**Amy’s Bad Day**

By Ewong

**Part 1**

Oh, man. How did my life change so much? Just this morning, everything seemed so normal. Well, in order to understand what’s going on now, I’ll have to tell you how it all started…

This morning, I awoke to my mom’s persistent yelling:

“You’d better get your ass up! You’re gonna be late for school!”

That’s when I looked at my clock. It seems that in the middle of the night, the battery died, and so the alarm didn’t go off. It was now 7:30AM. I had 30 minutes to get to school, and I usually take an hour to get ready. I quickly washed my hair and headed back to my room. That’s when I heard my mom say:

“I’m leaving!” followed by the door slamming.

If I wanted her to drive me, I had to act fast. I decided to go without underwear (bad idea). Then, since I was in such a hurry, I put on a pink halter top and a white mini skirt that came to mid-thigh (another bad idea). The top was the kind that ties behind my neck and behind my back, and was knitted grey wool so it wouldn’t be mistaken for a bikini top. The skirt was made of light material and would flip up when met with a gust of wind. I usually don’t wear anything this revealing, but since I was feeling particularly naughty today, I decided to give it a go (an extremely bad idea).

Then I took a quick glimpse of myself in the mirror. My light brown hair came down to the middle of my back. My B cup breasts were pushed up with the help of the halter top. This also made the sides of my breasts visible, but not hanging out, so I’m not violating the school dress code. Luckily there was a lining inside so that my now hard nipples wouldn’t show through. I looked at my skirt. Everything was covered, and if I sat down with my legs crossed, no one would see a thing.

I guess I should tell you more about myself. I’m 17 years old, and I live with my mom. She divorced my dad when I began high school. We get along great together. I just began my senior year in high school. I had only a few boyfriends that were interested in only one thing, and that wasn’t what I wanted, so I haven’t had sex yet. I want to save myself until my wedding night. I’m a little shy and I try not to show myself off too much. I’ve just now started to shave my pubic hair completely off. I’m not the most popular girl in school, but I get along with most people just fine, though. The girls at school may think I’m a prude, but as long as they don’t bother me, I won’t bother them.

I ran downstairs as fast as I could, grabbed my back pack, and was about to go out the door when I noticed a note was taped to it.

It said: “Sorry to leave so soon, but I have an important meeting to go to. I tried to wake you up, but you didn’t come down in time. I hope when you read this you still have enough time to get to school. Love, Mom.”

I nearly freaked out! I looked at the clock: 7:40AM. I had 20 minutes to get to school. I had no choice but to ride my bike. As I got on, I started to doubt my choice of clothing, but I didn’t have time to change now. Every time I lifted my legs up to pedal, my skirt would ride up. This added another humiliation. Since my skirt rode up so high, I couldn’t lift myself above the seat when I came across a bump or a rough part of road, in fear that I would reveal myself to the people behind me. This had the effect that whenever I encountered a bump or rough part of road, the vibrations would make their way to my seat. This, combined with my constant rubbing on the seat while pedaling, made me hopelessly aroused. When I got to the school, I had to park my bike in a place no one would see me get on or off it (I didn’t want to let anybody see up my skirt, you know).

I arrived just in time for my first class. I really wanted to go to the restroom to finish myself off, but that just wasn’t going to happen. I put my back pack in my locker, got my books for my English class, and off I went. The only seat available was in the back and I sat down just as the tardy bell rang. The whole time I sat in my seat with my legs tightly crossed, I kept wondering how long I would have to wait before I could finish what my bike started. I knew the teacher wouldn’t let me go to the bathroom, it being the first class of the day and all. Each passing second was prolonging my climax. My arousal was a constant reminder of my indecent state of dress and did nothing but heighten the urge for sexual release. I started to think that since I was in the back of the room, no one would care. So finally, I couldn’t take it anymore and just started rubbing myself right then and there. No one was sitting on either side of me so no one was able to catch me in the act. My fingers massaged my lips as I felt my hear beat faster. Soon, I wasn’t able to hold back and started to rub my clit with my other hand. Within moments, the rush of ecstasy flowed through me. I did all I could to stifle a small moan from leaving my lips. It had to be one of the biggest orgasms I ever had. I hoped that no one heard me or smelled my scent in the air. I quickly glanced around, and found that everyone was too occupied with listening to the teacher to notice me. The rest of the class period went along without incident, and as I got up from my seat, I saw the small puddle of my juices I left from my huge orgasm, and hoped I wouldn’t be discovered.

After class, I cleaned myself off in the restroom and went back to my locker to get my books for my next class. As I was putting my books in my locker, my friend Stacey came over to talk. Her locker is right next to mine, so most of the time between classes we talk to each other. Today she was wearing a brown t-shirt and blue jeans.

“Hey, Amy. Nice outfit. I never thought you’d wear something like that at school.”

I then told her about everything that happened this morning. The look on her face was priceless.

“I could never leave the house in that outfit without underwear, let alone ride a bike to school. Jeez, what were you thinking?” asked Stacey.

“I don’t know. I was just so rushed and my mom left, so I felt I didn’t have any choice.” I groaned.

“You don’t seem to be embarrassed by wearing that outfit without any underwear at school. Are you lying to me?”

“Actually, this is kind of embarrassing, but the feeling of wearing this outfit at school with nothing on underneath is kind of turning me on.”

“You naughty girl! I still don’t believe you came to school without underwear, though. Why don’t we go into the restroom and you could let me see what’s under your skirt?”

“If it will make you happy, let’s go.”

I led the way into the restroom and turned around so I was facing the door. Stacey surveyed the room for occupants and stood right in front of me.

“Alright, there’s no one else in here but you and me.” she said.

“Okay. Let’s get this over with.”

I pulled my skirt up to my waist, so she could definitely see I wasn’t wearing panties.

“Wow. You weren’t kidding. And you shaved everything off, didn’t you?”

That last comment made me blush but what happened next nearly made me jump out of my skin. At that moment, who else would walk in but the three biggest bitches in our class: Kitty, Kari, and their leader, Kathy. They were known better as the KKK.

“Look, girls. Amy here came to school without any underwear on.” said Kathy.

The other girls started giggling, and that’s when I realized I was still holding the skirt up. I immediately dropped it and smoothed it back down. Stacey then grabbed my arm and led me out of the restroom before Kathy and her cronies could do anything to me. We went back to our lockers, and I got my book for my next class: history. I couldn’t run to class because my skirt would lift, so I walked carefully down the hall and into the class.

When I got there, only one seat was left, and it was in front of Kathy. I almost forgot that she was in this class. In fact she was in my next class, too: Gym. Luckily none of her cohorts were in any of my classes, or I would be in serious trouble. As I sat down, Kathy gave me a slight pinch on my ass that made me wince. Once my butt was safely seated, Kathy leaned over my shoulder and whispered into my ear.

“That’s a very risky outfit to be wearing without any underwear. It would sure be embarrassing if you lost a piece of your outfit.”

I didn’t know what to make of her comment. Was she teasing me or threatening me? Before I could give it anymore thought, the teacher walked in. This class was pretty simple. The teacher put the homework assignment on the board at the beginning of class, and would then sit at his desk for the remainder of the period, leaving us to do anything as long as it didn’t break any school rules or disturb other classes. After I write down the homework assignment, I usually put my head down and fall asleep, but with Kathy behind me, I didn’t know what she would do so I stayed awake as long as I could. But boredom soon took over, and it wasn’t long before my head was on the desk and I slipped out of consciousness. I woke to the sound of the bell signaling the end of class. I groggily lifted my head and started to get up when I felt my bare nipple touch the side of the desk. I looked down, and there were my bare breasts staring back at me!

My halter top was nowhere to be found! I looked behind me and Kathy was gone. I’m sure she was one of the first out of the room. She was the only one who could’ve taken it. I had to worry about how to get it back later as my current problem was getting out of this room without the teacher noticing I was topless. I closed my history book and hugged it to my chest, and as soon as the teacher’s back was turned, I bolted out of the room.

After a few steps, I slowed down, so my skirt wouldn’t float up and completely expose me. I moved as fast as I could through the hallway, but as I passed by people along the way, they noticed that my back was bare and they could probably guess why I was hugging my books so close to my chest.

**Part 2**

There were whispers and even some giggling, but I made it to the girl’s locker room for Gym class. It was here that I could ask Kathy about my top. I immediately went to my locker to change. Of course with my bad luck, Kathy had the locker directly behind me. As I changed, I put my skirt down on the bench and I put on the regulation gray t-shirt with the school seal on it. The thin material hugged my B cup breasts and it did nothing to conceal my rock hard nipples. Forgetting about my nipples, I pulled on the regulation black polyester basketball shorts. They were a little tight, but I just worried about sporting a “camel toe” during class. Luckily, the school splits up the Gym classes so the girls and the boys take Gym at different times. As I went to put my skirt in my locker, I noticed it was gone. I only had my back turned for a second and now it’s gone. I turned around in time to see Kathy close her locker. I faintly saw my clothes folded neatly inside before the door closed. Kathy then turned around to face me. A slight mischievous smirk on her face.

“I see you made it out of the classroom okay. I’m guessing you’re gonna ask me for your clothes back, but all I can say is that as long as I have them, I have some control over you, and I plan to use it to its full advantage. In that spirit I would like to propose a wager for today’s game of Basketball.”

“What kind of wager?” I asked.

“If you beat my team, you get your clothes back. If there is a tie, you don’t get you clothes back. And if I win, I get to take an article of clothing that you still have.”

I was stunned. She was the star player of the school’s basketball team. If she wanted to take a piece of clothing from me, all I had was this t-shirt and tight shorts. The t-shirt barely came down below my waist, so if she took my shorts, I would be completely exposed. If I lost, no matter which piece she took, I would be exposed. However, if I wanted my clothes back, I had no choice but to take the bet.

“Seeing as I have no other choice in the matter, I will accept your wager.” I answered.

When we got out to the court, the female Gym teacher and girl’s basketball coach, Miss Spencer, had us start doing some warm-up exercises: squats, star jumps, sit-ups and push-ups. During this time, the teacher noticed my lack of a bra, and once we were finished, she pulled me to the side.

“Where is your bra, Amy? You do know that you’re required to wear one in this class, don’t you?”

“I’m sorry, Ma’am. My mother forgot to wash them for me, and I had to leave the house without one.” I lied.

“I still have to punish you, young lady. I won’t go to the principal this time, but if this happens again, I will have no choice but to do so.”

“I understand, Ma’am. It won’t happen again.” I started to wonder what sort of action that would be.

She then led me back to the class, where we were going to split up into teams for the basketball game. What Miss Spencer said next took me completely by surprise.

“Since Amy here has decided to make a spectacle of herself by not wearing a bra, she will be one of the team captains for today’s game. And since Kathy is the only student with any athletic skills, she will be the other team’s captain. As punishment for her lack of decency, during the game you may use any means of embarrassing Amy in order to win. As long as it’s in the name of fun and not humiliation, I’ll allow it.”

She just made me into a public target! If I tried to score during the game, there would be numerous girls trying to embarrass me. Winning the game seemed to be easier said than done. I may even have to give up an article of clothing once this is over. Well, there’s no other way out of this than just doing it. Kathy had first pick, so she got all of the good players leaving me with the rest.

The game started, and my team had the ball. The rules were that after a team makes a basket, the other team gets the ball. After our first basket, Kathy’s team had the ball, and kept it. No matter who got the ball on her team, they always passed it to her. It didn’t help that no one on my team had hardly any skills, and whenever I tried to make a basket, someone from her team would try to pull my shorts down or pull my shirt up. My team however, managed to keep the ball away from Kathy’s team for a little while between points, so when the game was half over, her team had scored 9 points when we only scored 4. My clothes seemed to be getting farther and farther from reach. I realized I would have to risk exposing myself in order to get my clothes back.

When I got the ball, I headed to the three-point line. When I got there, three girls from Kathy’s team put their hands underneath my shirt and started rubbing and pinching my nipples. If I wanted my clothes back, I had to make my shot. When I let the ball fly from my uplifted hands, the girls pulled my shirt above my head, exposing my breasts. The collar got caught under my chin, so they couldn’t pull it off. However, the shirt trapped my arms above my head so I couldn’t cover myself. Luckily they stopped when they realized I had scored. After my exposure, I decided that I didn’t want to be put into another vulnerable situation like that again. And since everyone has already seen my breasts, I took the t-shirt off and gave it to the teacher, who gave me a disapproving stare. This way I could immediately cover myself once I made my shot. As well as protect myself from attacks.

Kathy’s team had the ball, and again her team passed it to her. I ran over, breasts bouncing everywhere, to try and steal the ball away from her. She saw me coming, and put out a hand to pinch my nipple. This left her other hand with the ball vulnerable, so I dodged her pincher, and went for the ball. I couldn’t pull it from her, but managed to knock the ball out of her hands and into the hands of my team. The ball continued to switch teams while no one was able to make a basket. During the last minute of the game, my team got possession of the ball, so with half a minute left, I made my way to make another three-point shot to win the game. When I got to the line, the girls again started to pinch my nipples. I fought the pain, and concentrated on the shot. When the girls realized that the pinching wasn’t working, Kathy came up behind me and gave a wink to the girls. When I jumped up for the shot, Kathy pulled my shorts down to my ankles, completely exposing me. I was still concentrating on the shot, so I didn’t notice. Once I saw the ball go in, I jumped again in celebration. That’s when Miss Spencer blew her whistle, ending the game. I started walking to the locker room when I noticed something around my ankles was preventing me from walking normally. I glanced down, and there was my bare slit looking straight up at me. I looked around and everyone was giggling. I quickly pulled up my shorts, grabbed my shirt from Miss Spencer, and ran to the locker room. I can’t believe everyone just saw me naked! I started to calm down a bit, and I realized I needed a shower, so I locked my Gym clothes in my locker, and I went to the row of showers and started to wash. When I was done, I looked around for a towel but found none. I went to Miss Spencer’s office and asked her for one.

“Since you seem to like your exposure, I took your towel while you were washing. Here, you can have it to dry off, but give it back to me when you’re done.”

She seemed to take pleasure in seeing my naked body. I couldn’t do anything about it though. When I was good and dry, I gave the towel back to Miss Spencer and I went back to my locker to get my clothes back from Kathy. I slowly crept while trying to hide my nudity: my left arm over my breasts and my right hand covering my slit. Kathy saw me coming and smiled at me.

“Great performance today. I didn’t think you had it in you to completely expose yourself.”

“I didn’t either, but I realized that I wouldn’t have a chance of getting my clothes back unless I risked getting exposed.”

“And that you did. Everyone in the class saw your hot naked body, and not to mention your bare pussy!”

“Don’t talk so loud. People outside might hear.”

“I wouldn’t worry about that.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. The girls and I are going to talk about it in all our classes.”

“Oh no!”

“Oh yes. Unless you do one thing for me.” There was that mischievous look again…

“What is it?” I groaned.

“You must masturbate for me. NOW!”

She said it loud enough for everyone to hear! I couldn’t believe it. Everybody started to walk towards me expecting me to do it. I just stood there frozen. I couldn’t bring myself to do it. Instead I just asked for my clothes back.

“You won’t have you clothes back until you masturbate for me.”

I was desperately looking for a way out when the teacher came running in.

“What is going on here? Amy, why aren’t you dressed yet?”

“Um, Kathy has my clothes, m-m-Ma’am.” I stammered

“You give her back her clothes this instant, Kathy!” The teacher screamed.

Once she saw that I only had a halter top and skirt, she looked furious.

“You came to school without ANY underwear?!!!” She looked like she was going to throw me across the room.

“I told you that any other violations would force me to take disciplinary measures.”

“Please, please don’t tell the principal. I’ll be expelled for sure. I like this school, and I’m so close to graduating.” I begged.

“Oh I won’t tell the principal. I’m gonna deal with you myself!”

She took the halter and ripped it in half. Then she told me to get my Gym shirt from my locker. Once I handed it to her, she cut it so that when I wore it, the material came just below my breasts, and it still hugged them tight enough so that you could see my still erect nipples. If I bent down or lifted my arms up, it would expose my breasts completely! I was scared out of my mind, but my body seemed to enjoy this! I couldn’t believe this was making me horny! Afterwards, she gave me my skirt back, but not after loosening the waist and shortening it as well. The skirt now hung low on my hips and came down just about an inch below my butt and two inches below my crotch. The waist was loosened a little too much, so I needed to constantly pull it back up or else it would fall to the floor.

“This is your punishment. From the way you drew attention to yourself throughout the class today, I see you really like people staring at you. I would, however, love to see you get through the rest of the day looking like that. And to ensure that none of your teachers will disapprove, I’ll give you this note that’ll let you wear that outfit for the remainder of your classes today.”

Once she gave it to me I read it carefully. It said:

“Please excuse Amy’s inappropriate attire. She was acting in a way unbecoming of a young lady during class, and this is her punishment. Please see to it that you embarrass her as much as you can. Signed, Coach Marie Spencer.”

She then walked away, leaving me to deal with Kathy and the audience that gathered during her tirade.

“This punishment doesn’t excuse you from our expectations. We aren’t gonna let you leave until you give us our show!” said Kathy.

Lunch period was starting soon, and I was getting hungry. However, the other girls blocked my way, and so I succumbed to the inevitable. I pulled my skirt up and started rubbing my slit. All the pent up arousal started to come out, and soon I was lost in a wave of pleasure. I closed my eyes and ignored everything around me as I was building to my ultimate climax. Then all of a sudden, a hand grabbed my arm, and almost ripped it off as it pulled me away from the crowd. Once my eyes re-focused, I saw that it was Miss Spencer.

“How dare you mock me by touching yourself after I told you how much trouble you are in for exposing yourself like that! I don’t see any other way of dealing with such a childish girl than to punish her as a child.”

She then took me over her lap, and started to spank me! In front of all the girls! The whole time I was sobbing uncontrollably. It only lasted a minute, but she must’ve spanked me 35 times! My butt was so red afterwards, you could see a slight tinge of red under my skirt. Once she was done, I got my books and headed for my locker. As I was going to my locker, Kathy came over and talked to me.

“I can’t believe Miss Spencer got so pissed at you! That spanking she gave you topped anything I would’ve done. Since she so rudely interrupted us, you still owe me a show. See you at the cafeteria. If you’re not there, I’ll tell everyone how you stripped during Gym and provoked Miss Spencer to spank you, and that afterwards you masturbated in front of the class!”

“I’ll be there. Just don’t tell anyone. It would be too humiliating.”

“Just be at the cafeteria in five minutes, and there won’t be any problems.”

Frightened and a little curious, I made my way to my locker to tell Stacey what just happened.

I was trembling as I got to my locker. Partly from what just happened in class, and partly from what Kathy just said. I put my book in my locker just as Stacey arrived at her locker.

“What happened to your halter top, and where’d you get that crop top?”

“Kathy stole my clothes and she made me wager them in our basketball game during Gym class, and at the end of the game I was completely exposed. Then Kathy was going to make me masturbate in front of everyone in the locker room. When I was almost done, Miss Spencer pulled me away from the class, tore up my halter top and made my gym shirt into a crop top, and then spanked me. She even gave me a note to give to my teachers so I won’t be thrown out. It was so humiliating, but then Kathy said that I still owe her a show and that if I don’t show up after five minutes, she’ll tell everyone!”

“Oh my God! Are you gonna go?”

“I don’t think I have a choice.”

“How long has it been since Kathy talked to you?”

“Almost four minutes.” I said, not really thinking about it. “Oh no! I have less than a minute to get to the cafeteria! Come on!”

With that, I slammed my locker shut, grabbed Stacey, and ran to the cafeteria.

**Part 3**

With one hand pulling Stacey, and the other keeping my skirt from falling down while trying to cover my slit, we arrived at the cafeteria. Kathy and the rest of the KKK were there.

“Nice to see that you arrived just in time, Amy. Why don’t we get our food first, then we’ll discuss the show you owe me.”

She then gave me and Stacey trays to put our food on, and we both got in line to get food. When I went to pay for my food, to my horror, I saw Kathy was working the cash register.

“Are you supposed to be working here?”

“No, but the guy who usually works owes me a favor, so today you’ll have to pay me.”

“How much do I owe you?”

“You don’t need to give me money for your food, Amy. But how about you give me a show instead?”

“You want me to touch myself in order to pay for my food?”

“No. Actually, I would like to have your clothes as payment.”

“What?!”

“Don’t worry, none of the lunch ladies will see you. They’re facing the other way, and I’ll give them back after you’re done eating.”

“What happens if I don’t do it?”

“Then I’ll call the principal down here and then we’ll see what happens.”

I knew that if she did, I would be expelled, but I didn’t want that to happen. I also didn’t want to expose myself to the whole school. I tried compromising with her.

“Do I have to get completely naked? Can’t I just give you my shirt or something, and you could hold that until I’m done?”

“Well, I suppose that would work as well. Alright, then. Off with your shirt.”

I put my tray down on the counter next to the cash register and proceeded to take off my crop top. I quickly gave it to her, picked up my tray, and started walking to the nearest empty table. Unfortunately, the only table left was way across the room. As I was walking, I realized that I couldn’t hold up the tray and my skirt at the same time. So without turning around, I asked Stacey to keep my skirt from falling down as I went to the table. I didn’t get a response, but a hand grabbed my skirt in the back and nudged me on. The whole time, I was worried that someone would see my bare breasts, but people were too busy talking to their friends to notice. When I was about half-way to the table, the hand pulled my skirt down to my ankles, completely exposing me and my just-spanked red butt in front of everyone in the cafeteria! I looked behind me and there was Kitty smiling at me. She was the one who was holding my skirt, not Stacey. I looked back at the lunch line and saw Kari holding Stacey back from protecting me. Now I was completely naked in front of the entire school, and I couldn’t do a thing about it! Kathy had found a way to completely strip me anyway. Although not many people noticed my exposure at first, word of mouth quickly spread and soon people were pointing and laughing at me. I stood there frozen to the spot. I wanted to get to the table, but they would just keep pointing and laughing. Also, with them leering at me, I couldn’t help but feel even more naked, which added to my already heightened arousal. Without anywhere else to go, I jumped out of my skirt, and ran to the table. As I bent over to put my tray down, someone goosed me! I automatically stood up, and felt my back hit a tray, and then heard a large Splat! I turned around, and there was Kitty. She looked really messed up. I must’ve hit her tray, causing her food to spill all over her when I stood up. She quietly put her tray down and stood back up. She looked really pissed.

“You’re gonna pay for that, Bitch!”

“I’m sorry! I’m Sorry! I didn’t mean-”

Right then, she stuffed a napkin into my mouth to gag me, and used my skirt to tie my hands behind my back. She then sat me down on the bench facing her and took out a small cylindrical object that tapered to a point at one end. It didn’t take a genius to figure out it was a vibrator.

“Kathy wanted to use this on you in the locker room, but thought better of it. Now we’re going to have some fun with it.”

She then thrusted the vibe into my slit and turned it on full power. Kitty then proceeded to pull a small video camera out of her bag, and started to record my inevitable involuntary orgasm. I tried to fight it for so long, but decided that the longer I held out, the longer that video is going to film me in my current state. I started to think about everything that happened to me today: from the bike ride, to the basketball game, to the spanking, and now. I couldn’t believe all the things that happened today had made me this aroused! Soon I was moaning into my gag as wave after wave of pleasure hit me. Never before have I had an orgasm this big. As my body was calming back down, I opened my eyes to see everyone in the cafeteria looking at me with surprised faces. Even Kitty stood in amazement. I wondered what could possibly surprise them so much. I know I couldn’t have moaned that loud. I looked down to find that the vibrator was gone! I looked around to see where it could have gone. I looked at the floor between my legs and saw a trail of my juices going behind kitty, and about ten feet away, the trail stopped where the vibrator landed. It probably shot out when I orgasmed. I had no idea I could do that. That’s why everyone was so surprised.

“Wow, Amy. I didn’t think a vibrator could shoot that far. That must’ve been some orgasm! Luckily I got the whole thing on film, but I wasn’t able to get a shot of how far it went.”

All I could do was sit there and blush. But the worst was yet to come.

“Hey, Kathy! Did you get that shot?” yelled Kitty.

Suddenly, from my left, Kathy stood up holding a video camera.

“Don’t worry, Kit. I got the whole thing from the start to the grand finale!”

Then, to my horror, Kari stood up from my right with a digital camera.

“I even got a bunch of good head-shots and close-ups of her pussy as she exploded!”

Oh no! Now they had all the evidence they needed to incriminate me. Kitty then leaned in close to me and said:

“Don’t worry, Amy. We won’t show anyone these tapes or pictures.” I was about to sigh in relief, but then she added, “Unless they pay us enough.”

I was on the edge of tears. Then I was wondering where Stacey had gone. She answered my question soon enough.

“Get away from her, you bitches!!!” Stacey screamed.

She came running right at Kitty, but for some reason, she was in her underwear. She was wearing a matching white bra and full-cut panty set. I was still gagged, so I couldn’t ask her about it, but she soon pushed Kitty away from me. She then took me in her arms and carried me away towards the counter. It was here that she finally untied my skirt and took out my gag.

“Stacey! Where are your clothes?”

“Kari stripped me and then tied me here. The whole time they were playing with you, I was trying to get free. Sorry it took so long.”

“It doesn’t matter now. We just need to find the rest of our clothes.”

During this whole fiasco, not one adult was tipped off, and none of the food servers noticed anything. I quickly put on my skirt. Since the rest of our clothes weren’t at the counter, Stacey and I decided that we would have to search for them. That meant we would have to streak around the whole cafeteria. I asked Stacey if she would do it alone since everyone already saw me naked, and I didn’t want it to happen again. Plus she was dressed more than I was, so she shouldn’t be as embarrassed as I am. But my pleas were futile, and soon we were running around the whole cafeteria looking for our clothes. The KKK saw what we were doing and started chasing us. We gathered up all the clothes we could find, and even tried to put them on as we ran, in fear of getting caught and stripped again. I was able to get my crop top on with one hand while holding my skirt up with the other. It proved to be a little challenging, but after a couple seconds, I was fully dressed again. Stacey had got her t-shirt on easily, but she had to hold on to her jeans. She couldn’t possibly stop to put them on without getting caught by the KKK. However, once my clothes were on, and she had her shirt on, the bell rang, and the students in the cafeteria knew the show was over, so they finally started to help us. They tripped the KKK and stopped them long enough for Stacey to get her jeans on. We then made a bee-line to our lockers where we quickly got our books for our final 2 classes and were on our way, hoping that we didn’t run into any of them the rest of the day.

**Part 4**

My next class was somewhat uneventful. After I handed the note to the teacher, he made me write out everything for his lesson for the class. This went on for the whole period. He then made my reach up high, completely exposing my breasts, but only he could see them. Even so, I was still embarrassed at the way he looked at me while I wrote on the board. He even made me write on the bottom of the board, giving everyone a long look at my butt. All the guys were openly staring at me the whole time. A lot of the girls were whispering words like ‘slut’ or ‘whore’ and gave me some very disapproving looks. When the class ended, I was a little paranoid that someone would start something, but they didn’t. I was still scared though, so I walked a little faster to my last class of the day. This was the class that Stacey and I had together. When she came in, she wasn’t wearing her normal clothes, and she was sobbing. She was wearing a sports bra that barely contained her breasts. She was also wearing a mini-skirt that came down to her mid-thigh. She sat next to me, and I asked her what was wrong, but she told me that she would tell me later. I had to show the teacher the note, and she had me write her lesson on the board. Thankfully she let me sit down after half the board was full. When the teacher gave us our work to do for the rest of the class, I tried to cheer Stacey up by talking about what happened to me during lunch. Hopefully she would think that whatever happened to her wasn’t as bad as what happened to me, so she would open up about it.

“I can’t believe everyone saw me naked! And to top it off, the KKK has videos AND pictures of my huge orgasm.”

“Well, that’s what you get for not wearing underwear to school! You should be ashamed of yourself.”

“Why are you so bitter? Everyone just saw you in your underwear. I didn’t mean for anything to happen to you. I’m sorry that they did that to you, and I’m grateful that you decided to help me instead of just looking for your clothes by yourself and leaving me there.”

“I’m not mad that I helped you, it’s about what happened after.”

“Can you tell me what happened, or would you feel better if you didn’t?”

“I’ll tell you as much as I can before I break down. After we split at the lockers, the KKK pulled me into the restroom, and this time they stripped me of everything. The whole time I was crying and begging them to give me my clothes back, but they wouldn’t. Once I was completely naked, Kitty and Kari spread my arms out and sat on them as Kathy spread my legs and kneeled on my ankles. Then Kathy took out a digital camera and started to take pictures \*sob\*. Once they had enough, they told me that I had to pay for helping you escape. Then they \*sob\* burned my clothes and threw me out into the hall. It was mostly empty, but some students saw \*sob\* EVERYTHING!”

“Oh my God! What happened next?”

“Well, as I got up, Kathy warned me that if I told on them, \*sob\*they would distribute the pictures around the school and \*sob\* the internet. They then handed me this sports bra and skirt that they \*sob\* found in the lost and found, and \*sob\* left me there to deal with everything. I put on the \*sob\* clothes as best I could, but I was so distraught that I went back into the restroom and cried inside a stall until the bell rang to start this class.”

“Oh you poor thing. I can’t believe they did that to you just for helping me. You really are a true friend for letting me listen to your difficult experience. I wish that none of this had happened, but I’m glad you were there to help me.”

“Thanks, Amy. That makes me feel a little better. Now I know how it feels to wear a skirt this short without panties. I just can’t believe everything that happened today. Everything started out so normal.”

“Same here. I wish I could go back in time and stop me from making so many bad choices. At least our ordeal is over.”

“I hope so, but something tells me that it’s not over yet.”

Finally, the final bell rang, signaling the end of the school day. But at our lockers, Stacey’s prediction came true.

“You didn’t think we were through with you, did you, Amy?”

It was the KKK! Stacey had her backpack on, and was ready to help me again, but I told her that she would just make them come after her again. She knew I was right, so she ran as fast as she could out of the building. That left me holding my backpack in front of the KKK. I thought I could confuse them if I just ran. After 2 steps, Kathy had my skirt in her hand, but I was going too fast, so with a loud ‘RRRIIIIIPPP!!!!’ my skirt was gone. As I continued to run, now with my back pack in front to cover my nudity, Kitty was hot on my heels, but just couldn’t catch up. As I was going through the door, she lunged at my top, but missed. I emerged from the building only wearing my shoes, socks, crop top, and my backpack that just covered my crotch. Before Kari could catch me, I mounted my bike and rode as fast as I could out of there. Since I was wearing the backpack in front of me now, and I could put on something decent at home later, I decided to take off my crop top and stuffed it into my backpack. I realized I had to explain to my mom that I needed to buy new Gym clothes ‘cuz I wasn’t about to wear that crop top ever again.

The ride home was horrible. Every motorist behind me seemed like they wanted to express their pleasure by honking their horns or yelling out their windows. There was even a few that slowed down in order to keep me in their line of vision as long as possible. There was even a few perverts that spanked my butt as they drove past. I was relieved as I finally made it home, but the blood drained from my face as I saw that my mom’s car was in the driveway. As quietly as I could, I opened the garage door and parked my bike inside. Once I closed the garage door, I decided to go through the door that was inside the garage that leads to the kitchen, since it’s close to the stairs that would lead up to my room and my salvation. I opened the door a crack, and saw the coast was clear, so I decided to make my move. But as I put my foot on the first step, I heard a loud scream. I had been found out.

“Oh my God, Amy! I leave you to get ready for school on your own, and you come home NAKED??!!!”

Before I could explain myself, she grabbed my arm, and led me upstairs to my room. When we got there, she started to take all the clothes out from my closet and my dresser.

“Mom, what are you doing?”

“Since you think it’s okay for a girl your age to be running around naked, you’ll be naked as long as you’re living here in this house!”

“But mom-” I began, but she cut me off.

“No ‘buts’, missy. You left this house not wearing a stitch of clothing, so you will never wear anymore clothes from now on!”

“Mom, I wasn’t naked.”

“What?!!!”

“When I left the house, I wasn’t naked.”

“Then what were you wearing?”

“A halter top, and a skirt.”

“No underwear?!!”

“No, mom.” (Biggest mistake of all). I just hung my head in shame.

“So, what happened to your clothes?”

“After school, the biggest bullies in the entire school tore them off me.”

“Serves you right. Going to school with no underwear. Humph.”

“I’m sorry, mom. I was in a hurry this morning, and I didn’t have time to put them on.”

“Hmmm. You were wearing a halter top, correct?”

“Yes?”

“And it barely covered your breasts correct?”

“Yes.” I whimpered.

“How long was your skirt? Be honest.”

“Just below my crotch and butt.” (I was near tears now.)

“And how low did it sit?” (Why was she asking me this?)

“Just on my hips.”

My mom got a pen and paper before standing in front of me again.

“Okay, then. Here’s your punishment, Amy. Effective immediately: no more underwear of any kind. Not even sleep wear. You will sleep in the nude. No long sleeve shirts or blouses, no pants, no shorts, and no skirts or dresses that come below mid-thigh. Only during formal occasions, and especially cold days, you are allowed a long sleeve shirt and a skirt that comes down to your ankles. During the fall and spring, you may take a coat with you, but you can only use it when you start shivering. During the summer, you shall not wear any more than what you had on today. That means one top, one skirt, shoes, socks, and nothing else. With the exception of your winter wear, from now on all of your t-shirts and blouses will be made into crop tops that come just below your breasts, and all button-down blouses will be cut to just below the breasts with all the buttons removed so you have to tie them shut. All of the linings will be removed from your halter tops so that they no longer prevent the exposure of your nipples. All your skirts will be shortened to hang no lower than mid-thigh and no higher than 2 inches below your butt and crotch, and will be altered so the waistband sits on your hips, and won’t be able to slip any further. You may try to pull the material over any exposed parts, but under no circumstances are you to cover yourself with anything when an article of clothing is removed. Oh, and lastly, you are allowed only one outfit per day, so if you lose an article of clothing, you’d have to wait until the next day in order to be covered again. And you just lost your allowed outfit for today.”

“Why are you being so harsh? It was just one mistake.”

“One mistake??? You came home naked!! Who knows what everyone thinks of you, or me?! You have brought shame to our family for your little indiscretion today, and I’ll be damned if I let it happen again.”

“But wouldn’t your punishment make it happen again?”

“As a punishment, only a few people will think you are a slut. If you are dressing like that voluntarily, EVERYONE will think you are a slut. Do you understand me now?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Good.”

I can’t believe it. She was really going to punish me like this. I was so surprised that she thought all this up so quickly. She even made it so that I would have to be in all my naked glory for the rest of the day. She then started to sort through the clothes, so she could donate the clothes I’m now forbidden to wear. When she was sifting around, somehow she got to my back pack and pulled out my Gym shirt/crop top.

“What’s this?”

“My Gym shirt.”

“How did your teacher allow you to wear this crop top without a bra?”

“It didn’t used to be that short. The teacher shortened it as punishment for not wearing a bra, and made me wear it for the remainder of the school day.”

“That’s good, and reminds me that your Gym clothes shouldn’t be a part of your daily outfits. You can’t wear any part of them as your outfit. Ever. Even if you lose part of your outfit, you can’t wear your Gym clothes. What is your Gym teacher’s name?”

“Miss Spencer. Why?”

“I’ll have to contact her about letting you wear this from now on. In fact, I should just call your principal and ask him if this is a suitable punishment and if he can legally enforce it.”

Once again, I was shocked. I thought I was done with wearing that crop top, but now it looks like I would have to endure it from now on. Not to mention the other tops I have to wear if my mom actually enforces her punishment. The answer came all too soon as she called the school.

“The principal told me that there is no law that prohibits this type of punishment. That’s why the punishment your Gym teacher gave you is legal.”

“Did you talk to Miss Spencer?”

“No, but I told your principal how she punished you, and he says it’s within the State’s laws. After I told him what you were wearing and what I plan to do about it, he gave me the go ahead to enforce this list of rules upon you, and he’ll do likewise. He told your Gym teacher that she has complete control over your gym clothes, since it is an all girl class and all. He even gave your regular teachers some suggestions of punishment if you misbehave in class: they can now make you flash any part of your body, but they cannot make you get completely naked or let anyone else, including them, touch you. The only people who have the authority to do that are your Gym teacher and the principal. With the exception of these rules, you still have to obey all dress code regulations as well as the rules of the school.”

My heart sank. I can’t believe that this punishment is legal. By the time she was half way through telling me the rules I would have to follow at school, I was sobbing.

“Stop crying. You deserve this for wearing such a revealing outfit without underwear. According to the principal, your friend Stacey is under a similar punishment after her mom discovered she wasn’t wearing panties. Her punishment isn’t as severe as yours. She just can’t wear panties until after Graduation. Which reminds me, I asked if it was okay with the principal if you attended the Graduation ceremony with nothing underneath your gown. He said that if you didn’t learn your lesson by then, it was okay, and if you happen to screw up before the ceremony, you will receive your diploma naked, and maybe even attend the Grad night celebration in the buff. He even said that if you screw up before any social gathering such as the Prom, he reserves the right to make you attend in any manner of dress he believes is adequate.”

She even planned out my Prom, Graduation and Grad Night! This can’t be happening!

“Oh, and since you seemed so comfortable flaunting your body around, your bedroom door and all blankets for your bed and otherwise will be removed.”

I just wanted to get through my day sans underwear without getting into trouble, but now I was in more trouble than I could comprehend. She even took away my right to privacy! My mom finished sorting out my clothes and donated the ones that I couldn’t keep. She then took off the blanket covering my bed as well as anything else I could cover up with, and put them in her room. Next was the removal of my bedroom door. I had to help her because doors are remarkably heavy things. We both carried it out to the garage where she chained it to a corner with a padlock. She even purchased a new lock for her bedroom door, so I couldn’t get to the blankets or the key to get my door back. After a quiet dinner, she started to alter my clothes to her specifications. Then around 9PM, Stacey called to ask how I was doing. I told her all about what happened when I got home.

“Oh my God, you poor thing! There can’t be a way that what they’re making you do is legal.”

“Oh it’s legal alright, and she even gave the principal and Miss Spencer the right to completely expose me, that is, totally nude! She then made an agreement that if she feels like it, she can make me attend Graduation wearing only the cap and gown! She even told the principal that if I screw up, he can make me go to Prom, Graduation, and even Grad Night in the nude!”

“Oh no! What will Kathy and the KKK do to you?!!”

“Dammit! I haven’t even thought of that, yet. All I’ve been thinking of is all my teachers and everyone in school potentially seeing all of me! Jeez, with the KKK on my back, I might as well go to school naked the rest of the year!”

“Why don’t you?”

“What?!! I can’t. I won’t. I have to try to retain at least some dignity.”

“Well, all I can do is wish you luck and pray that you don’t have to be nude all the time.”

“Thanks. You’re a good friend. I guess I should wish you luck as well with your punishment.”

“It’s not as bad as yours.”

“I know, but since you saved me today, I’ll try to save you as much as I can.”

“Thanks, Amy.”

“Hey, what are friends for?”

“Right. Oh, I gotta go. My mom wants me to take the bag with all my panties in it to the donation bin down my street. The problem is, she made me give up my skirt today as my punishment, but let me keep the sports bra just because it’s too small. Then she spanked me hard for a few minutes so my ass is red hot.”

“Well, good luck.”

“Thanks. You, too.”

After we hung up, I just went to my room, curled up in the fetal position and started crying. I cried for over an hour. I couldn’t sleep because I was too scared of what tomorrow might bring. The last thing I did before falling asleep is change that darn battery in my clock. I hope tomorrow isn’t as bad as today was.

**Chapter 2-The Next Day**

**Part 1**

I woke up to my trusty alarm clock going off. I sat up to find I was still naked. Yesterday wasn’t just a dream. My mom really had absolute control over me. I went to find something to wear in my dressers and closet, but didn’t find anything. She couldn’t have thrown them away, could she?

“Mom! Where are my clothes?!”

“First breakfast, then clothes!”

Yet another rule to humiliate me. I hope my day doesn’t get any worse.

After breakfast, I was finally able to get some clothes.

I decided to try on a crop top to see how bad it was. The hem almost exposed my nipples completely! I then tried a skirt on. I wasn’t covered at all in front, and the bottom third of my buttocks were exposed. I tried on the button down shirt that now needed to be tied shut. It lifted everything when it was tied, and my nipples were clearly visible above the neckline. It was as if I was wearing a half-cup bra.

“What did you do?!”

“Don’t get mad, sweetie. I just got the measurements wrong.”

“What do you mean ‘wrong’?”

“I hemmed your clothes a little too high.”

I asked my mom why and she said that instead of using my gym shirt as a “stencil” for the others, she took measurements and went about her alterations that way. So she somehow screwed up the measurements, and now all my shirts were too short.

“Okay, I forgive you, but please take me shopping after school. I don’t want to look like this for more than today.”

“I’ll try, but if I can’t, you have to find someone else to take you.”

“Okay, mom. I’ll probably go with Stacey if you don’t show.”

“That’s fine. Just remember that the clothes have to fit within the parameters we discussed last night. If it’s not possible to find anything that fits exactly, you can buy clothes that can be altered later. And if you do that, you can’t wear them until we alter them because you must obey the code at all times. Are we clear?”

“Yes, mom.”

“Good.”

As we were about to leave, I remembered to get my Gym shirt/crop top. It was basically the same as yesterday it was the only shirt that wasn’t “damaged”. I was about to wear it, but remembered her policy that I can’t wear Gym clothes in class. I was still obligated to follow the rest of the rules that hadn’t been changed to suit my “situation”. I quickly put it into my bag, got in the car, and we were on our way to the school. When I got there, Stacey was waiting for me. It seems like she has to wear only skirts as well, but she was wearing a much longer skirt than I was. She was dressed a little more modestly, too. She had on a blue tube top (with bra on underneath, of course) and a dark blue skirt that came down to her knees. I wished I could have a skirt that long, or maybe even some pants!

“Hi Stacey. It seems your mom is making you wear only skirts, heh?”

“Yep. But the school is enforcing it, too. And it’s just till graduation. That’s not nearly as severe as yours, though. And what’s with the added exposure? I thought your mom made it so your vitals would remain covered. At least when you’re standing still.”

“My mom somehow messed up the measurements, so she cut my clothes a little too short. I hope it’s only for today. She’s taking me out shopping after school, but if she can’t, I hope you’ll help me shop for clothes.”

“That’s cool. Since we have the same final class anyway, we could just walk straight to the mall afterwards.”

We were now at our lockers, and I was getting my books out of my locker from the top shelf. I had to stretch my arms over my head to get them, and this caused my breasts to become exposed and my butt to become more visible. The people walking behind me started to pinch my butt. I tried to ignore it, but after a while, it got really annoying. I still didn’t do anything about it because I was afraid I would attract more attention to myself. As I was about to lower my arms with my books, someone had the nerve to reach around me and pinch my nipples!

“Not wearing any underwear again, Amy? And even more revealing clothes than yesterday? You must love the attention because you let all those people pinch your ass and there is that unmistakable smell of your arousal. Yes I can smell it. After yesterday, it’s hard not to forget such a scandalous smell!”

Oh my God! It was Kathy!

“I-I-I’m wearing this because I h-have to. It’s p-punishment f-for yesterday. My m-mom and the s-s-sch-school are enforcing it.” I was so afraid of her now. I wasn’t sure if she was going to tease me or completely humiliate me. She still didn’t let go of my nipples yet.

“Interesting. A punishment that involves exposure because you exposed yourself. I think me and my friends are going to enjoy our last year of high school. However, I don’t think you’ll want to remember yours. HAHAHA!”

With that, she gave my nipples a tweak, patted my butt, and walked away. I quickly lowered my arms. They were aching after holding them up for so long.

“Amy, with that outfit, and your punishment, I don’t think you’d want the KKK to find you.”

“I know, but all I can do is hope and pray that they let me be.”

“I don’t think that’s gonna happen. Especially not today.”

“Probably, but there’s nothing I can do. I gotta go to class. See ya!”

“Bye!”

I clutched the books to my chest, and made my way to my English class. When I got there, all the chatter from the students stopped as I entered. I was glad that there were a bunch of seats in the back. As I walked to the one farthest from the teacher’s desk, the students started talking about me. There were whispers that maybe I was turning into a slut and that I was trying to hit on the teacher. I just ignored them as I sat there and waited for the class to start. The teacher walked in just as the tardy bell rang.

“Good morning class. We have a small change in plans today. Amy Collins, are you here?” (Oh no, what did he want?)

“Yes.”

“Could you stand up please?” (I complied. I hope he won’t make me do anything degrading.)

“You will now be sitting in front of me for the rest of the year. Please gather your things and move to the desk right in front of mine. I’ll have to keep my eye on you if I am to punish you correctly.”

Well, so long hopes of this just blowing over. I bent over to get my books when I heard:

“Miss Collins! Those clothes are unacceptable! You’re supposed to be preserving your modesty, and with those clothes it’s hard to believe you have any modesty left! I must talk to the principal about this.”

He must have left for fifteen minutes. The students were thinking about leaving while some of the more adventurous ones were talking about stripping me and taking pictures!

Finally the teacher came back and the look on his face seemed to be of stifled jubilance.

“Since it seems your clothes cannot cover you, there is no need to wear them. The principal has instructed me to take your clothes from you “

I was totally blind-sided by this. I knew the punishments would expose me, but I didn’t think I would get into trouble so easily. I tried telling him that it was my mom’s fault, but he wouldn’t have any of it.

“Resisting punishment! Now in addition to the removal of your clothes, you shall receive swats from my paddle.”

I quickly took off my clothes. I didn’t like where this was going. He had me lean over his desk so that my butt was facing the class. He took out the paddle and proceeded to spank me. After the first hit, I was already tearing up. I’ve never been spanked in my life! I can’t believe how much it hurt. After he was finished, my butt was a light shade of red. He then made me kneel in the corner with my hands above my head facing the doorway. This made my red bottom visible to everyone in the class. And with my hands above my head, my breasts were visible to anyone that walked past the door. He kept me like that for half the period while using me as a visual aid for his lecture. When I went to my new desk, my books were already moved there, so I sat down and endured the rest of the teacher’s, as well as the students’, crude remarks. Soon the class was over, and I made my way to the door. As I put my backpack on, he gave me this odd look as if he was thanking me for the show. Like he was saying that he knew that this wasn’t my fault, but he just wanted me to take off my clothes. I tried not to think about it too much and went to my locker to talk to Stacey about what just happened.

**Part 2**

When I got to my locker, Stacey wasn’t there. Instead she left a note on my locker. It seems like a bad omen when people leave me notes. This wasn’t any different. The note said that she was in the restroom hiding. It didn’t give me any more information, so off I went. I entered the restroom to find the KKK (Kathy, Kitty, and Kari) standing around Stacey, who was only wearing her bra.

“What are you doing to her?”

“Oh hi, Amy. We were just having a little fun with your friend here.” said Kathy.

“Where are her clothes?”

“We should ask you the same thing.”

“Since my mom altered my clothes to be a little too revealing for the punishment, the principal said that I might as well be naked, so here I am.”

“Wow! I never thought they’d make a student go naked, but I must admit I’m impressed.”

“Stop changing the subject. Where are Stacey’s clothes, and why exactly are you doing this?”

“Don’t worry. Stacey’s clothes are safe in Kitty’s locker. My reason for doing this is to show you what happens when anyone interrupts my show.”

“I thought you had everything you wanted from us.”

“Wrong! Just when things got interesting, she broke free and took you away. And since we had plans for both of you, the situation has changed. So, you both owe me a show.”

“But if I get caught, who knows what degrading punishment they’ll have in store. I may be in even more trouble than before.” I couldn’t stand there and let her degrade me in front of the entire school!

“Well that was your fault. Actually, it was more like Stacey’s fault. She was the one that broke free when she wasn’t supposed to and took you away when you were in the middle of entertaining us.”

“So where does that lead us?”

“That silly Stacey here should give us a show as well as you, Amy!”

Then finally, Stacey spoke up.

“You can’t! That would completely expose my pussy to everyone! And I would only have this bra to cover me!”

“Hmm. That does seem unfair.”

“Thank you!”

“BUT that doesn’t mean you get to keep all your clothes. Instead of leaving you that bra, I’m going to leave you with your tube top!”

“But it’s see-through!”

“You should’ve thought of that before defying me! Kitty, get her tube top. Stacey, hand me your bra.”

I knew that if I intervened, they would send out the video and pictures of yesterday’s show to anyone they could find. I had no choice, but to step aside. Stacey wised up and saw she had no other choice. Unless she wanted to be completely naked in front of the school, she had to give Kathy her last piece of clothing. Stacey was hugging her bra to her chest. Since I wasn’t doing anything, I decided to take a long look at her. She has slightly wider hips than I do, and a slightly smaller chest, too. She didn’t shave off her bush like I did, but kept it neatly trimmed. She then threw her bra at Kathy, who caught it. As her breasts came into view, I saw that her nipples were hard, too! She gets the same strange arousing feeling when being stripped as I do! Her nipples were pink in color and were about an inch in diameter. I wasn’t a lesbian, but I have never seen her, my best friend, naked before. As she stood there, she let her hands drop to her sides because she was afraid Kathy would embarrass her even more if she didn’t. Finally, Kitty came back with her tube top, and Stacey quickly put it on. I’m sure she was glad to be covered, albeit very little, but covered none the less.

“You’ll get your clothes back at the end of the day if I feel like you’ve earned them. Otherwise you’ll get nothing.”

It was then that the bell rang to start class. We were late! The KKK let us go because Kathy had to get to class as well. We went back to our lockers, got our books, and ran to our next class.

When I got there, I again had to sit in front of Kathy. But as I was walking toward the seat, I heard:

“Amy Collins! You are late, and where are your clothes?!” the teacher yelled.

“I’m sorry. I took a little longer in the restroom than I thought, and my clothes were confiscated by the principal.”

“You still need to feel ashamed for being nude. Why don’t you come up here and rub those breasts until you get extremely hot and bothered.”

Oh my God, he wanted me to pretty much masturbate in front of the class! I put my books down and went to the front of the class.

“Hurry up, Miss Collins, before I make you touch a different part of your anatomy as well.”

I didn’t want that to happen, so I tried to ignore my surroundings and pretend I was in my room doing this extremely intimate thing. I started to tease my nipples until they got hard, and then began to knead my breasts. Oooh it felt so good. I probably let a moan or two slip out of my mouth. I couldn’t help it. I was lost in a world of pleasure. I stopped when I got to the point where I wanted to touch my slit as that would make an already demeaning display even worse. My teacher seemed pleased with my performance, and let me sit down. Kathy couldn’t resist commenting on my performance.

“What a show, Amy. You know, you have the cutest tits I’ve ever seen. You should expose them more often. I know I would.”

Again, she sounded like she was complimenting my nipples, but seemed like she meant that she would let my nipples out more often. I couldn’t honestly tell for sure. Although I felt the urge to bring myself off right here, I couldn’t. It would be too embarrassing. I tried my best to keep my mind off it and concentrate on what the teacher was saying. As this was my history class, I fell asleep after he gave us the homework assignment.

“Miss Collins, sleeping in class is very rude, and will result in further punishment. I have discussed this with the principal and it is okay with him.”

I sat up, and wondered what punishment he could possibly impose on me.

“Since you, along with some others in this class, think it’s okay to sleep once I give you the homework assignment, I will make an example of you. Any student that falls asleep in this class from now on has to endure 10 bare-bottom spanks with my hand. It’s the same punishment I’m going to give Miss Collins.”

There was a collective gasp as he said this. I knew that I shouldn’t make him wait or else suffer even harsher consequences. Once I stood in front of the class, he had me bend over to grab my knees. He then planted ten of the most painful smacks my rear has ever endured. There was a smirk on the teacher’s face as well as Kathy’s as I sat down. She leaned over my shoulder and whispered into my ear.

“I bet you’re horny as hell now that the teacher has touched your bare ass! Well, I guess I’ll find out once you get back up.”

As much as I wanted to deny it, she was right. I was desperate to touch myself after the display I just made. I tried to block it out of my head. There were worse things to deal with. Such as staying awake in this class or I’ll be severely punished. Soon, the class was over. Now I had to reveal that I was in fact aroused by the spanking the teacher gave me, but what really worried me was that I had to go to Gym class naked. And because of my mom’s insane rules, I can’t cover anything. I would just have to grin and bare it. Oh, to heck with that, I’m running.

**Part 3**

This was so embarrassing! I was running through the hallway with my breasts bouncing with every step. I felt the air on my bare legs and clit. I was exposing everything, and I couldn’t cover myself. As I ran, people were yelling, screaming, and some even had cameras! I finally got to the locker room, and I was flushed. Partly from the exertion, and partly from my arousal. Could it be that I was getting turned on by people seeing my naked body? Was I turning into an exhibitionist? As I went in, I realized that I still had my Gym shirt in my locker in the hall. All that was in here were my Gym shorts. I immediately rushed back out there, but now the hallway was relatively clear. I only saw a few students walking around. I quickly opened my locker, put my history books away and took out my Gym shirt. I ran as fast as I could back to the locker room, and when I got there, I was covered with sweat, and Miss Spencer was waiting for me.

“What took you so long, and why are you naked? Nevermind. Get dressed first, and then come to my office.”

I pulled the crop top on, and it soaked up some of my sweat. There were wet spots everywhere. I couldn’t do anything about it now, so I put on the shorts and went to Miss Spencer’s office. When I entered her office, she was sitting behind her desk, and she had a stern look on her face.

“Explain to me why you came in later than usual, were covered in sweat, and completely naked.”

“Well, my first period teacher confiscated my clothes by order of the principal until the end of school, and as you know, I cannot cover my nudity when I lose an article of clothing. I thought that if I ran, I could get here quicker, and wouldn’t expose myself for too long. However, when I got here, I remembered that my Gym shirt was in my locker in the hallway, so I had to go back and get it. That’s why I was late and covered with sweat.”

“That’s a very convincing story. Even worked in how your Gym shirt was in your hand. But I think you let the principal confiscate your clothes so you could run around the entire school naked.”

“That’s not what happened, I swear!”

“I don’t care if what you say is true or not. You are still being punished for being an exhibitionist slut, and I have been granted the right to alter your Gym clothes however I want. They did put restrictions on me, though. I cannot make you attend class in the buff just for thinking you like to expose yourself, so I will make you wear the bare minimum. Your Gym outfit from now on consists of a pair of cheerleader bloomers that has the school’s name on it.”

I waited for her to say something more, but she didn’t. I had to ask her anyway.”

“Is that all I can wear, couldn’t you let met cover my chest at all?”

“I’m afraid not, Miss Collins. You will wear the bloomers and only the bloomers during Gym. Take your shirt and shorts off and put them in the trash. No one wants clothes that have been worn by a slut. Here’s your Gym clothes for the rest of the year.”

As I threw the most modest of my shirts in the trash along with the shorts, Miss Spencer put the bloomers on her desk in front of her. As I reached for it, she pulled it away, and said one thing.

“Your punishments are going to be in the form of spankings in increments of 5, but after 25 spankings (that is, after you misbehave five times), the bloomers come off and more humiliating punishments will suffice. You hear me?”

“Yes. I understand.”

“Good. Now get dressed and get on the court!”

She threw the bloomers at me, and I hastily put them on. For those that don’t know, bloomers are the colored panties that cheerleaders wear over their underwear so that when their skirts ride up or get caught by a gust of wind, you don’t see their intimates. The ones I was now wearing had the school’s seal emblazoned on the rear. I was desperate for any cover, and this was the first time since yesterday that my pussy and ass were decently covered. Once I had it on, I ran out to the court. When I got out there, I wasn’t prepared for the reaction I got. All the girls just stopped and stared at me. I could see that they were wondering why I was walking out of the locker room in what appeared to be just pair of panties. I was about to say something to break the silence, but Kathy beat me to it.

“Nice tits Amy! Looks like you love to show them off! Why don’t you just lose the bloomers so you won’t be burdened by a false sense of decency?”

I didn’t know what to say, but luckily Miss Spencer came in.

“She will do no such thing! And if you try to undermine my authority again, you will find yourself wearing that outfit on the court permanently!”

That made her shut up, but she gave me a very dirty look. I guess she’s going to make me pay for that now.

“Alright ladies, today’s a little different. Miss Collins here is being punished for her lewd misconduct during and after school yesterday. Because this is an all-girl class, the principal has given me the right to give her new Gym clothes as well as a new punishment system that would suit her punishment. For those reasons, what she is wearing now will be her Gym clothes for the remainder of the year, and she will receive 5 spankings every time she acts in a lewd manner. After she misbehaves five times, which means she would have been spanked 25 times, she would lose the privilege of wearing her uniform and the punishments would increase in humiliation with each additional offense. Please note that from now on, only I am able to punish her unless something happens to me. When that happens, I will appoint someone to take over. None of you are to touch her or talk to her in an inappropriate way. If any of you go way over the top with your actions, you may find yourself in a situation like Amy’s. Do I make myself clear?”

“YES!” everyone yelled.

“Good. Now let’s start the warm-ups. Kathy, since you made that inappropriate comment to Amy and undermined my authority, I see it fit that you perform the warm-ups without your shorts.”

“But Coach!”

“But nothing! I am having a trying day, and you are not making it any easier.”

“I can’t, Coach!”

“Okay, now you’re going to do it without your shirt, too! Now strip!”

I couldn’t believe it. Miss Spencer was really making Kathy do warm-ups in her underwear! Thank God she was putting up a fight, because it was taking the attention away from my bare chest!

“\*sob\* Okay, Coach. \*sob\*”

Kathy then took off her Gym shirt, revealing a modest sports bra. That didn’t seem bad enough to cry about, but we soon found out what the fuss was about. When she pulled down her shorts, we saw that she wasn’t wearing panties! Kathy the bitch wasn’t wearing any panties! When we saw this, we all started to point and laugh. All the girls in the class had reason to hate her. Even the ones she was nicer to. Miss Spencer even took a jab at her.

“So that’s what all the crying was for. I thought you were smarter than that, Kathy! Well, if you can’t do the time, don’t do the crime!”

She then made Kathy do all the exercises she made me do yesterday. It was even worse for Kathy because I wasn’t as exposed. When she finished, she was a total wreck! Miss Spencer gave her back her clothes, but she still was in pretty bad shape. She even asked to be excused to the locker room for the rest of the class. Miss Spencer took pity on her, and let her go. After Kathy was in the locker room, we went to choose the basketball teams. The three girls that were trying to embarrass me yesterday were on my team. The game was going very well, and during the game, we took a time-out and I decided to ask them a few questions.

“About yesterday, why were you so hell-bent on stripping me?”

“Well. We wanted to get on Kathy’s good side.” said one.

“And we focused our hatred for Kathy onto you.” said another.

“We’re very sorry about letting her expose you yesterday, but we really wanted to be Kathy’s friends.” said the third.

“Well, no hard feelings. I can kind of understand your actions now, and I don’t blame you. I blame Kathy. She deserved everything that just happened to her. Please don’t tell her I said that.”

“As long as you don’t tell her that we hate her, we won’t say anything.” said the second girl.

The others just nodded their heads, and we continued the game. Towards the end, I was worrying what might happen when I go back to my locker. Kathy’s locker is right behind mine. I found out soon enough when Miss Spencer dismissed the class. To prolong the moments before I would have to go to my locker, I took a quick shower. As I got to my locker, I found the KKK standing there with Kathy still drying her tears.

“What the hell did you do to her, you bitch!” Kitty yelled.

“Once she gets better, we’re all gonna kick your ass!” said Kari.

“S-s-she made coach s-Spencer punish me in f-front of the c-class by t-t-taking off my sh-sh-sh-shorts. \*sobbing\*”

She couldn’t hold back any further. I’ve never seen her like this. She must feel totally humiliated. Even though I knew I had my revenge, I couldn’t help but feel sorry for her. While she was crying, I decided it was best for me to leave. I opened my locker to put away my bloomers, but Kitty and Kari grabbed my arms and pulled me into the restroom that was across from the lockers. Once inside, they held me down and Kathy came in, locking the door behind her. She wasn’t crying anymore. In fact, she looked like she was fine.

“I can’t believe that worked so well! Everyone thought I was truly humiliated, but I couldn’t care less if someone saw me naked. Of course, it would probably ruin my reputation, so I don’t think you’ll ever see me completely naked any time soon. You, on the other hand, have an amazing body, and I would just love to feel it all over me, you sexy girl.”

She was really scaring me now. First she tells me that she faked being humiliated, and now she was coming on to me. Before I could say a word, she took off her shorts and shirt – leaving her in just a bra – and straddled my face. Her slit was right above my mouth! I wasn’t a lesbian, but it was obvious that she was!

“Lick it bitch! I want your tongue inside me!”

I didn’t do it. I couldn’t do it. Here I was lying naked on the floor of the girl’s restroom being forced to service my arch enemy. After a while of waiting, Kathy decided to take matters into her own hands, or rather, her mouth. She started to vigorously lick my crotch! Through the arousal I had built up during the day, I couldn’t help but start moaning. Just as I thought I was going to explode, she stopped.

“If you don’t start licking, I won’t finish you off!” she said.

Needless to say, I started to lick her with everything I had. Soon she was moaning and asking for more. Then suddenly, she began to scream uncontrollably. She wasn’t having an orgasm, and neither was I. She wasn’t even licking me! With my arousal fogging my mind, I voiced my outrage.

“Hey! You’re supposed to be licking me! Make me cum you stupid bitch!”

I had never used language like that in my life! I guess I was so desperate for release that I said anything that would make it happen. I was even licking her slit more intensely in hopes of getting her to climax and then help me to get mine. I was so enveloped by the situation that I wasn’t paying attention to anyone else. The next thing I knew, I was hearing Miss Spencer’s voice.

“Miss Collins! What in heaven’s name do you think you’re doing! You should be ashamed of yourself. Taking advantage of a vulnerable girl like that. Kathy, are you alright?”

“\*sob\* Yes coach. She came out of nowhere. I was on my way out when, when she…oh God! \*sobbing\*”

I was speechless! Miss Spencer still thought Kathy was humiliated by what happened in class, and Kathy made it sound as if I was the one that brought her into the restroom and took advantage of her! So that was her plan all along!

“She’s lying! Kathy told me that she was faking the whole thing, and then her friends dragged me in here and she straddled my face and made me lick her!”

“That’s a pretty far-fetched story, Amy. From what I could see, you were giving her an un-wanted orgasm. Besides, where are her friends now?”

I looked around the room. They were gone! Sometime when we were going at it, they must’ve left.

“Not here are they, Amy? Well, you’re in a lot of trouble now, missy!”

Great. Now it seems like I took advantage of Kathy AND lied about it.

“Behavior like this takes more drastic measures than what we discussed.” (Uh oh, I do not like where this is going.)

“However, I do not have the authority or the ideas to implement such a punishment. Therefore I shall speak with the principal about this, and since Kathy must be so traumatized by your actions, I will ask him if it seems fair that she chooses your punishment. Until we reach a suitable punishment, you will remain dressed as you were before class. Hopefully we will come to a decision during lunch. Now out you go.”

She shoved me back into the locker room, and I quickly left to find Stacey and how her morning went.

**Part 4**

Again, there was a note on her locker, this time it was written by someone else, hopefully Stacey. It said:

“I’m in the restroom again. Too embarrassed. Stacey”

It seemed like it was from her, so I tentatively opened the door to the girl’s restroom. I didn’t see anyone, so I went in. I peeked underneath the stall doors to see if I could find Stacey. There was only one person in a stall, so I knocked.

“Go Away!”

I knocked again.

“Occupied!”

“It’s me. Amy.”

“Oh, good. I need to see a friendly face.”

She opened the door. She was naked! Well, she had pasties hiding her nipples, but they were barely big enough.

“What happened to your top?”

“It was punishment for not wearing my skirt. I was spanked 15 times for being late. I was so embarrassed that I ran in here after class. Luckily I found these stickers to cover my nipples.”

“Did that happen during the last class, or the one right after our meeting with Kathy?”

“The one after Kathy.”

“So you stayed in here for the past hour?”

“Yeah.”

“I wish I’d done that.”

“Why? What happened to you?”

“Well, first my teacher confiscated my clothes for being too revealing, then my history teacher made me rub my breast until I was thoroughly aroused. When I fell asleep as I usually do in that class, he said that sleeping is now punishable by 10 bare-bottom spanks with his hand! Then in Gym, Miss Spencer is making me wear cheerleader bloomers as my Gym clothes.”

“Bloomers? That’s it?”

“Yep. Only Bloomers. At least she told the others that they couldn’t embarrass me anymore or they would end up like me. Kathy wasn’t too happy about that because she made a remark about my bare chest as Miss Spencer entered the room. She punished her by taking her shorts for the rest of the class. Then Kathy broke down in tears after she gave Miss Spencer her shorts because she wasn’t wearing any underwear.”

“No underwear? What was she thinking?”

“I don’t know, but Miss Spencer felt sorry for her and let her go to the locker room with her shorts on for the remainder of class. When I went to my locker to get changed, the KKK was sitting there, and when I was naked, they took me to the restroom. It was there that Kathy told me that she was faking the whole time and that she would make me pay for getting her in trouble.”

“Oh no! What did she do?”

“She started licking my bare slit, and stopped before I climaxed. She said that if I didn’t start licking her, she wouldn’t finish me off. I was so horny that I just started licking with all my strength. She started screaming, and that attracted the attention of Miss Spencer. She came in to see that I was licking her while she was crying for help. When she asked us what was happening, Kathy acted like she was humiliated like before, and she said that I violated her.”

“Wow! How did she punish you?”

“That’s just it, Stacey. She didn’t. She couldn’t think of a punishment. She went to talk to the principal about it and she’s gonna ask him if Kathy, the ‘victim’, could choose the punishment. Until then, I will just go about my day as if it didn’t happen.”

“Jeez, your day was waaaay worse than mine, and yet you didn’t want to just run in here and hide?”

“Part of me wants to run away and never look back, but… well…Remember what I said about this being sort of arousing?”

“Yes. Is that why you’re letting yourself being treated like this? Just so you could get your jollies while everyone in school thinks you’re a freak?”

“Yeah, but I didn’t think it would go this far. And the farther it goes, the hornier I get. Maybe I am a freak. \*sobbing\*”

“Now don’t say that. You’re just confused, that’s all. You haven’t done anything like this before and your feelings are a little weird because of it.”

“You sure?”

“Yes. Just don’t panic. Everything’s gonna turn out fine. Just pray that the principal won’t make you do anything too degrading.”

[Announcement] “Amy Collins go to the principal’s office immediately! Amy Collins to the principal’s office right now!”

“Well, Stacey, it’s the moment of truth.”

“Good Luck, Amy!”

“Um, will you wait for me here until I get back?”

“Sure, and then we could go get lunch together.”

“Okay, later.”

I walked down the hall to the principal’s office. I stood at the door and wondered what fate awaited me on the other side. Could I possibly be forced to attend school naked for the rest of the year? Hopefully not. The worst case scenario is that they give Kathy the right to punish me in any way she wants. I really hope it doesn’t come to that. I summoned up all my courage and opened the door.

“Ah, Amy, come in and take a seat.” Said the principal.

“So you’ve come to a decision?”

“Yes we have, Miss Collins. I’m also afraid that your mother will have to know about this because this changes the rules a little bit. I will only tell her that your conduct in school has forced us to take even more drastic measures just short of making you attend school naked for the year. This does not change the rules we have previously discussed. You told me about your mother altering your clothes too much, so once she alters your wardrobe to be more decent, you can start wearing clothes again. For security reasons, the story about how you ended up with this new punishment is strictly confidential. The only people who know what happened are standing in this room. The rest of the school will be told the same story we will tell your mother. Hopefully it will link to the punishment Kathy was so brave to suggest.”

Oh No!!!!! They couldn’t, they wouldn’t, they did! They let Kathy choose my punishment. Oh, what will she make me do, and for how long?

“So what is my punishment?”

“Well, until you show an improvement in your behavior as well as self-control, you must insert a vibrator before you walk to school. It will stay inside you for the duration of the day until you arrive back home. The only exception is when you take your shower after Gym. We wouldn’t want you to get electrocuted, do we?”

“I guess not, sir. But I have one question.”

“What is it?”

“Would I have to leave it in even if I decide to go somewhere else after school?”

“Well, for extenuating circumstances like going to a shop or having someone take you somewhere, you would take it out when you get into a vehicle, or when you arrive at your destination if you travel by foot.”

“Okay. I just wanted to be clear on that. Would that also be the case before school as well?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, if I was to go somewhere before school, I would put it in when I get out of a vehicle when I arrive at school or put it in when I leave the house if I travel on foot.”

“I don’t see why not.”

“Oh, what if I ride a bike?”

“I think the same would apply as if you were on foot.”

“Okay, then. I guess I’m clear on the punishment, so I’ll just get out of your way…”

“Not so fast, Amy. Your punishment starts now. Here is your new very special friend.”

Kathy then pulled out the same vibrator Kitty used on me yesterday! It’s gonna get very intimate with me for a while, that’s for sure. She handed it to me, and from the looks everybody gave me, they wanted me to insert it right here, and right now. Without any complaining, I quickly inserted it into my moistened slit. It was small enough to be inserted without any of it sticking out. No one would be the wiser. They then told me I had to turn it on at full power. The vibrations started, and I almost had an orgasm right there in the principal’s office.

“Oh, one more thing. When you orgasm while on this campus, you must show at least one person why you orgasmed by lifting your skirt and showing the vibrator sticking out of you. Also, you are only allowed five orgasms a day, so please behave yourself. Of course, I cannot see you all the time, so I will have Kathy’s schedule adjusted so that she will be in all your classes and she will make sure you follow the rules of your punishment. I hope this helps you gain more self-control over your, uh, sexual urges. So if Kathy tells us that you failed to cooperate, we would be forced to humiliate you.”

“Humiliate me? How?”

“Well, for example, if you exceeded your allowed orgasms, we will hold an assembly where you will be presented in front of the school, naked of course, and you will masturbate to orgasm for every orgasm that’s over your limit. Likewise, if you break the rule about flashing, you will have to go without your skirt for a week. And if you violate a student again, a select few of your classmates will violate you. Please understand that I have to be strict in order for you to be a better person.”

“Understood, Mr. Thompson.”

“Good. Now, both of you, go back to your lunch.”

As we left, Kathy couldn’t help but smile at me. She now had complete control over me. I wonder what she was thinking. If she wants me to be paraded around the school or if she just wanted a private show for her and her friends. The vibrator didn’t help my situation any as I started to imagine myself in front of the school masturbating. In front of all those people! Me being totally naked performing such an intimate thing! Oh my God!

“Oh my God!! Oooohhh! Aaaahhh! Uuuhhhhhh!”

I couldn’t take it anymore, and I just lost it. Right there in the middle of the hallway! The force of it made my knees buckle and I dropped to the floor twitching, riding every wave of my orgasm. There was no mistaking that scream, and everyone started clapping as my orgasm subsided.

“Amy, you have four more orgasms left, and you know what you have to do now. Unless you want me to tell Principal Thompson that you broke a rule.”

As I lay there, I decided it was now or never. Everyone was starting to leave, so I quickly got up to my feet. Unfortunately Kathy had something else in mind.

“Hey everyone! Check this out!”

Once everyone’s attention was towards our direction again, she pulled my legs apart. Now everyone saw the vibrator, and some even took photos! I closed my legs and ran down the hallway so I could go talk to Stacey.

She was still in the restroom, and she was a wreck. She had tears dripping down her cheeks, and was red all over.

“Did something happen?”

“K-kitty and K-kari came in here. They f-forced themselves on m-me. I t-tried to resist, b-but they j-just…just…”

“They molested you?”

“Y-y-yes. \*sobbing\*”

“Well, I can’t say my trip to the office was any better.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, Kathy chose my punishment. Which is to wear this vibrator from now on.”

“Oh no!”

“And every time I orgasm, I have to flash someone so they see the vibe.”

“How do they know if you flashed or not?”

“That’s the worst news yet. They put Kathy in charge of that. They even switched her schedule so she could spy on me for the whole day, and rat me out if I digress from the punishment.”

“Oh Amy, it looks like you’ll be under Kathy’s control for the rest of the year.”

“I know. I know. But what can I do? I’m helpless. No one can help me and none of the authorities believe Kathy and her friends are the meanest bitches in school! \*sobbing\*”

We held each other close, and just cried for the rest of the lunch period. Our lives were soon going to be VERY interesting.

The End