**17yo girl humiliated by bully in fight**

by LS

After a painful run in with a bully, where I tried to stand up for myself in the first time in my life, I wound up getting tackled down on our high school football field. Like most fights, we attracted quite the crowd of people, boys and girls, except more of the bully’s girlfriends than mine because my friends go to dance right after school. I wish we had planned this though; at least they could’ve been there to help out or something. Here I was just screwed, I may’ve been able to beat the other girl one on one, but she had at least four of her good friends with her.

Long story short, I got knocked down after putting up a good fight. She knew she was going to lose and got her friends involved. They each held me down by my arms and legs and the bully looked down at me. She had some kind of respect and wouldn’t hit me like this, but she would torture me like crazy by teasing me. After some lame trash talk, she randomly threw out "Or maybe we should see what’s under those pretty clothes of yours?" And the crowd went nuts like never before.

See a girl get the snot kicked out of her was a show but the chance at seeing some skin was apparently a million times better. The bully hadn’t really known what reaction she would get from that, and from what I could tell never even intended on acting on that statement before she said it, but with this newfound reinforcement from the crowd she reached down and lifted up my shirt exposing my bra. More screams, aka, more positive reinforcement followed.

I was pretty conservative when it came to my body, even though I had given a couple hand jobs and before. I just never cared much for guys seeing or feeling me, I cared more about pleasuring people because it gave me more power. Plus my body wasn’t necessarily ready to feel sexual pleasure yet from what I experimented on myself. Or so I thought.

I didn’t care much that they all saw my bra a little from under my lifted shirt, I just imagined it was like my swimsuit. But my acting cool just pissed the bully off. She may not have proceeded if I acted really offended and humiliated, but my confidence really got to her and she pushed the girls holding my arms aside and deftly took off my shirt. They laughed and re-gripped my wrists on both sides as my boobs bounced in my bra a bit. Everyone loved it.

The bully at this point was doing anything to regain her own confidence from almost losing the fight, and she was doing it through humiliating me. Up until now I had been pretty stable, after all I’m pretty mature and so what if people see my bra, it’s pretty normal.

No sooner did I think that than she placed both hands over my covered boobs and began bouncing and squeezing them. I yelled, "You dumb lesbi—" but she gave me a quick face-palm silencing my remark. I shouldn’t have said that however, because it was my first sign of weakness, and truthfully after the touching I began questioning her limits and worrying for my privacy and modesty. She took this all in a really bad place and instead of showing mercy at my now cowering state of shock, she obviously became addicted to seeing me like this.

People were whipping out their phones for pictures and videos if they hadn’t been out already because of the initial fight. "Strip her naked!" Some guy yelled, and I was disgusted. Not only because I would be the naked target but because like any guy thinks that me, a girl, is just a toy for him. From my disheveled, grounded position I yelled back, "Screw you! You don’t know the first thing about a girl!"

A huge grin came across the bully’s face after this. She got the idea to make this a lesson and at the same time embarrassing for me. "Ok, so I take it you’re OK to volunteer to teach them a few things about girls? I’ll help." I was scared for what that meant.

"As long as we are learning about girls’ underwear on the top, we might as well see what’s on bottom too!" She unbuttoned my skinny jeans and brought them down to my ankles where the other girls were holding. My red matching bra and panties were now on full show, and in high contrast to the stupid green color of the football field grass. People just continued to ogle and stare. Just moments ago I was cool and relaxed despite my situation, but having my panties on show was just a whole nother feeling! I began to panic and sweat a little bit on my forehead. I raised my head to see the entirety of the situation, and when I looked down just saw my boobs and between them my red panties and jeans around my ankles.

Everyone went from a rowdy riot-like fight crowd to anxious onlookers who were witnessing some once in a lifetime miracle. I was halfway insane and hysterically just denying the whole thing while screaming now. This must’ve been gold to the bully. She had her friends on my legs remove my shoes and socks so that my jeans could be removed too! If I wasn’t totally worried yet, it was the feeling of my jeans’ waistband leaving me heels that hit me in the face with reality. Does this girl have any limits at all?? I must’ve really got to her in that fight, like seriously hit a pride-nerve too close to home.

I screamed "Stop, please! You win!" But it did nothing. She decided to give her first notes on the situation, talking like she was a professor who knew a lot about what she was saying, "Now as you can see, girls have to wear to pieces of underwear to cover their private parts, which are completely different than a boys’. Her boobs on her chest get a bra, while her butt and vagina get 'panties.'" As stupid as that lecture sounded, I could’ve thrown up at how much more embarrassing it made me feel. I flushed red and my chest went red too, in spots and patches all around my cleavage. The next little tidbit of information was a bit more intellectual however, "And see how she gets red in the face and chest? Well, the face is because she is embarrassed to be so close to being naked (which is OK because she’s our volunteer and wants us all to see her little body)! But the chest redness is because she is turned on at the same time, aren’t girls complex?!"

Oh my god, mortifying, but she was right! I didn’t mean to be turned on, it was just natural and of course my body would think that. With that last little bit I could tell she felt empowered, and maybe even reached her goal judging on how she was kind of nervous with her body language. But why stop there when everybody is loving the show? That’s what she must have thought because the hushed silence of the crowd was begging for more.

"Are there any questions so far?" She asked, needing some sort of encouragement to do anything else. Unfortunately, that came way too easily when someone yelled, "What do boobies look like?" I’m pretty sure it was a girl’s voice. In fact, I knew it was, it was this girl I made a joke about one time in class and she overheard. I was embarrassed and instantly regretted it because I’m really not mean, but still made no effort to apologize. I wish I had.

"Good question!" The bully was given some scissors by a kid in the audience who kept some in his backpack. She snapped all of the hooks around the cups and let them just sit on my boobs absolutely killing me in embarrassment. She leaned in to my face and said, "I heard you don’t like showing these off, do you? Bet you didn’t plan on this being the big reveal!" She slid her pointer finger underneath the bridge between the cups with her palm up and whispered, "Bye-bye, modesty." She was right. I was screaming and thrashing my head around as she slowly raised her finger off my body allowing my breasts to come into view. For a few seconds everyone was getting the best side-boob view of their lives but it didn’t take long before it left my body entirely and for the first time ever a ton of guys were seeing naked tits completely bare. With the air my nipples started getting hard and my breasts instantly became more firm.

She demonstrated how they move to different gestures and fondled me in various ways, including the infamous nipple pinch here and there. Their fun lasted for a few minutes but people began wanting more again. I was in trouble but more-so in denial.

I had just my panties left on and with my arms and legs spread out everyone was staring at my boobs and barely covered panty-clad crotch. I knew a couple pubes that I missed when shaving were poking out on my inner thigh right by my pussy and that my lips were easy to make out under the widely-stretched shear material. The main bully started whispering to the girls holding my arms and legs down. I just thought, they wouldn’t really do it. They wouldn’t really take off my panties right?? They’re girls! They know how embarrassing it would be for a ton of people, especially guys, to see the naked anatomy of a girl spread eagle! My lips and everything without any cover!

The holders kept my arms down tight and my legs spread really wide and the bully closed in on me from between my legs. She stared at my boobs and smiled as if proud of her work. Then she gently put her hands on the outer sides of my boobs which gave me the chills and ran her hands down slowly to my belly and rested them on top. I was silent in complete fear and a bead of sweat ran down my forehead. Everyone was just staring at my torture. She lowered her hands to just above my panties so that her fingers draped over the waistband toward my belly button and her palms were rested firmly on the soft material over my mound. She looked up at me and kept smiling, but I could tell she was nervous too for having so much power over me right now. She must’ve got over the nervousness though, or at least used to the power because she said, "Who wants to really know what a naked girl looks like?" And a little smirk crept up on of her cheeks and everyone moved in a little closer with anticipation.

She let her fingers curl inward grasping the material around my waste. I began shaking my head left and right again as if that could do anything. Just the feeling of having the material brought up and off of my skin in that area drove me crazy. The air got in there and made me chill and shiver not from cold but just from pure embarrassing anticipation. The girls holding me down just stared at my crotch like they were dying to see what a vagina looks like or something, and most of the girls in the crowd and their hands covering their mouths. All the guys had huge tents with their eyes bulging out of their heads. It’s a guarantee none of them have ever seen a naked girl, boobs or anything let alone a vagina!

Her fingers curled up more now into a full grasping fist; my panties weren’t going anywhere but down. I still couldn’t believe the nerve! Her hands slipped outwards still holding the material, so now her arms weren’t blocking the view of my crotch and were instead holding the tops of the sides of my panties right on hips.

The girls holding my legs brought them inward so my feet were together and the bully adjusted so she had both of them under her butt sitting and pinning me down. I tried as hard as I could to press my butt against the ground and pinch the panties from coming down, bracing for if she started pulling. It actually worked for a few seconds because I felt her trying to gently tug and it didn’t give at all. Then one of the leg holders tickled the bottom of my feet and I immediately jutted up with my whole pelvis, giving everyone a nice little show and letting the bulling tug the panties down a bit.

I returned to the ground and tried my old tactic for pinching my underwear, but all I felt was the ground underneath that spot on my halfway exposed butt cheeks. The panties were still covering my most intimate parts, but my entire mound was on display! It was shaven but still had a few little prickles of hair. Everyone’s eyes got bigger, which I didn’t think would be possible after first seeing them. I was in a total nervous breakdown mode. The bully put her hands on my mound and loosely pinched and played with the skin.

"This is where a boy’s penis would be coming off of, but she’s a girl so nothing is here but this little hill that leads down to her tender, intimate love-making zone." Just stating that made some of the boys reach down their pants and begin tugging a little even with girls around. Nobody was watching them anyway. It was like her saying the obvious made it that much more arousing to them.

I admittedly had been getting pretty wet this whole time, and by now was drenched with an ocean between my legs. I couldn’t help it though! It’s my body’s response just like laughing when tickled. There just wasn’t anything enjoyable about this type of wet.

People really wanted this to happen apparently because within just a few chants, one boy got the whole crowd to start yelling, "Take them off! Take them off!" I shook more and more for nothing. That same feeling of air on my skin was driving me insane; it felt like I was even more naked than being totally naked, if that makes sense. Just having a little tiny covering was like worse than having nothing at all.

Then I felt it. As slow as possible she began taking down my panties. I screamed out and the crowd roared; the bully just smiled. "Wait!" Someone yelled.

She stopped and that same kid from one of my classes came with his pair of scissors. The bully grabbed them once more and stood up again so that my legs could be spread back to insanely wide. My panties didn’t adjust well and slipped a tiny bit down my legs even more, but still covering everything good. Then she re-situated between my legs, and laughed because my butt cheeks were just barely visible from my panties that had kind of come down and the two girls holding my legs spread and slightly up.

The next thing happened really fast. She slipped the scissors under the right side of my panties and cut the waistband! Luckily the loss of tension didn’t cause them to move off, but the feeling of having one side of my hip totally bare as the back of my panties hit the ground drove me insane! She did the same to the other side and now this thin piece of triangular cloth, that was no more than draped over my vagina, was all I had for cover. The leg girls lifted them higher and my butt came off the ground a tiny bit.

The chanting began again.

The bully grabbed the backside triangle of the panties, the butt cover part that was now hanging beneath me, and without disturbing the front side of the panties, pulled it out from underneath me and let it rest between my legs. I was lowered to the ground again but my legs were still high and wide. My bare butt now rest on the ground and it felt like a tissue was the only thing over my pussy. The crowd was going as insane as me while my crotch was barely covered by the wet gusset of my panties, like a little bridge between two triangles. Then the bully smiled one last time.

She pinched the panties right above my pussy lips between her thumb and index finger. I could feel my lips slightly touching her fingernail. "Awww you look so nervous, it’s cute. Don’t you want everyone to see your little girl parts? To know what you look like completely naked?"

Then she whisked the panties off in a quick motion and they flew into the crowd and I screamed at the top of my lungs. My bare PUSSY was now in the open air for everyone to see. A boy from the crowd said in pure excitement, "That’s what a girl’s pussy looks like!"

The bully proudly nodded and smiled. Then someone added, "Yeah and I’ve never seen a girl’s butt hole before either, it’s like a little brown star!"

My vagina’s lips glistened and since my outer lips are pretty big, nothing inside was exposed. Even though my legs were spread wide, it only created a tiny parting in my labia. The bully carefully ran a finger up my left side lip from my the very bottom near my butt hole to right were it comes back together at the top. She collected quite a bit of my juices on her fingers and rubbed it around between her finger and thumb, opening and closing her fingers to demonstrate the properties of my cum.

She wiped it under my nose and on my lips, making me smell and taste my own natural arousal.

Then without warning she leaned into me a bit from between my legs, and placed two fingers on either sides of my labia, the last things that protected me from might as well being inside out on display, and made a little piece sign parting my lips wider! I screamed again, or I guess just continued to scream. My little clit hood was on display now, and so was the fleshy pink insides that were almost oozing out my juice.

She gently pressed a finger on my little button shooting waves of pleasure through my body. I’d never had sex or even masturbated much and that was something totally new. She wanted everyone to see every part of me, and understand what anything would be like in real life. The guys all stared, none of them had blinked this whole show.

"Does anyone have any questions while we have such a willing participant?" She really planned on making the most of this whole "lesson teaching" thing, didn’t she? One eager boy yelled quickly, "What’s it like to take a girl’s virginity!" He was a huge nerd and would never have the pleasure of doing that obviously.

She said, "Hmmm, I wonder…" just to peak everyone’s interest more, and then lowered herself down so that she was eye level face-to-face with my pussy. She used both hands this time to spread my lips wide, and then said, "Just as I suspected, she has the cutest little hymen!" That was probably a new word for some of these loser guys. My little secretions kept on flowing, now over her fingers a bit, and my whole inner thighs were drenched.

Then everyone got the pleasure of pretty much knowing what it would be like to take my virginity as she slowly plunged her middle finger into my hole a little. I yelped and whimpered in pain as she made contact with my cherry. She wasn’t trying to pop it but was pushing on it back and forth like a trampoline. I cried a little and everyone got to see what that was like. My whole life I had been worried about how I would react to that feeling, and how embarrassing it would be even to a boyfriend that I would love. Now every guy here could just replace her fingers with their dicks in their minds and have pretty much the same experience. I was mortified and just wanted to die.

Not only was it new to everyone there, but it was also new to me. Just to have the sensation of something coming in to my lips for the purpose of penetration, and my arousal and the feeling of my intimate, private parts being used sexually for the first time ever. And all of this in front of everyone for their own record and enjoyment. I can’t even imagine how many sets of underwear in the crowd had been creamed in.

Then the bully began playing with my clit again. She caressed it in a circular motion quickly bringing me to moaning and squirming. Everyone was still agape as I let out little sighs and pleasureful whimpers. I was close to cumming when she stopped and told the feet holders to tickle my feet. They did immediately and my feeling went from completely about to cum to in hysterical fits from tickling. My chest was still red and my nipples were totally erect but they tickled and tickled relentlessly. The bully had displayed all of my vagina’s secrets now. I didn’t think there was anything left for anyone to see but then the bully commanded, "Make her pee."

Everyone gasped. All the boys normally jerked off to just thinking about what it’s like in the girls bathroom. This was like a hidden camera in the stall times a thousand!

They continued tickling and tickling and I just yelled, "Stop! Stop! Please! I’m really gonna pee!" The bully got out from between my legs and leaned up close to my face. She fondled one of my boobs, she was way too used to being in control now, and whispers to me, "Aw, that’s the point little girly, we wanna see everything you’ve been hiding." She tickled my inner thighs a bit and I screamed; it was going to happen. She reached down quickly and obscenely parted my lips again with both of her hands. With her not between my legs anymore a huge group of boys, and surprisingly girls, swarmed to fill the void.

I cried out and a steady stream of pee began to leave my body. They still tickled and I squirmed as the warm pee shot out into the air and the puddling on the ground a foot out. I must’ve drank a lot of water today because the stream just kept flowing longer than usual. When I was done someone who had retrieved my panties threw them back to the bully and she grabbed them and said, "Boys just have to shake theirs off, but little girlies have to take more care to wipe up their flowers."

The most humiliating thing so far, she reached down and used my panties to wipe the pee off of my already moistened vagina. She got everywhere thoroughly until I was dry. She took out her cell phone and leaned down resting her chin on my mound and took a selfie of her and my pussy, with my lips totally swollen in arousal and juice already back to getting me lubed up.

The girls finally let me go and I scrambled to my feet. The crowd was blocking my way out, and once I stood up it was so much bigger than I thought from the ground. I covered my boobs with my left arm and cupped my pussy with the right, which just reminded me of how wet I was, and darted through the crowd. My clothes were well gone but I knew I had some in my gym locker if I could just get there. The only doors to the school that were open however were the boy’s locker room ones, after all it was well after school and varsity practice was about to start…