**Bad Luck Lacey**

by hail2thechief

**Part I**

For her entire life up to today, Lacey had pretty good luck. Her reserved nature definitely helped, but often times the uncontrollable factors just seemed to go her way.

Like at her best friend Cory’s 15th birthday. “Hey everybody, watch my do a dive!” Lacey proclaimed atop the high-dive. She leapt off the cement landing and crashed elegantly into the water below, a crash that swept her bikini bottoms right off. She broke the surface and felt the water massage the naked skin where her bottoms had been.

Looking down she saw her top and shifted mightily, exposing both her breasts. Before panic could set in she realized Cory’s hot mom had just brought out the cake and nobody noticed her dilemma. Lacey quickly located her missing suit, swam over and pulled it on.

And the events following a lacrosse game where she had scored the winning goal. She had gone back to the locker room to change into her normal clothes, but realized she forgotten a fresh pair of undies. She slipped off her bloomers, changed her top then headed out. She wasn’t too worried about going commando, it was a brief walk back to her car and she going straight home.

However, she was intercepted by a reported from the local news. They were interested in doing a small piece about the playoff-bound team and asked if she’d answer a few questions about the game. Lacey tried to avoid it, her heart skipping a beat when she felt a light breeze lightly lift the hem of her skirt, but eventually she obliged.

Taking a seat next to the reporter and directly facing the camera, Lacey sweated through question after question. When prompted to give a run through of the game-winning goal, she incidentally shot her right leg out, opening her skirt widely, then shuffled her feet in air. When it struck her what she’d done she turned ghostly white. It didn’t help that everyone had heard she was going to be on the news that night, so the entire school was watching. Just as the moment drew close, an ad popped up at the bottom of the screen, blocking out any unwanted exposure. Lacey was infinitely relieved, and although still uneasy about the news piece’s decision to keep that segment included. Very strange circumstances.

And there was the time she was 5 dollars on a lotto scratcher, though that’s not very relevant to the story.

**Part II**

And there was the time she won 5 dollars on a lotto scratcher, though that’s not very relevant to the story.

But alas, Lacey’s luck had changed. Though it didn’t seem so just yet. The principle had approached her Lacey on Monday of that week.

“Lacey, I want the cheer to open Friday’s pep rally with a brief performance, can you do that for me?” It was a no-brainer. The school’s cheer team wasn’t very popular at the moment. Mostly because a large group of the girls were fugly, which only accentuated the soft, cute features of their captain, Lacey. Lacey drew resentment from the other girls, not just for being prettier, but for being hotter too. Hmm, I guess those are kind of the same…never mind.

“Yeah we’d love to!” Lacey replied, though not so certain the rest of the girls would be as enthusiastic. When she broke the news to them at practice that day, and that they’d have to stay late all week learning a new routine, the team sighed heavily and vowed this was all Lacey’s fault.

One girl in particular, Tara, had had enough. And coincidentally, up to this day, Tara had nothing but bad luck. She still remembered a girl named Cory’s birthday party a few years back.

Tara went off to change into her bathing suit. She had just finished unhooking her bra when she saw the door handle turn. Before she could stop herself from dropping the bra, and rendering herself completely naked, the door swung open where she was met by the eyes of the entire party. Tara struggled to cover herself, yelling internally for this dimwit to close the door, but she was just as awestruck and frozen. Looking up she saw it was Lacey, who quickly apologized, saying she was just looking for the restroom. Lacey then closed the door and soon after forgot all about the incident.

And there were the events of a lacrosse game. Tara had left her bloomers at practice the day before, but luckily a friendly girl on the team named Lacey scooped them up and promised to bring them to the game the next day. Lacey packed her equipment up, threw a bag together with a spare change of undies and tossed Tara’s bloomers in with them.

At the game the following day she gave a glib apology to Tara, stating she must’ve left them in another bag back home. Tara would be forced to wear just the narrow thong she had worn to school that day. Still, that wouldn’t have been so bad had it not been for the big play. Nearing the final few seconds Tara jetted forward to receive a breakaway pass. Unfortunately, her foot wrapped around another girl standing running the same path, sending Tara flying into the air. In her daze she sat up to see she had landed spread-legged in front of the home crowd. Suddenly, the crowd stood up, giving everyone a perfect view of her improper attire as they roared with excitement. She turned around to see Lacey had scored the winning goal.

Tara vowed to get back at little lucky Lacey

**Part III**

Tara’s first bit of inspiration occurred Tuesday. She giggled to herself watching Lacey warm up for practice. Bending over in her yoga pants, Lacey’s heart-covered undies were almost completely visible. Tara could make out each individual heart’s color, almost in disbelief that Lacey had never noticed this. She made her move.

“Hey Lace,” she started, slowly making her way over. Lacey pulled herself upright and turned around. “Yeah, what’s up Tara?” “You know, I just noticed that since we’re going to be performing outside and it’s been kind of cold…and I think they look really good and all the girls seem to have a pair, what if we performed in our yoga pants? Might make for a cooler, sleeker look?” “I don’t know, what do you girls think?”

A few of the girls panned over unenthused. When they saw the surreptitious nod that Tara gave them, they perked up in favor of whatever option Tara was spouting. “Yeah, we like Tara’s idea.” “Sure, yeah.” “Whatever.” “Huh?”

“All right, fine, I guess we can do that.” “Great,” Tara smiled walking away. She turned around and put the wide smile back on her face as Lacey bent forward, again showing off her silly underwear. Now if only there was a way to get those off of her before the show, Tara thought.

By Wednesday, the routine was fairly set and well-rehearsed. It was time that Tara set the next step in motion.

“Lacey, I saw this ending formation online and, and I was wondering if we could incorporate it.” “Oh umm. Well we have the routine almost down pat. If we change—“ But Tara interrupted her.

“What do you think girls? Should we spice up the routine?” “Yeah, we like Tara’s idea.” “Sure, yeah.” “Whatever.” “Huh? “All right, fine, what is it Tara?”

Tara explained the choreography that required the team’s flier to tumble and flip into a lift. Two girls on each side hold the legs with the flier caught legs akimbo, held in air. It looked much better than that crummy description.

“I don’t know Tara; we don’t do a lot of lifts.” It was true. Most of the ugly girls were also fat, making lifts limited to only a few of the girls. Unfortunately for Lacey, she was the best suited for the job.

“Oh come on, you’ll be great. The girls and I will hold you up.” After a bit more convincing, Lacey consented. She remembered the few instances of taking the spotlight in the past and how they’d almost lead to unbelievable embarrassment. Yet she had convinced herself this would be fine.

A few got together to make sure they could hoist Lacey up. Lacey got ready, jumped up, and was held perfectly in place by the girls below. Tara looked straight up. Lacey was wearing bulky solid green underwear today. The girls below all saw and giggled to themselves before letting Lacey down.

**Part IV:**

On Thursday it rained. And rained and rained. But then it stopped raining, only to start again.

The principal came to Lacey and told her they’d be moving the pep rally indoors, under the bright spotlights of the auditorium. However, he failed to mention that they’d be live streaming the event to all the local middle schools in an attempt to get them excited for high school.

Lacey delivered the news to the girls, eliciting a sly grin from Tara and a chuckle from a few of the other girls. Tara was starting to think things were getting too good to be true. She knew under the booming lights of the auditorium, Lacey’s already thin yoga pants would be practically transparent.

They practiced well into the night until the routine was down perfect. Even the ending jump was looking strong, with Tara and her friends holding the nimble Lacey into the air. Again they looked up Lacey in mid-air and shared a smile at her light pink panties.

“Ok guys, great practice, I know we’re gonna nail it tomorrow and look great,” Lacey hailed.

As the clock turned to midnight her dream of the flawless team performance turned into a nightmare. At that very moment, planets had realigned, the earth had shifted, uhhh something happened, and Lacey’s luck was thrown askew. She saw herself running into the final jump, rising into the air, but instead of a roaring applause she was met by a chorus of laughter. Confused, she looked down to see her yoga pants were bunched up at her ankles. And as she tried to free herself, thinking it couldn’t get worse, her wiggling around caused her panties to slowly fall out of her reach. “NOOO!!!”

She was startled awake. She couldn’t get out of bed quick enough. She calmed herself down, realizing it was simply a dream, then put a smile back on as she began to stretch out and get ready for the day. As she stretched out her back and arms as wide as she could she felt a small tickle go down her legs. Looking down she realized her panties had given way and fell right off.

“Hmm, guess those aren’t good any more.

With a quick kick she flicked them into her closet, right onto the rim of her dirty clothes hamper.

Her joyful ease was quickly evaporated when she realized it was already 7:18, and had to be at school in 12 minutes. She must have overslept. Usually she always showered before school, and having come back so late last night she never had time to shower following practice. She knew she smelled bad.

“AHHH I can’t be late though!”

**Part V**

Lacey remembered that there were showers in the locker room at school. If she hurried, she might be able to make it to home room at 7:30 and excuse herself to prepare for the pep rally at 8. Then she could shower before the girls got there.

No. She wouldn’t do it. The possibility of being naked at school was too much for her. She scampered out of her room to the adjacent bathroom. But the door was locked.

“Ughhhh, open the door.”

“Hi.” Lacey was startled a little boy to her left. “Your brothers in there.” Then the boy’s eyes looked ever so slightly down.

Lacey realized his eyes were now right at her crotch. Looking down she saw her little night shirt was not as long as she remembered.

“Oh my gosh, never seen a girl in her underwear before?” she yelled angrily storming back to her room. Lacey recalled that the boy was actually Tara’s little brother, who just so happened to be best friends with her little brother.

Lacey got back to her room resigned with the fact that she’d just have to shower at school.

“Holy shit, my pussy!” It finally hit her that she had kicked her panties off, and Tara’s stupid annoying little brother had just gotten a face-full of something no boy had EVER seen. Lacey now on the verge of tears, had to stop herself from shaking before she could get ready for school.

She stripped off her night shirt, grabbed a clean pair of plain white cotton undies, hooked her bra on and covered it with some old jeans, a t-shirt, and a sweater. Checking herself in the mirror and seeing her fully dressed figure was very calming. She took a deep breath and ran out the door to school.

Lacey jumped through door just a few seconds before 7:30. Professor Hans Gao, an avid Biker, evidenced by the Splotch of dirt on the bottom of his old Indian/outlaw style jeans, was just taking attendance. “Little Joe?” “Here.” “Lacey?” “Here,” she cried, rushing to her seat.

**Part VI**

Lacey fell into her seat and let head rest on the desk. The girls would all be at the locker room by 8, she needed to hurry up and get there before it filled up. The professor was just getting to the Z’s.

“Zeeman.” “Here.” “Zetter.” “Here.” “Zissman.” “Here.” “Zitman.” “Here.”

Unfortunately for Lacey, the class had 17 students with the last name starting with Z, so this took a while. It was rather peculiar.

When the professor finally finished it was a quarter till. He retreated back to his desk, Lacey’s cue to go ask to be excused.

“Excuse me, professor, but may I be excused. I need to go set up a few things for the pep rally.”

Lacey heard a few of the boys in the first row sniggering. When she turned her head one of the boys was pointing right at her butt.

“Nice undies,” one of the other boys said.

Confused, Lacey looked down to see her old jeans had a huge hole right at the pocket. Almost her entire right cheek was revealed. She was certain today could not get any worse. She covered the jeans hole with her hand and asked the professor again, which he soon granted.

“Oh yeah go ahead. Look forward to seeing you perform today.”

“Thanks.” She smiled back then whisked off gathering her stuff and heading right to the locker room.

When she got out the door she sprinted as fast as she could, causing a slight commotion outside. One person who took notice of this was Tara, sitting bored in her own home room class. Tara was intrigued, why was Lacey in such a frenzy?

“Professor, can I go to the bathroom?”

“What? The math room. Hahaha”

“Ugh, can I?”

“Yeah knock yourself out…”

Tara grabbed her bag and went out the door, spotting the fleeing figure running toward the gym. She followed.

Lacey hastily looked around all the lockers, making sure the room was completely empty. Then she darted toward the back corner with the showers, checked again, yelling out “Hello,” and then proceeded when there was no response back. She stripped off her shirt and ripped old jeans. She turned the knob, a rush of warm water shooting out. She checked again: nobody. Lacey pulled the towel out of her bag and hung right outside her stall. Then she got in, pulled the curtain firmly shut and stripped off the rest of her clothes, tossing them in a small pile outside her stall.

Tara entered the locker room, immediately hearing the odd sound of the shower actually being used.

**Part VII**

Tara crept in quietly. She was sure reserved little Lacey of all people would never risk being naked at school. She tiptoed back toward the corner where the shower ran, peeking from behind the last locker in the last row. Tara recognized the towel. And the silhouette behind the curtain. It was Lacey.

This was too perfect. She was going to steal everything and leave her stranded and naked in the locker room. Had earth shifted? Had planets realigned? If Tara had been reading this, she would know that yes, indeed, something like that had happened.

Behind the curtain Lacey was completely oblivious. The crash of the water on her bare skin left her deaf to anything going on outside her little stall. She even took a second to admire the waxing she had just gotten for the first time. Cory had suggested it to her and she had to admit, the clean look suited her pretty well.

She wished that Tara’s little brother hadn’t gotten the opportunity to admire it, but alas, it was just one stupid boy. He probably didn’t even know what he was seeing.

Tara stepped right up to the pile of clothes when she heard the water shut off. “Shit.” Now rushed, Tara just shot her hand out grabbed whatever she could and darted away as a hand reached out from behind the curtain for the towel.

Lacey peaked out when she thought she heard footsteps, but seeing nothing, she drew her head back in and dried off. Tara ran to her locker to see what she’d grabbed: a simple white pair of panties and nothing else. “This will do,” Tara grinned as she heard the footsteps of the other girls start to enter the locker room.

Lacey heard the same thing. She grabbed for her clothes, turning them over and about trying to find the panties. “Where are they?” she asked herself, getting frustrated. But she didn’t have time. The girls were arriving. She flipped through them again, the panties were not in sight. She thought back to the near disaster with the news reporter. That had been the only time she'd gone commando; She figured she was lucky enough to avoid exposure then, she'd be able to do it again this time.

Deciding that it would be easier to just put her yoga pants on under her towel than to have to take her pants off and bare everything, she stepped out and waddled over to her locker, located right next to Tara’s.

**Part VIII**

“What’s with the towel?” Tara asked, turning to Lacey.

“Oh, I got stuck out in the rain, so I just took them off to dry,” she replied, trying to laughing it off. Tara could tell Lacey was perturbed, struggling with the lock on her locker, then fumbling through her cheer clothes when she finally got it open.

“So you’re not naked under there are you?” Tara mused, emphasizing the word naked to get some of the other girl’s attention.

“No. I have my underwear on.”

Tara, feeling feisty, stepped toward Lacey and grabbed the side of her towel.

“Really? Come on let’s see.”

“No, I’m—go get dressed.”

Lacey now had one hand on a leg of her yoga pants and one hand clenched keeping her towel shut.

Tara diverted her efforts and instead grabbed the other leg of the pants, trying to tug them away from Lacey.

“Oh come Lace, you’re no fun,” Tara said, pulling the pants away. But Lacey kept a strong grip and pulled her leg back, ripping them out of Tara’s hands. Lacey took a few steps away then slipped the pants on under her towel.

After that Tara allowed Lacey to get dressed interrupted.

“All right girls, let’s get to the auditorium, let’s go let’s go.”

Lacey lead the girls out. Tara followed closely behind, confirming the fact to herself that Lacey indeed had nothing between the thin fabric of her pants and complete exposure.

Tara pointed out the situation to the other girls that she held Lacey up with. They shared a collective laugh, proud of themselves for setting Lacey up so perfectly.

They walked in through the back door of the auditorium. Lacey peaked out from the side of the stage to see the place filled to capacity with what looked like a camera crew in back center. The principal was speaking.

Lacey could feel her adrenaline kicking in. This was so exciting for her. She was distracted momentarily however, by the smallest waft of air hitting her groin area. Looking down she realized a very very tiny hole had formed along the crotch seam.

“Without further ado, please welcome, the Washington High cheer team!” the principal rang out.

**Part IX**

The girls ran out and got into formation. Lacey took her spot in the front center when the music started. Lacey gave a cursory glance at the small tear, making sure that it wasn’t visible, and just as trivial as she remembered.

Tara, standing Lacey, couldn’t believe just how transparent Lacey’s pants had gotten under the glaring stage lights. Her entire ass was clear as day. Tara could only imagine what the students in the first few rows were able to make out.

Lacey’s movements still kept her relatively unseen. She was never stationary, transitioning between tumbling exercises and rapid body movements. Lacey felt like the routine was going well, noticing that that most of faces she could make out in the audience seemed to be at full attention. And the girls on the team were into as well.

Nearing the final hold, Lacey attempted her double back handspring into a round off. She landed and felt the familiar waft from before. She glanced down seeing the tear had grown just a little, but was still rather hard to see.

She moved into position for the final lift. The audience was now clapping together following the rhythm of the music. They were just as excited as she was, this was great. Tara and the girls were in place. Lacey sprinted toward them, catching a quick glimpse of the devious expression on Tara’s face.

Lacey entered her final flip, again hearing a faint tearing, then sprang into the hold. Tara and the girls firmly grabbed her legs and lifted her straight into the air, pulling her legs apart as Lacey shot her arms out in air. Again she heard one more sound of tearing.

There were cheers. There were roars of laughter. There were “ohhhhhs” coming from every corner of the auditorium. Lacey looked down to make sure her nightmare hadn’t come to fruition. No. Whew. She was relieved, her pants had stayed up just fine.

What she took longer to notice was the tear. The front crotch of her thin, old, strained yoga pants had split completely down the middle. They now only served to frame her smooth, freshly shaved womanhood, on open display for the entire auditorium and students watching from middle schools around the county. And her legs, frozen, held apart.

Lacey felt the eyes on her now. She looked down and saw what they saw.

“LACEY!” the principal's voice boomed through the auditorium.

**PART X: The End?**  
Lacey immediately shot her hands down to cover herself. But the girls holding her just had to shift their stance a tad to throw Lacey off balance, causing her to throw her hands out wildly to straighten herself up.  
  
“PUT ME DOWN!” she yelled down at them. Tara looked up, just now spotting the large gash in the front of Lacey’s pants. Everything was visible. Tara was awestruck, she had never imagined her plan working out this well.   
  
Lacey was unnerved. Was Tara taking joy in this? After what seemed like a lifetime they let her down. Tears poured from her eyes. The rest of the cheer team just standing around.   
  
“Shut the curtain!” the principal yelled. “Everybody stay in your seat.”   
  
Lacey left and ran to the locker room to get her stuff and go home. She couldn’t face any of her peers today or for a while. She looked down and again was greeted by her complete lack of covering.   
  
The entire school had seen her. She couldn’t stop shaking and sobbing. How had this happened? Before today no guy had even seen her in underwear. Thinking ironically she thought, “Well, technically they still hadn’t.”  
  
She stripped off her torn, ruined pants and reached into her locker to get her old jeans out. That’s when she spotted something peeking out of Tara’s locker. She finished buttoning her pants then walked over, examining the small white item caught under the metal locker door.   
  
Lacey’s eyes widened as she wiped a tear away. It was her missing white panties. Tara had taken them. And stupid Tara had ripped her pants earlier. And Tara had planned for her to be stuck in that revealing position at the end of the routine. Tara. What had she ever done to her?  
  
Lacey knew she had to get revenge.   
  
But will the author ever write that? Ehh. Maybe.

**Bad Luck Lacey: The Second Part**  
**PART I: IMMEDIATELY AFTER PART X**  
“As you can see the rain has only picked up here,” the pretty newswoman exclaimed, struggling to stand upright amongst the torrential downpour and gale winds.   
  
Lacey stepped inside the school’s Enfermary—yes, it was an infirmary, but the spelling mistake was never fixed for some reason—and caught the scene unfolding on a small TV on the nurse’s desk. Lacey also caught the eyes of two young boys sitting against the wall.   
  
At least two boys who didn’t see her she thought.  
  
“I need to go home. I’m sick,” Lacey said, a flat, serious intonation in her voice, her sopping-wet clothes producing a small puddle at her feet  
  
Sensing that now familiar feeling of bare flesh, Lacey shifted her focus downward, noticing that her drenched pants had starting sagging, and now hung quite low on her hips. She shot her right hand down to hold them up, not wanting any more exposure today, or for the rest of her life for that matter.  
  
“You don’t look sick…hmm…all right fine you can go.”  
“Thank you so much.”  
The nurse jotted down some notes in her record, then handed Lacey a slip to take to the school’s administrative office.   
  
“It is really coming down,” the newswoman continued.   
  
Lacey reached out with both hands and felt gravity’s tug on the heavily soaked jeans. Lacey was able to catch them just before anything too private became public. Her eyes darted at the two boys, whose eyes were pointed directly at the back of her problematic pants.  
  
There’s no way they could’ve seen anything she thought.  
  
Lacey headed out, shooting daggers at the two boys.  
“My mom said you should always wear underwear,” one of the boys said.  
  
Lacey said nothing back. She only hurried out faster, but in her haste, she failed to notice the large muddy puddle right outside that both of her legs dipped into, caking on even more unwanted weight.  
  
“Ugh, these jeans are ruined,” Lacey fumed, tightening her already strong grip just to keep them from a rapid vertical drop.

**PART II**  
Lacey took care of the absence slip and started her walk home. She didn’t need to think hard to wonder what all the students would be talking about around school that day.  
  
One of those students, Tara, could not have been in a better mood. She had more than exposed the biggest prude at the school. That was more than enough payback for the pool party and lacrosse incidents. She began to wonder if Lacey would ever piece together how it all happened, replaying the events in her head, unable to focus on her teacher’s stupid Greek classics lesson.   
  
“And so Enfermides prayed to Zeus, god of the sky, for a storm to wash away the robes of all the women who had wronged him. And Zeus spoke down to Enfermides, ‘yeah sure, why the hell not?’”   
  
Tara didn’t need to listen to this garbage. She would just marry a rich guy anyway. That thought was short-lived, as her mind wandered back to the terrified look on Lacey’s face. Her wailing arms, unable to properly shield herself from the eyes of half a thousand students staring directly at her bare crotch. That part kind of surprised her.  
  
Meanwhile, Lacey’s walk home was not going very well. She was severely hampered by her inability to take a step without having to tug her heavy pants back up and stay decent. Plus the rain and wind seemed to only be getting stronger.   
  
Out of nowhere a stray plastic grocery bag flew up, smacking and ensconcing her face . Lacey was flustered, and forced to soften her grip on her pants to attend to the bag. But the wind and rain played with the bag, practically gluing it to Lacey’s face. For every shift of Lacey’s face, the bag maneuvered to into a more inconvenient position.   
  
She felt her pants dip. She was still safety covered, but she had to let go of her grip and spread her legs wide to keep them from falling. Just as she finally got a solid handling of the bag, a flash of light obscured her vision, and she felt herself lose her footing thanks to a particularly strong gust.   
  
Taking a step back and straightening herself out, she felt the pants make a quick descent. With the bag finally removed and her sight no longer obscured, she found the source of the light: a short caravan of cars traveling in her direction.   
  
“Ahh” she yelped, reaching down for the pants, which had bunched up around her knees. Requiring both hands to pull them up. Lacey couldn’t believe. Once again she’d made a fool of herself, this time being completely her fault.   
  
All she wanted to do was get home, get changed, and start thinking about getting Tara back. But for now she was shaken. She stopped there and closed her eyes as the rain washed away a bevy of tears escaping down her cheeks.

**Part III**  
Tara’s obsession with the events of the pep rally led her to believe she might have found her calling. Well, not really, but the amount of excitement she got from exposing Lacey could not be ignored. It was thrilling, and invigorated her like nothing else. She would need to get her fix soon…  
  
The only thing distracting Lacey from her multiple embarrassments of the last few hours was the horrendous weather. Gusts of wind fought her every step.   
  
As she turned the corner of her home street she heard a thunderous crunching noise. Running up she saw the neighbor’s massive oak tree uproot and crash into the ground, blocking a good chunk of the street. Branches and leaves were strewn across the street. Lacey was shocked; that tree had stood in the yard across the street her entire life, it was uncanny seeing it torn right out the ground. This weather was serious.  
  
Lacey put her head down and ventured forward, soon arriving at her house. She no longer cared that most of her butt was hanging out over her rain-drenched jeans, she’d be inside momentarily. She walked up the brick pathway and ducked under the roofing of the porch, then after shaking herself off, lifted the door mat to get the spare key. Nothing.  
  
“Huh?” Lacey, checked the mailbox. Not there either. She was sure nobody was home, but tried the front door anyway. Locked. “Ugghh, seriously?”   
  
Her reflection in the windows showed that her nipples and outline of her breasts were clearly visibly now that her shirt had become a second skin. Frustrated and yanking her pants up, Lacey got her cell phone out to call her mom. As the phone rang she looked out at the street. The rain come to an abrupt stop. The wind had dissipated too.   
  
“Are you kidding me?”  
“Excuse me?” the voice on the other line said.  
“Oh sorry, mom, I had to leave school, I wasn’t um…feeling very well, and I just got home and the keys not here and I really need to get inside.”  
“Ohhh yeah. You know, I let the cleaning lady take it last week because she was going to be late today. Shoot, did you need to get in?”  
“Yes. I really do.”  
“All right, umm…I really can’t leave work, honey, can you go anywhere else?”  
“Seriously mom?”  
Lacey hung up. She didn’t have the patience today.   
  
Back at school, second period just ended. All the students rushed out and crowded the exterior hallways, huddling under the wooden overhangs. Tara weaved through the mass and into the girl’s restroom to check her makeup. While fixing the foundation around her right eye, she saw someone’s legs peeking under the toilet stall door.   
  
Bunched up around the bottom of the legs was a lime green skirt and a black pair on panties. She knew that skirt. And only one girl was stupid enough to wear a skirt in this weather, her rich friend Cory. Being exposed at the pool party years back wasn’t truly Cory’s fault, but Tara was compelled. She tiptoed up to the stall, checked that the bathroom was otherwise empty, then quickly reached under and locked her hand around the clothes.  
  
“Hey!” the voice from inside yelled.  
The skirt and panties flew off the bottom of her legs, knocking one of her shoes off in the process. The damsel inside got a finger around the band of the panties, but after a second of jarring, her grip was lost, was was half of her outfit.  
“What are you doing?! No no no please come back here!” the bottomless girl pleaded. "Please!!"  
  
Tara straightened herself up, gave a parting “Good luck,” and then stuffed the clothes into her bag as she left the restroom, wearing a grin that spanned her entire face.

**PART IV**  
Lacey stepped out onto her front yard lawn. It was completely soaked, but somehow Lacey wasn’t concerned about that. How could she get into her house? She went around to the back, but the door there was also locked. The first-floor windows were all fastened shut. Her house was looking impenetrable.   
  
Then there was her room. Upstairs. The glass window was always slightly open—she liked a cool breeze at night. Who doesn’t?  
  
As a little girl she used to climb the adjacent tree and crawl into her window. She was definitely bigger, but cheer had kept her lean and flexible. Her judgment was definitely clouded, but she was determined to have one personal victory today. Lacey pulled herself next to the tree. The dense foliage above had kept the trunk below relatively dry. She took a deep breath and prepared herself for the ascent.   
  
BEEP! BEEP! She got a text. Maybe her mom was on her way home and she wouldn’t have to risk another disaster. But no, it was a picture message, loading, from a friend of hers. Once it finally loaded she realized her friend must have had a front row seat at the pep rally. That picture was more of her than she wanted to see. She was angry, and she was going to use that to get up this tree.  
  
Back at school, one girl was panicking. She was stranded in the girl’s 200-building restroom with a shirt, sweater, and absolutely nothing below the waist. Looking around she saw a full stack of tissue paper. No.   
  
She unzipped her backpack and tore through it. Binders, pencils, pens, and some stray paper clips and candy wrappers. Nope. Texting anyone would be a waste of time, all her friends were in class.   
  
She looked back at the toilet paper. It was all she had. Channeling her old arts and crafts side, she unraveled the paper and layered it around her waist until it was no longer opaque. She tucked the end piece into the belt and examined the make-shift skirt.   
  
She turned around and checked herself out in the mirror. The curve of her ass was very pronounced, and it was fairly clear she had nothing on underneath. If that wasn’t enough, the cool air coming in from outside made it very obvious to her that any movement too grand would leave her au natural. This will have to do she thought.  
  
Elsewhere, Tara sat back in her chair, trying to sedate her wily smile. But looking across the room she saw the one person she least expected to see, sitting wearing a spaghetti-strap top and a lime green skirt that matched the one currently in her hang bag. Cory?   
  
If she was here, then who had she just stripped? Tara had made a huge mistake. She felt terrible, well, for a few seconds. Then a new idea began percolating, a sinister plan that she impressed herself with. It was genius, it was brilliant, it was kinda smart.

**PART V**

Lacey was off the ground. There was divot in the tree that allowed her to step up and reach for the lowest level branches. Carefully pressing her pants against she tree, she was able to climb and maintain her dignity. She wisely wrought out her pants behind the house before her ascent, so they weren’t feeling quite as burdensome.

Lacey moved one foot to a small stub then pushed herself up to a sturdy branch. This was too easy, she was halfway there already. At that very moment she saw a large news truck pulled up across the street, apparently that tree falling was a bigger deal than she thought.

Lacey stood up and brushed the leaves away to watch the news reporter step out and chat with the cameraman. Perhaps she’d gotten a bit too distracted, because her pants now sat at about mid-thigh. Startled by this revelation and the restriction it put on her legs, Lacey lost her balance and threw her hands out to regain equilibrium.

Unable to control herself, Lacey fell forward, her stomach landing square on the thick branch. The air was knocked out of her as was her concentration. A chilly breeze ran its way through the narrow avenue between her legs, quickly waking her up.

Her legs shivered, well, at least the parts down to her ankles, where he jeans currently hung on for life. Grinding herself against the branch and spreading her legs in every wayward direction, she was able to right herself and avoid a disaster. Were anyone underneath her they would have been privy to an anatomy lesson like no other.

But Lacey was able to pull herself up, and to her relief, the pants were not lost. Leaning on the tree she pulled her pants back up and noticed a few holes that had tore their way into her shirt.

Someone standing close might be able to make out her white bra, but other than that, nothing major. She re-focused and got back to her climb. But not before she felt a few drops of rain fall flat on her head.

**PART VI**

Tara’s 2nd period teacher was a bit of a push-over. Typically, teachers never liked their students asking to use the restroom immediately after passing period, but she knew she could get her way it with Mr. Neff.

“Ian Neff,” Tara started, playfully using his full name, “Can I use the restroom? I really have to go.”

Tara was the devil, pressing her arms together and pushing her boobs up. She knew he’d have to look.

“Oh. Umm, yeah go right ahead. But hurry back, today’s lesson on the Enferia galaxy is not one to miss.”

It truly wasn’t one to miss. Mr. Neff gave a great lesson that day, but nobody cares about that.

Tara hustled back to the restroom she was in just minutes before, prepared to play dumb as she walked in.

“Oh my—” Tara started when she walked in. “What happened to you?”

Standing in front of Tara was the class president. An upright girl named Lara? Laurel? Lauren? who would probably end up at a real four-year university and work to get a real job. Tara pitied her, except for the part where she was extremely pretty. Long brown hair and a slender frame. But what stood out most was her complete lack of real clothing below the waist.

“You are not going to believe this. I was just in the stall, and some idiot, came in, and she grabbed my skirt right off my legs. I’m not even kidding.”

“No. You gotta be joking,” Tara replied, acting surprised.

“So I just—I desperately made a skirt out of toilet paper, you wouldn’t happen to have anything better would you?”

"Yeah, I have the very skirt and panties you were just wearing," is what Tara should have said. What she actually said was, “No. What did it look like that?”

“Oh umm, it was lime green.”

“No way. I think I know who stole it. I’m serious.” Tara was getting that feeling again.

"Oh my gosh, can you help me then? I really don't want to end up like that Lacey girl. I felt so bad for her."

"That was was awful. At least you have your undies still right?"

"Oh yeah. I'm not naked under here," the girl lied, which Tara knew full well.

Tara let her in on a girl named Cory who had stolen the skirt. She told her where to be right after second period then bid her farewell.

Stepping back outside, Tara felt the rain pick up again as she scampered back to class, shooting a coy smile at Ian Neff as she walked in, then taking her seat. This could be even better than the pep rally she was thinking.

She looked across the room at her next victim, looking so oblivious. Cory sat with her legs just slightly parted, but enough so that everybody on her side of the room had a clear view up her skirt and of her plain cookie-cutter white panties. Tara noticed a few of the boys had beat her to this revelation.

Don’t worry, you’ll be getting an even better view very soon she wanted to say.

**PART VII**

Lacey’s luck was short-lived as the rain came back in full-force. The branches were slicker, her clothes were getting damper, and the wind was making her shiver. Her arms were tired and the cold was making it tougher to get a firm grip on the branches above. She looked back out across the street, seeing the news team set up their report in front of the uprooted tree.

Lacey tugged her pants up then reached for the tree limbs above. She hoisted herself up and cradled her body over the branch, now sitting just under her window. She felt the roughness of the branch in her missing back pocket, a reminder of just how ruined her pants were. Lacey stood up and walked to the edge of the branch, to get as close as she could to the window.

The edge of the branch was not looking so sturdy. She tapped her foot on applied progressively more force to determine just how much weight it could take. So far so good; the branch held up.

Lacey pulled her jeans especially high, knowing she wouldn’t be able to hold them up as her hands were busy grasping the twigs and brushwood above her head for balance. She took a step back, then moving quickly ran to the edge and flung herself toward the ledge of the window. SHHHRRRPP.

One of the branches had clawed its way through the back of her shirt, causing a rip that ran just a few inches short of her neckline. Worst yet, the branch was still caught under the shirt and pricking her in the back. But she couldn’t do anything about it. Her hands were clung tightly to the bannister below her window.

Lacey failed to consider the added weight of her rain-soaked clothes. Compounded by the branch pulling her back just slightly, her trajectory ended up a foot below her target.

Her frustration was soon overcome by fears of embarrassment. Her pants were back to their old ways, slithering down her smooth hips at a sluggish, tortuous pace.

Fortunately, Lacey had nosy neighbors. One of which, a 40-year-old supplanted French woman named Madame Voyeure, whose front lawn tree had just been torn up from the ground, now had a clear view across the street, where Lacey currently clung for her life.

Shocked by the scene, Madame Voyeure dropped her bath towel and screamed out of her upstairs window.

“Ze fille, ze fille!” she screamed, catching the attention of the news crew above. Looking up, both the reporter and the cameraman were treated to a fantastic view of Madame’s upper half.

When she realized she was topless, the covered herself with one arm and continued to point at the girl flailing across the street. “No no, ze fille, not me!”

Luckily, the cameraman had taken French in high school. Unfortunately, he had forgotten all of it, and had no idea what the crazy topless woman was crying about. Eventually they were able to pull their eyes away and notice what they believed to be a home invasion in progress.

“Screw the weather, we’ve got a break-in, let’s go!” the reporter yelled, the cameraman following close behind.

**PART VIII**

The second period bell rang and once again students crowded the halls.

“Hey Cory!” Tara called over. The dumb blonde located the voice and scampered over.

“Hey Tara, what’s up?”

“Oh I just had a question about your birthday party this year…”

“Yeah, pool party at my house, kind of tradition now.”

Unbeknownst to Cory, she was being led toward the central quad, which passes right by the 200-building restroom. Once they were out front, Tara excused herself and went inside.

“I’ll just be one sec, hold up,” she said, stepping inside.

Once in the restroom, she located the stall with the bare, skinny white legs peering under the door. Tara knocked thrice and Laura/Laurraine/Laurenzo? stepped out.

“She’s right outside.”

Cory’s eyes wandered around lazily, waiting for her good friend to come out of the bathroom. Instead, she was bull-rushed and knocked to the ground by a maniac wearing toilet paper for a skirt.

Within seconds a crowd of students gathered to watch the spectacle: two girls in very questionably short skirts wrestling on the ground.

“That’s. My. Skirt,” the girl on top of Cory yelled.

But Cory was dumbfounded, and shocked when she felt a hand in the waistband of her skirt.

“What are you doing?!” Cory said, trying to get free. She noticed Tara had come out of the restroom and just stood there, watching. “Tara! Get her off of me!”

All this maneuvering was not good for Laurel’s (at least that’s what Tara thought she heard the name was) “skirt,” and a precarious rip was working its way up the back. Some of the guys were calling other guys over to get the view they had, each one making the same face when they realized there was nothing underneath.

Laurel wrapped her legs around Cory, getting in position to pull the skirt down, too engaged in her imbroglio to care what she might be exposing.

Cory was a sweet girl, and fighting back was not in her repertoire. She struggled to get away, and was fine to let her skirt go if it meant freedom. Cory was close to escape, but Laurel shot her leg out and blocked Cory’s leg’s from getting off the ground. At the same time she gave another firm pull back on the skirt. Cory couldn’t contest it; she let the skirt quickly peel over her butt and down her legs. And back-and-forth toggling had brought her undies down halfway, exposing her pale-white posterior.

Laurel meanwhile, had inadvertently flashed nearly two dozen guys, many of which had a camera phone ready. And she wasn’t done. Lunging out she was able to catch Cory by the small bridge of fabric between her legs. Cory’s attempts at getting away only pulled the fabric back and to the side, treating everybody in front of her to a very public show.

**PART IX**

Cory had been the one to convince Lacey to go clean, so unfortunately she too had nothing blocking her crotch from the prying eyes of her peers. The down pouring rain wasn’t helping, turning the thin white fabric transparent as time wore on. Cory had to get out of here.

Cory shot her hands down and kept moving, dragging Laurel across the concrete, and putting more and more stress on her weakened panties.

“Let go!” Cory pleaded.

But Laurel pushed her legs down and out to get more traction. Cory thrust forward, her panties yanked further down and away. Laurel threw her free arm out and caught the back of Cory’s top, jolting it back and forcing her bra out. Cory jerked forward and pulled free, her panties snapping back into place as she darted off, a few guys shadowing her and getting in their last looks.

Most of the guys had focused their attention on a panting Laurel, trying to get the best angle possible. In truth, there wasn’t a bad angle. Laurel had momentarily forgotten the position of her own legs until Cory was yards away.

Finally realizing the compromising position she was in, Laurel shifted her legs shut, stood up, and slithered the lime green skirt up her legs, releasing the toilet paper remains underneath once the skirt was in place. But the skirt didn’t fit right.

Contorting her back and checking the label she saw this was a medium, and had Cory’s initials on the tag. But she wore a small. And those weren’t here initials…obviously. This was Cory’s skirt—so what had she done? She looked everywhere for Tara amongst a chorus of laughter from the crowd. Something wasn’t right.

“Tara! Tara! Stop looking at m--” But her cries were drowned out by the school intercom.

“Attention students,” the principle’s voice echoed over the quad. “Please report immediately to the auditorium. We have received a flash flood warning. I repeat, report immediately to the auditorium.”

Teachers and counselors soon joined the students on the quad and herded them toward the auditorium; the same place an infamous pep rally had taken place just recently.

The students were full of energy after the raucous they had witnessed. The teachers had no clue what was so interesting, but most didn’t seem to care. Mr. Neff went backstage and came back out tugging a cart with a large TV on top.

“All right all right, everybody quiet down. I’m just going to turn on the news. Let’s calm down until the storm passes. Thank you.”

**PART X: A REALLY LONG, MIS-PROPORTIONED ENDING**

This is particular news reporter had worked his way up. Not long ago he was doing special interest stories, like ones about local high school lacrosse teams. Now he out on the streets, but in the way a homeless person is, rather the way a roving reporter is, and he had just stumbled upon what he thought was compelling television.

Our reporter, Sinclair Raleigh Jr., son of a professor, ran across the street, his cameraman following close behind. At that very moment, Lacey was hanging out the window of her own home, trying to get in and be done with the worst day of her life. What Mr. Raleigh saw was a criminal, a break-in, a real-life caught-in-the-act. To his credit, it was raining damn hard, so any lazy reporter might make the same mistake.

“Okay, starting filming, get ready, come on,” he said to the cameraman, now standing just outside the lawn of Lacey’s house.

Lacey’s arms were getting sore. To make matters worse, her wiggling had pulled her shirt up, and thanks to the branch in her back she couldn’t get it back down over her midriff. That’s when the noticed the two men from before. What are they doing here she thought, and why aren’t they helping me.

Yelling was useless through the rain. Her cries of help went deaf to their ears. Lacey looked down at her completely revealed stomach. The trail of bare skin going further south than she ever wanted; her pants didn’t have long. Lacey didn’t want to look, but she could feel the brim of her pants at a temporary rest, just about the very spot so many many eyes had gazed upon already today.

“Sinclair Raleigh reporting through the gruesome weather where we have stumbled upon a home burglary in progress. If you look just left of the tree, we seem to have our culprit caught up on the window. We have notified the authorities and they should be here immediately. Zoom back there if you can.”

Meanwhile, back at the auditorium, students who could care less about the news were staring wide-eyed and crowding the first few rows, recognizing the suspected criminal dangling from a window and watching with full concentration Tara’s eyes grew the widest. “Oh my god.” This was definitely ‘Breaking News.’

A roar filled the room. The camera’s zoom revealed Lacey more covered than the last time they saw her, but nearing another disaster. The few teachers that had stuck around to chaperone were sitting idly in the back chatting amongst themselves.

Mr. Raleigh looked back at the criminal, taking note that the perp’s pants were close to falling off. Amused, he figured if they actually came off, people at home would be talking about his report for weeks. Nothing too bad about showing a girl in her underwear on TV he reasoned. They show stuff much worse any night of the week.

“As you can see, our perp is struggling to keep some of her clothes on. Maybe she should have thought of wearing a belt before she decided to burgle this friendly neighborhood home,” he said, smiling at the camera. "Let’s see what happens."

Lacey saw the camera man’s arms rise. The camera was pointed directly at her.

“STOP FILMING!” she tried. But nothing. “NO STOP. PPPPLLEEEASSEEEE.” But again they couldn’t hear her. The onslaught of rain was starting to be too much.

“Get a shot of her underwear, it’s gonna be great for TV, just zoom in,” Raleigh instructed.

Lacey used the last of her might to try and pull herself up, but it was useless. The pants were too heavy now, and her attempt to fight gravity was a losing cause. Her pants dipped, and once in motion, they never stopped.

Lacey felt the rough stitching of the jeans caress her legs like a feather on their way down, little by little, tickling her legs. Mid-thigh quickly turned to knee-high. Lacey squirmed, doing anything she could, raising her knees, twisting, spreading her legs, but it was no use; it was a losing battle. The pants inched down to her feet then took the plunge and collapsed into a pile on the ground. Her hairless womanhood was again on full display. And the cold, unrelenting rain hitting every last spot, a million little reminders of her lack of clothing.

“DON’T FILM MEEEE!!!” she tried again. But the cameraman remained in place. “STTOOPPP,” she moaned, kicking her legs frantically, inadvertently showing all the viewers at home her bare anatomy.

She regretted ever listening to Cory, at least then she would be slightly covered. But no, now she was in the most compromised position imaginable, praying that the news members would stop and help her. Still, the cameraman wasn’t sure if what he was seeing was right-- He zoomed in closer before finally realizing the girl was without panties.

“HOLY SHIT!” he yelled, realizing what he’d just sent across TVs everywhere. Mr. Sinclair looked back and saw the same thing. “Oh my gosh! She’s naked! Cut the feed! Jesus Christ!”

Lacey heard the orders. What the hell did that mean? Were they actually telecasting this? She thought they were just filming. Had even more people seen her? And now, even more compromised than before, powerless to cover up for so long, throwing her legs around to retain some iota of decency. She found herself on the verge of tears once again.

The students couldn’t believe their luck. Lacey, one of the nicest, most innocent and sweet girls at school, one who they’d never seen dress anything close to sl\*tty, was being televised completely naked from her stomach down. And only hours after they’d seen the same view in person.

“Wow, she must be the most unlucky girl in the world,” one girl said.

Tara, standing next to the girl, nodded her head.

**Bad Luck Lacey: The Third Part  
  
Part I: More of Prologue Though**  
Lacey took her bag and darted to one of the locker room stalls. Her class was taking an end-of-the-year field trip to Bikini Falls Water Park, despite Lacey’s lobbying for the world-famous Fulton "Full" E. Drest Planetarium.   
  
“Oh come on Lace, change with the rest of us,” her best friend Cory said right outside. Lacey had nothing to be embarrassed about, she took excellent care of her body, and would’ve looked better than most in a two-piece. However, she was just a bit more reserved then them. So she peeled off her shirt and pants, checked that the door was securely lock, then pulled her conservative tight blue one-piece bathing suit out and hung it over the stall door.   
  
There was a jarring at the door; someone was trying to get in.   
“Occupied,” Lacey cried out.  
“Oh come on Lace,” she petitioned, “hurry up, we’re all ready to go.”  
“Okay shut up I’m coming.”  
  
Lacey unhooked her bra and wriggled out of her panties. When she looked up to reach for her bathing suit it was gone.   
“Looking for this?” she heard, a hand holding it just under the stall door.   
“Give that back now! I’m serious!”  
“I don’t know, I think you should come out and get it,” said the voice, slowly pulling the suit back.  
“This isn’t funny!”  
“Okay geez…” she conceded, tossing the suit over the door.  
  
Lacey hastily Lacey stepped into her bathing suit and stretched the straps over her shoulders. She scanned her nether region making sure everything was safely concealed, stuffed her clothes into her bag and into a locker, and expressed to Cory how unfunny that little charade really was.  
  
A few slippery slides and wave pools later, Lacey and a group of classmates found themselves waiting under one of Bikini Falls largest attractions: a stupid giant bucket filled to the brim with water that pours down every 15 minutes.   
  
“What’s taking this stupid bucket so long,” said one of the cuter girls in the class named Tara. “It’s been like 14-and-a-half minutes already…”  
  
Cory, Lacey, and the rest of the group looked up in excited anticipation. Finally, the bucket began to tip and they all started screaming. In a matter of seconds, hundreds of gallons of water pounded down on them, several of the kids falling back in the knee-high pool. Lacey did her best to stay standing, but the downpour on her shoulders was putting up a good effort.   
  
When the water ceased, Lacey shook her head and wiped the excess drops from her eyes, she needed to see what her fellow classmates had started laughing at. Her eyes cleared, she looked down to see the straps on her shoulders were distinctly absent, in fact, the entire upper portion of her one-piece hung inside-out around her waist.   
  
“Ahh!” she screamed, covering her small yet perky breasts with her hands. But nobody was looking at her. The attention was centered on Tara, whose bottoms formed a taut bridge between her knees.   
“Oh my god Tara!” said one of the other girls.   
  
Lacey swiftly shifted her shoulder straps back into place and covered up. Her heart was pounding harder than she could imagine, but alas, Tara had taken the grunt of the embarrassment.   
  
Then suddenly, Lacey woke up in bed. Not her soft comfy home bed, a hospital bed.

**Part II:**  
Shortly after the newly unemployed reporter and cameraman cut their live feed of a bottomless girl helplessly dangling from a 2nd story window, that very girl lost her grip and fell to the earth in a heap.   
  
Her shirt, previously caught on a harsh branch, was ripped open from behind. The tattered shirt spilling off during the descent, parting ways with our heap, and leaving her completely and utterly exposed.   
  
In shock, the absent-minded duo didn’t know what to do. Here in front of them, in broad daylight (now that the rain had gone and clouds parted), was a beautiful 18-year old girl hunched over stark naked.   
  
“Help!” the reporter yelled. “Help!”  
“Shouldn’t we do something, call 9-11? I don’t know…something?” his cameraman asked.  
“Are you kidding? They’ll think we’re sex criminals,” the presumptuous reporter said.   
  
Lacey was woozy and feeble. Her arms, which had broken her fall, struggled to support her off the ground. She tried to shift her knees forward and move into a less exhibited position, but her body was letting her down. Every other sensation was heightened. A minor breeze wrapped its way through her legs teasing her, reminding her that every little spot was out in the open. The water-speckled grass dotting her with tiny of drops rain across her bare chest and thighs. Her knees and legs rasped with cold dirt.   
  
Lacey’s groans were as faint as her awareness, but her vision remained intact. She could make out the figures pouring in from around the yard. More and more people looking over her, but her injuries left her unable to do anything about it.   
  
When the crowd grew large enough to block out the sight of the street, Lacey finally passed out and woke up at midnight, in a hospital with both arms elevated in casts.  
  
Lacey was disoriented. How did she get casts on her arms? Her mom was asleep on a chair in the corner of her somnolent room. There was a dim noise of wheels rolling outside the door, but the lion’s share of the sound came from the small TV in the upper right corner suspended from the ceiling.   
  
A replay of the 7 o’clock news was on, featuring a buxom Spanish brunette reporter. And she was standing in front of Lacey’s house. Lacey didn’t want to watch this. Somebody change the channel she begged in her mind.

**Part III**  
“We’re here on Nood Street, where earlier today a little bit of confusion lead to a whole lot of attention.”  
  
Shot onto the screen was the tree Lacey had unsuccessfully leapt from. Panning down, the slight indentation in the ground where she had eventually landed. When the focus returned to the reporter, she now stood above that dent. She crouched down, getting as close to the ground as she could, explaining the most superfluous details.   
  
“Here is where our damsel bared it all, landing hard on her arms, stuck in a position that dozens of onlookers described as vulgar, many shielding the eyes of their young children. Meanwhile, some of the more immature bystanders snapped picture after picture, until the paramedics were able to arrive on the scene.”   
  
Unbeknownst to our cute, albeit unseasoned reporter, her crouching had caused camera’s angle to be directly up her short black skirt, and a flash of pink fabric stuck out on the screen. It was the only bit of joy Lacey could take. This dumb bimbo was exposing her panties on TV, and for a moment the attention wasn’t on her own public showing.   
  
But that respite was short-lived, as the telecast flashed black-barred photographs of her indecent landing, using much smaller bars than she would’ve thought suitable for daytime television. The images were replaced by something even worse: Tara.   
  
“We we’re lucky enough to get a hold of one her closest friends.”  
  
Lacey was enraged. Tara appeared on screen. The last person Lacey would consider a close friend. What could she possibly have to say? Hadn’t she done enough?  
  
“Yeah I’ve known Lacey my whole life; she’s always doing stuff like this. Just earlier today she practically streaked the school pep rally.”  
  
“THAT BI— ” Lacey started, before stopping herself. The B-word wasn’t allowed in her home, nor on her favorite erotic website, oneclickdicks.com. But the brief outburst had awoken her mother.  
  
“Oh, honey, you’re up. How are you feeling?” she said, getting up and approaching the bed.

**Part IV**  
Lacey was discharged the next morning. Luckily she had only sustained a broken neck and few fractured vertebrae. Just kidding, she only suffered some minor wrist sprains that meant her hands were bandaged up and pretty much immobilized.   
  
“Honey, when did you stop wearing underwear?” her mother asked. Lacey didn’t have an answer craning her neck back to glance her way. Lacey didn’t respond, instead slumping into her seat wanting to get home and in her bed to ball up.   
  
“Oh I have this for you,” her mom added, handing Lacey’s cell phone over. No matter what, Lacey couldn’t escape the reminders of her incident. She reached out and grabbed the phone, flipping it open to see she had 12 unread text messages. “Of course.”  
  
Luckily nine of the messages were from Cory trying to propitiate the situation. Texts like “People are gonna forget about this in no time!!” and “Nobody got a good look, you shouldn’t worry. Hope you’re okay!!!”   
Her last two texts were about a senior class bonfire that night. Lacey didn’t think she could show her face so soon after showing everything.   
  
Unfortunately the other 3 texts weren’t as innocuous. Her senile grandmother had congratulated her on making the news. Her friend Joe sent a thanks, as he’d always wondered whether she shaved or not. And Tara, whose number she didn’t even remember having, sent a picture someone must have taken from the yard with the caption, “thanks for giving the school an anatomy lesson,” followed be a nauseating emoticon smile.   
  
When they finally got home Cory’s car was parked outside. She got out at the site of Lacey, wearing an expression that said, “I am so sorry for you.” Lacey didn’t really want to talk right now, but maybe just maybe Cory would talk about something, anything else.  
  
“So the entire city saw you naked, big deal. I had a terrible day too remember? Oh, are your hands okay?” Lacey simpered and lead Cory up to her room.   
  
“This bonfire could be your chance to get Tara back. I know she’s going,” Cory began, lying on her stomach on Lacey's bed. Lacey noticed the upper parts of Cory's butt cheeks and had to wonder if she was now going sans undies. Did nobody learn a lesson today?   
  
As much as Lacey wanted to bury herself forever, Cory was right. She’d have to see these people again and Tara was bound to wear a tiny bikini. She knew Tara craved that attention.  
  
“Fine. I’ll go. But I’m not wearing a bathing suit. God only knows what could happen.”

**PART V**  
“How does this look,” Tara said, stepping out of the dressing room, sporting a promiscuous string bikini. The strings continued about halfway into her thigh before a small, brown triangle patch of fabric a single shade darker than her tanned russet skin. Her friend absentminded friend Liz was nowhere in sight, but a portly middle-aged man stood nearby and seemed to approve.  
  
“Looks nice.”  
“Ew gross.”  
  
Liz wandered out from between two racks of bikini tops, numerous colorful bikini combos d\*\*\*\*d over her folded right arm.  
“Oooh, sexy,” she began, “hurry up and change, I wanna try these on.”  
Tara returned to her room and shut the door. Once completely naked inspiration struck. She looked at the door and realized how little separated the entire store from seeing her in all her glory. So she finished dressing and stepped out.  
  
“K, hurry up, we need to get to the beach in a few hours.”  
  
Liz stepped in and Tara shut the door behind her. She waited, hoping not to hear the sound of the rickety door lock behind her. Luckily for her, her prayers were answered, the only din coming from Liz’s heavy jeans crashing to the floors. Tara would have to time this just right.  
  
Tara couldn’t hold back a smile as more customers joined the queue for the changing rooms. She peeked under the door, catching the site of Liz’s tiny black panties collapse onto the top of her jeans.   
“How’s it going in there Liz?” Tara said.  
“Good,” a muffled voice replied.  
“What was that?” Tara yelled, swinging the door wide open.  
  
Tara’s timing was impeccable. Not from Liz’s perspective though. Liz was in the middle of taking her shirt off, completely obscuring her senses. She swore she could make out the sounds of gasps and laughs +behind her, but it wasn’t until she swung the blouse over her head and craned her neck around that she realized at least 7 pairs of eyes had an unhindered view of her shapely rear end.   
  
“TARA! Close it!” she cried out. Liz threw the blouse down and scrambled to cover her bottom, reaching for her panties but momentarily losing her footing in the crumpled up jeans. She bent forward to pick them up, rushing and fumbling with them in her hands, intermittently tossing a free hand to do something to conceal herself. Time was going extremely slow, she was sure more people were joining the audience, fixated at the bottomless girl parading her bum in front of them.  
  
“CLOSE THE DOOR!!” she said to deaf ears as Tara had walked away.  
Liz lifted her left leg to get the panties on, unintentionally displaying more of herself, but she wasn’t thinking clearly. When the panties were pulled halfway up her legs she lunged back and pulled the door shut, taking solace in her privacy.  
  
“I can’t believe you,” she said to Tara, meeting her outside the shop. “Everyone saw my ass.”   
“Did you pick a suit out?”

**PART VI**  
“Did you pick a suit out?” Cory asked, video chatting with Lacey. In a matter of 5 minutes Cory had convinced Lacey to wear a bathing suit to the bonfire, though Lacey was now have second thoughts. Still, she emerged from behind her door in a navy blue one-piece that had seen better days.   
  
“Lace, you cannot wear that,” she quipped and chuckled. “It makes you look 80 years old.” Lacey could tell the material was looking rather stretched out, and the shoulder straps did dig in a bit. She wasn’t going to go in the water, why would she care?  
  
“Hold on, I’m inviting Jason and Mark in, let them decide,” Cory said, clicking away.  
“No don’t, I don’t need any boys seeing me in this. Seriously.”  
  
But her plea was for naught, as two small boxes popped up on her screen. One with Jason, one with Mark and two buddies of his.   
“Whaaattt uuuppp, let’s hit the beach already,” Mark let out.  
“Guys, what do you think of Lacey’s suit, come closer Lace.”  
  
Lacey was resistant, but she used to have a crush on Jason and he’d seen her in a bathing suit dozens of times. She walked forward and adjusted the webcam so they could see. What Lacey had failed to see was the shifting of the narrow crotch of the suit.   
“Oh my gosh, Lacey Lacey Lacey,” Cory tried to help.   
  
“I’m fixing the camera, calm down,” Lacey yelled back, struggling given her limited use of hands.   
“LACEY, YOUR SUIT!”  
  
Maybe there was some residual effects of her fall. Maybe it was the meds from the hospital. Maybe she was just excited to feel desired after being stared at like an object. But Lacey soaked in their responses, her confidence swelling like a balloon, each compliment another puff of air.   
  
Lacey continued to adjust the camera, tilting the face down then back up into a good sitting position.  
  
“Lacey, your fucking pussy is out.”  
  
That one wasn’t a compliment. Lacey turned to her mirror and the words rang true.   
“AHHHH” she screamed, jetting her hands down to adjust herself. An easy objective for most anyone else, her hands were providing her no favors.   
  
Fuming with frustration Lacey knocked her webcam off the top off her computer where it landed at her foot, rolling around and propping up to shoot straight up.   
“AHHH” she shrieked, stepping on the camera and relieving herself of any more showing off.  
  
“What is happening to me!!” she said to herself collapsing on her bed.

**PART VII**  
After some determined convincing on the part of Cory, Lacey consented she’d still go to the bonfire.   
  
“I hate you, I seriously hate you,” Lacey said, getting into Cory’s car and slamming the door behind her.  
“Oh come on, that was a stupid mistake. Didn’t stop you from wear a bikini did it?” she said noticing the strings of a bikini protruding over the brim of Lacey’s short.   
  
“I wasn’t wearing that one-piece. It was cursed. Plus I’m not taking these shorts off.”  
“Suit yourself.”   
“And what suit did you go with?” Lacey asked, reaching over and pulling up the front of Cory’s elastic waistband shorts.  
  
“Whoa! Oh my gosh, sorry,” Lacey barked taking firm notice that Cory wasn’t wearing a bathing suit, or anything for that matter, under her shorts.  
“Oh my gosh pervert. It’s in my bag, just going to change there, sheesh.”  
  
They pulled up to a small nook at the end of the beach where a few dozen of their peers were hanging around. A few were tossing a Frisbee further down and some vacant towels said others were in the frigid ocean water. Tara stood on the edge of the unlit fire pit talking to two boys.   
  
“There’s Ta-ra!” Lacey exhaled.  
“And her barely there bikini. Wow. That’s even small by Tara standards,” Cory added, before gathering the towels and beach chairs from the trunk.   
“Come on, let’s get this over with,” Lacey said, leading the way onto the scorching hot sand.  
  
Cory had unwisely left her footwear in the car, and the hot hot sand was roasting her feet.  
“Ow ow ow ow ow” she yelped, hopping between feet for momentary relief, but jarring the chairs into her chin. Unfortunately, the jumping had also dislodged her shorts from her waists, and were now hanging precariously low.  
  
Cory felt the breeze brush the top half of her butt, but they were almost there.   
“Hey guys,” she said, passing a few familiar friends. Cory knew at least a few of the boys were looking at the healthy portion of her butt peeking from above her shorts.   
  
Lacey didn’t say a word to anyone, but received numerous wandering eyes and elongated glances. She led Cory to a clear patch of sand where Cory plopped her equipment down.   
  
The decent was not as smooth as Cory had hoped, as a handle of a chair caught the front waistband of her shorts and together with her towels and bag, plummeted into a pile on the sand.

**PART VIII**  
Perhaps some of Lacey’s luck –bad luck—had rubbed off on Cory. Just as quickly as Cory had noticed her bottomless state, so too had most of the bonfire attendees. At least they could only see her butt.  
  
“Whoa Cory, are we going skinny dipping,” one of the guys yelled over, among the other cheers and catcalls. Cory bent forward to pick up her shorts, but the shorts and towels had buried them. Lacey noticed her dilemma quickly and tried to help, crouching into the sand and pulling a yellow and white striped towel away.   
  
Cory was panicking, how long had her butt been exposed? Or anything else for that matter? Why hadn’t she just put her bathing suit on at home? Realistically it had only been a few seconds, but it was long enough for the hot sand to start burning her feet.   
  
Shifting onto one food incidentally removed her leg from the shorts, a sensation she soon realized was a huge mistake, before lifting the other foot just up from the ground.  
  
“Where the hell are they?” said Lacey, throwing the other towel aside. But Lacey had an additional item in her fingers before instinctively flinging it away—Cory’s shorts.  
“LACEY!” Cory screamed, the laughter and cheers from her classmates getting louder.  
“Oh my god, I’m so sorry.”   
  
Cory was able to free herself relatively easy with her shorts no longer tying her legs up. She walks over gathered her shorts, slipped them on, came back for her bag and walked away toward her car. Lacey felt it better to leave her for a few minutes, as the humiliation had been her fault in part.   
  
“Okay, who’s coming in the water,” Tara shouted, wanting the attention back. A few guys stripped off their shirts and followed her scampering into the water. Lacey prayed that a huge wave would crash on her and drown her, or even better, strip off that puny bikini.   
  
Lacey took a seat on her towel, watching the waves and Tara splashing around like an idiot. Cory still hadn’t returned and it had been 15 minutes. Lacey could make out her car in the parking lot, so she hadn’t left.  
  
“Ahhh.” Lacey turned quickly where a screaming Tara stooped down in the water. Had Lacey’s prayers really been answered? Maybe Tara had been stung by a jellyfish. That wouldn’t be nearly as good. But no, Tara’s hands cupped over her bare breasts was indication that at least half her ensemble was washed away.   
  
“My tops gone!” Tara screamed, clearly not afraid of the precarious attention.