**Becky’s School Days**  
Becky Halewood had been attending St.Swarthmore private school since she was 10 years old. Now at 15, she had spent a great deal of these important formative years here, an especially great deal as St.Swarthmore’s was a boarding school. At first it had been so hard to leave behind her family and friends back home, but as the years went on, everyone back there seemed more and more distant to her. St.Swarthmore’s, though she loved and hated it in equal measure, had become her true home, and the people in it her true friends.  
But things had been changing over the last year. Former close friends had been distancing themselves from her, some even becoming outright antagonistic. Just a month ago, her so called "friend" Katie Mindale, after having become more and more distant for some time, had glared at her after a geography class and shouted, "Oh just fuck off will you, bitch!" Leaving Katie feeling shocked and awkward in front of her peers. Everyone had laughed at her, and Becky was welcomed like some hero into her little clique of friends (all of them former friends of Becky), who all glared at her with bitchy stares.  
  
Becky pulled out her clean school uniform from the closet in her dorm with these thoughts going through her head. She had no idea what she had done to deserve this treatment, but there was one other thing that had also changed: The boys in school were acting totally weird around her.  
With these confused thoughts in mind, she lay her uniform out on her bed. A crisp white blouse, red and blue striped tie, navy blue pleated skirt that came to just above her knees, white ankle socks, black shiny shoes, white plain cotton knickers with the school logo printed on the top left hand corner and her name on the right, white plain cotton bra also with her name printed on it ("Becky" on the right cup and "Halewood" on the left, and below that her bra size, as all girls of bra-wearing age were required to wear.) and a navy blue blazer with the school logo printed on it. That bra had been getting tighter and tighter... 36d just didn’t seem big enough anymore.  
  
None of the other 4 girls in her dorm were up yet. Becky was always an early riser. She pulled off her nightgown and felt the cool air of the dorm touch her naked body. She looked at herself in the mirror. Though in her innocence she did not realise it, Becky's body was basically flawless, the kind of body a Playboy centrefold wished she had. Long, smooth and slim legs rising up to her slightly curved hips and creaseless, perfect little pert ass, up to her flat stomach and further to her huge and incredibly pert boobs with pink nipples, now slightly hardened by the cool air. They seemed to defy gravity, pointing straight out. But there was one part of her body that she was a little unhappy with. She still hadn't grown any pubic hair, no blonde hairs to match her head had appeared on her tight virgin pussy. She had noticed all the other girls had some, but Becky's was still as bald as the day she was born. It made her feel a bit like an undeveloped little girl, despite having by far the biggest boobs in the school, including the older girls and teachers.  
  
Becky suddenly jumped with shock as the door burst open and Miss.Henton, the girls dorm supervisor, strode in like she does every morning.  
  
"Rise and shine girls!" Miss Henton said loudly, and proceeded to pull all the curtains in the room open wide.  
  
Becky gasped and let out a squeal as, on the other side of the room, as the curtains by Lisa Hamilton's bed were pulled apart, the grubby face of a man (who must have been on a ladder, as their dorm was on the 4th floor) was revealed. His eyes widened and his mouth dropped open as he saw Becky in all her naked young glory. She blushed and quickly covered her boobs and pussy with her arms and hands, feeling SO embarrassed. It was the first time any male had seen her naked.  
The other girls in the dorm stumbled out of bed, rubbing their eyes.  
  
"Ignore the window cleaner and hurry up and get changed!" Miss Henton said. "I'm sure he has no interest in looking at little girls like all of you!"  
  
The girls all looked at each other, hesitating.  
  
"NOW!" Miss Henton screamed.  
  
The window cleaner couldn't believe his luck, and already had his stiff cock out and in his hand, wanking furiously as he watched the 4 remaining schoolgirls pull off their nightgowns to expose their naked teen bodies to his view. His eyes darted quickly from one girl to the next, trying to take in this awesome and forbidden sight.   
  
Lisa was the most exposed, being right next to the window where he looked in. Becky could see her blushing as Lisa pulled off her nighty, exposing her skinny athletes body with perky little 26a tits and slightly hairy brown pussy. Sandra, in the bed next to Becky's, was slim and had dark blonde hair and very round pert 34b boobs. Next in line to Sandra, in the corner, was Cathy. Poor Cathy was a rather plump girl, with sagging 34c breasts and a few rolls of fat. And finally next to Lisa was Tracy. She was like a stick on legs with no breasts to speak of (and because of this she had no regulation issued bra), and a hairy black pussy.   
  
The window cleaner’s eyes darted up and down Lisa's skinny but attractive body, lingered for a few moments on Sandra's firm body, but then came to ogle all over Becky's glamour-girl curves once again. Just a glance at her incredible tits was too much, and his cock spasmed in his hand, shooting cum all down the side of the wall. He remained there, watching them all dress, knowing he'd be wanking over this moment for months to come.  
  
All the girls rushed to quickly pull on their uniforms, all that is except for Sandra, who seemed in no hurry to get her clothes on. She lingered around, bending over with her firm ass pointing to the window and taking her time to get her uniform ready, obviously letting the window cleaner get an eyeful.  
  
"Oh...my... GOD" Becky said to Lisa as they left the dorm.   
"That was SO embarrassing." Lisa said. "Did you see the way he was looking at us??"  
"Yes! What a total perv!"  
  
Lisa was Becky's only real friend in the school, the only one who had really stayed loyal. They hurried down the stairs to the exit.  
  
"Get your clothes on NOW!" Miss Henton screamed at the top of her voice, echoing down around the entire dorm building. Becky and Lisa heard it and giggled as they walked out into the beautiful school grounds and towards the main school building for assembly.  
  
The whole school sat on the floor of the assembly hall, bored and waiting for the headmaster to arrive and deliver whatever boring news he thought it necessary to inform the students of today.   
  
"She's such a total bitch." Came the whispers from behind Becky as she sat on the floor facing the stage.   
"Who does she think she is, Pamela Anderson?"  
"I know, probably as fake as her too."  
  
Becky glanced over her shoulder and saw Justine Campbell and Henrietta Jacobs sitting right behind her. They both gave her bitchy glares as she met their gaze. Both the girls were pretty average looking, and had had it in for Becky for over a year now.  
  
Their whispering was silenced by the entrance of the headmaster, who climbed up on the stage and looked out sternly across the whole gathered school.  
  
Nobody was really listening. Suddenly Becky felt a sharp sting on her back as her bra strap was snapped against her skin. She turned around angrily, glaring at Justine who had obviously done it. Justine just smiled sarcastically while Henrietta grinned trying not to laugh.  
  
Lisa, seated next to Becky, couldn't take it anymore. "Just cut it out you fucking bitches!"  
  
"LISA HAMILTON!" The headmaster shouted from the stage.  
  
Lisa jumped and turned to face the stage.  
  
"Do you have something to share with the school?" The Head asked.  
  
All eyes were on poor Lisa. "N...no sir."  
  
"Clearly you do, if it is of such importance that you would speak in assembly!"  
  
Lisa went silent, not knowing what to say.   
  
"Stand up!" Commanded the head.  
  
Lisa nervously stood.  
  
"Now tell us all, please." Said the head.  
  
"I..I cant sir... it's rude."  
  
"See me after assembly girl. Remain standing and remove your skirt."  
  
Becky, along with several other girls, gasped at hearing this, while several boys let out quiet little cheers.  
  
Lisa's face was red with embarrassment as she reached for the clip on her skirt, undid it and let it fall exposing her tight white knickers with her name and school logo to the view of the entire school.  
  
Boys were staring up with smiles on their faces, and no doubt bulges in their pants, whilst other girls including Becky also blushed in empathy with Lisa.  
  
"Cute little ass." Came one of the whispers from a boy behind them.  
  
Becky felt awful. Lisa was basically in this predicament because of her.  
  
"See what you get?" Justine whispered. "Don't mess with us. You'll be getting yours next miss bouncy bouncy."  
  
Becky felt as if she could almost have span around and hit Justine, but she remained calm and stared ahead.  
  
Assembly ended and everyone rose. Becky walked past the still blushing Lisa, whispering "S o r r y!", and went to wait for her in the hall outside.  
  
About five minutes later, Lisa appeared.  
  
"Are you alright??" Becky asked.  
  
Lisa nodded. "I got two detentions and have to apologise to Justine."  
  
"I'm really sorry, you were only trying to defend me."  
  
"It's ok, we'll get her back. I can't believe the WHOLE school saw my knickers though!"  
  
"I know! That must have been awful!"  
  
The bell rang. "We better get to class." Becky said.  
  
When they arrived through the door to their first class, I.T, Justine shouted out, "Oh look, it's miss knickers and miss fake boobs!"  
  
Several people in the class laughed.   
  
"Yeah well at least we're not miss flat-chest and miss fat arse!" Lisa said.  
  
There were more laughs and a few 'oooo!'s around the class. A boy shouted out "Bitch fight!"  
  
"I got bigger boobs than you, bitch!" Justine said, pushing out her chest. They were small, but defiantly bigger than Lisa's 26a's.  
  
Suddenly Mr. Jenkins the I.T teacher came into the class and everyone went silent. Becky and Lisa took their places behind two PC's.  
  
"Just ignore them." Becky said as they sat down. "They're not worth it, I don't want you getting into any more trouble over me."  
  
"Right class." Mr. Jenkins said. "Get on with your web page assignments, they need to be completed by the end of this week."   
  
Mr. Jenkins was so pre-occupied with his own tinkering on the school's computer systems that he virtually ignored the class during every lesson. He went straight to his master-terminal and was immediately consumed by his personal projects.  
  
About ten minutes went by, when suddenly everyone's screens went black.   
  
"What??" Mr. Jenkins said, highly confused.  
  
A few annoyed groans went around the class as everyone thought they'd lost all their work in a computer crash, but the groans were quickly replaced by laughter when a flashing message in white letters appeared on every screen in the room:  
  
" BECKY HALEWOOD HAS \*AWSOME\* TITS! ( . )Y( . ) "  
  
Becky gasped and blushed as everyone laughed and looked at her. Everyone except for Justine and Henrietta that is, who sat at their desks with arms folded and scowls on their faces.  
  
"Right, who did that!" Mr. Jenkins shouted as he stood up. "Come on, own up!"  
  
Everyone in the class looked to the back of the room, where the only two people who could have possibly pulled it off always sat, the class nerds Billy Jacobs and David Hastings. Neither of them said a thing, and remained staring ahead at their screens. Both of these boys were social outcasts. They were spotty, ugly and overweight. They came up from time to time, in a joking manner, among girls sitting and chatting in their dorms late at night, talking about the boys in school.  
  
"So.. you would you kiss if you really had to?"  
"I know who you'd kiss, Billy Jacobs!"  
"Eeeewww!"  
  
Mr. Jenkins was getting angry now. "Come on, whoever did it has ten seconds to own up, or you're all coming back here for an hour after last period!"  
  
Everyone was looking at Billy and David, glaring angrily at them. Of course, there was no way in hell they would ever own up. An hour's extra I.T after school? That's what they would be doing anyway!  
  
"Okay, time's up! All of you report back here after last class"  
  
Groans went around the room, and the class eventually settled back to normal.   
  
A few minutes later, Becky suddenly felt a looseness around her chest, and realised that her straining bra had snapped.  
  
Ever since she was 10, when she first came to St.Swarthmore’s, Becky had had several fundamental school rules drummed into her, just like everyone else in the school. Some of those rules concerned school uniform, and they were told that any deviation in the regulation uniform was absolutely unacceptable, and in the event of any item of uniform being damaged because of accident then it must be reported immediately to the school uniform department, and a replacement obtained.  
  
Becky considered just leaving it until after class, but she had heard of people getting in trouble over such things before. Some of the teachers had an uncanny ability to spot uniform deviations, and it just wasn't worth risking the penalty, especially after Lisa's bad luck earlier.  
  
She raised her hand. "Um... sir?"  
  
Mr. Jenkins didn't seem to hear.  
  
"Sir?" Becky said louder.  
  
"Yes, what is it?" Mr. Jenkins asked, still staring at his screen.  
  
"Um... I've had a... uniform accident sir."  
  
"Hmm? what? Oh..." He turned around, obviously irritated by having to turn attention away from his precious PC as he realised he had a teacherly duty to perform. "A uniform accident, I see. What's happened?"  
  
"Um well.. can I tell you outside sir?"  
  
Mr. Jenkins looked back at his PC then back to Becky. "No no girl, just tell me now so I can document it and send you to the uniform department with a form." He said and started rummaging around in a filing cabinet.  
  
"Well..my..um...my bra's snapped sir."  
  
Mr. Jenkins banged his head on the desk and several giggles went around the room.   
  
"I..I see." Mr. Jenkins said. "Well.. I will have to document this of course, Halewood. We can't have students going to claim items of uniform, and costing the school money, unless it was genuinely outside of the control of the pupil in question and certified by a teacher. You'd better come up here."  
  
"Oh my god." Henrietta said. "He's not really gonna do it is he?"  
  
Becky stood in front of Mr. Jenkins.  
  
The boys in class were staring, hoping but not quite believing what should happen next was really going to happen.  
  
"N..now Becky... you had erm... you had better remove your blouse." Mr.Jenkins said.  
  
Becky turned her back to the class and removed her blazer, then her tie, and then started to shyly unbutton her blouse St.Swarthmore’s girl's bras opened from the front, so Becky had no choice but to open her blouse all the way in the front. Blushing, she held the clip closed at the front with her fingers as she slipped her blouse off to display her bra and slim midriff to Mr. Jenkins, revealing to his view her printed name on both of the cups and the size of 36D beneath the "Halewood" print on the left one.   
  
Mr. Jenkins gulped as he watched Becky carefully part the clip at the front, holding it open just enough to demonstrate that it was broken, and showing a little cleavage at the same time. He held up the camera with trembling hands to document the accident as all teachers had to in these situations, but just as he was about to take the picture, the camera shut off.  
  
"Damn, it's run out of battery." He said. I'll have to take it with it plugged in.   
  
Mr. Jenkins went to one of the boy's PC's at the side of the room and plugged the camera into the back of it to power it up. "You'll have to turn around, Becky. The lead wont stretch far enough."  
  
Becky blushed and turned around, displaying her bra and hint of cleavage to the whole room.  
  
"Oh my god, 36d's!"  
"Mmmm!"  
"What a slut!"  
"They aint that big, she's no big deal."  
  
She felt so self-conscious and shy. Now all these boys knew her bra size. No doubt this information would soon spread across the entire school.  
  
"OK, here we go." Mr.Jenkins said and held up the camera, zooming it in on Becky's chest. Her hands were shaking with nervousness as she held the clip just slightly apart, the whole class staring at her, and just at the moment the camera snapped the picture, both bra cups pinged out of her fingers and flung open wide, sending the bra flying off her shoulders backwards leaving her completely topless! Both of her huge, firm boobs sprang out with a firm bounce, pink nipples and all fully exposed to everyone in the room!   
  
There were gasps and comments from everywhere.  
"Ohhh yesss!" From Billy.   
"Mmmm!" From another boy.  
"Woooww!" From David.  
  
Justine, blurting out on reflex said, "Oh my god! They are huge!" And both she and Henrietta sat with mouths open wide is astonishment, much like many others in the class.  
  
Becky gasped and quickly covered her boobs with both hands, face red.  
  
The boy sitting at the PC where the camera was plugged in stared at his screen with a huge grin on his face, and soon every boy was clambering to get around to look at it too. The screen was filled with a big close-up picture of Becky's tits!  
  
"Oh my god get it off!" Becky yelped.  
  
Mr. Jenkins stood dumbfounded for quite a few moments, staring with mouth open wide just like the other boys at the screen, with an obvious bulge in his pants.  
  
Becky stood there, blushing and sooo embarrassed as her demand went unanswered for almost a minute, while every boy in class, and a couple of girls, stood looking at the big picture of her bare tits.  
  
"Sir!!" Becky said. And Mr. Jenkins got a hold of himself.  
  
"Come on, out of the way you lot! Back to your seats!"   
  
Everyone reluctantly moved back, and Mr. Jenkins took the controls of the PC and got rid of the image on the screen. "R..Right... everyone out! Class is dismissed. Go and make yourselves busy for the ten minutes before your next classes."  
  
Everyone stood up.  
  
"You stay there Becky." He said.  
  
Everyone left, passing Becky as she stood there blushing, holding her her hands over her bare boobs. Lisa gave her a sympathetic look as she went by, Billy put his hands to his chest making mocking movements pretending like he was cupping and jiggling a big pair of breasts, others were giggling, and Justine said "Busty bitch!" as she passed.  
  
Becky picked up her her blouse and put it on quickly, and Mr. Jenkins scribbled a letter and handed it to her with the uniform accident form.   
  
"I'm very sorry about that." He said.  
  
Becky was too embarrassed to reply. She just took the papers and nodded.  
  
"Just take these to the uniform department and you should be fine, send them to talk to me if there's any problem."  
  
"Yes sir..." She muttered, and hurried out of the room, utterly mortified.  
  
When the room was empty, Mr. Jenkins peeked out of the door, looked up and down the hall, and then closed and locked the door. Taking the camera, with the image of Becky's bare tits still on it back to his PC, he plugged it in and unzipped his pants...  
  
- End of part one -