**Bluff and get Burnt** (Edited by Kailene)

Summer was nearing it's end and I was getting excited to be returning to school. It was going to be my Sophmore year in High School and I was really looking forward to it. Seeing my friends, dating my boyfriend, practicing with the Cheerleaders. It was going to be great.

I had spent the whole summer working on my tan and my overall apperance and look. I would be turning 16 soon and would be able to drive and a whole new world would open. I was expecting a lot of changes, so I was changing a lot about me as well.

Over the summer I had managed to obtain a glimmer brownish tan. Not too dark, but not very light either. I had also done an Ashlee Simpson and turned my blonde hair dark with some color treatments. I thought black hair looked better with my green eyes than my blonde hair did.

Also, my breasts had really developed and I was finally in the C range with a bit of growing room left. I thought I was doing quite nicely in that department. I thought it made me look much older than I actually was.

It's good to have nice features when you lack in others. I'm short and don't care to be. I wish I had longer legs and stood almost 6 feet. I'm barely 5'5" really, if that.

The only other major thing that happened to me in my looks department over the summer would have to be my pubes, not that it's a visible thing. Wow, I was scared at first, but with the help of my friends I trimmed and shaved myself into a nice little patch and I thought it was a much better improvment.

So, overall, I had matured my look and feel, I was ready to start driving soon, ready for the new school year, and I couldn't wait for things to get going.

The night before, I was planning out already what I was going to wear. I had managed to buy this awesome, and very short, pink skirt that hung off my hips in a way that it looked like they might fall off if I moved too much. And, I also had a very cute white T-Shirt with a lovely patterns and pictures on it. These were going to be the 2 pieces I'd break in the school year with, or so I thought.

My mother has always been very conservative, but she tries to let me do new things. The pink skirt, however, wasn't one of them. I had showed it to her early in the summer, but she wouldn't allow it. I had to sneak it in after I had bought it during a trip with my friends to the mall. She didn't even know I had it. I was going to have to wear jeans or something over it, or change at school for my mother not to find out.

Of course, I was still quite the adolescent and I was completely oblivious to the fact that my mother already knew I had it, and that I was planning on wearing it.

Later that evening, when my mother, father, brother, and I were watching TV, my mom left the room and called for me to join her. I got up off the couch and walked back to my room where she had my skirt and shirt out on the bed. I immediately blushed a bit and got insantly angry, knowing what was coming next.

"Annie, I thought I said you couldn't have this skirt..."

"Mom, you don't understand, I..."

"You have to fit in? Look stylish? You can do that without dressing slutty like this."

"SLUTTY?! Come on mom, give me a break."

"No way! There will be no argument here. You know my feelings about this stuff. I'm going to take these rags and toss them out. You won't be wearing them. You are to young and..."

"Well, I don't care what you say! I'm going to wear them! I'm not going to prude it up just cause you think that's the only way to look good and respectable."

My mom gave me a hard piercing stare and I knew she was losing her patience with me.

"This is an argument that needs to end Annie. You know my position, and while you are living in this house you have no choice but to follow my rules even if you don't agree. When you get out on your own you can make your own decisions and wear what you want and I won't be able to stop you."

"Yeah, well, you are just being over-protective! You'll probably have me so supressed and wanting to rebel I'll end up being a nudist or something, hating clothes all together."

"Well, if you don't stop this nonsense and listen to me, I might just send you to school naked tomorrow!"

"Pu-lease mom! Don't throw your idol threats at me. That's preposterous. You know, you may have found out about that skirt and shirt, but do you think you can honestly stop me from borrowing a friends clothes tomorrow and changing?"

"ANNIE!!! Enough of this! You will wear a dress I have picked out for you and that is final!"

"I HATE YOU!!! YOU WON'T LISTEN TO ME OR RESPECT ME OR ANYTHING!"

"Annie, you are pushing it! This has gone far enough over some stupid clothes. You are about to get in over your head."

"Yeah, well, whatever."

"Young lady, if you don't clean up this attitude, I'll show you whose making idol threats!"

"AH!!! Just shut-up and leave me alone!"

My mom got up, left the room with my skirt and shirt, and closed the door. We both were very angry and infuriated at the other. We've all been teenagers and it was the same old story. I wanted to do my own thing, but my mother thought I was doing something not appropriate for my age. I wanted to be left alone, and she wanted to mother me.

I went to bed early that night, hoping it would all blow over in the morning. I just wouldn't talk about it, and I'd hide some other outfit that would look just as good in my backpack and she'd never know.

So, after a long nights sleep, morning finally came. I got up, took a shower, did my hair and make-up, and went downstairs for breakfeast in my bathrobe.

It appeared my Dad and brother had already left. My brother is just 3, so my Dad takes him to the babysitters on the way to work. This just left me and my mother.

My mom had already eaten, and after I had finished my breakfeast and was just about to go get dressed, she stopped me and handed me a long black dress.

"Here Annie, this is the dress I have picked out for you."

I rolled my eyes, grabbed it, and walked away.

"Don't roll your eyes at me young lady! I don't want to have to go through this again! And don't you dare think about changing outfits or hiding one in your bookbag! I even moved your bookbag in here this morning to make sure you didn't. Like I said last night, it's pointless."

This just went through me entirely the wrong way. I threw the dress down on the ground, walked right up to my mother and screamed.

"AHHH!!! I can't take this! Always telling me what to do! I'm old enough to pick out my own clothes dammit!"

"You watch your mouth!"

"Oh, my, god! And now I can't even say dammit? When will this end!"

"You are picking a fight you can't win Annie! It's hopeless! I'm just looking out for you and doing what I think is best. If you dont' agree, I'm sorry, but there isn't much you can do about it."

"Mom, this is pathetic. I'm almost 16 and you are telling me what I should be wearing! I don't want to wear this stupid black dress!"

"ANNIE!!! You are trying my last nerve! You put that dress on now, get in that car, or, or..."

"Or what mom? You'll make me go to school naked? Well, you know what, fine! FINE!!! I am NOT wearing this black dress, so I guess that means I'll have to go to school naked!"

I don't know what had caused me to do and say what I was doing at that time, but I guess I had just been pushed to far. It seemed so important to me that I get to wear what I want that I took it so far I lost all reason.

After saying those words I dropped the bathrobe right then and there and stood in front of my mom stark naked. I walked over and picked up my bookbag, opened the door to the garage, which was thankfully down, and I walked straight to the car, opened the door, and plopped down inside without a stitch of clothing on, not even my shoes. I slammed the door and just sat there. I was going to call my mom's bluff! There is no way she would have thought I'd do this or go this far, surely this ploy would work.

However, to my astonishment, my mother just looked at me, beady-eyed, grabbed her purse and car keys, and came out into the garage as well, closing the door, locking it, and opening the automatic garage door opener.

She came around to the drivers side, opened the door, got in, closed the door, turned the key, started the car, and started to back out.

Things were happening so fast I felt a momentary loss of control. Here I was, sitting totally naked and exposed in our car, as my Mom started to drive out onto the street.

My heart started pounding in my chest, I had never expected her to do something like this. Then, however, I thought it through and calmed down. There was no way my mom, or any mom, would take their naked daughter out into public like this. She was just playing chicken with me, and I was going to win. I wouldn't say a word, or even give her the satisfaction of a timid look. I was going to stay there and not move until she gave up.

So, now commited, I reached around and grabbed the seatbelt and snapped myself in. It was an incredibly odd feeling to be sitting there like that, so very naked and exposed, and now with a fabric strap across my bare chest. My nipples went erect, and I was starting to feel blood rush to my face and my heart beat quicker again.

My mother, however, seemed to be committed as well. She pulled all the way out into the driveway, and closed the garage door, and pulled out onto the road. I was now in broad daylight, naked, in a car with my mother. Our car did not have any tinting and was not high up, so any other cars or Trucks would be able to see in, as would pedestrians on the street looking carefully. Like it or not, I was now basically exposed in public, but neither myself, nor my mother were backing down.

I suddenly began to realize the seriousness of this, though, if my mother kept going. At any moment, from this point forward, one tiny glance my way would cause parts of my body to be exposed to strange eyes. I could feel a moistness in my crotch as my nipples harden to the maximum. I began to get goosebumps on my arms and legs and stomach. I started to feel nausea came over me and heart continued to beat fast. My adrenaline was pumping but what could I do? Should I dare back out now and declare defeat? My mother would have won! All my fighting, arguing, everything would have been for nothing. No, I couldn't give up. My mother would give in before me, she didn't want me going out in a skirt, she'd never allow me to be seen naked.

Someone should have told my mother this, however, as she kept the car going as she drove down our street all the way to the stop sign. At this point, it was basically impossible to go directly back home, at the very least she'd have to go ahead and get on the main road now facing us and go a street down and circle back, which meant I was now committed to at least 1 or 2 minutes of public exposure. I felt I could take this though, I wasn't going to give up.

My mother turned onto the main road now and started heading down, towards my High School. I could see cars up ahead, and one behind. She had gone one block down, then two, then three.

I was now insanely far away from any possible comfort zone and the possibility that she would actually take me all the way to school was becomming more and more likely. Also, the possibility I was going to get seen was increasing and increasing.

My heart beat even faster and I realized my mother had on the A/C. It had been on low and was another factor in my hard nipples. I wondered if I should turn it off, but remembered my vow to stay put and act emotionless.

The truth was, I was far from emotionless. I was getting very scared now and was feeling horribly vulnerable. I gripped the strap of my backpack tight and looked hard out the window as if I was trying to blow up some target just by staring at it. Anything to get my mind off of my own nudity. This was going to far.

Another 3 blocks or so, and we were now more than half-way there. One might say we had crossed the point of no return. Also, a few cars had passed us in the opposite direction, and with each one I flinched, wondering if they saw me.

Then, something happened that made me really stop and think if I knew my mother and her determination at all. We were coming up on a 4-way stop. Traffic was getting busy. I was bound to be seen. And at this point, there was no turning away from it. As we inched closer and closer I suddenly realized that there were cars stopped down there, AND A GUY IN A TRUCK!!! I was going to be seen, no matter what.

Trying to act as nonchalent as possible, I squeezed my legs together tight, lifted my backpack up onto my lap, and crossed my arms in front of my chest and leaned against my backpack. Even if they were going to notice I was nude, I wasn't given them a free peek.

It was then that I noticed my mother had glanced over to me as she pulled up to the stop sign and slowed. She had noticed what I had done, and that meant she knew I was feeling embarrassment and shame. Was there anything I could do to take this satisfaction away from her? Yes, and it meant having to expose myself on purpose!! I didn't know what to do.

As my mom finally came to a complete stop I saw there were cars waiting all the way around, including a truck sitting to the right of us. I could see glances here and there, I wasn't sure if they had noticed I was nude yet. Had I kept the backpack where it was, I think it would have been fine, but I couldn't give my mom any satisfaction, I had to be brave and bold.

I leaned back in my chair, put my backpack down on the floorboard, eased my legs, not apart, but into a comfortable postion, and let my arms hang at my sides. My breasts were now in full view, as was some of my pubic hairs if you were the guy in the truck.

The first car to go was surprisingly ours!! We pulled out and not caring about the other cars, and only the Truck, I kept my glance to the right to see if the guy noticed, and, was horrified when I noticed he HAD SEEN ME!! He was clearly looking right back at me, mouth agape, staring. I had just let some older unknown man see me totally naked. I had been exposed, and all because of some clothes I had wanted to wear. It was now that I began to think maybe my mother was right and this wasn't worth it.

As the horrifying realization sat in as to what had just happened, I felt a tingly all over my body. A severe embarassment unlike anything I had ever felt before in my life. It was taking my breath, increasing my heart, I was almost sweating despsite my goosebumps from the coldness hitting my skin.

It took a while for me to fight back the urge to say something at this point, and when I finally came back to my senses, I realized we were only about 2 blocks away from my High School. I thought to myself, shit. She is really going to do this! I could be exposed in front of all my fellow classmates. This wasn't good.

I decided to try the old, close your eyes and it'll all go away trick. I leaned back, closed them, and tried to imagine any other scenario that would have kept me from ending up in this position. When I finally dared to open my eyes, I could actually physically see my High School.

Sensations started to flow through my body. It was if I had been fingering myself the whole time. My pussy felt like it might explode, my nipples burst. My heart was going faster than could have been healthy for it, and I was visible shaken now. I was almost ready to puke, and I saw my mom pulling up to the front of the school to let me out.

I had to say something now, she had won, I couldn't keep this up. She was really going to stop, this was going too far. I couldn't allow myself to be seen naked by fellow students, my life would be over.

Then it finally happened. She had arrived at my High School and had pulled up right in front of it and had stopped....

To give you a sense of my exposure... There is about 20 feet of sidewalk leading up to the main entrance from the curb she was parked at. In the front was nothing blocking a view of me except perhaps the flagpoles and a few bushes covering the windows off to the sides. But for the most part, I was totally exposed! And there were cars behind us, and I could see students walking in. Some students were no more than 5 - 10 feet from our car. It was only because none had stopped to look in our car that I hadn't been spotted yet, but if I didn't come up with something quick, that wouldn't last for long.

For a second, I just sat there; stunned my mom had done this. I was really, truly, naked at school. I was exposed, and stunned my mother would allow this. Finally, I shot her a look, and the expression on her face was worth a million. It was so smug, evil, with a grin.

"Annie, we're here. Get your bag and have a nice day."

Did she really think I was going to get out of the car? Perhaps she thought I would take it that far just to see her reaction? Surely she knew I would never purposely let myself be exposed like that. Then again, there was the incident at the 4-way stop.

"Well Annie?"

I was hyperventilating. I didn't know what to do. Ok, I did know, but I wasn't really sure if that would save me. Well, it was now or never, I coudn't sit there forever, I'd be seen.

"Mom, I can't..."

"You can't what?"

"No, please mom! This has gone too far! Leave, now please!"

I was covering myself up as best I could. Backpack in my lap, legs clamped shut, arms covering my chest and sides.

"Mom, you can't let this happen, please."

'I'm sorry Annie, I thought this is what you wanted. Now, now, I'm not going to be pushy on you again, it's ok."

"What are you talking about mom? GET US OUT OF HERE?!"

"Annie, we will have none of this now! Get out or I'll get you out!"

There was no way. THIS HAD TO BE A BLUFF!! There was no way on Earth she was actually pull her child, naked, from the car and into the eyesights of hundreds of High School teenagers...

I sat there, helpless, and then she opened her door and got out, closing it and coming to my side.

OH GOD, OH GOD, OH GOD!!!

She came to my door, and opened it! I freaked out! She reached her arm in and unbuckled me and grabbed my arm.

"Don't make a scene now Annie."

I scrambled free of her grasp and jumped into the back seat cowering. I had to leave my backpack up front. I was totally defenseless now, no backpack, nothing. Totally naked, and students were starting to look at the car. I was going to be seen!!

"Annie, I'm going to count to three..."

A few students were looking at the car now. I was ducked down as low as I could get, but surely I would be seen.

"1...2..."

 I couldn’t believe this! My own mother was going to send me naked to school! Surely there was some sort of law against a parent doing this to their daughter. I had to think fast, though that was denied me in the next milisecond.

“...3”

With a sudden swiftness I never thought possible of her, she reached into the backseat and grabbed my arm. I struggled hard but she would have none of it. With a grim determination, she pulled me from the back seat out onto the open sidewalk and in view of everyone there, including a few of my classmates.

“Here’s your bag Annie.” My mom said from a bit farther away.

I turned and was horrified to see she had gotten into the drivers seat again and had left my bag beside me. I had been too frozen to notice what she had done. A few students stood gawking at my naked body and a few more laughed openly, pointing at me. I couldn’t believe this, this was no bluff on her part. She was seriously going to make me go to school naked!

Then I heard it, what I had been dreading. Mom, closed my door and pressed down on the gas pedal. I was left standing naked with only my school book bag among laughing school mates and class mates. There was nothing I could do now, my mother had abandoned me to take school naked.

As I walked the 20 some-what feet of the sidewalk up to the school building, cameras and cell phones were flashing one after another, capturing my humiliation and shame perfectly. I tried ignoring all of them, but it was hard, especially when I had to push past a few people to get to the doors. My only hope was not to get into too much trouble until the day ended.

I swear, I will never anger my mother to the point that this happens to me again. I don’t know if I could take it....
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**-Annie-**

***(Note: Annie, if this is a true story, I spiced it up a little for you. If you like the additions, you can reach me at silkysexygirl@gmail.com. However, if it was fantasy, perhaps you’d actually enjoy writing about yourself actually taking school naked, or maybe you have already with another argument with your mother about clothes. I hope to read more of “Bluff and Get Burnt”.)***

***~Kailene, BFF of Vanessa Evans***