**GWHS**

by Zoe

I’m in high school in a suburb of Chicago. My English class is fourth hour, which is lunchtime. Our class is split--we have 25 minutes of class, then lunch, then 25 minutes more class. I sit in the very back row. I’m next to the window, and there is one other nerdy girl, Melissa, three seats over, so there’s no one next to me at all. At lunch, I was sitting with my friends and this guy Paul came up to us. He is cool, and kind of hot, but not really popular, he’s a little too dorky. He’s confident enough to talk to us, but not confident enough to ask anyone out. Anyway, he came up beside my friend Chloe and showed her a picture on his iphone. “You’re such a perv!” she said. That of course made the rest of us curious. I didn’t want to say let me see! but fortunately Mary sitting right next to me was more outgoing, and that’s just what she said, so Paul came over between us, so I could see too. It was a picture of a woman walking stark naked through a crowded park. “Isn’t that crazy?” he asked Mary. I was amazed by the picture. She was completely naked, with dozens of people staring at her! And she was smiling and having fun!

“Yeah that’s really interesting,” Mary said. “I guess we know what you’ll be doing tonight.” She had an admirable way of not giving him the response he wanted, and insulting him at the same time.

I tried to see the website the picture had come from, but he had the picture blown up. When we got back to class I scooted my desk up as close behind Jared, who sits in front of me, as I could, so if I put my phone right on the edge of my desk Ms. McEwan couldn’t see it. I wasn’t sure what to search for, I typed “naked in park” into google. Some dailymotion videos came up. That wasn’t what I wanted. I tried “nude in park.” Not much better. Then it dawned on me to search google images, and there were all these girls naked in public parks! My stomach was tingling as I scrolled through them, and the next thing I knew everyone was shoving their books into their bags. I hadn’t heard a word the teacher had said for 25 minutes. My head was bent over my phone, my forearms on the edge of the desk, one finger lightly stroking my nipple through my blouse and bra! I just managed to cover the phone with my palm before Jared stood and looked down at me behind him. “Coming?” I smiled despite myself. “Yeah yeah don’t worry about it,” I said.

He moved off, and soon the nearest student was several seats away. I lifted my hand to look one more time at the naked girl in the park, and even pinched my nipple through my shirt, while the whole class was shuffling out the door. “Are you coming?” Ms. McEwan asked me. “Yes, ma’am, I’ll be right there.” “I have to go to the office, turn off the lights and close the door behind you, okay?” “Sure.”

And then I had the room to myself. I could hear the mob of students yelling and slamming locker doors and heading to their next class. My next class was French, up two flights, and I would surely be late already, but it wouldn’t matter. M. Phillips, the really dorky teacher, loved me. He would be too flustered to give me a hard time. I just wanted to look at the pictures a few more minutes. The door was still opened, and kids still rushing by just outside, but I unbuttoned the top button of my blouse and slid my hand under my bra. Here I was touching my nipple in the middle of school! I was really turned on.

I had seen enough girls in parks and had a sudden thought, and typed in “naked in school.” The first picture was amazing, an almost-naked girl standing next to lockers in a school hallway! I couldn’t believe these pictures. Unfortunately it was the only one. There was that one picture of Vanessa Hudgens in her bedroom, but the rest were just random pictures. I stood up and stared at the door. The sound in the hallway had died down now, just a few stragglers. I knew the bell would ring shortly. I kicked off my shoes and felt the cold tile on my bare feet. That sensation was so striking to me. In all my time at this school, I had obviously never been barefoot. I bet it is very rare. It’s not a big deal, why not? but I had never seen it. Just being barefoot felt really daring, and the tingling in my stomach was growing.

Still staring at the door, I pulled my blouse out of the waist of my wrap-around skirt and looked down at myself, my bare knees, bare feet. The bell rang, and the hallway was quiet. I thought a moment. I didn’t actually know when Ms. McEwan would be back, but surely it wouldn’t be for a few minutes yet. A whistle sounded outside and I realized in all this time I had not given one thought to the sports field just outside the window! Boys in their idiotic white shirts and shorts were playing baseball about 50 yards away. It was bright outside, I was sure they wouldn’t notice me, but I reached over and lowered the blinds. Of course, like all school Venetian blinds, these were bent and had holes and one side didn’t go all the way down, but it was fine.

I tiptoed up to the front of the room. There was no reason to tiptoe but it felt necessary. I went to the door and peeked out into the hall. Nobody in either direction. I stepped out and listened. Mr. Barnes muffled voice came from next door telling his students about Grendel. Other than that, silence. This hallway was in the half-basement. Classrooms were only on one side. On that side we were at ground level, even with the field, but on the opposite side the windows were high up, five feet off the ground, and looked out into an empty courtyard/arboretum. I looked the long way down the hall past Mr. Barnes’s classroom. In the other direction was only one more classroom, then a door and stairs up to the front hallway. My skin was on fire, feeling for any sound of approaching footsteps. My hands slid over my hips to the buttons of my blouse, and one by one, from the bottom up, I unbuttoned them, until there was only one left closed, between my breasts. I paused there, then reached up under my skirt and pulled my panties down to my knees. I stood there, with my panties stretched between my knees below my skirt, and imagined M. Phillips coming around the corner. He would have a heart attack!

I shifted my legs together and my panties fell to the floor. My panties. Were on the floor of the hallway in the middle of school. I kicked them back into Ms. McEwan’s room. I realized with some annoyance that I could not take my bra off in an unawkward way. I stepped into the alcove of Ms. McEwan’s doorway--each door has one so it doesn’t open into the middle of the hallway--unhooked my bra, and pulled it through the armholes of my blouse and dropped it on top of my panties.

I stepped back into the hallway and listened. Still nothing. Even Mr. Barnes’s class was now quiet, maybe they were doing an exercise. I felt myself sweating profusely, and my stomach was tingling unbearably. My own ragged breathing echoed in the silent hall. I undid the last button between my breasts. Looking up and down the hallway one more time, I shrugged the blouse off my shoulders to my elbows, and my breasts were now fully exposed. I swear my nipples ached they were so full and puffy. I grabbed each breast with one hand and squeezed them outward toward the hallway. I felt like fainting. I pulled the blouse back over my shoulders and tiptoed up the hall toward the stairway. The last classroom was a weird one, one of those mystery classes with mystery students you never saw anywhere else and you always wondered what was up with them. I peeked quickly into their room. The old lady teacher was seated at her desk and didn’t see me.

I stepped back into the middle of the hall. Reaching to my right hip I untied the string and let the skirt fall to the ground, in the same motion shrugging off my blouse so it fell to the ground too, and I was completely, stark naked in the hallway between two classrooms during school. I looked down at my breasts, my stomach, my bare pussy, the lockers, the tiles on the floor, the banner announcing a pep rally this Friday. I grabbed my clothes and ran back to Ms. McEwan’s class.

I threw the skirt and blouse on top of my panties and bra and pulled the door shut and turned off the lights. My mind was reeling. I couldn’t believe what I had just done. Then I realized with awe that I was still stark naked! I turned the lock on the doorknob. I stood at the front of the class and looked out at the desks, imagining them filled with students looking at my naked body. I had never been so turned on in my life. I sat down on the floor, the cool tiles felt so good against my bare ass. Leaning against the now locked door I looked at my naked body sprawled out on the classroom floor, the fluorescent lights, the chalkboard. I reached between my legs. My pussy was literally dripping onto the floor, and rubbing my clitoris with my slippery fingers I had a massive orgasm.

I lay still a moment, cupping my pussy with one hand and pulling on one nipple with the other, then I snapped out of it. I knew Ms. McEwan would be here in about 20 seconds. I jumped up and threw on my blouse and skirt. Both were scarily difficult to put on quickly. I retied the skirt, then quickly buttoned the blouse and tucked it in. I grabbed my underwear and hurried back to my desk to grab my things and put on my shoes. I looked around to see if I had forgotten anything. I opened the blinds again, then realized that might look weird outside, that I had them closed for five minutes. I wiped up the small puddle of my pussy juice on the floor in front of the door with my panties.

I glanced at the clock. The whole adventure had only taken ten minutes. Closing the door behind me, making sure it was unlocked, I headed for the stairs. I stuffed my panties and bra into the trashcan at the end of the lockers, and I have not worn panties or a bra to school since then.

Needless to say, I thought about nothing else for the rest of the day. In French class, as expected, M. Phillips was not mad when I came in ten minutes late, no panties or bra, pussy juice drying on my thighs. Everyone in class stared at me, which made my nipples instantly grow hard. I was sure they couldn’t know I was not wearing underwear, but then with my nipples popping out I knew they could see that, and in my state that made me all the more excited. Before an hour ago I would have been mortified if my nipples had stuck through my blouse, now, knowing I was covered, I was amazed to see myself inviting their stares! I slunk to my seat and tried to pay attention.

Sixth hour is history with Mr. Andrews. He has us in alphabetical order, so I can’t sit in my favorite spot in the back of the room. My seat is three down on the left-hand side, behind a stoner named Matt and in front of a cute but shy girl named Cait. There was nothing I could do in those confined quarters but pay attention and learn something. Ew.

Seventh hour I have study hall. It’s a weird combo class, where half the time it’s monitored by Mrs. Brantley, who couldn’t care less. But then she has some other duties somewhere, so half the time it’s monitored by the vice principal Mr. Galveston. Guess who we had today. So once more I had to sit in my seat quietly. Mr. Galveston is such a hard-ass that no one even tries to misbehave, and everyone just sits there quietly, afraid to even take out their phones for fear they will be confiscated. Trying to read my book, but really just staring at the pages, I looked around one time, and making sure no one was looking, slipped my finger quickly between the buttons of my blouse and flicked my nipple. It was still stiff. That was as much as I dared to do but I thought about nothing else for the rest of the day.

I got a ride home with Chloe. (And yes, I know it’s weird we’re friends. There are two Zoes and three Chloes in my school, but we are the only two cool ones.) She asked if I wanted to hang out but I mumbled I had to do homework (which sounded really strange to her!) jumped out of her car and ran up the stairs to the front door. I am an only child and both my parents work so you know what that means. I was naked before I got into my bedroom.

I couldn’t believe what I had done, but I had to do it again. My mind was reeling with it. I kept bringing myself to orgasm time after time until I finally heard the garage door opener. Getting ready in the morning I knew I would go without underwear, and upon making that decision I knew with certainty I never would again.

The school day itself was normal. I sit in the back row in one other class, my second-hour physics class with Mr. Brzezinski, and he had us doing worksheets, and I was able to slip my hand all the way into my blouse and cup my breast. I made myself count to 30 before letting go. I couldn’t make myself stay late again in Ms. McEwan’s class, it was too soon. Seventh hour was Mr. Galveston again. For some reason I couldn’t get the feeling of the cool tiles against my feet out of my head. I began to fantasize about what it would be like to spend the entire day barefoot. Everyone would look at me strangely, make comments behind my back. It would be so dirty, so humiliating, without really being vulgar at all. Imagining standing in the front of class, barefoot, naked all the way from the soles of my feet to my bare pussy under my skirt, so vulnerable, so embarrassed as Mr. Galveston yelled at me for not having shoes. He would be relentless, and the whole class would laugh at me and whisper about me. I had to do it. As the study hall poured over their homework, I quietly slipped off my shoes and felt the soothing cool tiles against my feet, and decided tomorrow I was going to come to school barefoot.

The next morning I decided I couldn’t actually go to school barefoot. I could have, but part of what turned me on was the cool, clean, shiny tile floor. If I had to walk from the parking lot barefoot, my feet would be black with soot the whole day. (It only occurred to me later in the afternoon that I could just wash my feet in the bathroom when I get to school.) But anyway, I donned these thin flip-flops I have and waited for Chloe to pick me up. I got to my locker about five minutes before the first bell. The mob of students crushed me into my locker as always just before school started. Everyone was too packed in to see my feet. Pretending to grab some books, I kicked off one sandal then the other into the locker, and I was barefoot. I was almost naked, no panties, no bra, only a short skirt and blouse, and now barefoot. My naked feet somehow telescoped my nudity to everyone. I was naked because my feet were bare, and I was going to walk around all day that way. My nipples ached, my stomach tingled unbearably.

The crowd was beginning to thin now, and this was the moment of truth. I had to turn away from my locker and walk to class, entirely naked below the hem of my short skirt. First hour, fortunately, is art class. The students there are of course the most laid back and accepting in the school. If they saw my bare feet they would just think I was rebelling. But art class is all the way on the far side of the school. I had to walk past the front office, past the cafeteria, the auditorium, the band room. I closed my locker and started walking.

Almost immediately, behind me, I heard a derisive, “look, she’s not wearing shoes!” There was laughter, then, “what, do you think she’s too poor?” That thought had not crossed my mind, and it made me tingle all the more. I am a poor vulnerable girl that anyone can take advantage of because I don’t have a proper home or a family or money. I have to come to school to be humiliated. I forced myself to walk slowly and deliberately, intensifying the feeling. I was shaking like a leaf. “No, I’ll bet it turns her on.” Jesus! That hit me like a ton of bricks; and I felt myself turn beet red. How could anyone guess that, so quickly, and from behind? If they saw the front of my blouse, my nipples poking out obscenely, I was dead. But their voices disappeared as they went into some classroom behind me.

The bell rang and the hallways cleared out. I passed a couple more stragglers running past the cafeteria, but they didn’t notice, or didn’t say anything. Still, after that first encounter, I was so overwhelmed my legs were shaking. I turned right at the music hallway and hurried past the band and choir rooms. If I was lucky . . . yes, the first practice room I tried was unlocked. Leaping inside, I yanked my skirt up around my waist and buried my hands between my legs. Sinking to the floor against the door I diddled myself furiously until I came hard, my legs thrashing back and forth under the piano bench. Oh my god I needed it again so badly, but I had to get to class. Ms. Drake was cool, but a stickler. She wouldn’t tolerate me coming in fifteen minutes late like M. Phillips would. I pulled my skirt down, licked my fingers clean, and proceeded around the corner to my art class.

Ms. Drake frowned at me but didn’t say anything. As expected, all the spike-hairs and purple-hairs kind of smirked at the sight of my bare feet. Not at me, but at my flouting of convention. If they had perceived my shallow breathing and stomach tied in knots they might have had a different opinion. Actually, they might have liked that as well.

It was a relief to be able to sit quietly at the table and draw for an hour, my toes grasping at the horizontal bar around the legs of the stool. I’m actually kind of an outsider in that class, and no one questioned me during the hour or after the bell rang. Then it was back to the hallway, and just what I wanted began to happen again. Some guys walked by and smirked at me and made comments about how I must be poor, or stupid. It was so humiliating, and I loved it. I could hardly breathe. I forced myself to walk slowly, and with my head down, ashamed, wishing for more ridicule. And every mean comment turned me on more. The best was when someone guessed that I was getting off on it. One guy even said, loudly, “look at her nipples!” I just about passed out right there.

By the time I got to physics I wanted so badly to come again. I’m in the last seat all by myself, and I flipped up my skirt just before sitting down so my bare ass was right on the rough plastic. I realized I would have no trouble masturbating right there in class, but another part of me wanted to wait. I wanted to torture myself, force myself not to come for the rest of the day. I had been a bad girl by masturbating so quickly this morning--before school had even started! I needed to hold back, accept the ridicule of my classmates without relief. The fact I was going to have to suffer through seven more humiliating walks through the hallways barefoot without relief, yes, turned me on more. I had never felt this way before, this torture, anticipation and denial. It was exquisite. All consuming.

I rocked back and forth slowly all through class, rubbing my pussy against the rough seat, squeezing my legs, pushing myself as close to orgasm as I could then stopping over and over. By the end of class I could hardly stand, then I had to walk another gauntlet of ridicule and humiliation. This went on for the rest of the day. For seven hours there was such a roaring in my ears I didn't hear anything anyone said (except of course the jeers between classes). I was a walking bundle of near-orgasm.

I was immensely disappointed that Mr. Galveston was not our monitor seventh hour! I was so looking forward to him standing me in front of the class and dressing me down. After seventh hour I put my flip flops back on and found Chloe. As we got in her car I had a truly wicked idea. Chloe and I had never really spoken about boys or sex before. I really had no idea if she thought about it all the time, or never. She was one of my best friends, and she drove me to and from school every day, but I was becoming consumed with going too far. Recklessly endangering important things. As we exited the parking lot, I said, “Chloe, I didn’t wear any panties today.” She looked, not shocked, but curious. I think more interested that I was telling her than that I had done it. “Really? And?” “And I was insanely turned on all day.” “Um, okay?” “I can’t wait any longer. I’m going to masturbate.” I spread my legs until one knee was pressing against the door and the other the gearshift, and pulled my skirt up around my waist, exposing my smooth pussy to the bright sunlight shining in the window. I stared at her, waiting to see if she would say anything, or look. She did neither. She kept her hands on the wheel, her eyes directly ahead. I slid my hands up my thighs. My pussy was so wet, had been all day, that even the outer lips were slick with pussy juice. I squeezed my clitoris between my fingers, and moaned a little in relief to finally be touching myself. Sliding down more in the seat, I lifted my knees up higher against the dashboard, and my left leg fell open even more, pressing the gearshift against my knee, so I was fully spread open now, the sunlight warming my already overheated sex. Then I lost myself in the day’s events, completely forgot I was sitting in the car next to my best friend with my legs wide open, and rubbed my clitoris slowly while I replayed in detail every moment of my walks through the halls. But the pent up excitement exploded in me, and my orgasm surged through my body. I actually called out, “oh my god!” as I came, something I never do. I jerked and tensed over and over and finally came down. “Oh my god,” I said again, this time a statement. I taunted Chloe a little more. “That was fucking amazing,” I said. I pulled my skirt down and sat up and peered out the window. For the last five minutes to my house neither one of us said a word. It was just what I wanted. She didn’t know what to say, thought I was weird, probably, but not enough to turn on me. When she pulled into the driveway, I jumped out, calling back to her, “Thanks, Chloe, see you tomorrow!” and ran up the stairs and into the house.

It had been Monday when Paul had shown us that picture of the naked girl in a park, Wednesday when I spent the day in school naked. Thursday I didn’t wear shoes at all, and as had occurred to me, I just washed my feet in the bathroom when I got to school. Chloe must be a little scatterbrained, or self-absorbed (and who am I to complain about that particular trait?), because she hadn’t even noticed me walking next to her from the parking lot barefoot. (For that matter, none of my friends at lunch had noticed either.) I was anticipating the torture since the moment I got up. After I masturbated in bed Wednesday night, I told myself that was the last time until after school tomorrow. Of course I had woken up still horny and wanted to play with myself before getting out of bed, but forced myself not to, so by the time I got to school I was already in overdrive. And I made myself go straight to art class without a detour.

Starting about sixth hour instead of the anticipation of the torture of the day ahead of me, my mind turned instead to the anticipation of the car ride home with Chloe. I had worn white silk blouse (and oh my god my nipples were visible) and a sexy black leather skirt with a big silver zipper on one side. As Chloe drove us out of the parking lot after school, I asked her, “you didn’t mind yesterday, did you?” “N-no, it was okay.” She was trying to be cool about it, but even better, I could tell, what she meant was it was okay that it had happened that one time. But pulling on the lever next to the seat I pushed the back down about three notches. Not all the way, but more reclined. I slid my butt toward the edge of the seat till I was really supine. She once again remained rigid, eyes forward, hands on the steering wheel, and didn’t say another word. I knew exactly what I intended to do, but wanted to make it seem unplanned.

I tried to lift up the hem of the skirt then feigned frustration that it was too tight, and reached over and slowly unzipped the big zipper, from the bottom up. With the zipper undone all the way to the waist, of course it was now loose enough to spread my legs, but that was not my plan. Keeping my eyes on her, I yanked it that last little bit till the sides sprung apart and fell to either side of my now naked hips. Her eyes twitched toward me but her head remained immobile, and from my position lying back I really couldn’t tell if she was watching or not. Understand, it was not my intention to have her look, that is, I wasn’t trying to turn her on. Rather I wanted to make her uncomfortable. That is what turned me on, that I could expose myself to her like that without her saying a word, knowing she probably did not like it and yet unable to make me stop. My legs, my hips, my pussy were now naked in her car, nothing, not even the string of a string bikini, hiding the uninterrupted expanse of skin from my hips to my feet.

I slid my right hand down over my stomach and curled the fingers down between my legs and began to rub my clitoris. With my left hand, I reached up and cupped one of my breasts through my blouse, rolling one nipple between my fingers. I pretended to close my eyes and moaned softly, and then undid the top button of the blouse and slid my hand inside the shirt to cup my bare breast. My intention had been to pretend to undo all the buttons without thinking, but I decided instead to do it purposefully. It was turning me on to push her, see how far I could go before she turned on me. What if she never did, what then?

Taking my hand from my pussy, I unfastened the remaining buttons with both hands, and the silk material slid over my nipples and down to my sides, exposing me completely, from my breasts over my stomach, my bellybutton which was lit by a warm bar of sunlight, and my pussy in the shadow of the dashboard. I took one breast in each hand and squeezed them, looking down at them and admiring them, all this for show. Then with one last motion I sat up a little and shrugged the open blouse off my shoulders so I was completely naked in Chloe’s car. She still stared rigidly ahead, and now I was so turned on I really did need to masturbate. I looked down with amazement at my naked body, in daylight in the afternoon. Slouched down so far I knew no one could see me, all I could see through the windows was sky. I spread my legs and rubbed my pussy until I had another big orgasm.

“God, I’ve been needing that all day,” I said, again for her benefit. Something dawned on me--she had no idea what I was up to. She might be thinking to herself that this was my desperate attempt to tell her that I am gay, and that was why she didn’t want to say anything, because she didn’t want me to think that she would not like me just because I was gay!

I sat up and peered out the windshield. “Wait, where are we?” We were not on our usual route home. She suddenly turned bright red. She had been driving around in circles waiting for me to finish! I figured out we were just a block away from my house. I played dumb. “Oh, taking a different route today? That’s cool.” “Yeah, I decided to try something new.” I pulled on my blouse and re-zipped my skirt as we turned the corner onto my street. “Thanks again, Chloe. See you tomorrow!” “Wait, where are your shoes?” she exclaimed, finally noticing my bare feet. “I didn’t wear shoes today,” I told her cheerily as I closed her car door and waved good-bye.

The next day, Friday, I’m afraid was a little disappointing. I was already starting to get used to the stares and the catcalls. It still turned me on immensely, but it wasn’t new anymore. I wore a simple summer dress, and after school I decided it was time to close the deal with Chloe. Looking around the parking lot, I saw no one within several rows of her car, so after opening the door, I bent down, yanked the dress up over my head, and jumped into the car, hunkering down so no one would see me. Finally I got a reaction from Chloe. “Jesus, Zoe, what are you doing! You’re crazy.” “Come on, no one saw me, it’s not a big deal.” “So what, you’re going to ride home with me naked every day from now on and masturbate?” “You don’t mind, do you?” I asked with faux concern, knowing by now she would let me. “No, I just think it’s weird.”

I reclined the seat all the way this time, naked, and put my feet up on the dashboard. As I was rubbing myself, getting close to coming, she said, “Can I ask you something?” “Yeah, what?” I breathed. “Are you a lesbian?” I came right then, my thighs clamping closed around my hand. “No, sweetie," I said as the spasms subsided, " I’m not a lesbian.” Then it dawned on me for the first time. I asked her, “are you a lesbian?” She hesitated before shaking her head no. Oh my god! That was the one thing that I had not considered. She is gay! Sitting up, I reached over and put my hand, slick with pussy juice, in her hair and stroked it. “Just friends, okay?” Jesus, that was really mean! It surprised me how much I relished torturing her a little bit. Then I thought fleetingly, I will have to punish myself for it later. She turned onto my street and I slipped the dress over my head. “Good-bye, sweetie, I’ll see you Monday, okay?” It suddenly seemed natural to call her “sweetie.” Something had changed between us.

In English class on Monday I stared at the clock waiting for the bell to ring. When it finally did, I lingered as I had last Monday, pretending to write something in my notebook, waiting for Ms. McEwan to leave. But she was taking her time. We had a stand-off, until the bell rang. “Uh, Zoe, don’t you have to go to class?” Damn it! “Yes, Ms. McEwan, sorry, I was just writing something down.” I gathered my books and walked to the front of the class. Her eyes swept down over my body, lingering on my nipples poking out from the thin sleeveless shift I was wearing before resting on my bare feet. “What are you doing?” she asked. “Ma’am? Oh, sorry, I left them in my locker. Bye, Ms. McEwan!” I rushed out before she could say more.

I was frustrated Ms. McEwan was staying in her room, but I decided I had a task today and I had to do it. Mr. Barnes’s muffled voice drifted out to me--“out damn spot.” I turned toward the mystery class and the stairs beyond. I had to get rid of my books and my purse, and I needed a moment to pause and think. As I said before, Ms. McEwan’s classroom is on the bottom floor. The stairs go up, and there is nothing underneath them, no door or cage or whatever, just the dark angled alcove under the stairs. Past the stairs is another door then the hallway turns left, forming the top of the square arboretum, but this hallway was little traveled--there were not even any windows. There were some lockers, and some science supply rooms, and the school newspaper and yearbook offices, but they were empty now. Behind the wall under the arboretum was a storm shelter for tornados. At the end of that hall, another hall went to the left again, the mirror of Ms. McEwan’s, then one more connected the far end of the side hallways to complete the square. My locker was in that last section of hallway, at the bottom of the arboretum, but up one level, on the main floor.

I stood at the bottom of the stairs thinking, a roaring in my head. Ms. McEwan had ruined my original plan. I stuffed my books and my purse as far into the corner under the bottom stair as I could, well out of sight. Glancing through the window in the door, I saw that Ms. McEwan’s hallway was as empty as it had been last week, but I crossed the stairwell and went through the door opposite. To the right was a doorway that led outside, toward the sports field where the boys were playing baseball. I turned left, and tiptoed down the dank hallway. For some reason the lights were not even on, but the sunlight shining in the windows reflected brightly off the shiny floor at the far end of the gloom. I ran, fast enough to hear the air rushing past my ears, my bare feet slapping lightly on the linoleum. The far end of the hall is a near mirror of the first end, a door on either side, the one to the right leading outside--the police station in clear view across the street--and to the left the door to another stairway with another dark corner under the stairs, and past the stairs another door to the side hallway opposite Ms. McEwan’s, with similar high windows looking up at the courtyard. I had not seen nor heard a soul since the stairway door had closed on Mr. Barnes’s Lady MacBeth. Screw your courage to the sticking place, she told me.

I listened at the stairs, looked through the door down the side hall, then back up the way I had come. All was quiet. I grabbed bunches of my dress in each hand and pulled it over my head, and I was naked. I threw the dress into the dark under the stairs and returned to the door, and as I looked down the side hall, fully exposed at the tall narrow window, a student came out of one of the classrooms! Idiotically my hands flew to my breasts and pussy to cover them. Thank god he turned the other direction. Since he was walking away, I forced my hands down to my sides, and watched him, naked in the door window, until he got all the way to the end of the hall and turned into the bathroom. That feeling. My breathing was ragged, my chest tight and tingling, my knees shaking, I was sweating with nervousness, and so turned on.

I slowly pushed open the door into the darkened hallway and peeked around the corner. Still empty. After stepping through the door I let it close softly behind me. My naked body was lit by the sunlight coming through the window in the door outside. I looked down at myself. The hallway was so dark, and my body was so bright, the sunlight accentuating my breasts, my puffy pale-pink nipples, my belly button. I stepped across to the window and looked outside. Across the school’s front lawn I saw cars stopped at the light, and a police car pulling into the parking lot at the station. The distance made me feel invisible, and I pushed my breasts together, displaying them for the cars at the intersection. I put one hand between my legs to feel my wetness.

I still had to make it all the way down that dark hallway, and loitering like this was dangerous. I looked through the doors to the side hallway one last time to make sure the coast was clear, then started down the dark hallway. I was a little miffed at myself for immediately covering my breasts and pussy when that student appeared, so I put my hands behind my back, one hand grabbing the other wrist, and told myself under no circumstances could I let go until I got to the far end of the hall. The soft flesh of my ass cheeks moved up and down pleasantly against the backs of my wrists with each step. I walked down the middle of the hallway, slowly, my breasts jutting out in front of me as my hands were held behind me. I imagined someone appearing, and me not covering myself, just standing there erect until they took me, humiliated me in the school office. A rivulet of my pussy juice slid down my thigh.

As I walked my eyes locked on each door alcove in turn, preparing to jump to relative safety at the slightest noise. But it was unnecessary. Too soon I was done. I reached the far end of the hallway, back where I started, without incident. I was still completely alone, and felt powerful, like the hallway, the school, was mine. I wanted to go back into the middle of the hallway, lay down, spread my legs wide and masturbate right there on the floor, on the cool smooth linoleum tiles. But now that I was so close to the end I got scared, and I hurried the last few steps to the stairway door and under the stairs where my purse and books were hidden. I was so free, the school so empty, I wanted to do more, try climbing the stairs, or peek outside at the baseball field, but I had already done far more than I had planned this morning. (My original plan had been to leave my purse in Ms. McEwan’s room, and start at these stairs and just run past the mystery class to her room.)

My phone said it was 1:00. I had left Ms. McEwan’s room 25 minutes ago. It was far too late to walk into French class now. I did have one idea. I walked back out to the bottom of the stairs and took a picture of myself standing there naked. Then I crawled back into the shadows under the stairs. After such an adventure I decided I could reward myself, and didn’t need to wait until after school in Chloe’s car. I wasn’t brave enough to lay down in the middle of the hallway, but I did lay down under the stairs. Back there it is completely isolated. Someone would have to deliberately walk back there, as I had done, to find me. I felt the cool floor against my ass and my back. I put my feet up on the underneath of the fourth stair, and began to play with myself. I came almost immediately, shaking, naked on the floor of my school in the middle of fifth hour, my legs pushing against the stairs, pushing me out into the light as I came. I had to scooch back into the shadow. At one point about ten minutes before the bell rang the stairwell door banged open and two loud boys pounded up the stairs just over my nakedness. Fully confident that I was safely concealed, I did not even stop rubbing myself. I came three times before the bell rang. I do have a vibrator at home, and I can make myself come way more with it than my hands. My hands are good, the orgasm is slower and in a way more pleasurable then, but the vibrator orgasms are stronger and faster, and relentless. It will make me come over and over as long as I leave it on my clit. As 1:25 approached the idea of remaining under the stairs, masturbating as hundreds of students stomped up the stairs above me, got me excited all over again. But I had had enough. When my phone said 1:24, I pulled the second dress out of my purse, the one I had brought with me today for this purpose, and pulled it over my head just as the bell rang.

My other dress was still under the stairs at the other end of the hall. It was an awesome idea to just leave it there, but I assumed the janitors would find it. After sixth hour I grabbed it and stuffed it in my locker. To torture Chloe, I left my dress on all the way home and acted as I had any other normal day before last week.

After that, I didn’t do anything for several days. I still went barefoot, and still didn’t wear underwear, and it still turned me on when someone made a comment or looked at my nipples sticking out of my shirt, but they were becoming almost routine. But for some reason, after what I did on Monday, I was sated. I had no desire to get naked again. That lasted Tuesday and Wednesday. I still walked down that dark hallway a couple times each day to relive what I had done, and I felt so powerful, to know I had been stark naked in that hallway where kids and teachers walked every day.

By Thursday my thoughts were turning more and more often, and more and more insistently, back to what I had done on Monday. I had to do it again. As I replayed the walk in my head, one thing that I kept coming back to was how my breasts were thrust out in front of me when I held my hands behind my back, and how exciting it was to tell myself I could not cover up even if someone discovered me, that I had to keep my hands behind my back. I fantasized about standing naked in the hallway when the bell rang, forcing myself not to move as everyone walked by me and laughed at me, maybe touched me, the guys fingering me while the girls looked on with disgust. Jesus if only I could do that for real!

I did have another wicked thought as I masturbated Thursday night with my vibrator. I imagined using it on myself in Chloe’s car. As soon as the thought popped into my head it was decided. The next morning I dropped it in my purse before school. All day of course during class I put my hand in the bag to feel it. It had just been on my clitoris last night and now I was stroking it in the middle of class. Once again the last two hours of class were excruciating as the seconds crawled slowly by.

I actually hadn’t done anything in Chloe’s car all week. We had had fairly normal rides home for the last few days. There were students too close by in the parking lot after school for me to take my dress off before getting in the car, but once we got clear of the school traffic, I pulled it over my head and threw it in the back seat. Something was so satisfying about getting naked in my friend’s car like this. It wasn’t intensely exciting like getting naked, but it was satisfying in some way. I decided not to say anything to her, and she once more watched me silently out of the corner of her eye. I lay all the way back and spread my legs, pushed my breasts up to my mouth and licked my nipples. This of course was for Chloe’s benefit. It is fun, but it’s really just for show.

Still leaning back I reached into my purse and brought out the vibrator, watching Chloe the whole time, knowing she was watching me out of the corner of her eyes. I had tried putting it inside once, but didn’t like it all that much, so now I usually just turn it on and hold it to my clitoris, but I wanted to put on a show for Chloe. The dildo is actually quite large, unnecessarily so perhaps. It’s 10 or 12 inches long, about 2 inches across, smooth and tapered at the end and then about half way down small vertical ridges, like a handle grip.

I felt between my legs; my whole pussy was slick with juices. I slid the hard smooth end down between my lips to the opening of my vagina, then pushed the far end down to angle it in. I had slid down too far in the seat, and the end actually hit the dashboard! Then I grabbed it around the ridged part, at the end, and pushed it slowly into my pussy. Oh my god. It was so fucking big. I pushed it in as far as it would go, which was only a little more than half, and gasped involuntarily. I slowly pulled it out again, then back in, and it fit a little better. I pushed it in one more time, then reached down and twisted the end and pulled it out and up between my lips and over my clitoris. Shit, I kind of missed it filling me up now. I was going to have to figure something better out. I cannot resist the vibrations, and an orgasm slammed me in no time. I held it there, and came twice more in rapid succession, then turned it off and pushed it back into my pussy. With my knees up on the dashboard, and the big thing sticking out of my pussy, I said to Chloe, “where are we now?” “We’re around the corner from your house.” “Can we drive around a minute longer?” “Sure.”

I settled back, closed my eyes, and lost myself in the feelings between my legs. I discovered it felt really good just to press the dildo into me, not in and out, but just barely moving it back and forth against the inside of my pussy felt amazing. While I pushed on the dildo with one hand I rubbed my clitoris with the other.

If I had continued a few minutes I could have come again like that, but I started to feel it was time to stop. Without ceremony I pulled the phallus out of my pussy and sat up. “Thank you, Chloe, that was really fucking amazing.” She didn’t say anything, so I continued. “And it’s so much better with a vibrator, right? And oh my god, I don’t know what’s wrong with me, I’ve never put it inside like that before! I mean, you know, I have, but not like that. It feels amazing.” I grabbed my dress from the back seat and pulled it over my head, then grabbed some baby-wipes from my purse and wiped off the vibrator. “I’m going to keep this here, okay?” It seemed she had been struck dumb, so I didn’t even wait for an answer. As she pulled into my driveway I stowed it in her glove compartment. It didn’t occur to me until later that night to wonder if she would do anything with it! Oh well, I decided, whatever.

The problem now was, of course, no vibrator. I texted Mary, “My vibrator’s broken. Want to go get one with me?” “Fuck yeah!” was her immediate response. Mary and I are not as close as Chloe and I, but Mary is raunchier, so I tend to talk about sex more with her. When we were eleven I was at her house one summer afternoon when we discovered her mother’s vibrator in the bottom drawer of her dresser. We understood, of course, why it was long and thin like a dick, but we didn’t understand what the vibrating was for. Do real dicks vibrate like that? I wondered aloud. I think we were lucky her mom preferred a slim and short toy, only about 5 inches long, because Mary decided she wanted to try it. “Really?!” I exclaimed. “Yeah, let’s do it!” she said.

Without further ado she pulled down her shorts and panties and climbed onto the bed. “Get here so you can watch,” she told me, gesturing to the area of the bed between her legs. I did as I was told, and positioned myself on my stomach, chin resting on my fists, about one foot from her bare pussy. Somehow I was not even curious what her pussy looked like. I had seen my own in a mirror, and I assumed in some way they were all alike, so I stared right at hers without really looking. What I was focused on instead was the bright-pink little wand she had in her hand. She twisted the end and the buzzing started. “What should I do?” she asked me. “Try pushing it into your hole.” She pushed her index finger between her lips to gauge where the opening was, then put the vibrating wand in the same place. “How far in does it go?” I asked her. She pushed on it firmly, and suddenly it slid in all the way to the black knob at the end. “Wow,” I said. “Oh,” she said. “How does it feel?” Lodged deep into her pussy, we could no longer even hear the vibrations. She shrugged. “I can’t really feel the vibrating at all.”

“Okay, it’s my turn,” I told her. She pulled it out and handed it to me. I noticed it was glistening but didn’t want to embarrass her so I didn’t say anything about it. I laid it down on the bed and pulled off my shorts and panties as well, and we switched positions. I felt exactly what I had seen with her. It went in about an inch and stopped. I pushed firmly on it and suddenly it slid all the way in, till my finger tips were pushing against the puffy sides of my vagina. She looked up at me from between my legs. I shrugged too. I think we both lost our virginities that day. I have never had sex with a boy, but I have never had a hymen for as long as I can remember. When I think back, I think it must have been this day and Mary’s mom’s vibrator. It didn’t hurt like it’s supposed to, but I have read that that can happen sometimes. My theory is that the vibrator was thin enough that it just tore my hymen a little bit, not enough to hurt much, but enough that by the end of the summer it was completely gone.

I am the one that discovered what the vibrating was for. After that first day, whenever we were alone in the house we would run upstairs to take turns pushing the vibrator into our little pussies. If you can believe this, it wasn’t sexual at all, more ritualistic, like a club. We both felt that if we were going to be grown up women, this was something we should do, but we never kissed, never touched each other, never pushed in the vibrator for each other. We just took turns, and just for a couple minutes each day.

Then one day just as I pushed the smooth pink cock into my young pussy, Mary’s phone rang in her bedroom. She bounced off the bed and ran to get it, leaving me there alone on her mom’s bed with her mom’s vibrating dildo lodged in my cunt. Normally the one who was cleaving herself would sit up with her head bent down over her pussy, forehead almost touching the other girl’s, as we both watched the dildo disappear into our young slits. With Mary out of the room, however, I lay back on the bed and explored. I pushed the vibrating stick different directions inside my vagina, investigating how it felt to stretch, which direction it would go easily, what obstructions there were. Then I decided to see what it felt like to actually be fucked. I don’t know about Mary, but it was something I had often thought about, but it seemed out of place in our game to start pulling the thing in and out of my pussy. I did that now, and felt the smooth hard plastic sliding in and out. It was interesting. Then I pulled it out and wiped it against my lips, and it slid along my clitoris. Now THAT felt good. I rubbed it back and forth there a couple more times, and it felt so good, I just held it in place there, and suddenly, no build-up, just boom, I had a huge orgasm. I couldn’t believe it, it was so fast, and so strong! I pushed it against my clitoris again right when Mary came in.

“I figured out what the vibrating does!” I exclaimed. “What?” “Here, watch!” I held the vibrations against my clitoris again. In ten seconds I was gasping loudly, and in thirty seconds, boom, another orgasm shot through me. I grinned from ear to ear. “It’s awesome! You try. Just hold it against your clitoris.” For the rest of the summer our ritual increased to every day, no matter what. If Mary’s mom was home, we would sneak the vibrator out of the house. Behind the houses across the street from Mary’s house was a storm drain that wound through the neighborhood, along the back yards, all the way to the big street several blocks away. We cut through the neighbor’s back yard, over the fence, and up a few houses where we guessed no one knew us, and would stay there for thirty minutes sometimes, two eleven-year-old girls, naked from the waist down, leaning against opposite banks of the storm drain with our legs spread, taking turns with the vibrator the way older kids might share a joint or a bottle. One girl would hold it against her clitoris until she came, then hand it across to the other girl, who would do the same.

The way growing up works is fascinating. Summer ended, and somehow once school began we never thought about the vibrator again. I don’t think I even masturbated again for two more years, and then it was like the summer of the vibrator had never happened. I rediscovered my pussy and my clitoris with my own hands, and started masturbating every night, every afternoon, every morning, every chance I got. Then for my fifteenth birthday, out of the blue, Mary bought me that big vibrator I had just left in Chloe’s car. I had quizzed Mary since then about where she had gotten it. Her cousin, Jenny, who is 20, was visiting and had told her that her vibrator was broken and she needed to get a new one, and she brought Mary with her to the store. Mary said it was amazing; they had spent a whole hour in front of a wall of vibrators and dildos, looking at each one, and Jenny telling Mary how she thought it would feel. Then she told Mary to pick one out, she was going to buy one for her. Mary, so thoughtful! asked if she could buy one for me too, and Jenny said yes, so she bought us matching 10-inch cocks. I don’t know about Mary, but I never thought to push it inside me until an hour ago in Chloe’s car, but vibrating my clitoris it had given me more orgasms than I could even begin to count.

That had been about eight months ago, and now Mary was old enough to drive. She texted me that she would be over after dinner, around 9.

Friday night at nine is probably not the best time for two high school girls to go unescorted to the sex shop, but if we weren’t reckless, I suppose, we wouldn’t be teenagers. The sex shop that Jenny had taken Mary to was a female-oriented store in Hyde Park. Mary said the employees were all women, and everything was welcoming and nice. She didn’t want to take me there. Instead she wanted to take me to some place she had seen off the highway west of Chicago. It turned out to be a cinder block bunker in a gravel parking lot surrounded by auto chop shops. “Seriously?” I thought to myself. The neon sign buzzing above the steel door said, “OPEN.” There was only one other car in the parking lot, which at least was a good thing.

The inside was really skuzzy. Wire racks displayed an endless array of porn DVDs. In the back was a red curtain and a hand-written sign saying “video booths.” To the left of the door was a 300-pound guy with big steel-rimmed glasses and an afro of light-brown hair perched three feet above the floor in a bullet-proof booth. Charming. But past the booth, half way down the left wall stretching for many feet toward the video booths, hung dildos and vibrators from floor to ceiling. We headed that way, both of us deciding instinctively we should make this quick. I wished we weren’t both wearing short skirts. Jeans and a sweatshirt, or maybe an astronaut suit, would have been more appropriate.

As we rushed past the booth, another display caught my eye: handcuffs. It was an epiphany. I didn’t take a moment to consider it, I just knew I had to have a pair. As we stood in front of the dildos I pretended to look at the ones Mary was pointing to but really my eyes were focused on the display to the left, which had leather garters, a whip of some kind, and a mannequin’s head encased shiny black . . . not leather, was it latex? And there were handcuffs. “What do you think about these?” I asked Mary, taking down a pair. “What do you mean, for what?” “I just think they’re cool. I don’t know, maybe for Halloween.” “They are cool. You should get them.” Music to my ears! Turning back to the vibrators, one jumped out at me. “Look at this!” I exclaimed. It was an exact replica of her mother’s vibrator from when we were eleven. “Oh my god! Are you going to get it?” “You should get one too.” “But mine still works.” I was kind of trapped. I wanted a big one too to put inside my pussy like I had this afternoon. I had another brainstorm. “Look at this!” I said, trying to sound jolly as I picked up a 10-inch flesh-colored rubber cock. It was about the same size as my old vibrator, but shaped like a real cock, with a head and veins, and it was softer and a little bit flexible. “I think I’m going to get this too! . . . Uh, just for a joke!” “You’re crazy!” Mary replied. “Let’s get the fuck out of here,” we said in unison.

My purchases were fucking expensive. The handcuffs were $30, and the vibrator was $20, but the rubber cock was $40! I placed them on the rotating glass window along with my credit card. The fat guy did the weirdest thing--he put batteries in the vibrator, turned it on, and held it up to his microphone so the whole store buzzed with vibrating sound. “Uh, yeah, thanks,” Mary said, grabbing the bag full of sex with one hand, my hand with the other, and yanking me out the door after her, squealing and giggling as we fell into the car. Just then a really pervy looking guy with a greasy comb-over, a moustache, and glasses, got out of his car right next to us and looked down at me with the dildo in my hand. Mary locked the door and floored it.

I spent the rest of the weekend alternating between the rubber cock and vibrator, and my new handcuffs. They were Smith & Wesson Nickel Model 100. They had two chain links in the middle, and they came with two keys. They were heavy and metallic and scary, and I can’t tell you how much it turned me on to hold them in my hands. Somehow for me having a pair of handcuffs hidden in my room was way more dirty than the big rubber cock. Being caught with them would be so embarrassing. Imagining standing there in the middle of my living room--pretending I was handcuffed--while my parents berated me was so humiliating it gave me goosebumps. I spent all day Saturday in my room, naked with my dildos and handcuffs spread out on my bed. The first time I closed one around my left wrist, slowly, click click click click, I gasped with excitement. When I got used to unlocking each bracelet with the other hand, I snapped the cuffs closed around both my wrists. I stood in the middle of the room and looked at myself in the mirror, my breasts pushed together by my upper arms, my hands in front of my pussy, and the shiny metal handcuffs around my wrists. I pulled my hands apart, tried to get loose, but I was locked tight. My hands locked together like that, helpless, was mesmerizing. I lay down on the floor and masturbated, watching myself in the mirror, unable to move one hand to my breasts. If my hands were cuffed behind me, I would not even be able to touch myself. That reminded me of my long slow days at school torturing myself by refusing to masturbate until the car ride home, and I came as I imagined spending all day with my hands cuffed behind my back, so turned on but unable to come.

At school on Monday I wore one of my old shifts. The four hours I waited, staring at the clock, before Ms. McEwan’s class finally ended at 12:30, were the longest four hours of my life. I pretended to write in my notebook while the class cleared out, hoping Ms. McEwan would have an errand in the office, but when she didn’t move right away toward the door, I didn’t wait; I got up and followed the students out. I walked quickly down Ms. McEwan’s side hall, then right, and then across the bottom hall opposite the courtyard from the dark hallway of last week, to the corner of the arboretum diagonal from Ms. McEwan’s room.

I was too anxious, and made it to the stairwell in that corner before the bell rang for fifth hour. As I was stuffing my purse and books into the dark corner under the stairs, three girls banged the door open into the stairwell and headed up to the second floor. That was nothing, of course, but I was lucky they had not seen me crawling in or out of the alcove. The keys to the handcuffs (there were two) were on a small ring. I placed them on the tile floor next to my purse. Still too anxious to wait, hearing no footsteps or voices nearby, I quickly stepped out of the shadow of the alcove, back into the hallway. The handcuffs themselves are too big to conceal entirely in my hand, and as I walked back along the bottom hallway, the glint of the shiny nickel was easily visible to any of the stragglers rushing to class before the bell rang, but none noticed, or would have known what they had seen.

The fifth hour bell still had not rung when I reached the bathroom of Ms. McEwan’s side hall. There are boys’ and girls’ bathrooms at the bottom end of both side halls, just past the doors to the stairwells. The boys’ bathroom is closest to the stairs, the girls’ on the far side of the drinking fountain. The bathroom was empty, and I pulled my dress over my head and stuffed it into the corner of the window sill. It was easily visible, but if anyone happened to see it they would probably ignore it. And if someone did find it, they would just have to wonder what it was doing there. I looked at myself in the full-length mirror next to the sinks, fully naked, barefoot, my chest heaving in rhythm with my ragged breathing. I was sweating, and flush. Staring at my reflection, I pinched one nipple, then the other, then slid my fingers between my legs to feel my wetness.

The bell rang. I looked at the strip of light at the bottom of the door, looking for the shadows of the legs of a girl about to enter, but the strip was uniformly light. I just had to check one last time. I pushed the door open slowly and peeked around the corner of the door alcove in each direction. The coast was clear, the hallway silent. I moved back to the bathroom, closing the door softly. Watching myself again in the mirror, I squeezed one bracelet of the handcuffs tightly closed around my left wrist. Holding the other bracelet in my left hand, I put my hands behind my back, and taking a big breath, slapped the other cuff around my right wrist.

I immediately panicked and yanked on my hands to get loose, but they were securely shackled. What had I done? I was naked in the school’s bathroom, my hands tied behind my back, in the middle of the day. Hundreds of students in classrooms all around me. I forced myself to breathe and looked at myself in the mirror. My breasts were jutting out even more than they had a week ago. I turned to one side and lifted my hands to see the handcuffs around my wrists. I looked so fucking hot! If someone came in the bathroom, I could hide in a stall. Could I stay there indefinitely? Until when? What if a janitor found my purse and the keys?!

I had to start moving. I pushed the door slowly open with my shoulder and peeked again around the corner. Still quiet. I stepped out into the middle of the quiet hallway, into the sunlight. I could hear only the slightest muffled sound of voices from the classrooms to the right. Literally just up a few feet and into any one of the doorways were sitting 25 students, oblivious to the naked girl outside. What if there was a fire alarm?

I turned to the left and started past the water fountain when I noticed something that had completely slipped my mind. I couldn’t believe it: the door to the stairwell pulled outward. I couldn’t push it open, I had to push on the thumb lever and pull. I was locked in this open hallway. The girls’ bathroom door, I realized with finality, also opened outward. I would be no more able to open it than the stairwell door.

I crept quickly to the stairwell door, and thankfully, it wasn’t as bad as it had looked. Turning backward and getting on my tiptoes I was able to find the handle and unlatch the door, and shuffling my feet forward I was able to open the door enough to get my knee through, then it was easy to push the heavy door the rest of the way open. That episode had not been exactly smooth. With one more look down the empty hallway, I let the door close, and I was once again in relative safety in the stairwell.

Then I heard voiced just above me. All I could do was duck under the stairs into the alcove and wait. I had to get down on my knees, then fall to my side so I was wedged under the stairs. My face was farthest in, and my bare ass and back were sticking out, with my hands bound behind. It was a boy and girl coming down the stairs now, and they could have come around the corner and looked at my ass without me even knowing it. I realized I could not be sure I was even entirely hidden. I pulled my knees up more tightly, but this only served to push my pussy out more vulgarly between my thighs. My hands were useless, useless to cover my exposed sex, useless to touch my aching pussy.

They reached the bottom of the stairs and banged through one of the doors without pausing.

I started to get really nervous. The quiet of the hallway had made me feel confident, but the appearance of these two gave me an uncontrollable feeling that the school was getting busier. It was almost like a languor descended on the students right after lunch, but the sleepiness started to wear off after 30 minutes, and more kids would be going to the bathroom, or their lockers. Of course this was all in my head, both the languor and the waking, but I was suddenly sure the frequency of hallway traffic was only going to increase.

I wiggled myself out from under the stairs and stood. The two students were now half way down the hallway I had yet to traverse. I couldn’t wait any longer. With my eyes locked on their backpacks moving away from me, I slowly, quietly pushed open the door. Then I forgot all about my fear and stepped out into the hallway. Just 100 feet behind them, a naked girl, wrists handcuffed behind her back, breasts jutting forward, pussy exposed. All they had to do was turn around, even look at one another to catch sight of me behind them. I stood there daring them to see me, my breathing hard. I did not know these two, they looked like freshmen to me--what if I just walked boldly by them? I took a few tentative steps toward them, until I was 20 feet from the stairway door, half way between it and the next door alcove, nothing but lockers beside me now if they turned.

The tingling in my chest and stomach was so intense I felt I could come right there, with my hands behind my back. At last they reached the far stairwell and disappeared around the corner, never seeing the naked girl just steps behind them at the other end of the hall.

I still had 200 feet to go to the end of the hall, past three classrooms on either side. This hallway was all science classes. The first two rooms were dark. Voices came from the second two. It occurred to me later that I was so engrossed with getting by the classrooms that I had completely stopped thinking about someone coming around the corner behind me! I peeked into the second two rooms, one on either side. There were classes going on, but the teachers were not at the front of the class. I jumped past those and padded quickly to the last set. The last classroom was Mr. Brzezinski, where I had physics, and across the hall Dr. Ancaya, a Filipino lady who taught chemistry. She was the only person in the whole school with a Ph.D., and so was slightly impressive but slightly out of place. Mr. Brzezinski was also not at the front of his class. He must be demonstrating angular momentum with a bicycle wheel like he had with us second hour. I was standing naked, handcuffed, just a few feet outside his door where I had been in class just a few hours before!

Dr. Ancaya, though, was at the front of her class! She was writing something on the board and talking to the class, and facing this direction. I was stuck. It was too far to go back, and I had to go forward anyway. The minutes were ticking away. I stood there against the locker right outside her door, in clear view of Mr. Brzezinski’s classroom across the hall if he happened to come back to his desk. This had to end. If I stood out here another minute I was going to get caught, and the fear came back. How mortifying it would be. They would not even be able to take of the handcuffs! What if I didn’t tell them where they were? What if they paraded me to the office, still naked, still handcuffed, past all the classrooms, the students pouring out to ogle, making comments, ridiculing me. I dared that to happen. I wanted it to happen. I stepped into the middle of the hallway again, and without looking to either side, walked purposefully past Dr. Ancaya’s room. She paused mid-sentence! She had seen me! I ran to the end of the hallway, and this time deftly turned around, pulled open the door, and slid through butt first. I peered out the door window wide-eyed, terrified, but she never appeared to look down the hall. Maybe she hadn’t seen me after all, or maybe she had just glimpsed me and wasn’t sure what she had seen?

I made it! And just then, the bell went off! It had taken me 50 minutes to get from the girls’ bathroom back to my purse and the keys to the handcuffs. I was still standing naked in the middle of the stairwell handcuffed. But now I knew I was safe. I continued looking out the window until students began to spill into the hallway, and then, I continued looking a second longer. I stood there staring naked out the window at the hallway filling with students to whom it did not occur to look carefully back through the window at the stairwell. Then I ran back behind the stairs and dove into the dark alcove, a split second before both doors banged open and students began stamping up and down the stairs just above my naked self.

I scrabbled around the cool floor behind my back for the keys I had left next to my purse. My hands were shaking so much I couldn’t get the key into the lock. I forced myself to calm down a little and concentrate, all the while students yelled and laughed and pounded on the stairs just above my head, inches from discovering me. I tried again, and was able to get the key into the lock, and turn it, and my right wrist sprung free. For the first time in an hour I was able to bring my hands around in front of me. Still curled up in a ball on my side, students still rushing up the stairs so as not to be late for sixth hour, I shoved my hands between my knees and cupped my aching pussy. I stayed like that a minute, just gently massaging my throbbing, slippery lips. The bell rang, and two stragglers slammed the door open and rushed up the stairs, and the school was once again quiet.

I rolled onto my back out from the shadow of the alcove. Above me I could see between the flights of stairs all the way to the third floor. Lying in the open, exposed on the linoleum tiles, my knees up and spread open until they almost touched the floor, I rubbed my clitoris until finally I came in an overwhelming release of emotions and sensations. I thrashed around on the floor of my high school as my orgasm crashed through me.

I unlocked the second cuff and stood. My legs were wobbly, and my wrists had conspicuous red marks from the handcuffs. I pulled my second shift out of my purse and slipped it over my head. Sixth hour. History with Mr. Andrews. Two more hours of school. Sitting there quietly in a classroom surrounded by clueless students for two more hours was going to be torture. I was going to be miserable. And I knew that I deserved that torture. I would not cover the red marks on my wrists. Or dry my pussy in the bathroom. Everyone would stare at me as I came into Mr. Andrews’s class late, my nipples poking out of the front of my dress as always. I felt another twinge of excitement. I would fuck myself silly on the car ride home, if I lasted that long.

I vowed I would never do anything that crazy again. For a few days my insane adventures were in my past, a phase I had gone through. Still, every time I walked down those halls I remembered myself, naked, handcuffed, and the tingling would start in my legs and stomach. I was a good girl all the way to Thursday, but M. Phillips kept me after fifth hour. I still hadn’t served the detention he had given me a few weeks ago, and then of course I missed Monday’s class altogether. I think he was waiting for me to say something to him, but I had just been avoiding eye contact with him.

He told me to sit front and center in the student desk directly opposite his desk. He noticed my bare feet before he even got started. “Where are your shoes, Miss Weeks?” A tingle shot through my nerves, and reflexively my bare knees parted a little bit. There are many attitudes for a scolded child to adopt--defiant, meek, flirtatious, slow, innocent. Each can frustrate a teacher’s intentions in a different way. I cast my eyes downward, shrugged, and pretended to mumble something too softly to hear. “Miss Weeks? Where are your shoes?” “I haven’t been wearing shoes the last couple weeks, M. Phillips,” I replied. I couldn’t help sliding into flirtation—this was M. Phillips after all—“I was disappointed you didn’t notice sooner.” “My question was why.” What if I told him the truth, sort of? “The floor feels good on my feet. . . . And I kind of like the attention.” “There are more dignified ways for a young lady to distinguish herself.”

To my disappointment, he dropped the subject of my bare feet and proceeded to lecture me about my responsibilities as a young woman. I bowed my head subserviently, pretending my hands were handcuffed behind my back and I was naked. When he finally finished I promised him I would come for detention next week, he wrote me a hall pass and let me go.

Outside his room I was once again alone in the hallways. I leaned against the lockers next to his door, lifted my skirt over my hips, and slid my fingers between my lips to feel my wetness. It felt so good. I pulled the skirt back down over my hips and headed toward the stairs at the top of the arboretum. The third floor, where M. Phillips’s class was, did not form a square around the arboretum like the first two floors; there were only two side hallways with no connecting halls at the top and bottom. So through the doors at the end of M. Phillips’s hallway was just an alcove, the top landing of the stairs, with no other exits.

Although the lecture was not about my recent antics, it still felt like I had been caught in some way, chastised, and I felt a need to make it up, to “get back” at M. Phillips for lecturing me (and, of course, for failing to respond to my naked feet and slightly parted knees). To prove I was in control and invincible.

I unzipped my skirt and pulled my blouse over my head and tossed them down the stairs to the landing half way between the second and third floors. If someone came from the hallway I could dash down and grab them, but if anyone wanted to come up the stairs I would have no escape except to run back down M. Phillips’s hallway to the bathroom at the far end. Even then, my clothes would be found and I would be stuck. I thought a moment. Escape down the stairs was too easy, if someone came from the hallway. I hopped lightly down the stairs and grabbed the skirt, leaving the blouse where it had landed. Climbing back up the stairs, I tossed the skirt out into M. Phillips’s hallway. Now, if anyone came from either direction I was stuck. Whichever way I ran I could recover one item of clothing but not the other.

The butterflies in my stomach were unbearable. I lay down on the cool linoleum and spread my legs wide, my pussy facing the doors to the hallway. My task was to make myself come, and I could not move no matter what until I had an orgasm. I slid my middle finger between my lips. The tingling began moving quickly up my legs immediately and I realized I would come in about two seconds. I moved my hands to my thighs, slid them down between my legs all the way to my asshole, felt there, then squeezed my fat outer lips together over my clitoris. Even that was almost too much. I didn’t care, I needed to come too much, when it happened. I heard a door open in the hallway beyond the doors. It was too late now to change my mind. I could not recover my skirt if I wanted to.

I started to jump up, I could still make it downstairs and into a bathroom, but by sheer force of will I made myself stay down. My heart was beating so hard I could actually hear it as it thumped against my breasts. I heard a hand on the door handle and I squeezed my eyes shut, spread my legs even wider, and with the fingers of both hands pulled open my lips to expose everything to my interloper. I could not prevent this now and I forced myself to do it all, to not try to cover myself at the last moment, but to expose everything before my life as I knew it was over.

The door opened and there was no further sound. Nothing else happened. My pussy was on fire in its exposure. I opened my eyes to behold a boy standing there, a skinny, nerdy, timid, pimply freshman. In one hand he held my skirt, with the other he was still holding the door, and he was frozen. It became clear that he would not move again without prompting. I motioned for him to come through the door. I could tell I was safe. I could easily just get up, take my skirt from him, and walk away and never hear about this incident again. As I recovered my senses, though, I realized that this was an opportunity I had been looking for—someone to watch me naked, with no repercussions. I scooted back a little so I could lean back slightly against the brick wall. I put my fingers between my legs again and began to rub.

He checked through the glass in the door that no one was coming then did something completely unexpected, not timid at all. He unzipped his pants and took out his cock! Now it was my turn to be shocked. “Oh my god,” I whispered. I had never seen one in real life, just on the internet. It was big and hard and pointed straight out toward me. He still held my skirt in one hand, and with the other he began to slide his hand up and down over his cock. I rubbed my clitoris faster and immediately an orgasm exploded through me. My legs writhed on the tile floor as the waves hit me. He gasped, and he shocked me again. He stepped toward me and tensed and shot his come all over me! The first wad landed on my breasts, the second onto my stomach. Then he took another step closer so he was directly over me and squeezed and milked it so four or five more strings fell from the end of his cock onto my naked stomach. Using both hands I spread it over my breasts and tummy like suntan lotion. I just couldn’t believe it; my head was swimming.

Another door suddenly banged open in the hallway. The boy glanced over his shoulder, then used my skirt to wipe the remaining come from his cock, and dropping the skirt next to me, he bounded down the stairs. I leapt down after him, grabbing my blouse on the way and without pausing to put on the clothes, I continued down one more flight to the safety of my dark alcove under the stairs.

I was still naked, but now, after the experiences of the last couple weeks, I felt as safe under the stairs as if I had been home in my bedroom while my parents were at work. I collapsed in the shadows, that unknown boy’s come drying on my tummy. The bell rang, and students began stomping up and down the stairs, yelling and laughing. I wanted to come again, while they were going to class right above me, covered in this boy’s come. Rubbing it into my skin had been a mistake, because now I couldn’t touch myself again. It was impossible that that boy had ever had sex, so, I thought, impossible that he would have a disease. Surely it would be safe to lick my fingers clean of his spunk. Which is exactly what I did. Most of it had been spread around on my chest, but I could taste a cool, mild saltiness that was not bad at all. How insane was this? I was tasting come for the first time when I had not yet even touched a penis? That is surely not the usual order of sexual progression!

After licking them clean, I returned my hands to my pussy. The footsteps pounding above me were beginning to slacken, and I could tell I would be unable to finish before the next bell rang. That was the second time I had started to masturbate under the stairs between classes but had not finished. I wished I had my vibrator with me, it would be faster. I made a mental note of another rule—from now on I must have a vibrator with me at all times.

Fuck it, I thought, if the bell was going to ring I wanted to go back to where my first sexual encounter with a boy had happened. The blouse stuck to my breasts when I pulled it on. I held the skirt out in the light to examine it. It was made of thick black fabric like denim or canvas with a big zipper on the side (I like those big zippers). A big smear of come was clearly visible all across the front where the boy had wiped off his dick. That was a turn-on as well, imagining people seeing the stain--would they know what it was, or not know? Either way I would know. I slid it up over my hips and stepped into the light.

Several last students ran past me up the stairs rushing to reach their classes before the bell rang. It did ring then, and the last echoes of the classroom door slamming closed faded away, and I was alone once again. I had reached the second floor. The stairway was now empty, and I pulled my skirt up over my hips again as I climbed the last flight to the scene of the crime. M. Phillips’s hall was once again empty. I pulled the blouse up over my breasts and sat down this time on the edge of the stairs. I started to rub myself again but it was no good. After what had happened, it was too lame to sit there with my clothes just pushed up, and I quickly pulled them off once again and piled them on the stair beside me. With my feet on the edge of the stair on either side of my butt, so my pussy and asshole were spread open, I fingered myself until I came again.

At last the balance shifted, and I became more scared than excited, and knew it was time to stop. I felt a sudden urge to pee, and had a truly wicked idea. Why not? I let go where I was, and watched my stream of piss arc through the air all the way to the landing below. I felt so nasty, come crusted on my breasts, my pee streaming into a puddle in the middle of the stairs where it would be inevitably discovered in about half an hour. I was such a nasty, dirty girl, and that turned me on all over again. I slid my finger over my clitoris and into the warm stream of pee, something I had never done in my entire life. Like putting your finger over a garden hose, it splashed in every direction, wetting my thighs, my feet, some even splashed up onto my stomach to mix with the come. The stream weakened until the last dribbled over my pussy and asshole. I stood up and surveyed my work. I was covered in piss and come, stark naked in my high school in the middle of seventh hour, with a puddle of my pee rolling down a slight slope in the landing below. I pulled my blouse and skirt back on and skipped down the stairs to the main floor. (Remember, the floor of Ms. McEwan’s class is half underground; the main entrance, and the library and front office, are on the middle floor of three.)

It was now seventh hour; I had missed Mr. Andrews’s class entirely. Chloe, I think, had English seventh hour; so I had to wait probably 30 minutes. In 30 minutes students would be stomping through my puddle of pee. Would they recognize it as pee, or think it was spilled water? I couldn’t possibly go sit in study hall for 30 minutes. I walked across the Quad to the other side of the school, where the shop classes, art classes, music classes, the gym, and so on, are located. (“The Quad” is a very wide hallway that connects the two halves of the school, with benches down the middle, where students hang out during lunch and after school. It’s not really a quad, since it’s inside and doesn’t really have four sides, but that’s what we call it nonetheless.) There were three cheerleaders, a black girl and two blonds, painting a sign for an assembly. (Some kids seem not to actually have classes—they seem to spend all their time on school spirit.) They stared at me and I stared back at them. They stared at my bare feet then looked at each other. My thighs were still wet with urine, which made me smile at them mischievously. They smiled back uncertainly then went back to their bottles of tempera paint that the rest of us had left for good in grade school.

I went into the auditorium (the side door is usually unlocked) and sat down in the dark and thought about the day. It was all so fucking amazing I didn’t know where to begin. The images rushed over each other, crowding in. I had masturbated, twice, in the middle of a hallway. (Well, I corrected myself, it was actually the stairway. I made a note that I had not yet masturbated in the hallway, and would have to do so.) I had seen my first ever cock. I had watched a boy masturbate. He had come all over me. For the first time a boy had seen me naked. (Chloe and Mary had both seen me naked before, so that wasn’t new; in fact both had watched me come.) But the boy was a complete stranger, and he had watched me come too. It occurred to me that he was sitting in class somewhere right now thinking about me. Was he going to tell? I didn’t think so. I actually was quite confident that he would never tell anyone. And on top of that, I had tasted come for the first time. And then, I had peed all over the floor! And I had walked down the hallway, past those three cheerleaders, with that come and urine drying on my skin and my skirt. In the past, after a crazy adventure I cooled it for several days. But I wasn’t feeling that this time. After resting for 20 minutes I was feeling a desperate urge for more. I walked back to the Quad and slowly approached the cheerleaders. They stopped working and stared at me again. I don’t know what I had in mind, but the bell rang and the spell was broken. I went to find Chloe and she drove me home.

I could not sleep at all that night.  When I got home I took a shower and used my big rubber dildo and the small pink vibrator until my clitoris was numb—I finally stopped when I literally couldn’t feel the vibrations anymore. In the evening I tried to distract myself by reading, doing homework, I even watched TV awhile with my parents.  But the second my head hit the pillow at midnight I was wide awake.  I lay there a long time thinking about the day, and about my new rule to keep a vibrator with me at all times.  I didn’t want to take the one I had with me to school; I thought I should have a separate one for my purse and one for my room.  And I was also thinking about the display at that sex shop with the handcuffs.  By 2:30 my parents were long asleep, and I crept out of bed and downstairs.   
   
My dad always got up very early.  When I was little I would wake up too, and he and I would sneak out of the house and get breakfast at the restaurant while the whole city was still asleep.  I’ve always loved nighttime and early morning because of those times, everything is so quiet and peaceful.  Dad always parked his car in the driveway, not the garage, and he taught me how to put the car in neutral and roll it down the driveway and away from the house before starting it, so the noise would not wake up Mom.   
   
Sneaking out now by myself, I didn’t know if I would be strong enough to move the car, but when I put it in neutral, it started to roll slowly down the drive by itself.  There was a moment of panic when I found out the wheels don’t turn when the engine is not running, but I pulled hard with both hands and managed to get the car pointing down the hill, and then I was quietly and safely away.   
   
Mary had described where the girl-friendly sex shop was located, but I had in my head the vision of exactly what was on display at the one we had went to, and I wanted to go back there.  It would be 3AM by the time I got to the store, and I guessed even perverts go home and to bed at some point.  As long as I was alone with the guy in the booth, I thought it would be fine.   
   
There were three cars in the parking lot.  Okay, I told myself, I will just peek in.  If they are creepy I can turn around and leave.  This time it wasn’t that 300-pound guy in the bullet-proof booth, it was a really skanky older woman, maybe 45, with stringy blond hair and roots, and the unhealthy skin of a lifetime of smoking.  She was smoking when I came in; the smoke was actually clouding around her head, unable to escape the glass booth.   
   
Opening the door and poking my head inside, I couldn’t see anyone else, so I stepped in tentatively.  It seemed to be empty.  I glanced furtively at the woman in the booth, who I could tell was staring at me, and headed along the left wall.  I was breathing hard and sweating—the feeling was not unlike what I felt at school, except this was much more fear and only a tinge of excitement.  As I approached the handcuff rack, I finally saw other patrons.  At the very back of the store is a dark doorway, with a neon sign saying “video booths.”  One man was standing right at the doorway, leaning against the jam, his hands in his pockets.  He was not old, not shabby, and not bad looking.  The second guy was deeper into the gloom, looking at a colorful display on the wall, apparently a listing of the videos playing in the booths.  He was pudgier than the first, and a little greasier.   
   
Both men looked at me as I started down the aisle, and I froze, goosebumps forming on my arms.  The younger guy stood up straighter, and seemed close to making the decision to approach me, then changed his mind and turned toward the pudgy guy.  The latter looked at the younger guy, then went into the nearest booth.  The younger guy glanced over his shoulder at me, then followed the first guy into the booth.  Okay, so I was deeply into a world that I had no business ever even witnessing, let alone standing in the middle of, at 3AM, when no one in the world (except these three) knew where I was, dressed in a velour sweat-suit with nothing on underneath.   
   
Insanely, my fear mixed with excitement.  When I first caught sight of the two guys I had almost turned and fled back to my car.  But now that they had gone into a booth, the threat subsided some, and I thought again about the reason I was here.  If I left empty-handed, I would just have to come back or go without, and if I came back it probably wouldn’t get any better, and I didn’t want to bring Mary.  It wasn’t that I thought Mary would judge—I was 99% sure that Mary would love to help me with anything I wanted to do, the pervier the better.  But it wasn’t as dirty, wasn’t as dangerous, to have a friend along to make it safe.   
   
The handcuffs were directly to my left, and I turned toward the display.  I could tell out of the corner of my eye that the clerk was watching me, maybe even ogling me?  I wished she weren’t so skanky.   
   
The thing I had come here to see wasn’t the handcuffs, it was what was next to the handcuffs—the latex hood on the mannequin.  I was embarrassed to look at it while the woman was watching me, but realized how ludicrous that was.  Let her look.  I deliberately reached up and unzipped my top a couple of inches.   
   
The hood was amazing.  I felt myself getting wet without any specific reason why.  It was shiny black, of course, with three zippers.  One across the mouth, one across each eye.  Those zippers I love!  Two tiny holes for the nose.  And in the back a long row of laces that looked like wrestling shoes.  Laced up and with the zippers closed, the only skin visible above the neck would be through the nose holes.  Several boxes with pictures of the hood were on the shelf behind the mannequin, and I picked one up and put it on the floor next to me.  I was tingling now at the thought of getting home to my room, but I wanted to look at the rest of the displays to see what else there was.   
   
I grabbed another 5” pink vibrator for my purse at school, then thought I should get another dildo for my purse as well.  The one I had at home was too long for my purse, but I found a really nice thick one that was jet black to go with the hood.  It was 8” long and had big veins and a big head and I thought it would fit perfectly into my . . . purse.   
   
Past the vibrators were some odd-shaped dildos–shorter, and bulbous. I had seen this before on the internet—butt plugs.  They were tapered at the top, got much thicker then suddenly narrow again.  When you put it in your butt, your hole had to stretch wide, then it would close again around the narrow part and would not come out again without real effort.  They were designed not for sliding in and out, but for putting in and staying . . . maybe even walking around with.  It would be so disgusting, so fucking dirty to put one of these inside my ass, and to walk around school with it?  To be lectured by M. Phillips while I felt that thing in my asshole?  What did it feel like?  Now I was seriously wet.  I glanced up at the lady in the booth again; she had gone back to reading her magazine.  I glanced quickly to the right, toward the video booths, then unzipped my top just below my breasts and reached in to pinch my nipple.  This was so crazy, I wanted to masturbate right there!  Watching the lady out of the corner of my eye, I slid my hand into the waist of my pants, just quickly, and flicked my clitoris, sending a jolt through my body.   
   
The butt plugs, like the dildos, came in all shapes and sizes.  One jumped out at me, it was perfect.  It was small, three inches long, yet medium width.  What I loved was the very en d.  At the bottom of the narrow part was a wider flat circular part, the base, and inside the base was embedded a sparkly one-inch wide jewel like a diamond.

I gathered up the three boxes and the big black cock and dropped them into the drawer embedded in the glass booth along with my credit card.  Up close the woman wasn’t that bad looking, she had probably even been pretty once twenty years ago, but all that smoke and who knows what had ruined her skin.  I leaned against the edge of the counter and reached up surreptitiously and unzipped my top the rest of the way, so it was still covering my breasts but my tummy was exposed.  I noticed a display of bottles to the right that said “personal lubricant.”  I selected a big vibrator-shaped blue bottle and dropped it into the drawer also.  Still leaning against the counter so my body was hidden beneath my breasts, and checking behind me to make sure no one was there, I pushed down my pants over my hips and slid both hands over my round ass.  I spread my ass cheeks apart pushed against my butthole with one finger. It was too dry.  Acting like I was intently watching her ring things up, I reached down further till I felt my wetness, then pulled it back over the butthole and pushed.  Now with the aid of my pussy juice, my finger was able to slide into my butthole.  The woman pushed the drawer back toward me with a pen and the credit slip for me to sign.  I glanced behind me again, still no one, and took the pen and signed awkwardly with one hand while I pushed a finger of my other hand in and out of my butt.   
   
She pulled the drawer back.  I was done, the car was just outside.  I pushed my pants the rest of the way down and stepped out of them.  Instinctively glancing behind me once again, adrenaline shot through me as the younger guy emerged from the gloom and stared right at my naked ass.  The woman still had not given me my purchases so I could not run out the door.  She seemed to be going deliberately slowly, and glanced into the paper bag one more time to make sure everything was there as I could hear the guy walk up behind me.  She finally dropped the bag into the drawer and pushed it toward me.  I grabbed it and rushed through the out door, still naked from the waist down.  The cinderblock building is in the middle of a gravel parking lot, set back about fifty feet from a frontage road along the highway, but this late the night was silent.  I ran to the corner of the building and looked back to see if the guy was going to follow me, but nothing happened; he had decided to stay inside.   
   
My car was parked on the side of the building, about thirty feet from where I stood.  I hit the unlock button on the key and the car’s lights flashed.  I was safe.  That was the scariest thing that had ever happened to me, and I felt fantastic.  That guy had seen my naked ass, he’d probably seen me sliding my finger into my asshole!  Literally no one in the world knew where I was, or even who I was except for my credit card.  I stuffed my pants, which I’d been holding in one hand, into the bag, then pulled off my top and stuffed it into the bag also, and except for my flip-flops I was naked in front of a porn store at probably 4AM.  The cool air felt wonderful on my puffy nipples and my ass and my legs.  I looked down at my body in the yellow streetlight, completely exposed for the world to see.  I walked slowly toward the car, looking at myself and my sharp shadow on the gravel.  I put the bag on the passenger seat and started the car.  My pussy was dripping and I was glad the seats were leather not fabric.   
   
I drove all the way home naked.  It was 4:30 when I switched off the lights and swung into the driveway.  I was worried about waking up my parents when I opened the front door, but no way I was going to put on clothes again tonight.  I was as quiet as I could, and got into my room without hearing them stir.   
   
I sat against my bed on the floor and examined all my new treasures.  I took each of them out of their boxes and laid them on the carpet between my legs.  I started with the hood.  I pulled it over my face and cinched the laces tight and tied them in a bow.  The zippers were undone, and I used my phone to take a movie all the way around my head so I could see it from all angles.  It was beautiful, so hot, so severe and scary.  Only my hair curled out from under the neck.  I zipped up the mouth then one eye then the other until I was encased in blackness and silence.  I lay there, feeling the restriction, imagining if someone came in right now.  I ran my hands over every inch of my body.  I unzipped the eye holes, leaving the mouth closed, and examined the butt plug next.  I opened the lubrication and squirted some liberally onto my hand.  I scooted my butt down more toward my feet, raising my knees, so my asshole was off the carpet, and I slathered the lube onto my asshole, running one finger up and down and then curling it inside, feeling the tight rings of muscle squeeze the finger.  I squirted more lube onto the plug, spread it evenly, and pushing my butt down more and relaxing as much as I could, I pushed the tip against the opening.  The first little bit, where it is narrow, slid right in, but then it got harder to push as it got wider.  I slid it in and out, pushing a little more each time, until my ass felt wide open, really wide, like it couldn’t go any more.  I pushed one more time and suddenly the plug was sucked in as my asshole muscles slid past the wide part and closed around the narrow part.  It was in!  I moved my butt around but really couldn’t feel anything inside, except my butthole felt open.  When I tensed my asshole it squeezed pleasantly against the smooth black plastic.  When I pulled in with the muscles, I could feel the base of the plug pull snug against my asshole.  I had to see.  I got onto my hands and knees, then lowered myself so my head and shoulders were pushed into the carpet and my ass was in the air.  I started the recorder on my phone again and held it behind me, then looked.  It was fantastic, just what I had imagined.  There was my smooth pussy between my legs, same as always, but above that, where normally I would see my puckered asshole, was a large sparkly jewel!   
   
I climbed into bed and lay on my side with my knees drawn up so I could feel my jeweled asshole sticking out, and reaching behind me slid my knew black cock into my pussy as far as it would go.  In that position, on my side, it really filled me up.  I left it there, and felt my ass, and the jewel against my asshole, and the end of the dildo sticking out of my pussy, then I turned on my new vibrator and held it against my clitoris until I came.  I was sleepy at last—it was 5AM after all, my dad would be getting up soon.  Could I sleep like this?  A dildo in my pussy and a butt plug in my ass, with the hood covering my face?   
   
I zipped up each eye hole, then unzipped the mouth so I could breathe.  The answer to my question was yes, because the next thing I knew my alarm was going off, and it was 7AM.  The dildo was on the bed, my pussy must have pushed it out in the night, but the butt plug was still in place.  I untied the laces and pulled off the hood.  My face and hair and the inside of the hood were wet with sweat; it probably wouldn’t be a good idea to sleep like that anymore.  I reached between my legs and grabbed the end of the butt plug and pulled.  There was a lot of resistance as the muscles had to stretch over the wide part, then it suddenly popped out into my hand.   
   
I could hear my mom in the kitchen making breakfast, so walked naked into the bathroom with my new toys to wash them before school.  I had a plan for that hood, it worked both ways.

I chose a knee-length white cotton summer dress with spaghetti straps, and stuffed my new dildo and new vibrator, and the black latex hood and the handcuffs, into my purse, which now had little room for anything else!  I dropped the butt plug in also, but then took it back out.  As excited as I got when people looked at my bare feet, or my nipples, my knees shook imagining them staring at me while I had this butt plug secretly up my ass.  I lifted the skirt over my hips and turned my ass toward the full-length mirror propped against the wall.  I took both hands and spread open my ass so I could see the little puckered skin around the hole above my pussy.  I squirted more lube on my fingers and spread it all around my asshole, pushing one finger in and out several times, then rubbed my slick hand up and down over the butt plug, and bending over and looking over my shoulder into the mirror, I pushed the plug slowly into my asshole until it popped past the wide part and the base was snug against the puckered skin.  I had never thought much about my asshole before yesterday, but I was just loving this new toy.  I spread my ass with both hands and admired the beautiful sparkly jewel that was now set just above my pussy.  It was so dirty, so raunchy, and so secret.  The thought of someone discovering it lodged in my ass, if I was in an accident, say, and they had to undress me at the hospital and there was a butt plug stuck up my ass, how humiliating!  How embarrassing!  My legs were tingly and shaking again.  I let go of my ass cheeks and straightened.  I could feel the edges of the base cutting into my ass a little bit, not uncomfortably, but definitely noticeable.   
   
Chloe’s car pull into the driveway and I ran out to greet her.  The day was darkly overcast, and half way to school the sky lit up with violent lightning, thunder crashed, and a sudden deluge erupted.  We couldn’t see ten feet in front of us the rest of the way to school.  It was the kind of rain that soaked you through in the ten seconds it took to run from your car to the door.  And I was wearing one thin white cotton dress and absolutely nothing else (except, of course, the toy lodged in my ass).   
   
By the time we got to school, the parking lot was a miniature lake.  When I stepped out of the car the warm water came up to my ankles.  It was like stepping into a shower.  I closed the door and looked down.  The dress had disappeared.  Except for the straps and the seams, which were a little thicker, the white cotton was plastered to my body and completely transparent, only one white patch where it stretched across my bellybutton.   
   
“Jesus Christ, Zoe!”  Chloe exclaimed.  “You might as well be naked!”  The puffy pinkness of my swollen nipples was clearly visible, as was the smooth skin above my pussy; I could even see a small dimple at the top of my lips.  “Do you want me to take you home to change?”  I looked over the roofs of the cars to the school a hundred yards away, imagined the students teeming through the hallways.  “It’s too late, Chloe,” I said.  “I think I will dry off.”   
   
The rain was quite warm and pleasant, and I walked beside Chloe, looking down, admiring my body.  Whenever a bubble formed under the material I would try to smooth it out, so by the time we reached the doors every inch of skin was clearly visible; I could even see the three small moles I have on my left nipple.  We had arrived just a few minutes before the bell rang, and had not seen any other students on our way to the door.  Chloe tried again.  “Zoe, you can’t go in like that.  You will be a laughing stock.  Everyone’s going to be whispering about you.”  I think my mouth opened a little; I felt a tingle between my legs.  I looked again at the door and said, “Let’s go.”   
   
The door here entered into a landing in the stairway at the bottom corner of the arboretum, diagonal from Ms. McEwan’s room, half way between the first and second floor.  This was a fairly low-traffic spot, and at the moment no one else was in the stairwell, although we could clearly hear students yelling and locker doors slamming just out of sight.  (Just below our feet was the alcove where I had hidden my handcuff keys that day.)  Chloe had to go down, to science class, but I had to go up.  My first hour was art class, which was at the far corner of the school, on the other side of the arboretum, then across the Quad and the to the other side of the auditorium.  Chloe looked at me again, worried.  “I’m just going to stand here a minute,” I told her, “I’ll be all right.”   She waved good-bye and headed down the stairs.   
   
When she had disappeared around the corner I climbed the stairs to the next landing and peaked out the window in the door there.  The hallway was a throng of activity, students at their lockers, talking, walking to class.  This was the hallway where my locker was located, and where those boys ridiculed me for not wearing shoes.  I didn’t see anyone I knew at the moment, but it was inevitable that someone out there knew me—this row of lockers were all eleventh graders, and I’d been going to school with a lot of them since kindergarten!  I looked down at my body again.  The fabric was no longer shiny with excess water, but it was still fully drenched and plastered to my skin.  I pushed the cool fabric between my legs and against my pussy.  I had ridden all the way to school in Chloe’s car with the car seat pushing the butt plug into my ass, and I could feel it with every step I took.  Was it visible through the wet material on my ass?  I reached behind me and pushed the dress between my ass cheeks, pushed on the jewel.  The dress was now wedged between my ass cheeks, and between my legs.  I could not tell if the jewel was visible or not.   
   
I was trembling.  With one shaky hand I pushed open the door and stepped into the hall.  Immediately a nerdy girl with glasses at the locker right next to the door noticed me.  She froze, her mouth hanging open.  Then a group of “alternative” kids on the other side of the hall saw me.  A girl with black spiked hair, heavy eye make-up, and jeans shorts over ripped fishnet stockings (seriously, she had to know exactly what I was feeling) nudged her friend, a Sid Vicious look-alike, dog collar with padlock and everything.  I realized these were the kids I should probably be hanging out with!  Sid looked me up and down, right over my breasts, down to the cleft in my pussy.  My hands instinctively moved to cover myself but I willed them to stay by my sides.  Three people were now looking at my naked body.  I walked behind a kid in front of me oblivious to the sight behind him, to my locker.  I opened it quickly and leaned inside, hoping for a brief respite, but my ass was just as visible, just as exposed, and I heard a deep voice behind me say, “holy shit.”  “Damn girl,” another voice chimed in.  I looked over my shoulder to see a fast-growing crowd of jocks gathering behind me, looking right at my ass.  I clenched my muscles, felt the butt plug pull into my ass—could they see it?  What if I arched my back and spread my legs just a little?  “Jesus,” a third one said.

My skin was on fire; I felt my face heat and flush.  I looked over my shoulder at them; it now looked like the whole football team, the smallest one was about twice my size, and I turned slowly to face them.  Other students, too absorbed with their own imagined dramas, passed around and between the jocks and me as they stared at my breasts, at my smooth pussy through the see-through dress.  I imagined pulling the spaghetti straps off my shoulders.  “Zoe?  What’s going on?”  It was Kristin, a girl I grew up with, a rival maybe.  We weren’t enemies, exactly, but we were definitely not friends.  She had seen the jocks bearing down on me and went in to protect me from a sense of sisterhood.  “I got caught in the rain,” I told her.  She glanced down and her face twisted into an expression of unbridled disgust that made a rivulet of pussy juice roll down my already damp thigh.  “Yeah, right, without underwear, huh?”  The guys laughed.  “Or shoes?” she added, and the guys laughed more, nudging each other in the ribs.  “What, do you want to be seen naked?”  That was the thing that I craved, that someone knows what a dirty little whore I am, that this wasn’t an accident at all.  I closed my eyes and gasped, and resisted a strong urge to pull my dress over my hips.  “Just do it,” I told myself firmly, and grabbed the hem of the skirt.   
   
“WHAT’S GOING ON HERE?”   
   
Ms. Clark, my algebra teacher.  One of those teachers that made even jocks cower, the only blight on my otherwise quite enjoyable schedule, forty-five, severe, thin and ugly.  Kids called her Bark, Clark (yes, with the comma), the cruel and random joke being that she had a Saint Bernard dog at home that ate her out every night.  The jocks dispersed, suddenly remembering the history books they needed from their lockers—lockers that were all, this morning at least, directly across from mine.  A line of broad shoulders hunched over the row of combination locks, but the thick necks and tiny heads remained cocked toward me.   
   
I looked down to avoid her eyes, blushing further, but doing so allowed me to stand there, in the middle of the hall, and soak in every detail of my almost-naked breasts, the outline of my puffy nipples clearly visible.  With the hand that was away from Ms. Clark, between my side and the open locker door, I lifted my hem slightly and felt the clammy, goose-bumped flesh of my hip.  Kristin, realizing her authority in the situation, adopted the attitude of a full-on cunt and began tattling to Clark.  As Clark’s scowl bore down on every detail of my exposed body, I ran my fingers along the crease at the bottom of my ass, inward, and pulling slightly, hardly moving my arm at all, I was able to touch the jewel still embedded in my ass.  Pushing on it, I raised my eyes toward Clark and Kristin.  “And look, Ms. Clark,” Kristin finished, “she’s not even wearing underwear!”   
   
By this time more students, who had not wanted to be noticed when it was only the jocks, had stopped behind Ms. Clark and Kristin to watch.  Kristin’s last comment raised a flurry of whispers and nudges.  I could hardly even breathe anymore; my heart was pounding in my chest; the pussy juice was running down my thighs.  I realized everyone could actually see my pussy juice, but they would not realize it because of the rain water, and that made me tingle even more.  I moved my right hand (the one closer to the crowd) in front of my pussy, ostensibly to conceal it, but cupped it outright, my fingers curling inward.  I had caught the skirt just right, and the very tips of my fingers brushed against my distended inner lips.  I stifled a gasp, but now one hand was touching my pussy, the other fingering the butt plug in my asshole, in front of a crowd of students.  I tried to act shy while I flicked my lips right in front of them, half hoping they could see that even this was just an act.

Then Ms. Clark did something unbelievable.  She stepped toward me and seized both my wrists and yanked them away from my sides, saying sternly, “Is this true, young lady?”  As she yanked I curled my fingers and caught the hem of my dress and as she pulled up on my wrists the hem came with it so the entire crowd, even the jocks, who were now facing the scene again, could see that indeed no panties covered my smooth, bare, dripping pussy.  Realizing what she had done Ms. Clark herself immediately released my hands and pushed the skirt back down.  “See, Ms. Clark?  She’s so . . . dirty!”   
   
I could hardly contain myself any longer.  I gasped audibly, my knees shook.  Kristin had just accused me of being a dirty girl in front of the whole school, and they saw it!  They saw how dirty I was, my bare pussy, no underwear in the middle of school.  Oh my god, just barely out of sight for all to see was a vulgar sex toy lodged into my asshole!  It was right there, if Ms. Clark had just spun me around.   
   
The bell rang, and Ms. Clark clapped her hands and sharply commanded the students to get to class.  “None of you have any excuse for being late!”  They did as they were told and reluctantly shuffled off, except Kristin, who lingered, apparently thinking of herself as an accident witness whose testimony might be needed.  “You too, Ms. Beecham,” Clark told her.  “Now, young lady, where should you be now?”  “Art class,” I told her, “Ms. Drake’s class.”   
   
“What were you thinking, girl?  You can’t walk around school like that!”  “Ms. Clark, it started raining on the way to school!  There was nothing I could do!”  “I’m going to talk to your parents.  They can’t let you come to school dressed like this.  What got into you?  I thought you were a good girl.”  “I don’t know, Ms. Clark.  It was just this one time!  It was kind of . . . exciting to think about, but it was stupid!  I will never do it again!”  My fingers crept back and found the toy in my ass once again.  I shifted my legs slightly, and tugged a little on the plug, feeling the pressure on the inside of my asshole.  “Exciting!  To have the whole class think you are a whore?”  My eyes closed again involuntarily.  I wished desperately I could touch my clitoris while she berated me.  “No, it was really stupid!  I will never do it again, I promise.  Please just let me go this time.”  “But you can’t walk around school dressed like this!  Do you have a sweater or something?”  “Ms. Clark, it will be okay, look, it’s almost dry.”  Wickedly, I reached up with both hands and cupped my breasts, pinched my nipples and pulled on them so the fabric peeled away from my skin.  “I’ll use the hand drier in the bathroom to dry it off.  The fabric is very thick when it’s dry.”   
   
I moved my hand back to my ass, but this time Ms. Clark saw me.  “What do you have there?” she asked, spinning me around.  “Nothing!” I exclaimed.  She actually patted down my ass like a cop, if she had just pushed a little more her fingers would have brushed against the jewel.  “All right.  I don’t want to embarrass you anymore than you’ve already embarrassed yourself.  I think you have probably been punished enough.  But if I ever see you dressed like this again I will be calling your parents.”   
   
“Thank you, Ms. Clark,” I said meekly, slammed my locker, and jogged down the hallway.  “Where are your shoes!” Ms. Clark yelled right as I turned the corner.  I did not pause, but ran full speed up the hallway at the side of the arboretum, stopping at the corner before the front hallway and the Quad.   
   
I was now at the stairwell the top of which was where I had peed and masturbated the day before (only a few hours before!).  There was of course exactly zero question in my mind that I was going to masturbate, the question was where.  Part of me wanted to return to the scene of the crime and do it again, but another part felt something new was in order.  I realized I was running out of places to go!  I’d been in the practice rooms, the stairwells, the auditorium (although I had not masturbated there yet), I’d walked come-drenched across the Quad.  The gym?  The pool?  Glancing out the windows of the Quad, I decided.  The Quad is like a bridge, there are no class rooms underneath, it is an open concrete sidewalk with pillars to hold up the span.  Beyond this sidewalk on one side was an open field that led to the back of the school and the sports fields.  On the other side was a kind of grotto or sunken garden between the sidewalk and the circular drive at the front of the school.  From inside the garden, the drive was ten feet overhead on one side, the Quad on the other.   
   
I went down the stairs and out to a bench right below the Quad, with its back facing toward the sports fields behind, which were empty because of the rain.  The rain had stopped now, and the sun was peaking out, and the air was muggy and still.  The bench was still wet.  I gathered my skirt around my hips and sat down.  The recent rain and my white dress were creating a problem.  A see-through dress would dry, but a dirty dress would look terrible.  I looked around again, this garden was peaceful and quiet, and although there were two thousand students within 200 yards of this spot, some even crossing right overhead, none would be looking down here.  After the heavy rain, I was quite sure no one would be coming out any time soon.  I hung my dress on the knob of a water fountain next to the bench, and opened my purse on the bench beside me.   
   
First I turned on the camera on my cell phone and lifted my bare feet to the edge of the bench.  By holding the phone under my ass and leaning forward, I could see the image of the butt plug still lodged in my asshole, where it had been all morning as a hundred students looked at my almost naked body.  I gingerly grabbed the edges of the base with my fingers and pulled, and watched with fascination as the edge of my asshole strained and stretched then suddenly opened and the toy popped out into my hand.  My little pink asshole closed neatly where the jewel had been.  I dropped the phone back in my purse and held the butt plug up to my face and examined it minutely, with fascination.  I took out the black dildo and leaned down again to watch as its head rubbed up and down between my lips, then the whole thick thing slid slowly into my pussy.  With my feet still up on the bench like that I felt so full.  Finally I switched on my new little vibrator and pressed it against my clitoris.  I never made it to art class.  I was right, the garden was peaceful and undisturbed, and for the whole rest of the hour I fucked and vibrated myself to orgasm.  The first two or three of course were intense and quick, but then I lay back and took my time exploring my open pussy in the front yard of the school.  Part of me, I am sure, wanted to be caught again, but I knew I wouldn’t be.  This was a fantastically quiet and private place in the middle of the bustling school.  When the distant bell finally sounded, I quickly slipped on my now dry dress and headed back into the building.

I braced myself to be ridiculed, but it didn’t happen, at least not yet.  Instead what everyone was talking about was the announcement the principal had made during first hour, an announcement that I had somehow missed.  When I got to Mr. Brzezinski’s class for physics, my friend Leslie asked me if I had heard.  I thought at first she must be talking about me, but that didn’t make sense.  Rather, the principal had gotten on the PA system to lecture the whole school, en masse, because someone had peed in the stairwell after school yesterday!  Of course, I thought to myself, it was actually during sixth hour, not after school.  The principal apparently assumed it was some kind of prank, maybe the jocks, but they had no way of finding out, so he had no choice but to try to shame the entire school because I had pissed, while completely naked and covered with come, from the third floor landing onto the stairs below.  The whole school was talking about what I had done!   
   
Even after my hour-long session in the garden, Leslie’s story had me excited again.  I sit in the back row in Mr. Brzezinski’s class also, so it was quite simple for me to finger myself during class.  I did so for the first half hour, not really trying to make myself come, until, at 9:45, I felt the urge to pee.  For five minutes I contemplated whether I could do it right where I sat.  Could I do it quietly enough, maybe just a little bit, so no one would notice?  I almost decided to try just a little squirt but I thought, what if I can’t stop?  (I had never tried that before.)  Instead I went to the front of the class and told Mr. Brzezinski I had to go pee.  He looked at me a little surprised, as the normal thing to say is to ask permission to go to the bathroom, but he nodded.   
   
My mind raced to calculate whether I would be blamed.  I had just left to go to the bathroom.  On the other hand, they will not be able to pinpoint when it happened.  Then I realized that even though I had just been lectured by Ms. Clark that morning, there was no way she would connect my coming to school with no panties on to what I was about to do, piss all over the floor.   
   
I turned to the left, to the stairs where Chloe and I had come in that morning, the same stairs where I had ended my handcuffed adventure.  The best spot, I decided, was the top of those stairs.  They were the furthest stairs in the whole building, and on the third floor they were only accessed by the students on that side hall (the one opposite M. Phillips’s class).  The fantastic detail of these stairs was that above the exit door, the whole stairway was lined with floor-to-ceiling windows looking out over the parking lot where Chloe was parked, and the busy street beyond.  As I climbed to the third-floor landing I pulled off my dress and hung it on the banister out of the way.  Looking quickly out into the third-floor hall to make sure no one was coming, I lay down flat on my back, with my pussy on the edge of the stairs, exposed to the windows and the cars passing in the distance, and my feet resting down one, and let go, peeing in the hallway again for the second time in less than a day.  I loved that the principal was angry about what I had done.  I pushed down with my muscles and the strong stream reached almost to the windows.  With both hands I began rubbing my pussy vigorously, causing the strong stream of piss to splash in every direction, my thighs and feet again, even my tummy.  When it was done, I and the stairs were covered in piss.  This dress wasn’t like my black skirt--the pee would surely cause a stain.  I had no choice.  That was my punishment.  If people were investigating who was peeing on the floor, let them see a yellow stain on my dress and wonder.   
   
I hopped down the stairs and back to class, my thighs now slick with my urine.   
   
Nothing happened third hour (except Ms. Clark glared at me the whole class), but fourth hour the PA speaker exploded with the bellowing voice of the principal.  Someone had peed in the stairwell AGAIN!  The whole class erupted in laughter.  By now everyone was sure it was the football team, but of course they had no proof.   
   
Fifth hour, French class, the grapevine finally wound its way back to me, and Samantha, the girl I sat next to, said to me, “Zoe?  Everyone is talking about you.  Did you not wear underwear?”  I shook my head.  “You’re in big trouble.”  Class started and she had to stop talking.  Sure enough, I saw one girl in front of the class pass the boy next to her a note, and he turned and looked at me over his shoulder.  He passed the note on, and one by one each person in class read the note then looked at me and smirked.  They were all laughing at me.  A month ago it would have ended my life, but I sat there basking in their stares, knowing that, indeed, my pussy was bare under the dress.  The rest of the day was like a gauntlet as I walked slowly down the halls, through throngs of whispering, nudging, glaring students.  I was a little disappointed that none said anything to me directly.  Because of the excitement of the day, though, I was spent.

Chloe called me Friday night to ask if I wanted to go to a movie.  I said sure.  We decided on Black Swan, which had been playing for a couple months now but neither of us had seen yet.  The next showing wasn’t until 10:30PM.  I slipped on a dress and waited outside for her to pick me up.   
   
The theater was a giant multiplex with like 20 screens, ten on each side down two hallways going off in either direction from the concession stand in the middle.  The movie was playing all the way at the end of the hallway to the left.  The theater itself was small, only about 15 rows above the aisle that cut across from one exit to the other.  Because we were so early, we found the theater in that strange situation where the regular overhead lights were on, lighting the theater brightly like a regular room.  The theater was entirely empty, but the workers’ brooms and garbage cans were sitting near one exit.   
   
“Wow, Chloe, we’re all alone!”  I said, “Let’s sit in the back.”  I ran up the stairs to the very back row, right under the window to the projection booth, and she followed.   
   
As she sat down next to me and put her feet up on the seat in front of us, I admired her long smooth thighs.  I put my feet up next to hers, so my bare thigh rested against hers.  We sat there a second looking at the brightly lit theater, then she said, “So what happened this morning at school after we came in?”  “Oh my god it was insane,” I told her.  “My dress was completely see-through.  I might as well have been naked.”  (She still didn’t know that I had been actually naked in the school on several occasions.)  “First these jocks started making comments, then Kristin noticed.”  “Oh no!” Chloe said; she knew what Kristin was like.  I casually lifted my knee over hers, pulling her right thigh toward me, at the same time letting my left thigh fall open toward her lap.  She was wearing shorts, unfortunately.  They were tight and short and bright red—Chloe was sexy, whether she knew it or not.  With her leg lying open, I could see the hollow of her inner thigh, so tantalizingly close to her panties, but the shadows were wrong so I couldn’t actually see anything.  The skirt of my dress rested between my thighs, loosely covering my bare pussy.   
   
“And then Ms. Clark showed up!”  “Oh my god!”  She had had her hands awkwardly folded across her stomach, trying not to touch me, then with a burst of courage that I knew had her trembling inside, she lifted her arm and placed her hand on my bare thigh.  I was so happy and proud of her; I knew that took as much courage for her as walking naked down the hallway took for me.  “So what happened then?” she asked, lightly brushing my thigh with her fingertips.  This was a huge moment for her, and I was going to reward her for it.   
   
A girl and a boy with white shirts, black slacks, and name tags, appeared at the walkway that ran along the stadium seats to the left.  They were about our age, but I didn’t recognize them.  Chloe stiffened and tried to sit up and close her knees but I grabbed her hand and held it to my thigh, and kept her leg pinned under mine.  “It’s okay,” I whispered; “they don’t know us, and they wouldn’t care anyway.”  She relaxed a little but still stared at them wide-eyed.  Hardly glancing in our direction, they grabbed the brooms and garbage cans and exited again, just as another couple entered.  These two were much older, in their fifties at least, and they did stare at us disapprovingly, especially the woman.  That irritated me a little; nothing inappropriate was going on.  Perhaps our positions were not entirely lady-like, and we were holding hands, but just in a friendly way.  Even my spread pussy was covered by my skirt.  They sat down in the middle of the theater, six or seven rows in front of us.  Then the lights dimmed and the slideshow began.   
   
Chloe relaxed beside me, and repeated her question.  “Then,” I told her, “Kristin starts telling on me to Ms. Clark.  She goes, ‘Ms. Clark, Zoe is not wearing any underwear!’”  The old lady turned around to glare and I realized I had said this rather loudly in mimicking Kristin’s voice.  “Well, I wasn’t!” I called down to the old lady and laughed.  Chloe squeezed my hand and whispered, “you’re so bad!”  I noticed happily that she was not mortified, she sounded almost conspiratorial.  That was great.   
   
Several more people came in.  Several high school girls sat in a row in front of the old couple.  Two dating couples sat on the ends of a couple rows.  Resting my hand on Chloe’s smooth thigh next to her hand resting on mine, I leaned toward her and told her about how Ms. Clark had raised my arms, and I had grabbed the hem of my dress so Clark had actually raised the dress above my hips, exposing my pussy right there in the middle of the hallway with the jocks and Kristin looking on.  I squeezed her thigh as I told her this, and she squeezed mine back.  “Seriously?!  What happened?”  “That was about it,” I told her.  “She wanted me to go home and change, but I told her the dress was almost dry and then I just ran down the hall to art class.”   
   
Chloe looked at the screen thoughtfully, shaking her head.  “You’re just so insane.”  She hesitated.  “It turns you on, doesn’t it?  Is that why you do it?”  I nodded yes.  “So much, Chloe, I can’t even tell you.”  We paused again a moment, both lightly rubbing the other’s thigh.  “Let me ask you something,” I said.  “What do you think when I masturbate in your car?”  It had been two weeks now since I had first done that.  I had done it five or six times since then, the last time was this past Monday after I had walked naked with the handcuffs.  She just shrugged.  “No, come on, tell me. . . .  Do you ever masturbate?”  She nodded slowly and looked at me.  “Yeah, but only with my hands.”  “So what did you think the first time I masturbated?  Did it turn you on?”  “I couldn’t believe it.  I was shocked.  Not that you were masturbating--I mean, like I said, I do too, so I assume everyone does.  But no one talks about it!  I couldn’t believe you were doing it in front of me.  It’s supposed to be secret.”  “Did that turn you on?”  She nodded again.  “Yes, I mean, it was a lot of things.  Partly it turned me on because you were, you know, making yourself come.  And then, seeing you do it.  I mean, watching someone else do it, see how you do it, that is exciting too.”  I nodded.  “Yes, me too, it is really exciting for me too, to know you are watching.”   
   
She seemed to have broken through her shyness and wanted to talk more.  “And then also, just to see your pussy.  I’m not gay.”  I raised my eyebrows.  “You’re not?”  “No!  You thought I was?”  “Well, I wasn’t sure, but I thought maybe you were.”  “Oh. . . .  Are you?”  “No!  I’m not!  It’s weird.  I think we were thinking the same thing.  I’m not gay but I love having you watch me.”  “Yeah.  That’s how I feel.  Anyway, it really turns me on to see your pussy.  I don’t know why, just because it’s another one, you know?  Not mine.  To see how it’s different, how it makes you feel.”   
   
I looked over the other movie-goers.  All were watching the slideshow or having their own conversations.  I pulled up my skirt to my bellybutton.  The theater was now dim, but not too dark, and one of the little lights in the ceiling shined right onto my crotch.  “Do you want to look at it?” I asked her.  “You don’t have to be shy about it.”  She looked quickly around the theater as well to make sure we were unobserved, then bent toward it.  “I love it, Zoe.  The shaft of your clitoris is so thick, and your pussy lips are so big.”  “You can feel it if you want,” I said, and pushed her hand up my thigh toward my crotch.   
   
The lights in the theater dimmed and the previews began.  “Oh no,” Chloe whimpered, taking away her hand and smoothing my skirt down over my thighs as three junior-high boys came in and sat down one row in front of us, a few seats to our left.  Then a couple in their twenties came in and sat in the very back row, our row, on the very end, about ten seats or so away from Chloe.  Several more people came in and sat scattered in the middle and front of the theater.  By the time the “silence your cell phone” message came on the theater was actually fairly full, despite the movie being so old.  Then just before the movie started a boy and girl, thirteen or so, probably on their first date, came in and climbed the stairs to the back row as well.  The girl entered the row first, and she and I stared at each other.  She smiled shyly, flashing a mouthful of braces.  Even in the gloom I could see she was pretty.  She was Asian, with long thick hair and glasses, and tight hip-hugger jeans and a cute embroidered spaghetti-strap top that exposed her waist and tummy.  That lanky boy was one lucky little bastard!  I sat up a little and kind of adjusted the seat next to me, hoping to indicate she should sit near us.  And she did!  To the obvious annoyance of her friend, rather than sitting on the end of the row, she came right up and sat down with only one seat between us.  She rested her left arm firmly on the armrest, a few inches from my hand still resting on the seat between us, and stared straight ahead.  Jesus my attentions were suddenly divided between this amazing little thing that had just sat down beside me and my friend who had been examining my pussy one second before!

The lights went fully dark and the movie began beaming down from the window over our heads.  I boldly slid my hand up Chloe’s thigh until I felt the hem of her shorts, and the fleshy part of her inner thigh.  “It’s not fair that you’ve seen my pussy, Chloe, but I’ve never seen yours,” I whispered to her.  She ignored me, pretending to watch the movie.  I leaned toward her and kissed her on the lips.  She kissed me back briefly, then leaned back to watch the movie, as though to say, “I like you too, but not now, honey, let’s watch the movie.”  I knew better, though.  I was now turned fully toward her and pushed up the armrest between us.  Her simple white blouse glowed in the dark.  I rested my right hand on her chest over her heart, between her small breasts.  She didn’t move, still pretending to watch the movie, and I slid my fingers down from her collar bone and unbuttoned the first button.  “Stop it!” she hissed.  I hooked my finger around the next button and shook my head, “no, baby, I want to see you.  No one’s paying attention to us.  And it’s dark in here.”  I unbuttoned the last three buttons and without thinking glanced over my shoulder at the Asian girl.  She was staring right at me, the flickering blue light from the movie giving her pale face a ghostly appearance.  I slowly, deliberately, turned back toward Chloe and pulled open her blouse.  Her chest was heaving in the flickering light.  Her white lacy bra, I could see, hooked in the front.  Chloe’s hand slid under the armrest and clutched my knee.  I pushed the end of the hook through the loop and pushed one cup to the side, tucking it between her arm and ribcage, then the other, so her nipples and chest were exposed to the movie theater, the blue light and shadows dancing across her tummy.  Her nipples were far puffier than mine, sticking out like scoops of ice cream on a piece of cake.  With me, it’s my areolae that are puffy, with little bumps for nipples in the middle.  With Chloe, though, it seemed that the whole nipple itself was puffy.  I bent down and took the right nipple between my lips.  It felt like a small balloon, like it was filled with air.  I pushed on it with my tongue and she squeezed my knee tightly with her nails.  I pulled back and smiled at her, whispering, “Will you watch the movie with me like this, please?”  Chloe nodded.  Still staring at the screen, she slid her left hand over her tummy and pushed on one nipple then the other, seemingly to see what they felt like in the open, then wedged her left hand again between the seats to her left, her right hand still on my knee.   
   
I looked over my shoulder again at the Asian girl still staring at us in the gloom.  I turned onto my back and slid way down, so I was almost flat on my back, my butt hanging over the edge of the seat, and pressed myself down so I was not blocking the girl’s view of Chloe.  Her full lips parted as she gasped, and she turned her head toward the screen, as she did so her left arm falling from the armrest to the seat between us.  With me sunk so low in my seat, Chloe’s hand was now resting on my hip bone, her fingers a few inches from the cleft of my pussy, though still on top of my skirt; my left hand was resting on her shorts, my forearm pushing against her warm and bare side.   
   
Slowly, so Chloe wouldn’t notice, I pushed up the armrest to my right and rested my hand in the middle of the seat between us.  All three of us stared at the screen while every fiber of our beings were focused on what was happening beside us.  Onscreen Natalie Portman was in Vincent Cassel’s office and he was molesting her.  I could feel, just through the heat of my fingertips, that the Asian girl’s fingers were tantalizingly close to mine, just a twitch of my pinky and I knew I would brush against her.  I felt her move again, and I adjusted in my seat and the edge of my finger touched hers.   
   
I paused; she didn’t move away.  I slid my hand over hers and began caressing the back of her hand sensually with my fingertips.  She turned her hand over and I brushed my fingers up over the skin on the inside of her forearm.  I knew this would tingle and really get to her.  Out of the corner of her eye I saw her actually shift away from her poor boyfriend in the next seat over who had no idea what the girl whose ticket he had just bought was doing there in the dark.   
   
After several minutes of this bliss, me caressing the arm of this beautiful young stranger to my right while Chloe sat half naked, her hand almost on my pussy, to my left, the girl’s friend suddenly got up and headed for the exit.  Before he had even reached the end of the aisle I pulled on the girl’s arm, and she pushed up the armrest and slid over next to me.  She was sitting more upright and looking down at my supine body, my head about on a level with her breasts and her beautiful bare shoulders, so she could look down at Chloe’s naked breasts and our thighs and our hands.  Because she was slightly above and behind me, Chloe still had not noticed her.   
   
The whole theater was engrossed in the film, and looking up again at my beautiful new friend, I slid the straps of my dress off my shoulders and pulled the top down around my waist.  The girl gasped again and smiled, her braces flashing.  Chloe then did something unexpected.  She rolled toward me and pulled my nipple into her mouth.  I was really surprised she had suddenly taken the initiative, and her mouth on my breasts felt wonderful.  I arched my back and moaned very softly, and put my hand on the girl’s thigh and squeezed.  Surreptitiously fondling this thirteen-year-old girl while Chloe licked my nipples unaware was fantastic.  I felt an unbelievably powerful attraction and connection to this girl, in this moment that we were sharing secretly from our two companions.   
   
“Shit!” the girl whispered suddenly and pulled away as her boyfriend appeared at the end of the entrance hallway.  Chloe pulled away and both she and I scrambled to cover ourselves.  Although she had quickly settled into the seat and was pretending to watch the movie, the boy saw that she had moved over one seat, and whispered to her, “Why are you sitting here?”  She whispered back, “that girl asked me a question about the movie.”   
   
We all sat there quietly for a time watching the movie.  Who knows what was going on, but Natalie and Mila were in a bar.  I felt the girl’s elbow move against me and what I saw almost caused me to come right there.  She had hooked the spaghetti strap of her top with her left thumb and was slowly pulling it down to her side, exposing her breast to me while her boyfriend sat right there to her right, oblivious.  Her breasts were absolutely fantastic.  At thirteen they were way nicer than Chloe’s or mine would ever be.  They were big, a little bigger than mine, and insanely firm, and she had the biggest nipple I had ever seen.  Not puffy like Chloe’s and mine.  This one was long, sticking out at least an inch from her breast.  She heard me gasp and wiggled against me.  Chloe heard me also.  Fortunately at that minute Natalie kissed Mila on the screen, so when I nodded in that direction Chloe understood what I meant.   
   
I sat up straight and folded my arms and pushed my left hand under my right arm toward the girl.  With the back of my fingers I brushed the side of her breast briefly but was unable to do more.  She covered her breast quickly, and her leg jerked and I heard a cup spill between the seats of the row below us.  She turned toward her friend and whispered, “I spilled my coke.”  With her back to me, I reached up and ran my hand up her spine under her thick, heavy hair to her neck, which I massaged as she spoke to him.  “Could you go get me another one?”  “What?!  The line’s like a mile long.  It will take forever.”  “Please?”  He grunted exasperated.  “Please?”  He slapped the armrest to his right in anger and got up again and stomped back down the stairs.  Wow, she had him wrapped around her finger.   
   
As the boy disappeared down the hallway I pushed my dress down to my waist again, and was again pleased when Chloe opened her blouse up too, exposing her puffy little nipples.  I squeezed the girl’s hand and turned toward Chloe, then reached behind me and guided the girl’s hand to my waist.  She slid her hand up my side and then cupped my breast in her hand.  I let out a shuddery gasp and placed my hand on Chloe’s belly and slid it down to the top button of her shorts.  “Chloe, I’m going to make you come,” I whispered to her, and she nodded.  After the lesbian scene in the movie, the couple at the end of the row were now fully making out, and the boys in front of us were engrossed in Natalie’s travails.  I unbuttoned and unzipped her shorts and pushed one side down.  She lifted her hips and pushed on the other side, till her shorts and panties fell to the floor, and Chloe’s beautiful body was completely naked and exposed to me (and the rest of the moviegoers) for the first time.  Then I felt two hard nipples press against my naked back as the Asian girl pressed herself against me, her sweet breath on my ear as she peered over my shoulder at the naked girl next to me.  I couldn’t stand it.  I turned around and kissed her hungrily, smashing her lips against mine, thrusting my tongue into her mouth, feeling the sharp metal of her braces and the taught rubber bands.  Her nipples and breasts pushed against mine.  I wanted her so bad.  I broke the kiss and whispered into her ear, “will you help me make my friend come?”  She nodded and kissed me again.  “What’s your name?”  “Emily.”  “I’m Zoe, this is Chloe.” 

I turned back toward Chloe.  “What’s going on?” she asked, not sure if she should be mad.  “This insanely sexy girl wants to help me.”  I kissed her full on the lips.  “Is that okay?”  Chloe looked over my shoulder, seeing Emily for the first time, and nodded.  I turned back toward Emily and pulled one of her nipples into my mouth.  She moaned, quite loudly, and pulled my head onto her firm young breasts.  I wondered to myself if there was any way I could spend more time with her outside of this dark theater.  I pushed myself up onto my knees so we were facing each other and pulled my dress off over my head.  “Oh my god,” she whispered.   
   
“What the fuck?”  It was the guy from the couple at the end of the row.  He had seen us!  I flipped him off and motioned for him to go back to his girlfriend.  They both stared, but did nothing else.  Luckily, when he said that the boys in the row in front looked at him rather than at us, so they were still unaware of the two and a half naked girls right behind them.  I slid down to the floor between Chloe’s legs and sat cross-legged on her shorts.  Emily moved over to my seat.  I could see her now, her beautiful breasts exposed, a lot of her flat tummy above her low-riding jeans.  She turned toward Chloe and began to play with her nipples.   
   
I scooted forward between Chloe’s legs, but in the dark between the rows of seats I could see nothing.  I stuck out my tongue and ran it over her smooth outer lip, which was slick with her pussy juice.  At the same time I reached out with my left hand and ran it up over Emily’s hip to her warm flat tummy.  As my fingers encountered the button of her jeans, she pushed her crotch toward my hand and I realized she wanted to be naked too.  I had been wanting all night to get Chloe naked and eat her out, but my desire for Emily was so overwhelming nothing else mattered.  Knowing how humiliating it would be to Chloe to be left there naked, and not caring at all if she never spoke to me again because of it, I scooted over between Emily’s legs and unbuttoned her jeans.   
   
She lay back, her butt off the edge of the seat.  I unzipped the jeans and began to tug them down over her already womanly hips.  She lifted her butt to help me.  I realized that she was as aware as I was that she had stolen me away from Chloe, just as I had stolen her away from her boyfriend, and the illicit pleasure that comes from sharing the infliction of cruelty upon someone undeserved excited both of us tremendously.  Once I got her jeans past her hips, she lifted her knees, and for a moment her pussy and ass were lit by the flickering blue light of the screen.  It was fantastic.  They were fantastic.  She had big inner lips already at this young age, but whereas mine are pink, hers, in the blue light at least, seemed to be darker, grayish, and they were squeezed together by her thighs.  Her exposed young butt hole was the same color.  Her jeans were around her ankles above my head, and her panties wedged between her thighs.  I didn’t even give her time to spread her legs, I dove right in like I had not eaten for a week.  Of course I never had eaten anything like that before—I probably never will again.   
   
I plunged my tongue into her hole as deep as it would go.  She tasted so good, sweet, but a tiny bit pungent deep inside.  Her pussy was slick with the juice, and it smeared all over my chin and nose and cheeks and lips.  I pulled my tongue out of her hole, between those amazing lips, and up over her clitoris.  My hands squeezed her thighs together, pressing the cool skin against my face and my eyes, and I ate her hungrily, tasting her sweet young juices.  She began to frantically kick her pants loose so she could spread her legs then finally grabbed one heel and pulled one leg free so her legs and pussy could spread fully open to my mouth.  She grabbed my head with both hands and pushed me into her as I continued to tongue her clitoris for all I was worth.  I moved my hands to her breasts and found Chloe’s hands already there, and actually felt a pang of jealousy—I wanted her to myself.  In no time I heard her begin to breathe faster, and her legs started opening and closing rhythmically until she arched her back and came with my face pressed into her.   
   
“Shit!” she whispered again, and sat up, pulling her top up over her breasts.  The boyfriend was back.  “I’m going to get rid of him,” she whispered, and stood up, still working her leg into her jeans.  At the end of our row, their voices were loud enough to make people turn and say “shh!” but I couldn’t make out the words.  Then the boy went back down the stairs and Emily came back to us.  “I have to go,” she said, looking like she was about to cry.  “My mom is waiting for us outside.”  On the screen Natalie fell off some platform.  I quickly dug my phone out of my purse and handed it to her.  She typed in her number then leaned down to kiss me good-bye, and she was gone.  Suddenly the lights came on and the credits began to roll.  I still sat there naked.  Chloe had pulled on her shorts and partially buttoned her blouse.  The boys in front of us finally noticed the naked girl behind them and started laughing and making stupid comments.  I stood up and my hair got in the light, casting a shadow on the screen, causing several people in the audience to look up at me, to see a naked girl standing in the back of the theater.  I suddenly got shy and quickly pulled my dress over my head.  There was a real buzz then among the people who had seen me, but when others looked there was nothing to see.   
   
With my dress on I had a moment to calm down and collect myself.  The audience had all turned back to shuffling out of the theater, except the three boys, who were still staring.  “Come on, show us again,” one of them said.  “You mean like this?” I asked, and pulled the dress back up over my breasts, exposing my body fully to the three junior high boys.  This time, since I had spoken to them, they were no longer making comments, but just stared in awe.  About half the patrons had left now.  I turned to Chloe.  “Come on, Chloe, do it.  No one’s going to see but these three boys, and they are just going to look.  Right?” I directed the last to them.  They all nodded.  I reached for her shorts and tugged on them.  “Holy shit, look!” we heard–the male half of one of the couples had seen us just before he disappeared down the hallway.  His girlfriend, and the four or five people still in the theater, including the old couple, looked up then and really saw us.  Even though the old lady was visibly disgusted, what could she say?  I heard her “tsk,” even from a distance, but she led her husband on out the hallway.  The man who had seen us said, “keep it up girls!”  That made me start to tingle again a little bit.  “Come on, it’s almost empty now.”  I unbuttoned her shorts and pushed them and her panties down to the floor.  I had Chloe almost naked once again.  She was breathing shallowly, clearly really excited.  I unbuttoned the two buttons she had fastened and pushed her blouse and her bra, which she had not refastened, off her shoulders.  Then looking around to make sure everyone was watching, I leaned in and kissed her on the mouth.  The boys and the men all cheered.  Chloe blushed deeply but amazingly did not move to cover herself.   
   
“Come on, I dare you to walk to the car naked,” I told her.  I picked up her shorts and blouse from the ground and stuffed them into my purse.  The rest of the patrons had finally left.  “Okay, you have to stay there, or we’re putting our clothes back on,” I told them.  With just us and the three boys in the theater, it felt almost casual.  Then the lights went bright and the two workers from before came in again.  They looked at us, made no effort to say anything or do anything, and I knew we were okay.  “Come on,” I told Chloe.  We walked to the end of the row and down the stairs toward the boy and girl in the uniforms.  “Hi,” I said brightly as we walked past.  They just stared, grasping their brooms.  “Can we go out the back way?” I asked the boy.  He nodded, and grasping Chloe’s hand, we ran toward the exit door under the screen.  Before leaving, we turned around to soak in what we had done.  From under the screen, I could see the whole theater.  I pictured us in the top row, so far up there, naked behind a big crowd of people, then we had been seen by a dozen people without consequence, and walked right by several, as though it weren’t a big deal!  No one had done anything!  Or so I thought.  Just then I heard a jingling, and, I don’t know how, but I just knew it was the keys hanging off the belt of a rent-a-cop, or even worse, a real cop, coming around the corner and into the theater.  “Shit!” I said and Chloe and I ran through the exit door.   
   
We were now stark naked in the parking lot at almost one in the morning, right under a harsh street light.  Luckily we could see Chloe’s car down the aisle in front of us about 50 yards back, and the parking lot was darker than it was right next to the building.  To the left, parked at the curb at the front entrance, sure enough was an actual cop car!  In a panic we made a dash for Chloe's car, bent over and trying to stay behind the parked cars.  Although we had to actually dash past a couple of people walking to their cars, miraculously the cops had not seen us, and we ducked down against Chloe’s car.  I peeked around the bumper back to the theater, and the door we had just come out of opened, and a cop emerged.  Jesus this was really serious!  “Give me my clothes!” Chloe hissed at me.  We both quickly pulled on our clothes and hopped in the car.  Chloe was shaking so badly she almost hit a car parked at the end of the row, but once we got onto the street she began to relax.  We had made it.