's face. For some reason, she pictured her future wedding day, and her father refused to meet her eyes. The ridiculous fear seemed absurd even to her, but she felt it deeply nonetheless.  
  
Tom tried to be light hearted about it all. He started with jokes before he realized she wasn't in the mood. Then he told her an embarrassing story about the time older boys pulled down his underwear in the gym locker room and shoved him out the door. Everyone laughed at his nudity before someone took pity and let him back into the changing area.  
  
Anna appreciated Tom's effort. Had he really defended her in the cafeteria? She reminded herself to thank him some day, but right that moment, she wished he would go away. She couldn't stand the way he looked at her. Did he know how she lowered herself? Would he still defend her if he knew? What would he say if she got naked for him? Where did that though come from?

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The next day, Anna pleaded with her parents to let her stay home from school. She didn't feign illness because she considered such a lie beneath her, but she insisted she needed a break. Her father appeared sympathetic and agreed to discuss the issue as her mother corralled her into the town car taking her to the bus terminal. Alas, her mother insisted the driver wait to verify she actually boarded the bus.  
  
Morning classes where not as bad as she feared. Mrs. Kant in home room looked at her sideways but made no comment about her capri pants. Remarkably, few students raised the subject of her humiliation. The worst included a brash remark from that dramatic boy, Kyle. Mr. Mortar shut him down with a fierce look. Again, her gratitude wafted silently across the room to the white knight who saved her from expulsion and police.  
  
Right before lunch, Tom arrived at Mr. Mortar's door with a note from the office. He collected Anna, and they silently made their way down the stairs to the office. She hoped he looked at her round little buttocks displayed by her tight pants. In spite of everything, she wore her only thong panties that day. She didn't want unsightly lines marring the look. Even as she though it, she wondered why she wanted people to see her ass.  
  
"Miss Jennings and Mr. Lloyd, please come into my office," Mr. Marshal appeared pleased with himself. "I want you each to read your lists."  
  
Anna scrambled through the dusty corners of her mind. What list? Oh, crap, he told her to list ten things she liked about her body.  
  
"You start, Mr. Lloyd. Read your first three."  
  
"Um," he fished through papers, "She has nice eyes," he extemporized before he even produced the list.  
  
"Go on."  
  
"She has pretty hair."  
  
"What about you Anna? What does your list say?" The Principal looked at her expectantly.  
  
Anna broke into an involuntary smile. She liked her hair too. It distinguished her. That's what she remembered her father saying when she was a little girl. "Tom likes my eyes," she though without words.  
  
"Well Miss Jennings?"  
  
"I like my hair too," she admitted. "I like my buttocks." It sounded wrong as soon as it left her smiling face. She frowned and quickly checked the reaction of man and boy.  
  
"Very good Anna. What do you say Tom, does she have a lovely derriere?"  
  
"I'm not sure I should say, sir." Flush colored his handsome face.  
  
"It is fine, Mr. Lloyd. This is a special situation. You should express every genuine compliment you can because Miss Jennings needs to hear them. She has self image problems and doesn't believe she is pretty enough to attract boys."  
  
Tom's jaw sagged. "Really?" He looked into her downcast eyes. "I think you're the prettiest girl in school."  
  
Anna's mouth turned up a bit at that compliment.  
  
"Is there anything else on your list, Mr. Lloyd?"  
  
"Um, yes sir. I wrote, long eye lashes, big smile, attractive figure, athletic, nice legs, ah - um, nice hands, long neck, and ah good fashion sense."  
  
"I see. Is there anything you would add to the list today. I surmise that you restrained yourself to be polite when you made that list."  
  
"What do you mean, sir?"  
  
"You said 'nice figure.' What specifically is nice about it?"  
  
"Um, you know. She has a pretty waist and hips and stuff."  
  
"What about her breasts? Do you like Anna's breasts?"  
  
The blush on Tom's face deepened to almost plum purple. "Ah yah. She has very pretty breasts."  
  
"Is that what you really meant when you wrote 'nice figure'?"  
  
"Ah, yes sir." Now his eyes were down cast, but Anna studied him. Why did he like her breasts? They were so small.  
  
"Miss Jennings, do you have anything to add?"  
  
"No sir."  
  
"What about your derriere do you like?"  
  
"Sir, it's just nice. It looks good."  
  
"I think Tom and I agree."  
  
Anna smiled, and Tom looked up to make eye contact. The initial fear and self loathing Anna felt when she entered the office evaporated and was replaced by pride. There was something else too. If she dared to admit it, she became a little aroused.  
  
"Alright Tom. Go eat your lunch. Miss Jennings and I have a few more items to discuss. Please shut the door firmly behind you."

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"Well Miss Jennings, how do you like hearing Mr. Lloyd's honest opinion?"  
  
"It's good - I guess."  
  
"OK. Take off your clothes and tell me more about that buttocks of yours while I eat my lunch. I have a busy day."  
  
"Sir. You can't mean it!"  
  
"Rejecting therapy again already? I took the liberty of finding several psychologists for referral. Shall I call your parents and ask them to select one?"  
  
"No sir." Anna reluctantly disrobed again. It felt odd to remove her blouse and expose her uncovered breasts again. For some reason, she wasn't as self conscious as the day before. Knowing he saw her before made it easier.  
  
"Go ahead. Take off the panties. Show me your rear." He said it as if disinterested while he chewed a turkey sandwich. His attitude strangely affected her. She wanted him to admire and praise. Why wasn't he fawning over her like yesterday? It felt so nice yesterday. The realization shocked her.  
  
"Touch yourself every place you think is attractive." He commanded while gnawing on his lunch and scanning some report. "Go on. Just keep talking. Tell be about each place you are touching."  
  
Anna touched her ass and hips. She moved to her hand sheepishly describing each place as she explored.  
  
"What about your breasts?"  
  
"Yes sir, I'm touching my breasts now."  
  
At that remark, he looked up to see her hands caressing. He smiled, and that glaze of lust or longing returned to his eyes. Anna blushed again, but it thrilled her. "He likes my breasts." The thought settled deep and filled an emotional hole she hardly noticed before. "My breasts make him horny," the silent realization continued: "I'm getting a little horny."  
  
"Thank you Miss Jennings. That's enough for now. You just have time to wolf some lunch before your next class. Run along. I'll see you again tomorrow."  
  
The young woman lost track of time. She forgot where she stood. The dismissal almost disheartened her, but she dutifully scrambled to dress. She stuffed the thong into her front pocket rather that put it back on. It felt deliciously naughty. She planned to leave it in her locker for the rest of the day and savor her private knowledge.

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Anna dragged herself to breakfast the next morning. She stayed up most of the night masturbating. Her libido raged. She wondered if she set some kind of record for orgasms.  
  
At school, she watched the clock. She dreaded lunch hour, but at the same time, she squirmed in her seat with the beginnings of arousal. No note arrived, so she practically ran to the office when the bell finally rang.  
  
"Go ahead. Get started." Mr. Marshal didn't even look up from his paperwork. The previously eager student became crestfallen. As she neatly folded her white satin top, a loud knock at the door heralded the first change to her routine.  
  
Without waiting for answer, Mr. Mortar let himself in, and promptly stared at the scene of nubile beauty.  
  
"Thank you for coming Mr. Mortar. I believe Miss Jennings has begun to doubt the value of my opinion, but I know she values yours highly."  
  
"What can I say," Mr. Mortar stammered in awe. His involuntary excitement tented tan slacks and prompted a subconscious lick of his lips. The word, "Tasty," leapt to mind.  
  
"All right Miss Jennings. Let's repeat the routine. Please describe aspects of your physical beauty. Watch your teacher for confirmation."  
  
Shame and embarrassment swelled with the new exposure, but at the same time, it thrilled. Her hands started innocently with hair, but soon, Anna touched her nipples and commented that she started to like the way they looked.  
  
Mr. Mortar seemed embarrassed, but he nodded agreement.  
  
"What about your derriere, Miss Jennings? Yesterday, you seemed quite fond of it."  
  
"Yes, sir." The student acknowledged the truth. "I think it's one of my best features." Her hands roamed along the firm unblemished skin.  
  
Mr. Mortar's mouth hung slightly open.  
  
"Do you want to masturbate now, Anna?"  
  
Her head jerked to the face the Principal. What?  
  
"If you are aroused by your exhibition, it is only natural to want release."  
  
"No, sirs. I couldn't do that!"  
  
"But you do masturbate at home don't you?"  
  
Anna hated answering in front of Mr. Mortar, but she confessed, "Yes."  
  
"Alright then," the distracted Principal mingled. "I think we are done here Mr. Mortar. I'm sure you want to resume your lunch."  
  
"Ah, right you are sir. Thank you Miss Jennings." A sly smile flashed.   
  
Anna watched her favorite teacher back out of the room. His eyes continued to dart along her nude physique giving her a slight tingling thrill. Once the door latch clicked, the student turn to face her tormentor, her therapist, the man who infuriated at the same time he placed her in position to experience the rush of living.  
  
"Would you like to reconsider? You look ready to explode. Masturbation is a natural reaction and will indicate your progress."  
  
Her head shook, "No," but her downcast eyes burned.  
  
"Well, perhaps next time. Get dressed an run along now. I have a busy day."

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Anna relived the scene twice that night. For the first reenactment, she imagined Mr. Mortar watching. When she recovered from the most intense orgasm of her young life, she replayed the scene again: She imagined Mr. Mortar caressed her and touched her everywhere. She imagined the boys from Mr. Mortar's class standing in a circle to watch as Mr. Mortar slid fingers into her.

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Sitting alone in the library, Anna examined her emotions. Was she disappointed earlier when the Principal said he was too busy for another session? Did she want to expose herself? She squirmed and clenched her thighs with recognition of arousal. "Damn," she thought, "I'm horny."  
  
Lunch spent alone in the library became the new routine for a several days. Ms. Crawly, the Health teacher, sometimes kept her company for a few minutes.   
  
"Anna, how do you assess the progress of Mr. Marshal's treatment?"  
  
"You know about that? He said everything was confidential."  
  
"Oh, dear. He consulted me for a second opinion. He's very conscientious about the best treatment for you. I want you to think of me as part of the treatment team."  
  
Anna looked around the room to confirm their privacy.  
  
"I don't think it's working," Anna whispered. "I, ah, want to do it even more now."  
  
"What do you want to do, dear?"  
  
"You know, expose myself or something." Anna blushed.  
  
"Why do you think that is?"  
  
"I just - I get a thrill. I'm so sorry. I can't explain. I just have this urge."  
  
"Well, I think I understand." Ms. Crawly seemed unconcerned. "It's part of our evolutionary biology. We all subconsciously want the best selection of mates. For most people, especially girls, it's deeply satisfying to realize that we can pick from the best. Making the best men desire us confirms our genetic value. It's more than just flattering: It's life affirming."  
  
Anna acknowledged: that made sense.   
  
"Here's the thing though," Ms. Crawly instructed. "With great power comes great responsibility."  
  
Both women smiled in recognition of the pop-culture quote.  
  
"What should I do?"  
  
"There are constructive ways you can obtain the satisfaction you crave. You can have all the admiration you desire without disrupting order or getting into more trouble."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Well, start in the privacy of Mr. Marshal's office. He suspended your therapy to give you time to know your own mind. When you are ready to resume therapy, just let him know. Keep it discrete, but enjoy yourself. I'll come watch you. Would you like that?"  
  
Anna considered. Did she know her own desires?  
  
Correctly surmising Anna's next thought, Ms. Crawly added, "I'll invite Mr Mortar too, if you like."

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That night, Anna imagined Mr Mortar was right there in her bedroom watching what she did. It felt good.  
  
In the morning, before home room, Anna poked her head into the office. "Mr. Marshal," she spoke, "I'm ready to continue now, I think."  
  
He looked distracted but nodded recognition. "Lunch time."  
  
The student practically whistled and skipped on her way to class. Somehow, she felt confident and proud. Maybe the Principal really knew what he was talking about.  
  
At lunch time, Mr. Marshal and Ms. Crawly awaited her. As soon as the door closed, she began to disrobe. She experience little inhibition. Ms. Crawly stopped her though.  
  
"Anna, you're an adult and are capable of mature and well considered decisions." Ms. Crawly gave the impression of being gravely serious.  
  
"Yes," the student acknowledged.   
  
"We need your permission to continue the therapy. I have some forms here that you need to sign."  
  
"What are they for?"  
  
"They permit me to record your therapy sessions."  
  
"I'm not sure." Anna glanced from face to face. "What if I don't sign?"  
  
"Well then," Mr. Marshal interjected, "We suspend your therapy and refer you to another psychologist."  
  
"Will I be able to stay in school?"  
  
"I'm afraid not."  
  
The pile of paperwork daunted her. Impatience warred with reasoning and caution. The first page granted permission for audio and video recording of her within the office. The next bunch of pages described privacy provisions and granted permission to duplicate the recordings and provide them to individuals involved in her care. She thought of Mr. Mortar. Bored with the tedious legal language, she eventually signed everything. Each page had multiple places for her initials and signatures and dates.  
  
"Is everything in order Ms. Crawly?"   
  
She answered the Principal with a nod, "I'm satisfied."  
  
"Then let's get this show on the road. Go ahead and disrobe, Miss Jennings."  
  
Ms. Crawly hastily dug a hand sized video recorder from a bag.

**The Short Skirt Ch. 02**

Ms. Crawly leaned back in her desk chair as the video unfolded in the editor on her computer screen. She devoted part of her attention to lively discussions among her students as they hashed out analysis of Cosmopolitan magazine articles. The assignment forced her Advanced Health and Family students to critically dissect advice ranging from Spring fashions to sexual positions. Sensual expressions of carnality in the video prevented the teacher from catching all the details as students debated.  
  
"Ms. Crawly, Kyle is making inappropriate comments again."  
  
"Amanda, talk with me after class. Kyle, be respectful."  
  
"I was just agreeing with the article," Kyle rebutted.  
  
"Which article," Ms. Crawly sighed.  
  
"The one titled, 'You Should Masturbate in Public: Plus six other ways to make masturbating more interesting'."  
  
"I haven't read that one yet," the teacher confessed. "Skip it for now rather than arguing about it. We can talk about it tomorrow after I read it."  
  
The video aroused the teacher enough to make her squirm in her chair. "Public masturbation - indeed," she though to herself. "I'd better read the article right now. I need a distraction."  
  
"*Get it on with yourself in public*," the article advised and continued, "*No, not kidding. Get a vibrating device that you can slip into a pair of panties. ...have a solo sex session wherever—on your morning commute, in your cubical at work...the in-public factor makes this technique hotter. ...To cover up the inevitable in-public O face, ...Take a bite of food or sip of a drink at the big moment and exclaim oh! about how good it tastes, er, feels. Or, if you're actually caught in the act, just tell the person, 'I'm just squirming around because I've gotta pee.'*"  
  
"Good advice - I wish I was following it now," the frustrated teacher quietly mused. Then she studied Kyle.  
  
The handsome young man sat upright with his arms crossed over his chest. He appeared disengaged from the ongoing debate at his table. As the only boy in a class with twelve girls, he seldom convinced anyone to change her mind. Nevertheless, Ms. Crawly admired the boy's style ever since he became the only boy to join the jazzercise gym class. He demonstrated a talent for finding access to the hottest girls in his grade.

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"Attention - everyone. The next item on the agenda is a request to change the mandatory Health curriculum." Principal Marshal gestured to Ms. Crowly. Side discussions subsided as the Health teacher stepped to the front of the staff room.  
  
The touchy subject required a gentile approach, but Ms. Crowly expressed her opinion without preamble. "I want to reintroduce the topic of masturbation in the syllabus for the mandatory class."  
  
Several teachers groaned.  
  
"We took it out for good reasons," the Science Chair reminded.  
  
"And what were those reasons?" Ms. Crowly stood with her hands on her hips and stared the man down.  
  
"Well, ah, there are no suitable instructional materials, for one. The last Health teacher showed trashy porn videos."  
  
The usual group of teachers groaned again.  
  
"We can't win on that front," the Principal explained. "Half the parents objected, and half the students complained they've already seen better."  
  
"Why is this so important to you?" the Biology teacher asked.  
  
"I teach Health including sexual health. Masturbation is a healthy part of sexuality and the best part for our students to learn and explore. 'Masturbate - don't fornicate' I always say."  
  
"What do you think you'll teach the students that they don't already know?" Sarcasm dripped from the Gym teacher's mouth.   
  
"It's more complicated that you seem to think - especially for the girls. Why do you teach them volleyball or bowling? Don't they already know the rules? It's because you want them to have the basic skills to enjoy a healthy activity for the rest of their lives."  
  
"You haven't addressed the lack of instructional materials."  
  
"I can get pamphlets and even tutorial videos from the UK."  
  
"Your budget is already stretched."  
  
"The Mt. Clemens School hires licensed sex therapists to give demonstrations."  
  
"More money, and it smacks of prostitution to me."  
  
"As it happens, one of our students already agreed to share expertise."  
  
"Which one of the horn dogs is it? I bet it's Kyle." The gym teacher laughed.  
  
"I brought a sample. Why don't you see for yourselves."  
  
Ms. Crowly fiddled with her laptop and attached the projector cable. In moments, a pretty redhead stepped into the video frame. Lithe fingers stroked small breasts crowned by puffy nipples.  
  
"Sometimes, touching my nipples feels like I'm pulling a string attached between my legs." The young woman's nipples stiffened as she spoke.  
  
The faculty recognized Anna. Several watched slack jawed. The student's speech riveted everyone's attention.  
  
"Do you always start with your nipples?" Ms. Crowly's voice enquired from off screen.  
  
"No. Sometimes I'm in a hurry, and I just want an orgasm as quick as possible."  
  
"Why is that?"  
  
"Um, like, sometimes it's urgent." Fingers rubbed circles around areolas.  
  
"Does masturbation relieve stress for you?"  
  
"Oh yes. If I need to concentrate on studying, sometimes a quick orgasm gets me focused again."  
  
"How often do you masturbate?"  
  
"I guess once a day or sometimes more - like, the other night, I think I had 11 orgasms. I lost count." The pretty girl's face beamed with a gigantic smile.  
  
On video, Ms. Crowly's voice gained emotional overtones. "Where do you masturbate?"  
  
"I usually do it in bed at night." A hand disappeared below frame. "I've done it in the shower. Oh, and in the pool at my father's club - there's this one water jet."  
  
"What does the water jet do for you?"  
  
"Well, I hold onto the edge of the pool and kind of - like - swat on it, with my knees pulled up and my feet against the wall. The water hits just right on my - um, the right place."  
  
"Your clitoris?"  
  
"Yes. It hits my clitoris. It's better in my one piece suit. With the bikini, I pull it aside to hit the right spot, and then it's too strong."  
  
"Does the water jet give you orgasms."  
  
"Definitely." The big smile returned. "My parents wonder why I always want to swim at the club."  
  
"Are you alone in the pool when you do this?"  
  
"No. There's almost always other people there. I kind of like having an orgasm surrounded by people."  
  
"They don't know what you're doing?"  
  
"Gosh! I hope they don't." The smile turned into a nervous giggle.  
  
"Anyplace else?"  
  
"I've done it in the mornings on the ride to the bus stop. I just squeeze my thighs together, or I use my rolled up gym towel for something to squeeze against."  
  
"So you don't need your hands or a toy to achieve orgasm?"  
  
"It's quicker if I use my hands." The subject of the interview pondered. "I don't know about toys."  
  
"We'll come back to that in a moment. You've masturbated in the back of your parent's car?"  
  
"Well, it's actually the town car. It's part of a service. It takes my mother and father to the train station and then takes me to the school bus stop."  
  
"Does the driver watch?"  
  
Anna blushed. "He looks in his mirror sometimes. I pretend I don't see him."  
  
"Is that everywhere?"  
  
"Well, I did it three times in the back of the car when we went on a road trip to Vermont at Christmas. It was a long drive, and I got bored."  
  
"Were you alone in the back seat?"  
  
"Ha! No, my brother sat right next to me playing his game and never noticed."  
  
"Did you use your hands those times?"  
  
"I kept a blanket over my lap, so nobody could see."  
  
"How do you use your hands when you masturbate?"  
  
The camera pulled back to reveal the student from her knees to the top of her head. One finger rubbed circles at the apex of her cleft. The other hand rested between her breasts as her breath deepened and her chest heaved. Anna looked self conscious for the first time as if she hadn't realized she was masturbating during the interview.  
  
"Um, like this - I guess. I make little circles."  
  
"Do you use any lubricant? Do you spread your own moisture around or possibly lick your fingers?"  
  
The girl's flush deepened. "I lick my fingers sometimes." She slid a finger lower and deeper before it returned glistening with her arousal. Her motions accelerated over her clitoral hood.  
  
"Many women find the clitoris too sensitive to touch directly. They rub over the hood. Is that true for you?"  
  
"Yeah. Definitely. Except, sometimes, I can touch it, but it's way too sensitive after the first time I come. After that, I want it softer."  
  
"Do you often experience multiple orgasms in one session?"  
  
"I'm usually satisfied with one, but sometimes, I just keep going." Anna's body vibrated as she swayed almost thrusting against her own hand.  
  
"Do you fantasize while you masturbate?"  
  
"Oh yes. I think I'm always fantasizing. I've got this one fantasy where people look at me."  
  
"You mean like now - with Principal Marshal and me watching you?"  
  
Anna stopped rubbing and froze like a deer in the headlights. She stared off camera where the Principal stood.  
  
"Not exactly," she stammered.  
  
"Are you close to orgasm now?"  
  
"Um, sort of," the girl hesitated and resumed teasing her clitoral hood.  
  
"Show us how you achieve orgasm, and then I'll give you a present."  
  
Anna looked interested. "What is it?"  
  
"I have a toy you can try. You can tell me how well it works for you."  
  
"I don't think I can finish like this."  
  
"Like what, honey?"  
  
"Um, standing, and um, with you here."   
  
"You said you enjoyed having orgasms surrounded by people in the pool and with your brother in the back seat."  
  
"This is different."  
  
"I understand. Well, just give it a try. I'll stop distracting you for a while so you can concentrate. If you don't finish today, we'll give you another chance."  
  
A range of expressions crossed Anna's face from shame to lust. She closed her eyes, and the camera panned lower while zooming. Anna's slow finger filled the frame as a close-up in high resolution showed her rust red pubic hair glistening with juices.  
  
Narration in a more clinical version of Ms. Crowly's voice described visible portions of Anna's anatomy. The voice-over listed labia majora and labia minora with helpful overlaid circles and call-outs for clarity. "Both pairs of lips swell and redden with arousal," the voice explained.  
  
Anna's body provided ample proof of the narrator's claims.  
  
"The clitoris is the female analog to the male's penis. The clitoris becomes encouraged and rigid like the male erection. This subject has a relatively large clitoris shown here standing out from her body when erect. Many women are smaller or their clitoris is more withdrawn within their bodies. Some women struggle to find their clitoris."  
  
Anna's finger caressed ovals around her rigid bump. Every few strokes, she dipped into her vagina for more lubrication.  
  
The finger froze in place, and Anna's thighs clenched. The camera pulled back to display the young woman quivering. A bright flush covered her chest, neck, and face. Her breasts bounced with her body's convulsion. Squeaky mouse noises escaped as fingers pinched a nipple. The flush faded, relaxation washed through her muscles, and a contented breathy "oh" concluded the demonstration.  
  
"Very good," the more emotional version of Crowly's voice congratulated while the girl stretched in an endearing display of her slim muscular body.  
  
"And, here is your reward."  
  
The video showed Anna examining the small box handed to her from off screen. She opened it to find a flesh colored dildo in the shape of a miniature circumcised penis.  
  
"It's good to start small," the interviewer explained. "This one has five vibration settings. You may want to try the vibration externally for a while before you attempt penetration."  
  
Anna turned the gift in her hand with obvious fascination. "Is this what they look like?" she asked in a small voice.  
  
"Well, except this one is smaller than usual, it's lifelike. Many boys will look different because they aren't circumcised."  
  
Anna stared at the little penis and remained speechless.  
  
"Play with it at home. During the next session, tell us how it worked for you. I'll want you to hold your lips apart so I can provide a more complete exam of your vulva. It will be helpful if you shave some or all of your pubic hair before the next session."  
  
The video faded to black on an image of Anna nodding bewildered acceptance.  
  
The assembled staff sat in silence broken when the Science Chair exclaimed, "You shouldn't have shown that to us."  
  
"Let's be adult about this," the Principal cautioned, but the room erupted in argument anyway.

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Tom Lloyd approached and inhaled the fresh scent he learned to associate with Anna. She squatted in the hallway rummaging through her locker oblivious to her surroundings. Her tight pony tail exposed short red stragglers along the hairline with her neck. Tom longed to reach out and touch her. He imagined he could see the rise and fall of her pulse under alabaster skin.  
  
Anna slammed her locker and jumped to her feet startling Tom. "What are you doing here, Tom," she gasped. "You surprised me."  
  
Tom thrust a small sealed envelope misjudging the distance and ended up pushing it against her fuzzy sweater.  
  
"What's this?"  
  
"It's an invitation to the Squires Ball at my club," he blurted.  
  
Anna extracted an embossed card and read carefully. Her lips moved, and her head tilted. She looked into Tom's nervous eyes. "I don't know. It's the weekend before Prom. It might be too much - two weeks in a row."  
  
"Well, um, I wanted to ask you to Prom, but I heard you're going with Kyle Pembrook."  
  
"Who told you that? Kyle hasn't asked me."  
  
"Well, then, will you be my date for Prom?"  
  
"Let me think about it. I'm still angry with you."  
  
Tom made a dramatic "who me?" gesture as Anna pressed past him. The halls started to clear, and the bell threatened to ring soon. His eyes followed the subtle swish of her bottom as she scampered toward her class. The material of her skinny jeans appeared worn where the lobes of her buttocks joined the backs of her thighs, and the resulting slight discoloration attracted the male gaze.  
  
In class, the Biology teacher seemed to stare at Anna. It made her self-conscious. She looked over her shoulder several times to determine if he might be glaring at the rowdy boys behind her. For once, those boys were on their best behavior. She checked her sweater to make sure it wasn't torn or anything.  
  
After Mr. Mortar's Creative Writing class, Anna hurried to the Principal's office for her scheduled therapy. The office door didn't open after several knocks, so Anna sat on the hard plastic chair in the waiting area. She closed her eyes and relived recent experiences in the office. The chair sapped head from her bottom making stark contrast with the rising heat between her legs. Anna squirmed and savored her body's anticipation for the next session.  
  
When Principal Marshal arrived short of breath, a look of relief replaced the growing disappointment on Anna's face. Anna uncrossed her legs and realized she had been squeezing her thighs together. "Naughty," she thought and smiled.  
  
"I, ah, want to include another member of your treatment team," the Principal said with uncharacteristic hesitation in his voice. "Mr. Clark has an important evaluation to conduct."  
  
The Biology teacher stepped into the waiting room almost pushing aside the Principal to pass through the doorway.  
  
"Let us take this in my office," the Principal suggested.  
  
Once the door closed behind them, the Principal sat behind his desk, and the Biology teacher paced making Anna nervous.  
  
"You have some questions, Mr. Clark?" the Principal prompted.  
  
"Anna, Miss Jennings - I understand you've received treatment in this office for the past several weeks. Is that correct?"  
  
"Um, yes." Anna looked at her feet.  
  
"And, Ms. Crowly has been involved."  
  
Anna nodded.  
  
"Anyone else?"  
  
"Tom Lloyd made a list of things he likes about me."  
  
"Was Tom present for any of your sessions?"  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Did you disrobe in front of Tom?"  
  
Anna's body shivered, and she stammered, "No, um, no, sir."  
  
Mr. Clark turned toward the Principal but continued his interrogation of Anna. "Do you enjoy disrobing for Mr. Marshal and Ms. Crowly?"  
  
Anna searched for the right answer. The Principal told her from the beginning she needed to be comfortable with her body, but her exposure created the original need for therapy. "Um, ah."   
  
"I think Anna might be trying to expressed mixed feelings. You can hardly expect her to know her own mind so early in treatment."  
  
"Whatever," the Science teacher conceded. "Miss Jennings, are you being exploited in any way?"  
  
Anna shook her head. "No," she replied in a soft voice with relative certainty she told the truth.  
  
"Ann finds the therapy beneficial," the Principal asserted.  
  
"And, you know Ms. Crowly video taped you?"  
  
"Yes sir."  
  
"You wanted to masturbate on video for Ms. Crowly?" He sounded incredulous.  
  
"Um, I didn't expect the video."  
  
"You wanted to masturbate in this office, but you didn't want it recorded?"  
  
"Anna is saying she was surprised. That's all. You agreed to be recorded, didn't you Anna?"  
  
"Yes, sir. I signed lots of papers."  
  
"Why did you do this Anna?" The Science teacher's voice cracked.  
  
"I want to get better?"  
  
"Oh, Anna. There is nothing wrong with you."  
  
"Now, do not be so hasty to say such things," The Principal interjected. "I know this case better than you, and you should be satisfied."  
  
"Anna, if you ever feel uncomfortable or want somebody to talk to, come see me. I'm interested in your wellbeing."  
  
"As are we all," the Principal said as the Science teacher stormed out of the office. "I'm sorry for this interruption to our sessions," he confided to the meek student in his care. "Go to lunch, and we'll resume tomorrow. OK?"  
  
Anna fled the office feeling small. A large part of her new found confidence shattered, but her body continued to want release.

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Anna kicked a satin sheet off her bed. A vivid dream tormented her with sensations of the boys in Biology class touching her body. Her arch-enemy, Amanda, sat alone ignored in a corner.  
  
The scene shifted to one where Anna reached under her mattress to retrieve the "little plastic penis of pleasure," as she thought of it. Her fingers extended but found nothing. She jumped from her bed and shoved her mattress askew. Her toy was gone. She shuddered with worry. Where was it?  
  
An out of body perspective showed her sitting at the breakfast table where her mother presented the toy with a flourish. "Consuela tells me this was in your bedroom. Where did you get it?"  
  
"Ms Crowly, the Health teacher, gave it to me."  
  
"You aren't even taking Health this semester. I'll give Ms. Crowly a piece of my mind."  
  
The sleeping girl whimpered.  
  
Anna and her mother faced Mr. Marshal and Ms. Crowly in a surreal version of the Principal's office. "What right do you have to give this to my daughter?"  
  
"Your daughter has been exposing herself in public. She creates too much distraction. We are attempting to redirect her energies."  
  
"How are you redirecting her?"  
  
"Your daughter is an adult, and our sessions are strictly confidential. I am not at liberty to discuss the matter with you. I'm sorry."  
  
Anna sighed relief.  
  
"Well, I'm not obligated to leave her in your care. I'll withdraw her from school, and you'll hear from my lawyer."

"I am sorry you feel that way. We hate to lose Anna. Of course, we will have to rescind our recommendation letters and amend her transcripts." The Principal's voice boomed sounding a death sentence.  
  
"Mother, don't do it. I'm sorry," Anna cried.  
  
"Tell me why I should let you stay here."  
  
"Help me," Anna pleaded. She looked from Ms. Crowly's face to the Principal. "Tell her."  
  
"Anna, wait in the outer office. I won't divulge the details of your therapy, but I think I can make your mother understand."  
  
As Anna turned to leave, she saw a video begin to play on Ms. Crowly's laptop.  
  
"No!" She awoke screaming.  
  
Anna jumped out of bed and shoved the upper mattress to reveal her toy. She panted and wiped cold sweat from her forehead. It was still there. Anna held the little penis in her palm where it fit perfectly. She closed her fingers around it leaving only the tip exposed outside her grasp. She slumped onto the floor and sobbed.

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The shame faced girl avoided eye contact with her parents the next morning. Anna slept very little. She glanced at her dainty purse slung over a kitchen chair. She sipped orange juice and glanced again. Her guilty secret called to her. It gave her two orgasms the first night and continued to compel her attention. She wedged it into the bag but feared it produced a bulging outline reminiscent of a cock in a speedo.  
  
She clutched her bag to her stomach on the ride to the train station. When the driver deposited her at the bus stop, she calculated the odds of slipping the thing into a trash can unobserved. Too many people huddled near. Two younger girls joined her in a seat intended for two people. They squeezed together forcing Anna to stow the purse between her knees. At least the girls kept Anna warm during the ride, or was it the searing heat of the enchanted missile seeking its home between her legs.  
  
Anna dodged and weaved her way through the throng of students milling outside classrooms in anticipation of the first bell. She held the bag in her hand even though its strap crossed her shoulders. She felt the cylindrical danger in her palm - "for the last time," she told herself. The girls' room in the basement loomed ahead.  
  
Once inside, Anna saw one occupied stall. She hoped for complete discretion, but the thought of carrying the burden through home room or longer compelled her to action. She dug in the little bag. The "plastic penis of pleasure" refused to pass the opening. "I got it in there, and I can get it out." The zipper scratched her fingers as she yanked and pulled every direction to wiggle the full length through the gap. A tug freed the infernal thing, but she lost her grip, and it clattered on the floor.  
  
Anna bent to retrieve it as the occupied stall door opened. She panicked. There was no time to conceal her deed. A cold surge of dread threatened paralyzed her, but she lunged out of the room.   
  
"Be careful," Amanda complained after the two girls collided in the midst of Anna's headlong flight.   
  
"I'm sorry," Anna retorted with sincerity. "I'm so sorry." She struggled to hold her emotions in check as she backed away.

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"Look at this," the girl said as she pointed the miniature penis at Amanda.  
  
"Where did you get that?"  
  
"Somebody dropped it on the floor and ran out of here. Did you see who it was?"  
  
"I think I might know," Amanda replied.