**Boxie's Last Day**

by **American Cowboy**

**Boxie's Last Day - Part 1**

I had found the perfect T-shirt when I went to Florida with my family over Spring Break. It was white and cotton, and had a picture of a little island with a palm tree. The sleeves were short, reaching just past the curve of my round shoulders, and the fit was snug too. But it still needed some more work. I spent several weeks stretching the material, testing it and running it through the washer and dryer, until I was convinced it would be ready to wear on the last day of school.

I woke up extra early on that mid-June morning. The sun was out already, and it promised to be a hot day. That would be perfect, too, for my choice of outfit. But I wasn't sure that my parents would approve, so I had to get up before them and make it to school on my own. Hopping into shower, I found myself very excited! I washed my body and my long black hair and made sure I was squeaky clean.

I dried off in the bathroom, and then walked fully nude down the hallway into my bedroom. Thankfully, I didn't run into my mother or father… that would have been embarrassing! So standing with my hands on my hips, I looked around the room, my gaze searching for the T-Shirt, which was draped over the chair where I had left it the night before.

On my bare toes, I stepped across the floor. I guess I was trying to be quiet. As I took the T-shirt in my hands, I could feel my heart beating faster. I pulled the shirt over my head, pulling it down to cover my boobies. The material clung to my curvy body, hugging my breasts, and then my hips as I tugged the shirt lower. It came down just to the top of my thighs, stretching to cover my smooth round bottom. I walked over to look in the mirror, making certain that I was decent.

My braless breasts were firm, and held in place because the fabric was so tight. I thought that if my nipples got hard, they might be a problem. But hopefully the print of the palm tree in the center of the shirt would draw people's eyes away from my chest. Still, I tried not to think about my nipples. Instead, I turned around, and looked over my shoulder to make sure that my ass was covered.

And that was it! With just this single T-shirt stretched over my sixteen-year-old body, I prepared to leave for school. The idea, of course, was that I wanted to try to copy what that girl Erica had once did. That is, she spent the day wearing only a long T-shirt. From the story I heard, she had one that was loose fitting, and it wasn't immediately apparent that she didn't have shorts on. My shirt, I figured, was a little more daring because it left my shape totally revealed. I would have to be more careful as I moved around school, since I stretched it so much, it felt like it might snap right off me! That thought was so scary and so thrilling, at the same time!

The only day I decided would be safe enough to try this stunt, was on the last day of school. It would be nice and warm out, and people's attitudes would be more relaxed. I wouldn't have a full day of classes either. My friend Pattie, when I told her about the idea, said to me that she heard this Erica girl had her clothe stolen, that it was not by choice she was dressed only in a T-shirt. I only shrugged my shoulders. It still sounded too fun not to try!

I had walked as far as the stairs leading downstairs, when I looked at my feet. Well, as almost naked as I was, I guess I couldn't go to school barefoot. Turning around, I jogged back to my bedroom, feeling the T-shirt stretch a little more with my bouncing boobs. In my closet, I found a pair of flip-flops that I also got while I was in Florida. They were lime green, and went well with the leaves of the palm tree on my shirt. Slipping them on my feet, now I was set!

I liked how my toes and heel were still visible. The more skin I was showing, the better… as long as I kept my important parts covered. The flip-flops slapped on my feet as I bounded down the stairs, and I pressed my hands on the hem of the T-shirt to keep it from riding up. I would have to remember that. In the kitchen, I grabbed a bottle of water and a quick bite to eat. Then I scribbled a note to my parents, letting them know I was taking the bus to school.

This was slightly unusual, as I often got driven to school. Usually, this allowed me to sleep a little later, and my parents would drop me off on the way to work, just as the first bell was ringing. But every now and then, I would have to take the school bus, which was not something I looked forward to. Today, the trip would be extra humiliating. But I couldn't let my parents see the way I was dressed!

I closed the front door behind me as I walked outside. The sun was shining and it was already warm. For a second, I closed my eyes enjoying the fresh air on my face and bare legs. Oh my God, standing outdoors in just a pair of flip-flops and a tight T-shirt, I was so excited! I hurried down my driveway, and began walking down the block.

Because this was the last day of school, I didn't have to bring any books with me. I didn't even bring a bag or a backpack. My arms hung at my sides, fingers occasionally clutching the hem of the shirt. The further away I walked from my house, the more nervous I felt. It was early enough that there was not too much traffic, but every time a car did pass, I wondered if they were looking at me. I wondered if they knew I had nothing on under the shirt!

When I got to my bus stop, I had forgotten that it was shared with some Junior High kids from the neighborhood. They went to the same middle school I did, and I still remembered them from a couple of years ago. It's just that it had been months since I last waited here for the bus to the high school. I saw them first as I approached, and froze, feeling suddenly self-conscious. But the teenagers noticed me and started pointing. I forced myself to walk forward again.

"Look, it's Becky Carter!" One of the girls squealed.

She was an annoying brat, two years behind me. I smoothed down the front of my T-shirt, trying to keep my secret hidden, but I'm afraid I only accentuated the curves of my body. I could see them checking out my feet and legs.

"Miss Too Cool to Ride the School Bus!" the girl teased. "Are you sure that T-shirt is the right size? I can see your big fat boobs!"

That made the boys in the group laugh. And made me blush. I wanted to raise my arms to fold them over my breasts. But I was afraid the movement would lift up the bottom of my T-shirt and show my pussy. If they thought my boobs were too big, what would they think of my hot round ass? Of course, they were picking on me because I used to be chubby when I went to their Junior High. That was before I hit puberty, and my body exploded in development and took on a new, voluptuous form. Maybe that was why I was now always tempted to get naked.

Lowering my eyes at the boys, I saw that my smooth bare legs were able to get a reaction. Despite their laughter, they shuffled nervously, cupping hands in front of their crotches.

"What kind of shorts are you wearing?" the Junior High girl asked.

I thought for a moment how to make this embarrassing confession, and then said, "I'm wearing a bikini under this T-shirt! It's the last day of school, and I'm going to the beach right afterwards to start summer vacation."

"Wow, that's awesome!" one of the boys gasped in admiration.

My claim really drove the point home, since they still had a week of school left. That seemed to shut the bratty girl up. I turned around and faced the street, determined to wait for the bus with my arms at my sides. As my fingers brushed the bare skin of my legs, I was toying with the idea of hiking the T-shirt a little higher, just to see how far I could go…

Thankfully, the school bus came rolling down the street, grinding to a stop at the curb before I did anything to expose myself. The hydraulic doors opened with a hiss, and I placed my foot on the black rubber step. I shyly boarded the bus in just my T-shirt and flip-flops.

It had been so long since I used the school's transportation, I wasn't sure where to sit. I definitely wanted some privacy. All the way in the back, it was empty, but we might pick up some older students along the route. I worried they might sit next to me, and start teasing me, and maybe try to take my clothes! As I slowly walked down the aisle, I was very aware of my legs, my toes, and my butt cheeks desperate to peek out under my shirt.

Finally, I picked an empty seat near the middle of the bus. Just as I slid over to sit down, we began moving again, and I was jostled to the corner up against the window. A flip-flop had fallen off one foot, while the T-shirt rolled up to my stomach as I landed on my ass. Oh, wow… I was so close to being naked! I quickly pulled the hem of my T-shirt, covering my lap before anyone noticed. This was getting hot!

Trying to make myself comfortable, I could feel the vinyl seat underneath my bare ass. It was then I realized that the shirt was too short. I had been so preoccupied with making sure the material stretched low enough when I was standing, I forgot to test what would happen when I sat down! This would certainly complicate things during the brief school day! I would have to remember to be very careful.

Nervously, I crossed my legs, and began bobbing one foot… the one that was bare, without a flip-flop. The problem was, because I wasn't wearing any underwear, I was creating a delightful friction between my legs. I squeezed my thighs together and bounced my leg faster.

The bus reached its next stop along the route. I looked out the window to see it was a boy getting on. He looked like he was a year younger than me, a Freshman. Hopefully, that meant he would sit up front, and not come far back here. To my surprise, he headed over to the seat just in front of mine, where he slung his backpack and sat down. I watched nervously as his face and arm slid around the high back of the seat in front of me. He spotted my one flip-flop on the floor near the aisle, and picked it up!

"Is this yours?" he asked.

In reply, I slipped my foot out of the other flip-flop as the bus started rolling again. Carefully, I pushed the flip-flop forward with my toes. I was now wearing only one single article of clothing! My heart beat faster, wondering if he noticed that I wasn't wearing anything else.

I inclined my head and answered, "Looks like a perfect match to me. Yes, those are my shoes…"

He continued to admire my legs and bare feet. While he held the one in his hand, I nudged the other flip-flop closer to the aisle, to see if he would pick it up. Oh my God, what was I doing! What if he demanded a trade… what if this Freshman took both my summer shoes and would only give them back if I took off my T-shirt? I would be totally nude on the school bus!

I sat very still and waited to see what would happen. When he didn't give back my one shoe, I crossed my feet at the ankles, and pulled my legs under the seat. Of course, I used both hands to grip the hem of my shirt, making sure that it stayed down. I wondered if he was getting a boner. The next thing I knew, the bus was slowing down again, another stop. This time two girls got onboard, sisters, I think.

They walked down the aisle and sat in the seat across from me. The girls continued chatting with each other, but then they noticed the boy who was sitting diagonal from them. Well, sitting wasn't exactly true. He was kneeling on the seat, looking over the back at me. He was still holding my one flip-flop, his arm dangling between us. The girls saw this and the older sister figured I was being teased.

"Did you take her shoe, Charlie?" she asked accusingly.

Charlie kept his body pressed against the back of the seat, as if he was hiding something in his pants. He looked flustered and a bit embarrassed as he turned to face the other girls. The boy shook his head, saying he hadn't done anything.

"Well give it back," the young lady instructed him. "I swear, Charlie, you are such a weirdo!"

The poor Freshman dropped my shoe, letting it bounce harmlessly to the floor of the bus. He immediately sank down in his seat, turning around to face forward, and sulking. Me, I quickly located the flip-flop with my toes, and slid it back onto my foot. I was very much aware of my bottomless state, trying to be careful not to let the girls see too much of my leg as the T-shirt rode up my body. Nervously, I put my other flip-flop on again. I decided I should not play any more games for the rest of the bus ride.

My heart was beating faster as we pulled into the school parking lot a few minutes later. Somehow, I wished that I had brought along a book or a backpack, or something. Instead, it felt like it was just me and my T-shirt, and of course my little secret. I was quick to stand up as the bus came to a complete stop. Before anyone could notice me, I fussed with the hem of the shirt, making sure it covered my crotch and bottom. The girls in the seat across from me were busy gabbing away, so when Charlie stepped out into the aisle, I fell in right behind him.

I could hear the two sisters then, following my flip-flop footsteps. They were giggling as I could feel the first girl press close against me. She put her fingers lightly on my back, urging me forward. It occurred to me that she must realize I was not wearing a bra under the T-shirt. Well, I could not get off this bus soon enough! Clutching the fabric of the shirt in front of me, I hoped they would not get curious and try to lift it up.

Thankfully, these girls had no interest in teasing me, just giggling at my daring outfit. I mean really, I was showing a lot of leg, and the material stretched so tight over my body, left little to the imagination. On any other day, I would probably be marched right down to the principal's office for showing up dressed like this. But I figured on the last day of school, no one would notice.

As we walked into the main lobby of the building, we joined in with the larger press of students coming in off of other buses. I didn't know what to do with my hands, so I just kept my arms at my sides. Really, I felt so vulnerable, yet kind of excited, too. Plenty of eyes turned to look at me and what I was wearing… or what I wasn't wearing! In this manner, I bounced and jiggled down the hall, making my way to the stairs that would lead to my homeroom.

**Part 2**

"I can't believe you came to school dressed like this!" my friend Pattie said, waiting for me at my locker.

Moving forward so that I would be out of the way of the other boys and girls walking through the hallway, I pushed up against my locker and grinned, "Like what?"

"Are you even wearing anything under that shirt?" Pattie huffed.

"Nope," I lowered my eyes and giggled.

My friend only shook her head. "I thought you would have learned your lesson by now. You're going to get yourself in trouble, Boxie!"

I told her it would be all right, it wasn't a big deal. Although I was feeling more nervous as we continued standing out here. I was surprised I had confessed to her that I was naked underneath this one item of clothing. Not that Pattie would do anything, but the admission only served to remind me how close I was to being totally nude at school. I could feel my nipples starting to poke out, and my skin felt warm. I think I was blushing.

Thankfully, the period bell rang, and we would have to go to our separate homerooms. At least I wouldn’t have to suffer under her knowing and disapproving glare. It was only a half-day today anyway, and the whole time would be spent confined in the classroom. So it's not like I would be running up and down flights of stairs.

Still, I entered the room shyly, clutching the hem of the tight T-shirt, to make sure it stayed down. There were students already seated at the desks, talking and laughing. Some waved to me, others pointed and laughed. I took a moment to look around for a place to sit, just standing there in front of the classroom. I don't think the teacher noticed me yet. All those eyes on me, I fidgeted with the tight fabric and casually slipped one foot out of a flip-flop before putting it on again. Finally, I decided to find a seat toward the back of the room.

Walking down the aisle between desks, I know some boys whistled at me. And some girls probably whispered some unflattering remarks. But I just kept my head down, and worked my way to the last desk in the row. Fortunately, there were no other students around me for the moment, and I quickly moved myself onto the chair. The thing is, I had to lift my little T-shirt just enough so I could pull the material over my lap when I was seated.

My bare ass made contact with the plastic seat, and sent a shiver through my body! I let out a small gasp, which I hoped nobody else heard. Then I crossed my legs and folded my hands atop the desk, trying to take my mind off the situation.

A few minutes later, a girl in my homeroom took the seat directly across from me in the next row and said, "Hi Boxie!"

Her name was Samantha, and she was a perky popular girl with shoulder-length red hair. She and I had been chummy in class and during homeroom, but we never saw each other outside of school. We had different recreational interests. One thing she did like, was cute nicknames.

"Hi Sammie," I turned and smiled at her nervously.

"Oh, that's a cute T-shirt," she commented. "Did you go to Florida for vacation?"

I told her that I did. At first, I felt a little awkward talking to her, knowing that this one article of clothing was all I was wearing. But soon, we were happily chatting away, talking about boys and plans for summer vacation. It helped me relax a bit.

Then she leaned back in her seat, inclining her head so that she was able to see how I was sitting.

"Oh my God, Boxie… are you wearing a thong?" Samantha asked with a giggle.

Remembering my story from the bus stop, I answered, "It's a bikini. I'm… I'm going to the beach right after school."

"Cool," the girl replied as she leaned forward again. "I bet you will look awesome in it. You've got a great body."

That comment made me blush and cross my legs under the desk, and all I could mutter was, "Thanks…"

The rest of the morning went by pretty uneventfully, for which I was indeed thankful. There was an announcement that came over the loudspeaker, asking our homeroom teacher about some graduation diplomas. It seemed the senior class was practicing for their ceremony down in the cafeteria today, and they wanted the empty diploma cases.

"Samantha," he called out, his eyes finding the two of us in the corner. "Samantha, would you come up here for a moment?"

The girl looked over at me and shrugged her shoulders. I watched her get up and walk up toward the teacher's desk in the front of the classroom. She was wearing cutoff denim shorts and a red summer top. I also noticed that she had comfortable sneakers on, but didn't look like she was wearing socks. Sammie bounced up to the teacher's side, teasing her short red-hair.

"I need you to bring these boxes of diploma cases down to the cafeteria. You can bring a friend with you to help. I know I can depend on you to drop these off, without any fooling around."

"Yes, Mr. Peterson," the sophomore girl answered respectfully.

She then turned around to face the class, and motioned at me with her arm. I looked over my shoulder, but of course, there was no one else behind me. I don't think anybody else was even paying attention to her. Putting my finger to my chest, I still hesitated and asked, "Me?"

"Yes, Boxie!" she called out and laughed. "Come up here and help me with these!"

Well this certainly complicated things. I hadn't really planned on going on any adventures today. Just hoped to stay quietly in the corner without drawing extra attention to myself. But then, I guess there was no fun in that. So very carefully, slowly, I began to climb out of my seat. Again, I was grateful that there was no one behind me, because standing up left the bottom of my butt briefly exposed. I hurriedly pulled down the sides of the T-shirt, to make sure my hips were covered. Maybe I pulled a little to firmly, because I thought I felt the material stretch the seams at my shoulders.

I walked forward, keeping my legs together, and trying not to wiggle and bounce. Naturally curvy, it was hard to conceal the shape of my young body, and I'm sure my cheeks were peeking out playfully beneath the shirt's hem. My flip-flops slapped across the floor until I reached the teacher's desk.

"You take one and I'll take one," Sammie said, grabbing the first box of diplomas.

I paused, afraid of being too hasty with my movements and raising my shirt. This caused the teacher to lift his head to see what was the delay. Immediately, his eyes locked on my figure, and I was ashamed for him to see me dressed so indecently. That made me take the other box and bring it close to my body, just about level with my crotch. The only thing was, I would not be able to use my hands to adjust the T-shirt.

Fortunately, I could feel the box resting against the soft cotton of the shirt and not my bare privates, which meant the hem was still lowered. If I kept it pressed against my body, I guess I would be able to manage and keep the shirt down. Still, this is something I had not expected and was not prepared for. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw Sammie had already turned to leave the classroom. Shyly, I stepped backward to follow her into the hallway, keeping my front covered, in case my ass was showing.

When I made it out into the corridor, I started going in the direction of the stairs that would lead to the ground floor. Only then I realized the other girl was behind me, as she fell in to walk at my side. She didn't say anything, so I figured my bottom must be covered. At the same time, I was aware of my nipples poking out indentations in my shirt.

"Those are cute!" Sammie said, bouncing along next to me.

I looked to her in shock, worried about my boobies and erect nipples, but then saw she was talking about my flip-flops. It was hard to believe these were all I was wearing except for the T-shirt! I turned to her and smiled.

"Yeah, I thought they would be great for the summer." I said.

Sammie nodded her head as we continued walking. "You certainly like to be prepared! I wish I could go to the beach with you, Boxie."

When we made it to the stairs, the girl scooted ahead of me to take the flight down. I had been hoping to cut in front of her, or at least remain next to her. Because now, if she looked back up, I was afraid she might see more of my secret. But then, I did have the box of diplomas covering my crotch. It was just that the longer I stayed out here like this, the more excited I was getting!

Reaching the main floor of the school building, I caught up with Samantha, a little breathless.

"I bet the Senior class will enjoy checking out your outfit," the girl giggled.

My heart was beating faster as we rounded a corner and drew closer to the cafeteria. Now I definitely wanted her moving ahead of me, shielding the view of my form-fitting T-shirt. The rest of the hallways had been really quiet, as the morning classes were still in session. But as soon as we walked through the glass doors of the cafeteria, there was a buzz of voices, talking, laughter, the anticipation of the graduating class, which startled me.

I followed Sammie out into the middle of the spacious room. Swinging my head around, I saw that most of the tables and chairs had been moved out of the way to make room for the ceremony practice. There were a few tables left in place for the teachers to use. To my amazement, it seemed like the whole class had showed up today, hundreds of young men and women, in addition to the supervising faculty.

My classmate found the head teacher in charge and approached her. I crept close behind, feeling like all eyes were on my body.

Sammie lifted the box of diplomas and said, "Mr. Peterson sent us to bring you these."

"That's right, you can put them right over there," the twelfth-grade teacher answered, pointing out a table on the side. "Thank you for bringing them down."

The two of us scurried over to where we were directed, and I could swear I heard some boys snickering. Or maybe it was my imagination, or just my nerves. We dropped the boxes onto the table, and that was it! Easy enough, I was thankful I was able to make the delivery without incident. To be sure, I smoothed down the front of the T-shirt, even pulling the hem extra hard so that my bottom was safe and covered.

RRRIIIIPPP….

Oh no! I thought I felt the seams at my shoulders start to give away! Quickly, I lowered my head to inspect the T-shirt, but there did not appear to be any visible damage. But the material was certainly straining to contain my boobs, and my round ass. I placed my arms at my sides and felt that I should move very gingerly. Looking to my wrist, I wanted to see how much longer was left in the school day. Except I wasn't even wearing a watch!

I started walking toward the cafeteria exit, eager to return to the safety of homeroom. Sammie, however, was unaware of my delicate state or my near clothing mishap. And she did not seem to be in a rush to get back to class.

Suddenly she was at my side and whispered, "Oh my God, Boxie, look at those cute guys over there!"

"Where?" I asked, though truthfully I had meant to keep my focus on the doors, wanting to get away from all these people.

I continued moving forward, and the redheaded girl grabbed my shoulder as if to spin me around.

"No, Boxie… over there!" she squealed.

Her fist curled up a bunch of the white material and pulled to bring me around in a half-circle. Except that in my rush to escape, I moved even faster, practically running in the opposite direction.

The T-shirt had been worn out, stretched and put through much in preparation for this day, and throughout the day. I guess the fabric never stood a chance.

RRRIIIPPP…

Arms out in front of me, I stumbled several feet forward. While the T-shirt was ripped clean off my body!

Falling to my knees, I looked down and saw that I was naked! NAKED! My head swung to watch the reaction over my shoulder. Sammie was standing there with the shredded halves of the shirt in her hands… it had split right down the back! And now, the whole Senior class was staring at my bare ass, making me freeze in a very embarrassing position. At least I still had my flip-flops.

"OH MY GOD! Boxie!" Sammie cried and pointed.

**Part 3**

That made me jump up to my feet! I felt my long silky black hair cascade down my bare back as I immediately clutched my bare breasts. This left my bare, curvy rear-end completely on display. And then I dropped a hand discreetly over my bare pink sex. For as part of the day's planning, I had been afraid my patch of black pubic hair would show through the white T-shirt. So I had shaved my pubic mound smooth and hairless. I never thought I would be exposing my pussy like this!

People started shouting and calling out… there were whistles and clapping and cheering. My head was spinning. I didn't expect this to happen, so suddenly! And here I was, nude in front of the graduating class. What a way to spend my last day of school! I was afraid that the teachers would come after me and I would be in more trouble, so I started jogging straight for the cafeteria doors.

Grabbing the metal handle in trembling hands, I had to pause as I pulled the heavy glass door toward me. Everyone was seeing my butt. My completely bare naked butt, just bouncing out there in the open! Finally, I streaked into the school corridor, which was thankfully still empty.

Fully nude, I ran around a corner with my boobies bouncing up and down in front of me, and my flip-flops slapping over the floor tiles. That gave me an idea as I slid up against a wall to catch my breath. Lifting one leg, I reached my arm down and slipped off the flip-flop. Then I took off the other one. I held the shoes together for a moment, savoring the fact that I was standing barefoot and TOTALLY NAKED in my school hallway!

But the truth was, I wanted to use the shoes as extra covering. It also didn't help to have my fingers directly pressing my sensitive pink parts. So I crossed an arm over my breasts, holding one of the flip-flops in front of the extended nipple. I then held the other flip-flop right against my bald pussy. Now I was able to walk on my tiptoes, and hopefully would be quieter. But where to go, I wondered.

I imagined myself making it back up to homeroom, bare body and all, of course keeping my tits and pussy modestly covered. Oh my God, that would be so hot! I would be so embarrassed for the teacher to see me, though, and he would probably call my parents. If I could just find some clothes to put on…

Approaching the hallway that led to the Main Office, I realized I had come quite a way from the cafeteria. Hopefully Samantha would have explained that it was an accident, and the faculty wouldn't be looking for me. But I didn't want the Principal to catch me running around without any clothes on either! So after a moment's thought, I decided to change directions and head toward the Nurse's Office.

Ms. Baker was nice, always looking out for us girls. She might be surprised to see me, but I was sure she would help. So carefully I crept down the empty corridor, trying not to run into anybody, but also hoping that the period bell didn't ring sending a flood of students out of the classrooms to surround me and stare at me…

"Oh my God!" I gasped, and licked my lips.

Pretty soon, I rounded the corner that led to the school Health Office. I saw lights on in the room, which was good, because that meant Nurse Baker was available to help me. Still, I was totally embarrassed and I had to close my eyes as I approached the doorway.

"Rebecca Carter, what are you doing?" I heard the woman address me.

Taking a deep breath, I opened my eyes to see Nurse Baker sitting at her desk in front of me. On the side of her desk was a chair. And sitting there was a boy I recognized from my Math class. Our eyes locked and I froze, although fortunately I already had my flip-flops in position, hiding my boobs and pussy. He had his arm stretched out on top of the desk, where Ms. Baker had just finished applying a bandage.

Finally, rubbing the toes of one bare foot behind my other leg, I found I was able to answer, "Had a little accident…"

The school nurse shook her head. Then she turned to the boy and told him, "There, you're all done, Martin. That should teach you to horse around with sharp objects. You can go back to your class now."

Martin looked from me, to the woman behind the desk at his side. He pulled his arm back, and gingerly tested the gauze wrap. Slowly, the young man rose from his seat, as if he was still uncomfortable. I stood in the doorway and watched as he shuffled forward, now cradling the elbow of his injured arm in his other hand. Once more, he glanced back at Ms. Baker who only nodded her head as if to tell him to hurry up and leave. Or maybe she was nodding at me that I should step into the office, but I didn't move.

This meant that poor Martin had to squeeze past me in order to get out the door. I clutched my flip-flops tightly, pressing them against my pink parts. The young man angled himself so that he was facing my side as he walked around me. It was a close fit, and the feel of his shirt and pants brushing my bare skin, caused my whole body to tingle! I turned my head to look over my shoulder and saw Martin walking backward, with a full view of my completely naked ass. I also saw that he had a boner pushing out the front of his pants!

I giggled, which made the boy look down. He saw his condition and at once turned to run back through the hallway and around the corner. What a turn-on!

"Rebecca Carter, will you get into my office!" Nurse Baker called my attention.

Immediately I tip-toed forward until I stood fully in the middle of the room. I know I was blushing, because I had gotten caught thinking dirty thoughts. Hopefully, she wouldn't be seeing any other students today.

"All right, tell me what happened," she said, placing her hands calmly on the desk. "Why are you running around school without any clothes on?"

Pausing to collect my thoughts, I licked my lips and began my story, "You see, I had an accident with my T-shirt. I was in the cafeteria and it ripped. Um, it ripped right off me. And there were a lot of students around, so I ran here."

Nurse Baker arched an eyebrow, "And this T-shirt was all you were wearing, Miss Carter?"

"It was long… well, long enough to cover my bottom," I admitted bashfully.

The school nurse pushed her chair back and stood up so that she could walk over to me. In her heels, she was probably at least a foot taller than me. I was worried that she was going to get me in trouble. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea. She asked me why I didn't have any underwear on underneath!

"Um…" I tried to stall, bouncing nervously on my toes. "I was just going to the beach after to school… it would be easier to slip into my swimsuit…"

Ms. Baker didn't seem convinced, but she didn't press any further. Instead, she told me to put my shoes down! I was in no position to protest, so I glanced to my side and located the examination table, which would be a suitable place to put them. Padding across the room, I lifted my flip-flops to the leather upholstery. When I spun around again, I had to use my arms and hands to try to hide my nudity.

But the school nurse would have none of that. She had done plenty of physical examinations, I imagine, and had seen lots of female teenagers. Bringing me back to the middle of the health office, she gently took my arms and lowered them to my side. I was so embarrassed as my erect nipples sprang out. And… Oh my God! My totally bald pussy!

"You're certainly prepared for bikini season," Ms. Baker commented with a wink.

Oh my God, I can't believe she was talking about my pussy! I think my whole face turned bright red, and my round bottom was blushing rosy pink. All I could do was close my eyes and clench my fists at my sides.

Suddenly I felt my boobies being held! Not just being held, but actually lifted up and bounced back down on my chest! A small coo escaped my lips as the nurse briefly touched my nipples. I knew she was only checking clinically, making sure I was all right, but her fingers felt so good on my excited body.

"I see you are developing quite nicely, Rebecca," the nurse remarked.

Opening my eyes, I answered shyly, "Thank you…"

"All the more reason you should not be running around school, naked!" And this last point, she emphasized with a playful smack on my rear end.

Her heels clicked over the floor, and I listened to Ms. Baker stroll around behind me. My long black hair fell to the middle of my back, straight and framing the juicy round globes of my bare bottom. I was afraid she might ask me to touch my toes, or give me a rectal examination! Self-conscious, I still separated my feet a little, causing my labia to unfold between my legs. I thought I would die of shame…

But then the woman moved around to stand in front of me again. Part of me wanted to cover up, yet part of me… enjoyed her evaluating my body. I was proud of my shape and the way I looked. The only thing was, it was embarrassing for a school official to see me aroused like this. I was horny, and I'm pretty sure she knew it.

"Have you started masturbating?" Ms. Baker asked.

I clasped both my hands to my mouth in shock. It's like she was a mind reader! Although I guess she had to take developmental psych courses to become a nurse, so she understood what a naked sixteen year-old girl would be going through.

"Yes, ma'am," I answered softly.

The nurse smiled and nodded her head. "It's all healthy and perfectly natural. Well, except for the part about you running around school without any clothes on. I suppose I had best get you covered up…"

I fancied she said that last bit almost with a tone of regret. Even more amazingly, I almost told her she needn't trouble herself on my account. As if I was prepared to stroll back to homeroom, totally bare-assed nude! Oooh, I thought again, that would be so hot. And yet it would also be horribly embarrassing for my classmates to see me like this.

I was so busy sorting through my confused and muddled emotions, that I did not notice Ms. Baker had left the office. I was alone. Here was my chance… I could run back into the hallways and streak the high school in my birthday suit! Arms dangling at my sides, I turned and faced the door. A few more steps and I would be out in the hallway. Buck naked, out in the school hallway!

Then the nurse came marching back into the room, bringing what looked like a small hospital gown. It was pale green and appeared flimsy, like it was made of paper. As my nipples pointed toward the ceiling, Ms. Baker stood in front of me and shook her head.

"It seems like you just can't keep out of sight today, Miss Carter," she said sarcastically. "Here, let's try this on…"

I held out my arms so that she could slip the sleeves of the gown over me. Not that they were full sleeves. They paper ended just past my shoulders, leaving most of my arms totally bare. Looking be hind me, I saw that my backside was bare, too, and I wiggled my butt appreciatively. That is, until Ms. Baker walked around me and snapped the little metal buttons that closed the gown. She then motioned me to put my flip-flops back on.

"The day is almost over," she said with a glance at the clock. "No point in bringing a change of clothes, I will just call your mother to come pick you up…"

"NO!" I squeaked, nearly jumping out of the paper gown. "I mean, she's at work… I don't want to bother her… she's very busy!"

The truth was, my mother had no idea I had gone to school so indecently. I'm sure she would be furious, or at least very annoyed. I really didn't want to face her like this. She would ask how the rest of my clothes got ruined and where were they. How could I tell her that I had gone outside in only a tight T-shirt?

"Boxie," the Nurse used my nickname to get my attention. "You can't go back to class like that. Now I'll let you stay here for the next half hour, but how are you going to get home? You can't ride the school bus…"

Thinking quickly, I responded, "I'll get a ride home with my friend Patricia!"

Ms. Baker considered for a moment, and finally agreed to spare me the embarrassment of having my mother come down to school to pick me up. She said that she would buzz Patricia's homeroom five minutes before the final bell and ask her to report to the Health Office. That would give my friend enough time to collect me and for us to hurry to her car before the rest of the school let out.

When Patty showed up at the end of the half-day, she could not find the words to speak. She just kind of looked at me in that paper gown and shook her head in disbelief.

"Now remember," the Nurse said sternly. "I want you to go straight to the student parking lot and take this young lady home. I don't want to cause any commotion!"

"Yes ma'am," my friend and I both answered.

And with that, we were dismissed from the room. What a way to finish the last day of the school year! But as soon as we were a good distance into the hallway, out of earshot, Patty shook me by the arm.

"I can't believe you did this, Boxie! And now look what happened…"

I grinned and said, "Yeah, isn't it wild! I mean, I was so scared when those seniors saw my nude body… but also thrilled!"

"You are too much," my friend insisted. "You're lucky to have me to drive you to your house."

**Part 4**

I stopped walking forward. Patricia looked back and asked what was wrong. It was just the two of us, standing in the quiet lobby of the high school. In another minute, the bell would ring, signaling the official start of Summer Vacation and letting loose a flood of students. I gingerly plucked at the paper gown covering my body.

"You're not taking me home," I smiled mischievously.

"What?" Patty replied.

I looked around, and then pressed myself excitedly against my best friend. "I'm going to take the school bus!"

"Are you crazy!" the girl cried. "In that delicate thing? The other kids will make fun of you…"

Oh, the humiliation would be delicious! I don't know why, but I could already feel myself heating up. At that moment, the school bell rang through the building. I dashed off for the exit, my flip-flops slapping over the floor. I only spared a second to look back and waved "bye" to my friend.

Pushing open the front doors, I burst out into the sunlight of the warm early afternoon. I bounded down the steps, to where the line of school buses was already waiting for the discharged students to get onboard. It was easy for me to find the number for my bus, being the first one out here. I didn't have to jostle through a crowd of other boys and girls, teachers and supervisors, and get lost in the confusion.

When I reached the bus, I rapped on the glass of the hydraulic door with the back of my hand. The driver, who was an older gentleman, was probably surprised to see any students so soon. I knew he also would not be looking forward to driving home a bus full of rowdy students on the last day of school. Hopefully, he would not put up too much of a fuss.

"I had an accident today," I explained shyly.

The man clearly did not know what to make of my paper gown and he seemed genuinely concerned. "Do you think… maybe you want to sit up front?"

As I climbed the steps carefully, I turned and started to head down the aisle between the seats. "No… I think… I'll be all right."

I gave a weak smile, and I'm pretty sure I was blushing. Proceeding to walk toward the back of the bus, I hoped Ms. Baker did a good job of snapping up the gown. I had a feeling that the driver was watching me the whole way. And I did not stop in the middle, unlike on my trip to school earlier this morning. I was the first person here, and I could choose to sit anywhere I wanted!

I chose to sit in the back. Like, totally all the way in the back, in the very last seat. That's where the Seniors would sit, although I was certain there would not be anyone from the graduating class taking the bus today. But there would be Juniors. And other students from my class…

I sat down nervously, and waited for the other boys and girls to happily swarm onto the bus, anxious for the long summer break to begin. As I was sitting, for the first time since putting on the gown, I noticed that the paper only reached to the top of my knees. I was decently covered, but all of my lower legs were exposed. Crossing my legs now, I dangled a flip-flop precariously from my toes.

The first students arrived, a pair of younger ninth graders who were friends. They sat near the front of the bus. But then, as the school emptied and more and more young people raced for their rides home, another group of Freshmen climbed onboard. There were three guys, excited and laughing it up. They came all the way to the back, and took the seats in front of me! The ones diagonally across from me looked my way and grinned. This was so embarrassing!

Next came the two sisters from the morning route. They immediately headed for the back, sitting in the seat directly across from me. When they saw me in the paper gown, they lifted their hands to their mouths in shock, giggling.

"Oh my God, did you get in trouble because of your T-shirt?" one of them asked. "Did they make you take it off?"

Before I could answer, more students boarded the bus heading in our direction. These were older classmen, they would be Seniors next year. In a show of throwing around their new authority, the guy and two girls tossed the ninth graders out of their seats. Although the younger students only moved up one row, they continued to watch me. Then the seventeen-year-old Juniors tried to do the same to us in the last seats.

"Oh, please let us stay!" the sisters begged. "Look… Boxie had a bad day and was sent home in a paper gown!"

This cracked up the older students, as well as others who were cramming in close to the back. I was told that I could sit on the edge of the aisle, if I let the sisters squeeze into the same seat. So, what could I do? I was really nervous and anxious at this point, so I carefully stood up and moved by the emergency rear exit. This allowed the sisters to switch seats, and then I sat back down next to them.

The Juniors took their places across from us, and all of a sudden, it started at once. The teasing, the playful laughter and pranks at my expense. I had only so much to lose, and I think the older teenagers knew it.

"Hey, Boxie! Can I sign your gown?" one of them asked. "You know, like a yearbook!"

I think I was trembling a bit, but didn't say anything. The boy, who was actually rather attractive, produced a pen and handed it to one of his friends. Now the bus had just started moving at this point, rolling past the school and about to leave the parking lot. We were bumped around a bit, and one of the sisters had to hold me still. Then the other girl leaned across the aisle… and started writing on the gown, the piece covering my thigh!

"Dear Boxie," she said out loud as she wrote, "Hope you have an awesome summer!"

I looked down in amazement. That seemed harmless enough. In fact, it was kind of nice. But at the same time, the thin paper pressing against my skin, and the pen crawling across felt absolutely outrageous! Before I knew it, the girl sitting next to me had a pen of her own.

"Keep in Touch, Boxie!" she wrote with glee. "Let's go clothes shopping… Love, Amy"

Everyone got a big laugh at that, the message signed on the gown above my other thigh. Then the young man moved out of his seat and crouched down in the aisle. You're not supposed to get up while the bus was in motion! But he didn't care. He put a hand on my knee, which caused me to drop one of the flip-flops off my foot. Then he began to write a message on the gown… right over my crotch!

"See you next year… Kenny"

"Oh!" I moaned, as he basically scribbled and rubbed the paper against my pussy.

I wasn't sure if they knew I wasn't wearing any underwear, but I think this guy knew now. If they kept this up, I think I would be very popular next year. Then again, hopefully we would have the entire summer to forget about our crazy bus ride home.

The whole bus of course was very noisy. Younger students sitting way up front had no idea what was going on back here, nor did the driver, who probably had a big headache. That kind of made it more tantalizing, what we were doing. We could get away with anything. There were already papers being thrown back and forth, pages being torn from notebooks and thrown out the windows.

"Hey! Give me something to write on!" someone shouted, and I looked up to see a boy leaning over the seat in front of us.

Next to me, Amy giggled and took the short sleeve of the paper gown in her hand. She then ripped off a decent size, leaving me with one bare shoulder! The girl handed the scrap of paper to the boy.

"Here you go," she said, "compliments of Boxie!"

"Hey!" I squealed.

One of the older girls across from us leaned across the aisle and grabbed my other arm. There was a sound of ripping and shredding paper… and the next thing I knew, my other shoulder was exposed! She had taken off so much that I had to lift my hands to keep the gown covering my chest! I was very close to having my boobies hanging out.

There must have been more than half a dozen students paying attention to me now. On one hand, it made me feel really good, but I was also getting more and more embarrassed.

A big tenth grader who obviously played on the sports teams called out, "Let's pass notes to the front of the bus!"

Everyone thought this was a great idea. And then I realized the joke was that they would use pieces of my gown for the paper. Startled and over excited, I kicked off my other flip-flop. I wanted to cry out that this gown was all I was wearing, but I couldn't say anything. Amy slipped her hand behind me and tore off a large square from the back of the gown. As she wrote something down and folded the paper to be passed forward, I leaned against the seat and felt my bare skin against the vinyl.

A seventeen-year-old girl on the opposite seat stretched her hand out and ripped a piece away from the side of my gown. I could not use my hands to deflect her, because I was holding the front to cover my breasts. Glancing down, I saw my bare hip. Those students across the aisle, I'm pretty certain could tell I was not wearing panties.

More pieces were torn from my body, leaving my tummy exposed and my cute bellybutton sticking out. I was suddenly aware that only the girls in the back of the bus were busy cutting out the paper, writing notes, and passing them ahead. The other guys were just watching me intently, wondering how far this would go. I found myself wondering the same.

The top of the gown had become separated from the waist. For that matter, the back had been totally removed so that I was now clutching a single piece of paper in front of my boobies. On my right, the side was torn away completely, leaving all of the leg revealed. And I was barefoot. Panicking, I looked around, but could not see my flip-flops anywhere! Had they been tossed forward as well?

Amy's sister who had the window seat got the idea to lean over and rip out the part of the gown that covered my left hip. Then, instead of sending the paper to the head of the bus like the others had done, she opened up the window and let it flutter away down the road! But the open window allowed a warm breeze to rush through the back of the bus.

You see, there was no longer anything tying the gown on my lap, what was left of it, to my body. The wind whipped my long black hair across my face… and also took the last piece of paper resting on my crotch! It went flying across the aisle where it was snatched by the guy who was a year older than me. As soon as I felt the breeze tickle my bald pussy, I slapped a hand down between my legs.

And then the bus rolled to a stop, because this is where the sisters had to get off. I remembered they were two stops away from own. But they had been squeezed in close to the window, as I had sat on the edge by the aisle. Now they expected me to get up, to let them out!

"Come on, Boxie!" they were both pushing me, eager to begin their summer vacation.

I was forced to climb out of the seat and stand in the aisle all the way at the back of the bus! With one hand cupping my pussy, I clutched the last remaining shred of the paper gown to my chest, crossing my feet at the ankles shyly. The girls got out and said goodbye to me pleasantly, then giggled all the way home. At least I would have the seat to myself for the rest of the humiliating trip.

That is what I thought, until just before the bus started moving again, one of the Junior girls jumped across the aisle and took the spot next to the window. I moved to sit next to her, but first she swiped the patch of paper gown that had been left behind on the seat. This is what I had been sitting on! Now I took my seat with my BARE ASS landing on the vinyl.

"Oh my God!" I moaned out lout.

The realization hit me that I had just been stripped naked on my school bus. Admittedly, the paper gown I had been wearing was not much, and was an inviting target for playful hands. This being the last day of school, the students were already in a partying mood, and things were looser about such things. My tummy fluttered and my toes curled as I closed my eyes. I thought I might have an orgasm, if I wasn't careful.

"Yoink!" I heard the girl next to me tease…

In the next instant, she had reached her hand under my arms and plucked out the last piece of the gown. I turned my head to watch her send it flying out the window. And that was it.

I had nothing on at all!

I was forced to keep my boobies covered with my hands to hide my erect nipples. My legs were still crossed, so that no one could see my pussy, although I guess it would be easy to tell I was hairless. I wasn't crying or acting too upset, which is probably why the other students let it go this far. By the way my body was reacting, they might even think I enjoyed it. I had to arch my back a couple of times as the school bus bounced down the road.

The incredible thing about all of this was that at least half the bus, those who were sitting closer to the front, could not have known I was sitting back here, absolutely nude! I watched as Charlie, the boy who had pestered me earlier in the morning was let off at his stop. He was probably none the wiser. And then it occurred to me… my bus stop was next!

I thought about how I was going to do this. All the students in the back with me would get a clear view of my curvy, round naked ass. I had to keep my tits and pussy covered. At least this way, no one would see my pink parts. It would give them all something to laugh about and tell the story next year. Thank God I normally don't ride the bus! I guess this is what I get for hanging out with the big kids. Plus, I was horny as hell.

The bus came to a stop. I could hear the hydraulic doors open, the motor rumbling as it idled, waiting for me to disembark. Well, I definitely did not want the driver to come back here looking for me. So I jumped out of my seat. I took a deep breath… and then jogged fully nude between the rows of seats. Cradling my boobies in one arm, my bare feet slapped over the floor of the aisle.

Imagine the surprise for those students who casually turned their necks or looked up to see who was getting off the bus.

"Oh my God!" I muttered breathlessly as I passed a handful of boys and girls who went to school with me.

The bus driver was shocked as I reached the front and began to climb down the steps, my bare bottom jiggling. I think he was too dazed to say or do anything. Although I'm sure he would have a word with the older students in the back. I hoped they didn't get into much trouble.

Speaking of trouble, as my toes found the concrete of the sidewalk, the warm sun caressed my shoulders, legs, back and buttocks, touching every inch of skin that was on display. I was totally aware of my nudity, and suddenly realized that I had to run to my house that was three blocks away! There was no way the huge bus could turn around quickly, so I wasn't too afraid of the driver following me. Off I ran in the opposite direction, toward my house.

I had never done this before, running home this far, naked. Was I supposed to be careful and discreet? Maybe I should have spent more time hiding and only moving when there were no cars or other people around. But it was about 12: 30 pm in the middle of the day. The sun was shining brightly overhead, and I just wanted to get home as quickly as possible.

Some cars honked as they caught sight of the sixteen year-old-girl with long black hair streaming behind her, jogging down the sidewalk without any clothes on. I would turn my head to look over my shoulder. But mostly the people who noticed were the ones who approached from behind, as they could clearly see that I was bare-assed nude. Closer to my house, I passed a couple of kids playing in the front yard. They giggled and pointed. I was scared that their parents might come out and see me, but yet the more attention I received, the more I was getting aroused.

Thankfully, I made it all the way to my front porch without getting into trouble. I found the spare key that would allow me to walk inside while my mother wasn't home. Immediately I headed for the bathroom where I started a bath. In the warm, relaxing water, I masturbated for a very long time.

T

Bottom of Form

Conclusion

Thankfully, I made it all the way to my front porch without getting into trouble. I found the spare key that would allow me to walk inside while my mother wasn't home. Immediately I headed for the bathroom where I started a bath. In the warm, relaxing water, I masturbated for a very long time.

That was the hottest last day of school!

THE END