**[Invisible Ethan](https://www.girlspns.com/viewtopic.php?f=4&t=731" \l "p1683)**

by [TheWizard](https://www.girlspns.com/memberlist.php?mode=viewprofile&u=308)

**Part 1: Speech Day**  
  
Ethan woke up one morning with the ability to turn invisible.  
  
He didn’t know how, or why. All he knew was that, out of nowhere, he had gained the power disappear completely just by thinking about it.  
  
After a little experimentation, he discovered that he could also turn the clothes he was wearing invisible, as well as small objects he was holding in his hands or pockets. But the power didn’t extend any further than that; he couldn’t, for example, make his bed or his desk turn invisible, even if he was touching them.  
  
Ethan sat down and began to think hard about the implications of his newfound ability. What kinds of things would he be able to get away with? Then, suddenly, it occurred to him that today was speech day in Mrs. McCarthy’s public speaking class. A whole host of ideas came into his head, and he hurried to get ready so that he could make the school bus on time.  
  
Mrs. McCarthy’s class was a curious case. Mrs. McCarthy herself was absolutely ancient, and seemed to be the most oblivious teacher at Ethan’s high school. No one ever paid attention during her class, and she didn’t even seem to notice. (Some students wondered if she was, in fact, blind—she did wear very thick glasses.) However, she somehow managed to pay incredibly strict attention while students were giving speeches, which she graded quite harshly. And since a passing grade in the class was required to graduate, everyone actually put effort into preparing their speeches.  
  
Besides all of this, however, there was one more thing about Mrs. McCarthy’s class that excited Ethan’s imagination this morning: his particular section happened to contain many of the hottest girls in the school. Ethan and the three other boys in the class always paid plenty of attention on speech days, but they didn’t hear a single word of the speeches the eight young ladies delivered. Today, however, this phenomenon would be taken to the next level…  
  
Eleven students filed into Mrs. McCarthy’s classroom. All of them were nervous; today was the day of the big “current events” speech, for which each of them had been assigned a topic, and which for many of them would determine whether they would pass or not. Some of the students hid their nervousness better than others, chatting with their friends or putting on a nonchalant attitude, while others sat in tense silence, waiting for the ordeal to begin.  
  
As soon as the bell rang, Mrs. McCarthy began calling roll. “Brian! Hannah! Jessica! Mika! Emily! Caleb! Michelle! Shayla! Kevin! Claire! Joanna!”  
  
“Here,” each student responded in turn, until Mrs. McCarthy got to the last name on her list.  
  
“Ethan!” No answer. The students in the room glanced around, but he wasn’t present. “Ethan!” Again, silence. Mrs. McCarthy grunted. “Absent. He’ll have to give his speech tomorrow. All right, don’t waste time. Speeches will proceed in alphabetical order. Mr. Adams, step up and get started.”  
  
Mrs. McCarthy moved to the back of the room and the very nervous Brian stepped up to the front to give a speech on immigration policy. He stuttered a couple of times in his introduction, but he managed to pull it together and made it to the end of his speech. It wasn’t a very good speech, but at least he had gotten it over with. He quickly sat back down. “Next!” was all Mrs. McCarthy said, in a voice that didn’t give Brian much reassurance.  
  
Hannah was the next one to walk to the front of the room. She was a pretty African-American girl with light brown skin and long, curly black hair. She was one of those who believed in dressing nicely for speech days, and was wearing a loose-fitting but professional-looking blouse. She masked her nervousness well, starting her speech off with a confident smile and an enthusiastic tone. I’m not going to bother to tell you what her topic was, because no one in the class would remember her topic, or any of the ones that would follow it, for reasons you’ll soon see.  
  
As Hannah was getting ready to make her first point, she thought she felt something behind her. Then, to her surprise, she felt the clasps on her bra straps pop open! Unfortunately for her, her top was too loose to hold her bra in place, and all the audience saw was her bra falling out the front of her blouse and landing at her feet.  
  
The boys snickered, and Emily and Joanna, two of the school’s cheerleaders, whispered something to each other and giggled. Hannah hesitated, quite embarrassed and not sure what to do. She reached down to pick up her bra, with some vague idea that if she put it behind her back fast enough, people wouldn’t notice, but Mrs. McCarthy put an end to even that irrational hope. “Stand up straight and continue, please,” Mrs. McCarthy barked. It wasn’t clear whether she had even noticed Hannah’s wardrobe malfunction, but it didn’t matter one way or another; Hannah wasn’t getting off the hook. To her credit, Hannah did continue on and make it to the end of her speech, but she could tell quite clearly that her audience’s eyes were focused not on her, but either on her bra on the floor or on her chest, picturing what was now bare under her top.  
  
Once she delivered her conclusion, Hannah quickly scooped up her bra, hurried back to her seat, and stuffed it in her backpack. Then she scrunched down in her chair, trying to make herself as small as possible. “Next!” Mrs. McCarthy called.  
  
Jessica stepped to the front of the room. She was a tall redhead with a round face, her gorgeous hair pulled back in a French braid. She began her speech with a calm, professional air, stating her sentences clearly and making eye contact with each member of her audience. However, it didn’t take long before there was a hitch. “In my opinion, this issue is worthy of our attention because—ow!” Jessica interrupted herself, feeling a sharp tug on her braid. She looked around, but could see nothing that would explain what had just happened.  
  
“Is there a problem, Miss Black?” Mrs. McCarthy asked dully.  
  
“Um, no, sorry,” Jessica said quickly. “As I was saying, the reason we need to—owww!!” This time, the audience could quite clearly see Jessica’s head jerk backwards as she gave an exclamation of pain. What was going on? No one knew, but everyone was getting curious.  
  
Everyone, that is, except Mrs. McCarthy. “If you don’t intend to finish your speech, you may sit down,” she said blandly.  
  
“No, it’s fine, I can finish, really,” Jessica stammered, reaching back to adjust her braid and make sure there wasn’t any chance it was getting snagged on something.  
  
“And don’t play with your hair during your speech, it looks unprofessional,” Mrs. McCarthy added.  
  
“Yes ma’am,” Jessica said, dropping her hand to her side. She carried on with her speech, and though she kept feeling intermittent tugs on her hair, she just grimaced and went on. As she neared her conclusion, the tugs were replaced by a steady, consistent pulling on the hair right at the base of her head. Flinching, Jessica twisted her head back and forth and began to speak faster, trying to get to the end. Everyone in the audience watched, confused, as the cute redhead squirmed and winced for no visible reason. The boys found the spectacle rather entertaining, while some of the girls were beginning to wonder worriedly whether something similar would happen to them.  
  
Jessica just plowed on to the end. “That is the end of my speech thank you,” she finished. As she spoke the last word, the pull on her hair was suddenly released, and she rushed back to her seat lest it start up again. She sat there silently, rubbing her head and frowning in confusion, not looking at anyone else.  
  
The atmosphere was now filled with a blend of nervousness, confusion, and curiosity. What was going on with Jessica? Was it a fluke or would it happen again? But these unspoken questions were dispelled by Mrs. McCarthy’s dry call of “Next!”  
  
Mika nervously stood up. She was a small Asian exchange student, still quite shy in this school. She always wore a traditional schoolgirl outfit, with a white button-up top and a navy blue skirt. As she walked to the front of the room, the guys were all looking at her slim legs, tantalizing in her short skirt. They were rewarded, to their surprise, when Mika’s skirt flapped up, just briefly, giving them a glimpse of her little bottom clad in pink flowered panties. The boys nudged each other and grinned, but no one else noticed, Mika included.  
  
Mika turned around and began to speak, her big eyes looking nervously out at her audience. She was doing a fine job, but the boys weren’t paying the slightest attention to her speech delivery. Instead, they were watching the front of her skirt, which was rising, inch by inch, gradually bringing her smooth, pale thighs into view. The girls soon noticed as well, and began to whisper to one another. What was going on now? This definitely didn’t look like it should be possible, not according to the laws of physics, anyway. A kind girl named Shayla tried to warn Mika of what was happening before she was humiliated. “Mika, your skirt, it’s—"  
  
Mika glanced down, and at that moment, her skirt seemed to remember the law of gravity, and it fell down—right down to her ankles. Mika gave a squeal of shock and embarrassment, and quickly crossed her hands over her crotch, but not before the entire class got a nice look at her panties—pink, flowery, bikini cut, and just a little too small for her. Even with her hands over her panties, though, the boys got a nice eyeful of her shapely bare legs. Mika was frozen like a deer in the headlights. The thought of pulling her skirt back up didn’t even seem to occur to her, or maybe she simply suspected, rightly, that Mrs. McCarthy would bark at her to stand straight if she even started to bend over.  
  
However, Mika did manage to avoid getting barked at by Mrs. McCarthy. Just as the teacher was opening her mouth to tell the poor girl to go on, Mika found her voice and continued. In spite of her bottomless condition, she made it all the way to the end of her speech, speaking quite fast but getting all of the content out. The boys loved every minute. Finally, Mika reached her conclusion, and only then did she bend down, pull her skirt up, and return to her seat, blushing intensely.  
  
Emily, next on the list, flounced to the front of the room before Mrs. McCarthy had a chance to say “Next”. She was a petite cheerleader with tan skin, long brown hair, and an athletic little body. She also had what was widely considered to be one of the best butts in the school, and she knew how to show it off. The boys enjoyed watching as she walked to the front, seeing as she was wearing skintight leggings that shamelessly outlined her tight, round ass.  
  
Emily didn’t think much of the weirdness that was going on. Obviously the other girls were just being dumb, spazzing out. She wasn’t going to make a fool of herself. Everyone else, however, was buzzing with nervous anticipation.  
  
As Emily started off her speech, her delivery was flawless in terms of ticking all the boxes, but her voice had just a bit of a sarcastic edge to it, making it clear that she didn’t much care for public speaking class and considered this assignment to be a waste of time.  
  
“This is obviously one of the most important issues on all our minds right now,” she said towards the end of her introduction, “because—oh!” She jumped and gave a little yelp. The boys in the class grinned at each other while the other girls looked nervous. What was going to happen this time?  
  
Emily looked behind her, frowning hard. She couldn’t see anything except the front wall of the classroom, but that didn’t make any sense, because she had distinctly felt something pinch her butt just now. “Miss Clark—” Mrs. McCarthy began.  
  
“Yes, yes, I know,” Emily snapped, facing forward. However, she had only just opened her mouth to go on when she felt another pinch, this time on the other cheek. Immediately, Emily whirled around, waving her arms at the area behind her, but they made contact with nothing. “All right, who’s touching my butt?” Emily demanded.  
  
“Miss Clark,” Mrs. McCarthy said severely. “I don’t want any more of this nonsense. You will face forward and keep your arms by your sides.” Emily rolled her eyes, but what could she do? It was either do what Mrs. McCarthy said or fail the assignment. She placed her arms at her sides and continued speaking, now with even more of that edge in her voice.  
  
All throughout her speech, the audience watched as Emily repeatedly flinched, stuttered, and blushed. Several times it looked like she very much wanted to move her arms, but under Mrs. McCarthy’s intense gaze, she kept them pinned firmly to her sides. The boys kept grinning at each other, confused but entertained. But they were missing out on the real show, which they would only have seen from behind. Emily’s perfect ass was being grabbed, squeezed, kneaded, and groped in every way imaginable, and there was nothing she could do to defend herself.  
  
At last, Emily finished her speech, and, with a flushed face, she headed towards her seat. Then, suddenly, everyone in the class heard a loud \*SMACK\*! Emily jumped and looked all around her, furious. Since she still saw no one there who could have slapped her ass, she turned her anger on the audience. “If one of you is pulling some kind of crazy prank on me, you’re going to regret it,” she hissed. The boys just laughed at Emily’s antics.  
  
“Miss Clark, take a seat,” Mrs. McCarthy intoned. Emily gave a final glare all around the room, and stomped back to her chair.  
  
On the way, she passed Caleb, who was sniggering loudly at her display. “You’re going next,” she said to Caleb under her breath. “Let’s see how you like it.”  
  
Caleb froze. She was right; he had to give his speech next, and there was no reason to think that whatever it was that seemed to be happening to the girls wouldn’t happen to him too. “Next!” called Mrs. McCarthy before Caleb could think of a way out of this. He walked nervously to the front of the room, glancing all around him for any sign of anything that might interfere with his speech. However, he couldn’t see anything, and so he simply began.  
  
Everyone in the class watched carefully to see what would happen to Caleb. Some of them had guesses as to what was going on: was this an elaborate prank on the speakers, or by the speakers, or maybe a couple of girls were just having nervous breakdowns because of the stress of giving the speech? The one idea that had not even occurred to anyone, not even the girls who had spoken, was that there was an invisible person in the room. That would be crazy—anything was more plausible than that.  
  
Caleb nervously worked through his introduction, but nothing happened. Of course it didn’t; Ethan wasn’t interested in messing with his guy friends. He was sitting back and taking a break, grinning to himself as he thought of everything he had gotten away with already. He was, of course, reveling in the glory of having pinched, groped, and slapped the cutest ass in the school, but what he cared about more was the embarrassed reactions he was able to elicit from her and from the other girls. Ethan had a secret love of seeing girls get embarrassed, but under ordinary circumstances, he’d be far too afraid of the consequences to try anything. Now, however, he was free to do almost anything he wanted. He’d had a great time messing with the first four girls, and he was already cooking up some more ideas to try on the other four.  
  
Caleb finished his speech and sat back down. Nothing had happened. He was quite relieved, and another murmur passed among the students. What did this mean? Was the show over? Had Caleb been behind everything? Or was there still something else going on? “Next!” said Mrs. McCarthy.  
  
Michelle stood up to speak. She was an emo type, with pale skin and dark brown hair, dressed in black ripped jeans and a black crop top. She had remained completely nonchalant through all the proceedings, not displaying any emotional investment either in her own speech or in how everyone else’s had gone.  
  
As Michelle commenced her speech, Ethan stood right in front of her, looking her up and down. As soon as she had stood up, Ethan knew what he wanted to do to her. The feature that had struck him first about her was the several inches of bare, milky-white skin between her waist and her top. Looking at her unprotected tummy, Ethan knew exactly what he had to try.  
  
He waited just long enough to give a sense of suspense to the audience. Michelle had made it through her introduction, speaking clearly enough, though her voice was rather flat and emotionless. Time to spice things up, Ethan decided, and he took a step closer to Michelle, reached out, and began tickling her stomach.  
  
Ethan had made a lucky choice, because Michelle, as it turned out, was very ticklish. No sooner had he started than she doubled over, giggling and clutching at her stomach. Hearing the emo girl giggle was quite startling for the audience, and even Ethan was surprised by how strong her reaction was. Of course, he had to stop as she doubled over, to avoid her actually touching him. “Stand up straight and continue your speech, please,” said Mrs. McCarthy.  
  
Michelle straightened up, took a deep breath, and began talking again. However, Ethan had made his way behind her and immediately started tickling her again, this time going for her bare sides. Again, Michelle doubled over under his onslaught, laughing uncontrollably for several seconds before the tickling let up. Some of the audience members were laughing now, too, but Michelle got the definite feeling that they were laughing at her, not with her.  
  
This time, Mrs. McCarthy didn’t bother saying anything at all; she just cleared her throat loudly. Michelle again pulled herself up, embarrassed, confused, nervous, but not knowing what to do except carry on. She drew in a shuddery breath and made a valiant effort to start speaking. Ethan, unrelenting, tickled under her armpits. “Hehehehahahahaaa,” Michelle laughed painfully.  
  
“Would you care to let us in on the joke, Miss Jackson?” Mrs. McCarthy asked, sounding impatient. Michelle, gasping for breath, wasn’t able to answer. “If you do not carry on with your speech immediately, you will return to your seat and take a zero for this assignment,” Mrs. McCarthy declared.  
  
“No, please,” Michelle panted, her pale cheeks flushed red from laughter and embarrassment. “I’ll do it.” Her unfeeling exterior had been penetrated, and she looked distinctly scared as she began once again to speak. However, Mrs. McCarthy’s threat was enough to make Ethan dial things back. He wanted to have some fun embarrassing the girls, but he wasn’t looking to actually make them fail. He stood back and let Michelle talk. And she did, though she was quite out of breath and kept looking nervously around her. However, her fears were unfounded…until her speech ended. There was one more place where Ethan was curious to find out whether she was ticklish. As Michelle began to move back towards her seat, Ethan stepped up and began tickling right under her boobs.  
  
Michelle started giggling again, harder than ever. She was helpless as Ethan mercilessly tickled her sensitive underboobs, and laughed until she couldn’t breathe and there were tears running down her cheeks. The boys watched with glee, while the girls looked on in apprehension—especially the three who had yet to deliver their own speeches. After a minute, Ethan let Michelle go, and she stumbled back to her seat and slouched down as far as she could. “Next!” Mrs. McCarthy called, somehow still completely unfazed.  
  
Shayla walked to the front, looking quite worried. She was a friendly Filipino girl with long, wavy black hair, a curvy figure, and large breasts. Ordinarily, she was one of the more outgoing girls in the class, but now her apprehensiveness about what was coming overshadowed all other emotions. She got to the front of the room and glanced nervously right and left, trying to see if there was anything there that would explain what had happened to the other girls or give her some warning of whether it would happen to her. Of course, she saw nothing. Taking a deep breath, she faced forward and began to speak, trying her best to project her usual easy-going, good-natured self. By the end of her introduction, she was starting to be able to breathe more easily and smile more naturally. Maybe she would be able to get through this without a problem.  
  
The audience watched, almost breathlessly. In their minds, there was no question of whether something would happen, they were only wondering what. And they would soon find out. Ethan was standing behind Shayla, psyching himself up for what he was about to do. When he had started out, he had thought that he would stick to mostly things that could be attributed to chance or bad luck (like making clothing items “fall off”) or things that would draw attention to the girls themselves and not to him (like the hair-pulling and the tickling, which produced big responses without making it obvious what he was doing).  
  
However, Ethan was about to more or less leave that rule behind. Maybe it was unwise, but he had gone too far to care. He was going to do what many boys had imagined doing to Shayla, but none ever had. He reached around her from both sides, grabbed her ample tits in his hands, and squeezed.  
  
Shayla let out a little scream. The boys all stared, awestruck, as they watched her big breasts squeeze themselves and bounce around of their own accord. Shayla, her eyes and mouth wide open in shock, moved her own hands to her breasts, not able to believe what she was feeling. Ethan withdrew his hands just in time, and the boys got to watch as Shayla massaged her own boobs, not even thinking about the fact that she was being stared at, just trying to figure out what had happened. However, Mrs. McCarthy interrupted her. “Miss Mendoza,” she barked, “stop touching yourself in that obscene manner.” Shayla, suddenly cognizant of her audience again, dropped her arms instantly. “Finish your speech, and keep your arms at your sides,” Mrs. McCarthy ordered.  
  
Shayla was an obedient girl, and did as she was told. Even when Ethan began touching her again, she only blushed and kept on speaking. Meanwhile, all the eyes in the room (except, perhaps, Mrs. McCarthy’s) were fixated on her large breasts as Ethan pressed them together, pulled them apart, kneaded them, and pinched her nipples through her shirt.  
  
By the end of her speech, Shayla felt thoroughly violated. She knew that what she felt was a pair of hands molesting her tits, but it drove her crazy that her eyes refused to confirm what her breasts felt. And it was even worse that it was happening up in the front of the classroom, with everyone watching as she gasped and struggled to get her words out. It felt like an eternity before she was finally able to sit back down. Somehow, she had managed not only to remember the words of her speech, but to give a delivery that was quite good under the circumstances. Only Mrs. McCarthy noticed the delivery, of course, but then, she was the only one who mattered to Shayla’s grade. “Next!” Mrs. McCarthy called out.  
  
Kevin swaggered to the front of the room. He was quite sure now that the mysterious force that seemed to pervade this classroom today was only interested in girls, so he had no fears whatsoever. However, he should have spent less time thinking about the girls and more time thinking about his speech, because his delivery ended up worse than any of the speakers who did have things to worry about. He spoke distractedly and kept getting his points mixed up, his mind clearly on other things. The audience was quite relieved by the time he sat back down. “Next!” called Mrs. McCarthy.  
  
Ethan caught his breath. The next girl to speak—the second-to-last girl in the class—was Claire. She was a cute little blond-haired girl, a bit shy but very sweet, and Ethan had had a huge crush on her for quite a while. Most people probably wouldn’t have counted her as one of the more attractive girls in this classroom, with breasts and a butt that were average at best, but her pretty smile and kind, patient attitude had won Ethan’s heart—and he certainly didn’t find her appearance unattractive, either. As he watched her walk to the front of the room, all he wanted was to strip her out of her top and shorts and see her, all of her. But he could never bring himself to do that, certainly not in front of everyone.  
  
As Claire reached the front and turned around, everyone was silently speculating on what shape her humiliation would take, but Ethan was just standing still in front of her. He didn’t intend to do anything humiliating to her.  
  
Claire delivered her introduction in a soft but clear voice, not displaying any sign of worry beyond her usual shyness. As she took a breath, preparing to move into the body of her speech, she let out a soft moan. Her hands moved slightly towards her crotch. Most of the audience didn’t think much of it, since they were still busy thinking about what huge, sudden thing was going to happen to her. They couldn’t see that Ethan was now right in front of Claire, very gently rubbing her pussy over her shorts with his hand.  
  
Claire kept on talking, not giving any huge reaction. There were a couple more times during the course of her speech that she moaned quietly or simply had to take a sudden breath, but again, this was barely noticeable to the boys, who were expecting something big. Joanna, however, was watching closely, her eyes narrowed in suspicion.  
  
As Claire moved towards her conclusion, Ethan began to rub a little harder, eliciting a bigger reaction. Claire’s eyes closed, she let out an audible sigh of pleasure, and her hands moved right to her pussy. Joanna frowned. Ethan pulled his hand away, partly to avoid Claire feeling him, but partly because he knew he had gone far enough. He didn’t want to embarrass Claire, and he already felt a bit bad about taking advantage of her the way he had. He took one moment to lightly caress her cheek, and then he backed off and let her finish her speech uninterrupted.  
  
“That is the end of my speech. Thank you,” Claire finished with a lovely smile. The boys were puzzled and disappointed. This speech had been quite anticlimactic after their expectations had been built up so high.  
  
“Next!” called Mrs. McCarthy as Claire began to walk back towards her seat. Joanna stood up immediately. Joanna was the captain of the cheerleading squad, and it was widely agreed that she was both gorgeous and a total bitch. She had the perfect body, slim but not too slim and curvy but not too curvy, all fit and toned, with nicely tanned skin and long golden hair. She considered herself to be above pretty much everyone, and she had a tendency to rub her cheerleading prowess in everyone’s face, going to far as to wear her cheerleading uniform to all her classes. This annoyed her teachers quite a bit, but since the school didn’t have a formal dress code, and instituting one would take months of bureaucracy and school board meetings, there wasn’t anything to be done about it. So, today, as usual, Joanna got away with prancing around in her yellow-and-blue miniskirt and sleeveless cheerleading top, and as usual, she also got away with treating everyone else as if they were peasants and she was royalty.  
  
Joanna made sure to get in Claire’s way as the other girl was returning to her seat. “Nice speech, slut,” Joanna whispered in Claire’s ear as they passed. “Do you think I didn’t see you touching yourself? Seems like you’ve been getting off to watching everyone else get humiliated, freak.” Claire blushed at the cruel words, but didn’t say anything, just slipped past Joanna and sat back down. No one had overheard Joanna’s comment—no one visible, that is. But Ethan was close enough to overhear, and hearing his crush be verbally abused like that made him very angry. Joanna had made a mistake.  
  
As the sexy cheerleader reached the front of the room and turned around, she gave a loud announcement to the whole room. “Listen up, if anyone or anything tries to f\*\*\* with me while I’m giving my speech, they’re going to regret it,” she said. The class looked tense, wondering whether or not Joanna would be listened to, and what would happen to her if she wasn’t. Ethan chuckled silently, not afraid of her threat in the slightest.  
  
“Your speech, please, Miss Smith,” Mrs. McCarthy said. “We don’t have much class time left.”  
  
Joanna gave Claire one more suspicious look, but the cute blonde didn’t give any reaction, so Joanna began, speaking confidently and authoritatively. Ethan, meanwhile, had sneaked over to Mrs. McCarthy’s desk. Everyone was looking at Joanna, so no one noticed as he picked up the teacher’s pair of scissors and willed them to become invisible. Ethan wouldn’t have gone as far as he was about to go now, but he really wanted to pay Joanna back for her nasty comments to Claire. As Joanna spoke, he silently walked right up in front of her. Brandishing his invisible scissors, he carefully slid one blade down the front of Joanna’s collar, making sure not to let the cold metal touch her skin and alert her. Then he began snipping, ever so slowly, taking his time. Kevin was the first one to notice the cut appearing down the front of Joanna’s top. He quickly nudged Brian and Caleb, and all three sat with big grins on their faces, staring and wondering what would happen next.  
  
By the time Ethan had cut several inches down, far enough to begin showing Joanna’s cleavage, most of the class had noticed. They were beginning to point and whisper, and that was what first alerted Joanna that something was going on. She looked down at herself, and saw that her top was splitting down the front, revealing her bra! “What the—" Joanna began angrily, and Ethan took that as his cue to pick up his pace. In a couple of quick snips, he sliced Joanna’s top the rest of the way down, and the front hung open, showing Joanna’s nice cleavage, her bright yellow bra, and her belly button.  
  
Joanna’s face contorted in a mixture of embarrassment and rage, but before she could do anything, Ethan had snipped twice more, cutting Joanna’s shoulder straps, and her top fell off of her in three pieces. “Whoever is doing this, I’m warning you—” Joanna growled, but her rage was impotent. Ethan made one more cut, and this time Joanna’s skirt dropped to her ankles, exposing a pair of blue panties. The boys unashamedly ogled the underwear-clad cheerleader. Her figure was trim and fit, her body was tanned and toned all over, and her breasts, though not as large as Shayla’s, looked like they were ready to pop out of her bra at any minute. For a minute, Joanna just stood there in utter shock, before finally moving her arms to cover her chest and crotch in the “classic ENF pose”.  
  
“Continue your speech, please, Miss Smith,” Mrs. McCarthy said blandly.  
  
“I—wha—dressed like this?!” Joanna burst out.  
  
“It’s not my problem how you decided to dress for speech day,” Mrs. McCarthy said. “If you want to pass this class, you will finish your speech.”  
  
“Okay, listen up, lady,” Joanna bellowed, really mad now. “I don’t know if you’re blind or just stupid, but there’s been some crazy sh\*\* happening in this class today, and I’ve had enough of it. F\*\*\* your stupid class, f\*\*\* your stupid assignment, f\*\*\* all of this!”  
  
The whole class sat in stunned silence, waiting to see how Mrs. McCarthy would respond. The anger gradually drained from Joanna’s face as she realized that she had gone too far. Mrs. McCarthy rose to her feet, fixing Joanna with a deadly glare. “I could get you expelled for that, young lady,” she said, her voice cold and serious. Joanna opened her mouth to say something, but Mrs. McCarthy held up a hand. “Not another word! You have one chance to pass this assignment and walk out of this room with no consequences, take it or leave it. If you leave it, I will most certainly make sure that both the principal and your parents hear all about this, and you will never attend this school again.” Mrs. McCarthy let her words hang in the air for a moment. Joanna didn’t protest again, so she continued. “If you want to pass this class, you will stand there at the front of the classroom and you will finish your speech with your arms at your sides. You will not cover anything, you will not curse, and you will not complain. And if any more ‘crazy sh\*\*’, as you put it, occurs, you will ignore it and continue your speech no matter what. Do I make myself clear?”  
  
Joanna slowly exhaled. The anger in her face was giving way to fear and embarrassment. She should have known better than to cuss out Mrs. McCarthy, and now she was faced with the prospect of standing here in her underwear and looking out at all her classmates as she gave her speech. Still, she couldn’t bear to think of the alternative. Being publicly disgraced, being reported to her parents, and losing all of the work she had done to climb the social ladder at this school…she couldn’t let that happen. Slowly, she lowered her arms to her sides. Blushing, and speaking much more meekly than before, she went on with her speech.  
  
Ethan, meanwhile, was thrilled. He had known he was taking things pretty far, but Joanna had gone even farther in her response, and had seriously put her foot in her mouth. And now he basically had express permission from Mrs. McCarthy to do whatever he wanted to the bitchy cheerleader. He stood back and watched Joanna’s embarrassed face, trying to decide what he should do with this permission. He could, of course, just carry on and cut her underwear off, too, forcing her to give her speech naked. But as much as he and the other boys in the class would enjoy that, it seemed too basic, too obvious. Joanna’s punishment should be a little more painful.  
  
Ethan stuck the invisible scissors into his pocket and walked up to Joanna. With both hands, he took hold of the front of her panties. Then, he jerked them upwards, causing Joanna to give a little yell and stumble to maintain her footing. However, Mrs. McCarthy gave Joanna a look, and she carried on speaking without complaint. Ethan pulled up on Joanna’s panties again, this time not a sudden jerk but a steady upward pull. Joanna squirmed in discomfort as the front of her panties dug into her privates, and the boys in the class watched, enraptured, as they saw the waistband of Joanna’s panties rise up all by themselves, past her belly button, higher and higher. Even the girls looked like they were enjoying this, watching the girl who had treated them all like trash get taken down a few pegs—which, at the same time, took the focus off the ways each of them had been humiliated recently. The only girls who still looked uncomfortable were Shayla, who was too kind-hearted to enjoy anyone else’s suffering, and Emily, who was loyal to her captain.  
  
Soon the frontal wedgie was so extreme that Joanna’s panties were wedged right up in between her pussy lips, leaving very little to the imagination. The boys could even see Joanna’s lack of tan lines, showing that she must have tanned in the nude. Joanna’s speech was coming out a few words at a time, in between grunts and moans of pain, but she was still speaking, obedient to Mrs. McCarthy’s commands. Finally, the pressure on her sensitive crotch let up. Joanna was about to try and readjust her panties, but then she got another look from Mrs. McCarthy, and remembered that she had to keep her arms at her sides. So she went on speaking with her panties stretched out and her pussy lips sticking out on either side.  
  
The reason for Joanna’s momentary reprieve was that Ethan had let go of her panties and moved around to stand behind the cheerleading captain instead. Grinning to himself, he took hold of the back of Joanna’s panties and began to convert the girl’s frontal wedgie into a rear one. Joanna moaned as she felt her stretched-out panties slide between her pussy lips and wedge themselves up her ass-crack instead. A couple of girls giggled, and two of the boys had pulled out their phones and were discreetly taking pictures and videos of Joanna’s ordeal.  
  
Ethan continued to pull Joanna’s panties up her back, now lifting so high that Joanna had to stand on her tiptoes to relieve some of the pressure on her nether regions. Then, the class collectively gasped as they saw Joanna’s feet leave the ground. She levitated for a full second, legs kicking, before dropping back down.  
  
Lifting Joanna by her panties had left Ethan’s arms feeling a bit tired, plus it sounded like her speech was finally coming to a close, so to top things off, Ethan unclasped her bra, slid the bra straps through the leg holes in Joanna’s panties, which were now stretched right up her back, and refastened the bra, letting it hold the wedgie in place. A thoroughly uncomfortable and embarrassed Joanna finally forced the last words of her conclusion through gritted teeth. She moved to sit back down, but Mrs. McCarthy gave her one last instruction. “Wait. Turn around,” the teacher said, still in her flat tone of voice. Humiliated, Joanna turned her back to the audience, displaying her ass, her panties crammed so far up it that they didn’t offer the slightest bit of coverage to her bare cheeks.  
  
With Joanna facing the whiteboard, Ethan took the opportunity to pick up a whiteboard marker. He didn’t bother to turn it invisible, because everyone could already see it, so this action provoked another gasp of surprise. The class, including the still-on-display Joanna, watched as the floating marker wrote on the board: “You’d better keep that wedgie in for the rest of the day.” Joanna registered the message and then turned back around, looking meekly at Mrs. McCarthy.  
  
“May I sit down now, ma’am?” she asked.  
  
“You have received an A on this assignment,” Mrs. McCarthy droned. “Class is dismissed.”  
  
Everyone except Joanna filed out of the classroom. The boys were ecstatic. “Nice speech,” Kevin told Joanna with a huge grin. Brian tried to cop a feel of her ass, but Joanna slapped him away so aggressively that he quickly moved on.  
  
The girls had more mixed feelings about how this class had gone. Some were just glad it was over; some still had lingering feelings of embarrassment; some were so thrilled to have seen Joanna get humiliated that they seemed to have forgotten everything else. Joanna grabbed Emily’s arm as she walked past. “Go to your locker and bring me your cheerleading uniform, now,” she said.  
  
“But I’ll need it for practice tod—” Emily started, but then she saw the look on Joanna’s face. “Right away,” she said.  
  
Ethan, meanwhile, had already slipped out of the room unseen. His invisible grin stretched from ear to ear. He had had a lot of fun with his newfound power already—and to think, this was only the first class of the day…