**Amber in Oz**

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**Ch. 01**

Okay so first of all it's probably important to tell you guys that even though what I'm about to say sounds horrific, I'm fine now. I'm still friends with Holly and Saskia and I'm sure you'll all enjoy reading about our little escapades in the future.  
  
My name is Amber and this story goes back to when I first joined St. Jude's High School in Australia at age 18 after transferring from a small rural town in western New Zealand. I'm short, slim and a natural redhead. I quite often get told I'm attractive but that's not for me to comment on.  
  
Anyway, after my parents moved from New Zealand to Australia, they sent me to the biggest school they could find. They thought it would help me 'come out of my shell'. They wanted me to socialise more. "It's perfect!" they said. "Right by the beach" they said. I was naturally sceptical.  
  
My first day wasn't too bad, people seemed friendly enough; and even though I was overwhelmed by the amount of people there, it could have been worse. I chatted a tiny bit to two of the girls in my class, Holly and Saskia and they seemed nice. Perhaps it won't be so difficult to make friends, I thought.  
  
That night I was sat in my room reading the Psychology textbook I'd been given in my first class of the day and understanding none of it when my phone went off. I was surprised to see a text from Holly:  
  
'Hi Amber :) just lettin u no that its PE tomoro so bring ur kit + ur swimmin cozzie + towel just in case :) cya tomoro. H xxx'  
  
I gulped. Just in case? I didn't even know I took a PE class. I rummaged around under my bed for a small canvas bag and pulled it out. My parents had given me this bag containing my uniform for the school. I'd worn one set that day, a red skirt and blazer with a white shirt and striped tie; and assumed the rest was a spare set. No such luck. Looking inside I saw the tiniest red sports skirt and yellow vest top I'd ever seen. My mother never could remember my size. I was going to look a complete slut in this.  
  
And what was this about swimming? I pulled a couple of swimsuits out of my drawers. I gulped again. No-one was going to see me dead in these. I immediately threw one of the suits in the bin, an unflattering one-piece with pink stars from when I was twelve unlikely to win me many friends at my new school.  
  
It was now a straight choice between a plain black one-piece with a small tear in the back or a blue string bikini that I hadn't even had the guts to wear. It was far too skimpy for me, there was no chance anyone would ever see me in that. Money down the drain.  
  
I stuffed the black suit in my bag along with the skimpy PE kit and collapsed onto my bed. I dreaded going into school the next day. PE was clearly not going to be my favourite lesson.  
  
The first two lessons passed without incident and Holly and Saskia sat with me during break and caught me up on all the gossip around campus.  
  
"That guy's seeing that girl, but he's also doing that girl." Holly whispered.  
  
"Oh and that girl had sex with that girl, but no-one's supposed to know okay?" Saskia added  
  
"Then how do you know?" I asked  
  
"Because everyone knows" she said, winking at me.  
  
"Michael Sabin walked in on them. They don't know that everyone knows" said Holly, "and we should keep it that way" she laughed.  
  
The bell rang and I dived into my bag to check my diary to find out where I was supposed to be.  
  
"Come on gorgeous" said Holly, grabbing my arm. "You've got PE with us."  
  
Smiling, she linked arms with me, and led me to the locker rooms where the rest of the girls were queueing up. Holly was nice. She had very long dark hair, and dimples when she smiled that dare I say it, were rather cute. Her skirt was slightly shorter than mine, and when she bent over she showed an ever-so-slight hint of her cute pert bum. She wasn't slutty, but she was definitely sexy.   
  
Saskia's hair was blonde and slightly shorter. She was quiet, but I liked her. She was taller than both Holly and I but not ridiculously so. She dressed slightly more conservatively than some of the other girls, but even that couldn't hide her generous chest. It made me slightly envious looking at her, even though I've always been very satisfied with my breasts.  
  
Filing into the locker rooms, I felt quite out of place. I was the only redhead in a sea of gorgeous girls. Most were blonde-haired, blue eyed, leggy and tanned. Sure there were dark-haired girls, black girls, even Pacific Islanders with gorgeous mocha skin, but not a single ginger. Why this made me feel like an outsider I don't know but I definitely wanted to be in, changed and out as soon as possible.  
  
Looking around, I couldn't see any cubicles. Odd, I thought. Where does everyone get changed? At my last school, there were partitions with solid locking doors that everyone went in to get changed but here there didn't seem to be any. I gasped as I saw the girls openly stripping off in front of one another, chatting, laughing, smiling! How could they not be embarrassed? Didn't they know they should be ashamed? No-one had seen me in my underwear since I was old enough to dress myself and that wasn't about to change!  
  
Walking hurriedly through the crowd with my head down, I tried not to notice the girls standing around in their underwear, some even in thongs! I headed straight for the toilet cubicles when Holly stepped towards me. She'd already pulled on her gym skirt but had yet to put on her top. She wore a black bra with white spots that I couldn't help noticing gave her an excellent cleavage.  
  
"Where ya going?" She smiled  
  
"Toilets. I can't get changed here."  
  
"Why not? Are you shy?" she giggled  
  
"Errm yeah I guess so. Can I just get passed please?"  
  
"Nuh uh. No-one gets changed in the toilets. School rules. People need to be comfortable with their bodies."  
  
"Yeah, well I'm not" I huffed, pushing past her.  
  
"Hey!" she said. She ran to catch up with me and pulled me to one side. "Don't push me, it's not very nice. If you want you can wait here until after everyone has gone out but they won't let you get changed in the toilets, Miss Montré will notice. Just make it look like you're busy, hang all your kit up and go slow and eventually people will just leave."  
  
"Thanks Holly." I pulled a weak smile.  
  
I did just as Holly had suggested, hanging up my kit very slowly until the last person had filed out. Everyone had looked pretty cute in their kit, although very few of them had kit as skimpy as mine. I was surprised to see all the girls so comfortable everyone was with stripping off. They'd just chatted as if it was the most normal thing in the world.  
  
Checking around to make sure I was alone, I nervously undid my shirt and hung it up on the peg. Slipping off my skirt, I looked down at myself. I'd worn a plain black strapless bra and matching knickers that day. If I'd have known changing would have been communal, I probably would have put on slightly more appropriate underwear. The knickers were a black g-string with a see-through crotch; which wouldn't exactly send out the right impression to my new school mates. I'd bought it the same day as that stupid blue bikini; clearly I'd been feeling pretty self-confident that shopping trip! I'd only worn the knickers a couple of times, they lived at the bottom of my drawer only brought out when I had absolutely nothing else to wear.  
  
"Very nice." said a voice  
  
I gasped, doing my best to cover myself up.  
  
"Who is it?" I spluttered, looking around desperately.  
  
Holly stepped out from the showers, having now pulled on her vest. She was smiling, but a more mischievous smile than I'd seen before.  
  
"Oh it's you!" I breathed, with a sigh of relief. "Sorry, you startled me. I'm getting dressed, do you mind waiting outside please?"  
  
She smirked.  
  
"I don't think so."  
  
"What do you mean?" I asked  
  
Before I had time to react, she leapt on me and pulled my arms behind my back. Flinging open the corridor door she pushed me outside. Standing in just my underwear in the corridor, I screamed and pounded on the door.  
  
"Let me in! Please Holly let me in! I'll do anything if you just let me in right now!"  
  
A muffled 'no' came from the other side of the door. I looked around frantically for a way into the changing rooms. The corridor was empty, although I could hear voices coming from the sports hall area where my class were.  
  
"Holly please let me in!"  
  
"Not until you do a few things for me" came the reply  
  
"I thought we were friends Holly!" I sobbed  
  
"We are, but you've still got some things to do, being the new girl and all".  
  
"Yes Holly whatever you say, just let me in!"  
  
"Not until you do what I ask"  
  
I choked back tears, trying desperately to cover my body. My bum was clearly on display, and the strapless bra wasn't doing much to hide my cleavage either. I reluctantly agreed to whatever she had in mind.  
  
"Good. Now, I can see you through this key hole. Do 10 star jumps for me please."  
  
"And you promise you'll let me in after?" I urged  
  
"When I'm done with you." she giggled  
  
Checking around to make sure the corridor was still empty, I did the star jumps as quickly as possible. I had to stop to adjust the bra twice, as my left nipple seemed determined to escape.  
  
"Now what???" I spluttered  
  
Holly paused. "You have to..." she paused again for dramatic effect. It was driving me insane!  
  
"Have to what? Have to what??"  
  
"Run to the far end of the corridor and back."  
  
"But I'll get caught!" I cried  
  
"Well you better be quick then!" Holly laughed.  
  
I hesitated. I looked around again to make sure no-one was in the corridor. Still just the voices from the sports hall.  
  
"Please can't you let me in?" I pleaded  
  
"Nope. Now get running sweetie, I want to see that cute bum of yours in that g-string."  
  
I cursed under my breath and decided that my parents would never be forgiven for sending me here. I threw one last panicked look around the corridor and made a mad dash for the double doors at the far end. Running as fast as possible, my bare feet slipped slightly on the floor and I skidded to a halt at the far wall. I caught my breath and turned around to see my worst fears being imagined. The sports hall doors had opened and now my class were making their way back towards the changing rooms. They hadn't seen me yet but I was trapped. If I ran back they'd surely catch me, but if I stayed I was caught as well. Why were they out of the hall so soon?  
  
I swallowed, and dashed back as fast as I could, praying Holly would let me in before the class arrived back at the doors. I pounded on the wood and hissed through the key hole.  
  
"I've done it now, just please let me in!"  
  
Silence.  
  
"Holly? Are you there?"  
  
I turned in horror as my class came round the corner and stopped dead in their tracks. They'd caught me. Their eyes bulged with surprise, and they stopped in dead silence for a moment. Then I heard a voice from behind me.  
  
"NOW!"  
  
Suddenly the door sprang open and out leapt Saskia and Holly. Holly undid my bra strap in one swift movement, while Saskia slid her fingers into my knickers and pulled them straight to the ground.  
  
The crowd gasped. I had just been pantsed in front of all my new class mates and was now stood completely naked in front of them.  
  
I looked around, open mouthed, just praying for some help. My nipples had somehow become hard and stiff, and I could feel moisture between my thighs. I hoped to God no one could see this. Several pairs of eyes were trained on my bald pussy, freshly shaved that morning in the shower. I wanted the ground to just swallow me up.  
  
"Okay" said Holly. "You can come back in now."