**Heather’s Tornado Disaster**

by Ewong

I’ve heard stories about things like this happening, but I never thought it would happen to me. For one, I live in southern California, where tornadoes NEVER happen. I haven’t been back to Texas since I was ten. I’m seventeen now, and about to start my senior year of high school. My parents suggested that I visit my hometown before I go off to college. Since I was going to only spend a week there, and be back before school, I decided to give it a whirl. They arranged for me to stay with my Aunt Mildred and Uncle Bud. Yeah, totally cliché, right? Well they had a farm out there where they raised chickens and stuff. Aunt Millie (as I remember her) and Uncle Bud were the same age as my parents, which meant that my cousins were as old as me. I haven’t seen them since we left there, and I remember being good friends with them. So, I decided on a whim to not bring my cell phone or any other electronics, since I was going to try to recapture my youth in a way, and experience how my cousins probably lived.

Now’s about the time in the story when I tell you that things went wrong, and I was the object of humiliation for my cousins, right? Well, here is where you are wrong, dear reader. I had a blast getting to know my cousins again, and my aunt and uncle were as nice as can be. I learned how to drive a tractor, shovel chicken droppings (eww!), and milk a cow. I couldn’t believe how interesting and nice the neighbors were. Though, I suspect having a pretty girl from California would do that to them. I don’t think too much of myself. I don’t style my hair or anything, but I keep it clean and I usually grow it just past my shoulders. I’ve been told my eyes are very expressive, but I think they’re just staring at my breasts. They are only a B cup, but they are very perky and stand out quite a bit when I’m at the beach. My butt isn’t much to look at, but that’s fine. So where is the trouble in all this? The problem started the night before I was to fly back home.

The last two days, I had been getting back into my old routine of staying up late watching TV before going to bed. The rest of them were okay with it since I was leaving them soon anyway. I usually take a shower before my favorite show comes on at 1am. The family goes to bed at 10, so they can wake up for their morning chores. I laid the clothes I was to wear the next day on the chair next to my bed. Since I wasn’t to leave until the afternoon, I hadn’t packed up my suitcase yet. I showered, toweled off, and donned my sleepwear before going into the living room. I heard some distant wind outside, but didn’t think anything of it. I’ve heard strong wind sounds from California, and there didn’t seem to be any cause for alarm, so I sat quietly watching the show. During a commercial break, a breaking news bulletin came on. I listened carefully to the news anchor as she frantically read off the announcement. A tornado was heading our way!

The 3-minute timer was counting down, and I heard the sirens outside. I had to act fast. I hurried into my aunt and uncle’s room and woke them up. Once they heard the sirens, they told me to wake my cousins. The two boys shot out of bed and began to put their pants on as I went back to check on my aunt and uncle. They were already in the living room locking all the windows and the back door. When Aunt Millie saw me, she shouted, “Where are your shoes? We have to get to the cellar OUTSIDE!” Since I’ve never experienced anything like this before, I just shrugged and turned around to go back when my cousins appeared in the room. Uncle Bud yelled at us to get out of the house, so they grabbed my arms and ran outside as fast as they could. It was at this point that I realized I was only wearing a large t-shirt and my white cotton panties.

As I was dragged away from the house, I was able to catch a last glimpse of the house with the winds whipping the trees around, and lightning in the distance. We got down into the cellar and my arms were released. My aunt and uncle thanked me for waking them up just in time, and wrapped a blanket around me. It was at this point that I noticed that I was shivering pretty badly. I’m not sure if it was fear, adrenaline, or embarrassment of being the most under-dressed person here. My uncle latched the cellar door closed and my aunt lit a lantern in the middle of the room. They were definitely prepared for the worst as they had canned food, dried food, gallons of water, and even games to play. After a while, we calmed down and went to sleep.

The next day, I was woken up by my aunt rubbing my shoulder. “It’s all clear honey. Time to get back to the house.” She said. I sighed in relief as my uncle unlocked the door and we surveyed the damage. At first, it looked as if everything was fine, despite the natural debris on the ground. When we went inside, we saw that the bottom floor seemed almost untouched. Again, I sighed in relief that everything was okay, but when we reached the second floor, that was a different story. There was glass on the floor, so my aunt went in first. I could only hear the sounds of her muttering about how much this was going to cost, but when she came back, she was holding the strap of my suitcase.

She said, “It looks like a branch came loose and broke through your window. The furniture was strewn all about, but the only thing of yours I found in there was this.” She apologized as she handed me the only possession I had that wasn’t being worn by me. All my clothes and my plane ticket were in there. At least I could get a replacement ticket at the front desk, but how was I supposed to get on a plane wearing only a t-shirt and panties? Aunt Millie tried to comfort me by telling me that the airport probably cancelled flights due to the tornado, but Uncle Bud came upstairs to tell me that the airport was still open, and that my flight was to leave in an hour! My uncle volunteered to take me since the car was still there. I told them that I could stay since they might need my help to clean up the mess. Uncle Bud waved me off saying that they could take care of it.

Because of the bad timing, they couldn’t spend too long to look for clothes for me to wear on my flight. My cousins apologized for dragging me out the previous night before I could get properly dressed, but I told them it wasn’t their fault. Since they couldn’t find a pair of pants or a skirt that fit me, they gave me a long winter coat to wear. It came down to my knees, and I blushed at the realization that I would be essentially bottomless on the flight. They had me wear a pair of flip-flop sandals to protect my feet, and I was herded unceremoniously into the car in the garage. Uncle Bud drove me all the way to the airport, and even went in with me to make sure I got my ticket and went past security okay. Since it was the middle of the day, and also a very rarely-used airport, the security line was short, and I only had to pass through a metal detector to get into the terminal. As I stepped through the metal detector though, it went off. The security guy asked me to remove my jacket, and I blushed and just shook my head. The guard looked at me sternly and asked again. I didn’t want this ugly man to see me in my panties, but I couldn’t bring myself to explain my situation to him. I was so mortified! Thankfully, my uncle yelled out to me that he left his pen in the left front pocket. I took it out, and it had a metal case, so I handed it to the security guard and went through the metal detector again. This time, I was all clear. I breathed a sigh of relief and the guard gave me the pen.

I looked over to see my uncle and waved him good-bye. I ran to the concourse and made my way to the gate. I noticed a few stares, and I looked down and saw that the coat was open from my waist down. As I ran, my bare legs would be on display. I immediately stopped in my tracks and blushed as I walked to the ticket agent. The woman smiled at me, and I nervously croaked a thank-you as she handed me my ticket back. I was still blushing as I boarded and the pilots and flight attendants welcomed me onto the flight. I found my seat and gulped. I forgot I wanted a window seat, and this plane had two seats on each side of the aisle. The problem was that I had to spend the next three to four hours sitting next to a little boy. A boy whose parents must be sitting behind us.

I sashayed past the boy with my butt facing him, since I didn’t want to know what sort of view he would get if I had faced him. I clutched my coat shut in front of my crotch and sat down. I looked at him, and he was smiling at me. Well, not at ME per se, but at my legs. I followed his gaze to my bare thigh peeking through the coat. The bottom edge of the coat had flipped over my leg as I sat down, so I quickly pulled it back over and stared daggers at the kid. I pulled as much of the coat between my legs and clenched my knees shut as I buckled my seat belt.

After all the safety regulations and such, we finally lifted off. Once the seatbelt sign went off, the kid unbuckled and turned towards me. I was a bit worried about the way he was looking at me. He looked only ten, but he seemed very interested in what was under my coat. I just huffed and turned toward the window. The next thing I know, he’s puling my coat up from behind me! I give a small yelp and he pulls his hand away. I look across the aisle to see if anyone saw, but amazingly there was no one sitting there. I was worried that the boy’s parents might have seen something, but I turned around and saw them reading books. And that darn boy took the opportunity to lift my coat above my waist!

I screeched a bit, and sat down quickly before the two adults saw me looking at them. The boy was giggling as I straightened myself out. After I composed myself, he leaned over to me and said, “I saw your undies.” Before he giggled again and sat down. I blushed at his bluntness, but only shushed him. The flight attendant came around with blankets, and I took one. I wanted to take a nap, and I really didn’t want to flash this brat my panties by accident. I draped the thin cloth over my legs and tucked the sides under my butt so he wouldn’t get any funny ideas. Soon, I drifted off to sleep. I woke up unexpectedly as I felt a strange sensation on my tummy. I opened my eyes and there was the boy! He had unbuttoned my coat, and was trying to lift my t-shirt up, but couldn’t get to the bottom edge since I was sitting on the back, and the front was pinned by the blanket. I huffed and pushed him away from me as I closed my coat again.

That was close! What if he had been able to lift my shirt off, and I hadn’t woken up when I did? I could have been exposed to the entire plane! I was mortified beyond belief, but I had no idea hw to deal with this nosy brat. Soon, I felt the need to use the restroom. I dreaded walking past the kid, but I had no choice. I got up, and once again faced away from the boy. This time, that was a mistake as I couldn’t see him reach under my skirt and yank down my panties! They were at my knees, so I stepped back over to my seat and reached down to pull them back up. The boy then lifted my coat to sneak a peek at my naked rear! I couldn’t believe this kid. This time, I made sure I could see what he was doing. I clutched the coat closed in front of my crotch so he wouldn’t pull my panties down again. This caused me to lean ever so slightly towards him. As I passed by, he grabbed my boobs! The nerve of this kid! I wanted to slap him so much, but I didn’t want to alert his parents. I slapped his hands away and made my way to the back of the plane.

Inside the restroom, it was the most secure I’ve felt since boarding this plane. After I did my business, I was washing my hands when I remembered that I have to get cross the boy to get to my seat again! That wretched boy will be the death of me. I sighed as I tried to think of a way around him. I thought of the many ways he could expose me to everyone on this flight, how helpless I felt, and how embarrassed I was; to think that any of that could happen to me. I suddenly became flushed and I was breathing pretty hard. I tried to compose myself when I felt that my nipples were hard! Was this turning me on? No way! It was impossible, wasn’t it? Normal people don’t get aroused at being publicly humiliated, do they? Then again, I guess normal people don’t usually board a flight with only a pair of panties on below the waist.

My God, I was getting hot, and thinking about my predicament wasn’t helping. I splashed some water on my face and dried of with a paper towel before going back to my seat and face that boy. I was steeling up my courage when I had an idea. I made the boy scoot over so he was sitting by the window and I was in the aisle. Maybe the view will calm him down a bit, and maybe he’ll go easier on me since I wasn’t as hidden anymore. The kid looked a bit defeated, but he sucked it up and stared out the window. I finally felt calm enough to sleep again. I was woken up by a flight attendant asking me for my drink order. I told her to bring me a bottle of water, and the boy ordered a ginger ale. She handed me the bottle, which I opened and sipped before placing it on my tray table.

That sneaky boy reached for his ginger ale, and he must have planned this when he ordered his soda. As the flight attendant passed over the drink, the cup was right next to my chest, and the boy knocked the cup of ginger ale right into me, pouring it into the opening of my coat, soaking my t-shirt! I flinched, causing my open water bottle to fall into my lap! The flight attendant offered to help me dry off, but I declined and rushed to the restroom.

After locking the door, I flung the coat off me, and I looked at the damage. The spill thankfully avoided my breasts, but it was still soaked in ginger ale. My panties though, were soaked completely through. I tossed my shirt onto the sink. I rinsed out the ginger ale, and hung it on the door to dry. I was debating what to do about my panties when a knock came on the door.

“Miss, are you okay?” It was the flight attendant. I yelled back that it might take a while. She then told me that we could be experiencing some turbulence and I should sit down. I looked at myself in the mirror, then at the coat on the door. My mind started to envision my naked body parading through the terminal, and my juices started flowing. I was brought out of my reverie as the ground shook under me. I stumbled forward and hit the door. As I pushed myself from the door, the plane lurched and I fell back. I reached for the first thing I could: my shirt. It ripped off from the hook, and once again I found myself falling backward. I reached behind me to cushion the fall. My free hand hit the wall, and the hand with my shirt hit the toilet seat, causing me to let go of it for a split second. At the very same moment, the hand on the wall found the “Flush” button, and my shirt was sucked down the toilet.

Clutching my breasts in surprise, I now felt like my fantasy was coming true, but this was turning into a nightmare! At least I still had my panties. I looked down and saw that they were torn off me completely! Due to the small cabin, I had landed on the toilet, and the suction from the flush had somehow ripped my panties off! I cradled my head in my hands as my humiliation was now complete. I had to sit next to that rambunctious boy with nothing but that coat to cover me for the remainder of the flight. I thought I was about to cry, but instead found my fingers rubbing against my nether regions. To my utter surprise, I was soaking wet! I decided that I’d better not stop, so I started to really work at it, rubbing my clit with one hand while I thrust my fingers into my wet hole. I felt my climax approaching and I reached up with my hand to pinch my nipples as my fingers kept their rhythm. Soon, I let out a tremendous orgasm that shook me to my core. I must have made a racket since that same flight attendant asked me if I was okay. I was able to answer that I was fine through short gasps of air.

I couldn’t believe what I had just done. Does that make me a member of the “Mile High Club”? It doesn’t matter. I still have to go through the remainder of this flight with only a coat to cover me. I put on my coat, which somehow stayed dry the entire time, and walked back to that infernal youngster that was now the bane of my existence. I took the blanket and covered my body completely with it. I held down the sides with my arms as I sat there, hoping the boy wouldn’t find out I was naked under the coat.

I fell asleep, and was surprised that when I woke up, everything was still in place, and the boy didn’t seem to have done anything. The flight attendant told me we were landing soon, so I put my seatbelt back on. That’s when the vibrating started. It felt like it was coming from my pussy, but that had to be impossible. I looked over to the boy, and in his hand was a remote control for those small R/C cars! I asked him he put in me, and he showed me a plastic box with a car inside it. I guess that’s how he transports them. The plastic box is just big enough to hold the car, and I guess when the wheels start spinning, it makes the box vibrate. The look on my face must have been one of pure terror. That is, until he revved the car again. Did he know what he was doing to me? I tried to figure out how he could have possibly inserted the car, and I noticed that I had neglected to tuck the bottom part of the blanket under me, so I wasn’t able to feel him lift it up and somehow inserted the car without me knowing. God, am I that easy?

I tried to calm down, but I kept thinking about how stupid I was for letting the boy do this to me, and the vibrations weren’t helping. I was getting more aroused as more time passed. I couldn’t believe a 10-year-old was giving me an orgasm, and neither he nor I was touching my body! With my seatbelt on, I couldn’t open the coat to extract the toy. I was trying to look for an opportunity to unlatch the belt, but a flight attendant was watching me the whole time as I squirmed in my seat. I fought as much as I could to not orgasm in front of the boy, flight attendant, and the passengers. Eventually, I let it go and let the toy do its magic. I was so worked up at this point, that it just seemed to hit me immediately. Fortunately, we touched down the exact same moment, so not too many people heard me moan. The boy immediately let go of the remote and just sat there staring at me. As I came down from my climax, he started poking my breast, and I noticed my boob was hanging out! I covered up as the boy just meekly asked for his car back. I unbuckled my seatbelt since we were only taxiing to the gate now. I took the barf bag from the seat and used it to pull the box out of my pussy, now soaked with my juices. I handed it to the boy, who grinned at his new souvenir.

Once we were given the okay to leave, I stood up on shaky legs and slowly made my way to the front of the plane. I then saw that I had kicked off my flip flops at some point, but it didn’t matter now. I just had to get to the pick up zone where my folks would be waiting to take me home, and I would be safe. I managed to get to the meeting zone, and there was my mom, and she was smiling, shaking her head. I asked her what was up, and she replied, “Millie called us during your flight and told us what happened. After talking to her about how you saved their lives and about the damage, she told me you were in need of some extra cover, so I brought you a skirt.” I thanked her, of course, but it wouldn’t do much good in my case, so I just told her to keep it until we got home.

She gave me a weird look, but gave in. On the drive home, she asked me about the flight, but I told her it was fine. Being back in a familiar climate made me more comfortable, and I drifted to sleep. It would seem that many bad things happen while I’m asleep, but this time was worse. I was woken up by my mom shouting my name. I opened my eyes and saw my breast was out again. Not only that, but the bottom of the coat was open and my pussy (glistening with my juices) was exposed as well! I didn’t know what to say, so I just covered up again.

“Don’t cover up now, you seem to enjoy the exposure. Don’t think I’m stupid. I can see the evidence right now. I should have known that you were an exhibitionist when you didn’t take the skirt. I should have paraded you around the airport like the floozy you are!” This was the angriest I’ve ever seen my mom. It scared me, so I complied with her command. She told me to take the coat off, and I did. She didn’t ask me why I was naked, and I was too scared to say anything. When we got home, I reached for the coat, but was told to keep my naughty body exposed, and not to cover myself. I trudged up the driveway, my eyes darting everywhere to make sure I wasn’t being watched. My mom took forever to unlock the door, and I ran straight in.

The house was dark. I had a bad feeling about what was about to happen, but right before I was able to run, the lights came on. I just stood there in a daze as I saw my dad, brother, and sister standing there. Then I almost died when I saw all my friends there as well as the boy I had a crush on. They were all seeing my naked body! I wanted to cover up, but my mom looked at me with disgust and I must’ve blushed from my head to my toes. I thought it couldn’t get any worse, but then the flashes came. They were taking pictures of my naked body! I looked behind me, and there, hanging over my head was a banner that read “Welcome Home Heather!” But I felt anything but welcome.

After everyone had a picture of me, my mom had the decency to shoo them out. Then my real punishment came. My mom relayed the whole story to the rest of my family. My parents agreed that they ought to teach me a lesson in humility, which didn’t sound good at all. They informed me that I would be spending the last week before school naked at home. I wasn’t to have any friends over, but my siblings could invite anyone they wanted, as long as mom or dad was home. As they explained the situation, my mind wandered and I started to get aroused again. Maybe this week will be fun…But that’s another story.