**Jenna's Play**  
by Helmhood  
  
 was really excited to be helping out with the school play. It had been six years since I graduated high school, and I had been looking forward to a reason to go back and provide some sort of contribution. After speaking with the Sophomore English teacher, who also ran the drama club, we agreed that I could help produce the show for the Spring Pageant.  
  
The production was going to be a combination of Shakespeare’s “Midsummer Night’s Dream” and the usual rites of the season. I had even worked on some of the script, making it more suitable for these high school kids, and the band had been practicing the specially arranged pieces I picked out for them.  
  
It was such a thrill to be back and actively involved with the students. I know they thought it was cool to have a twenty-four-year-old young woman taking an interest in their talent, and they would have even more fun with me than their stuffy old teacher. I was like a special guest, perhaps a superstar, in the eyes of the boys and girls. The ladies admired my poise and grace and being able to orchestrate this whole thing. While more than a few of the boys couldn’t help but fawn over me whenever I was around. I had to admit, some of their affection made me blush!  
  
Arriving at the building that afternoon, I found that I was rather early. I knew there were still final decorations for the scenery to be worked on, and costume decisions to be made. We were also gathering the major players from the script this afternoon to do a run through with the band present. I wanted our timing to be just right between the dialogue and the music. The last of the school buses had pulled out of the parking lot as I entered through the front doors. We weren’t supposed to meet in the auditorium until an hour after school was over.  
  
Passing a few teachers who remembered me, I said hello, and found my feet carrying me up the steps to the second floor. Indeed, other members of the faculty were making their way down the stairs, tired and heading home after the long day. I suppose I could have gone straight to the stage room and make sure everything was in order. But I had some time on my hands, and I was curious.  
  
Curious about what it would be like to be alone in my former high school. I used to have that dream where my friends and I would be trapped in the school overnight… no adults, no teachers, and we would make a party out of it. Now my heels echoed down the empty halls of the second floor. Well, there were a last couple of students clearing out things from their lockers. But then they scampered past me and away without nary a glance. I heard them bound down the stairs, and then I was truly by myself, walking by the lonely classrooms.  
  
Still, I felt the urge to climb higher, and reaching the next flight of steps on the opposite end of the corridor, I decided I had plenty of time to explore the third floor of the building. This is where I had my old history class. I could remember the many days scrambling up these steps frantically, often never in time to make it to class before the bell rang! Now I could laugh to myself, as I had all the time in the world to stroll these leisurely passages. And not a care in the world either, unlike when I was a student. No homework, or tests, or overdue assignments looming before me.  
  
Indeed, I felt very carefree as I stepped along the quiet halls. Here on the third floor, there was not even a ghost of a whisper. Stray papers littered the ground, but I knew the janitor would not show up to clean until five o’clock. I myself did not have to be down in the auditorium for another forty minutes. Pulling the end of my brunette ponytail, I gave the matter some thought. The situation just screamed for me to try something daring.  
  
“If only those drama students could see me now!” I giggled and began to unbutton the white top I was wearing.  
  
First, of course, I looked around to make sure absolutely no one else was up here with me. Well, I didn’t check the whole floor… but I figured if one side of the school was deserted, it should be pretty safe. My fingers undid the rest of the buttons, and then I teasingly pulled off my shirt, letting it drop to the floor. I now stood with my lacey pink bra on display, barely containing my swelling breasts.  
  
With my hand resting lightly on my stomach, I took a few cautious steps down the hall. And when I was certain that all the side rooms were empty, I returned to the last locker just before the stairwell, then started to unbutton my pants. They were a Capri style, coming down to my calf, khaki and of a light material. I had to act fast, before I lost my resolve. Although, I was already caught up in the moment and soon felt the fabric sliding nicely down my shapely legs. Very carefully, I lifted each foot out of the pants and dropped them by my shirt.  
  
Oh my gosh! Here I was, on the third floor of my high school, dressed only in a bra and sheer panties, and heels! This was so exciting, I could feel my heart beating faster with each passing minute. Greatly daring, I began walking down the length of the corridor in just my underwear. I was acutely aware of the sensations this was causing my body, as my boobs jiggled in the flimsy bra. And with the thong-style back, things certainly felt a bit drafty from behind! But I also felt deliciously hot. I wondered what it would have been like to get caught roaming the hall in my bra and panties, back in my school days!  
  
Well, by the time I got back to my shirt and pants lying on the ground, I wasn’t nearly satisfied. I wanted to be more adventurous, plus I felt I needed some… breathing room. Nervously, I looked around, while sticking my thumbs in the opposite sides of my panties. With I wiggle of my hips, I shimmied the pink fabric lower and lower until it was all the way down to my ankles. A quick little two-step, and they were off my feet completely.  
  
And I was bottomless out in the school hallway! I shivered, feeling nice and breezy between my legs. I slapped my hands on my bare butt and spun around, I couldn’t believe I was doing this! The fingers of one hand absently reached around front and grazed my pubic hair. There was a neat, trim bush above my pussy lips, so nothing was really hidden. And then I thought, if I had gone this far, why not go all the way?  
  
“Oh, Jenna,” I said to myself. “You never know when to stop!”  
  
But despite the concerns I might have been feeling, and knowing that a large group of students would soon be waiting for me, still my hands reached behind my back to unclasp the bra. This undone, I bent over slightly, which allowed the cups and straps to tumble off, falling down my arms. Clutching the pink lace in my hands for a moment, I paused to consider my actions. What if someone unexpectedly came up here? Even though everything was still quiet, just the prospect of being found and embarrassed like this made me quiver. I tossed the bra onto my discarded underwear, which lay next to my shirt and pants.  
  
Fully nude, I took a few steps down the hall, but something didn’t feel right. My heels seemed to click too loudly as I hurried back to my pile of clothes, easily within distance of the alcove that led to the stairs. My breasts bounced wildly as I covered the few feet across the floor tiles, and I was getting really excited! But I decided if I wanted to explore more of the building up here, I should go barefoot.  
  
After a glance over my shoulder, I bent down at the waist and let my hands wander down my knee and shin until they found the ankle strap buckle of my shoe. I was a bundle of nerves and excitement as I slipped my foot out, and then did the same at the end of my other leg. Next, standing straight up, I even unclasped the wristwatch I had been wearing and tossed it to the ground. It was safe enough here with the rest of my stuff, since no one else was around. But this meant I was now totally naked, no clothes or accessories at all! Stretching my arms, I let a hand run down between my breasts and down my tummy… then touched my pussy.  
  
“Oooh!” I squealed with delight. This was so naughty!  
  
I jogged a few paces away from my things, completely nude. The effect on my body was immediate as atop my bouncing boobs, the nipples hardened. I couldn’t help but cup both breasts in my hands while I moved forward, and rubbed the stiff tips between my fingers. When I reached the corner all the way on the other end of the hallway, I stood on my toes and peered around the wall. Of course it was quiet on this side of the school as well, and dimly lit, too. No chance of being seen here, so I continued to march past more empty classrooms in all my naked glory.  
  
The building was laid out like a big old square block, almost like a factory, and the rooms branched off to either side of the corridor. At one point, I entered one of these rooms, bravely turning on the light. The desks were arranged in silent rows before the blackboard. I padded softly down the aisles, running my hand along the smooth surface of a desk or the back of a chair, and wondered what it would be like to be caught in class without any clothes! Moving slowly, I walked to the back of the room, then across to the side where windows overlooked the parking lot. There were cars out there, and a few people talking on the ground below.  
  
That sight made me realize, even if this floor was deserted and quiet, I was not alone in the school! And I was not anywhere near my clothes! But after the initial wave of anxiety and doubt, I felt even more emboldened to continue my tour of the halls like this. Wandering over to the teacher’s desk, I idly picked up a few items, picturing myself as the instructor, being on display in front of room full of students. Their eyes roaming over every inch of my curvaceous body… that would really arouse their interest! In fact, the idea of those teenagers staring, drooling, and pointing, was getting me pretty horny!  
  
Before I made myself any more excited, I decided to exit the room. But first, I stopped at the chalkboard. Standing on my tiptoes and reaching as high as I could, my pussy brushing the metal ledge, I wrote across the slate: JENNA WAS HERE  
  
“And stark naked!” I laughed to myself, imagining the students whispering in curiosity as they read my words tomorrow morning.  
  
Back out in the hallway, I hurriedly closed the distance to the next corner. My boobs swayed with the brisk movements, and I had my arms at my sides not even trying to hide my nudity. The floor tiles were cool on the bottom of my feet, making me wish I had tried something like this a long time ago! Absently, I looked at my wrist, wondering how much time I had left. Then I remembered that my watch was discarded and waiting for me along with the rest of my clothes. A sudden sense of urgency propelled me forward, and soon I approached the final turn in the hall. This would take me back to the stairwell where I could get dressed and go down to meet the drama students. I couldn’t believe I had nearly circled the entire floor, entirely in the nude! Beneath the black bush of my pubic hair, my pink lips parted.  
  
I guess instinct took over, or maybe it was a little guilt about what I had just done, causing me to discreetly place a hand over my bare pussy. I slowed down my pace, and found myself approaching with sudden caution, closer to the point from where I had started. Without even thinking, almost by reflex, I added an arm to shield my quivering nipples. Only my ass was exposed from behind, and a last look over my shoulder showed that no one was following me. Finally, I took the few last steps past the lockers. My limbs were shaking from excitement, arousal, and also relief at having returned to safety.  
  
Looking down at the floor, I stood speechless. All my clothes were gone!  
  
Desperately I searched and spun around on my heel, with arms and hands still covering my breasts and pubes. Everything was missing! I was certain I had left the pile right here, right on the floor, just next to the edge of the stairwell…  
  
“Oh, were these yours, Miss Burlinski?”  
  
I turned around, only to see two of the sophomore theatre students emerge from the stairs and walk out into the corridor. I recognized them as Billy and Abe, and between the two of them, they were holding all my assorted items. While I was extremely embarrassed to be caught without a stitch on, part of me was relieved that it was just these two boys and someone hadn’t run off with my clothes.  
  
“Thank goodness,” I sighed, mindful of keeping an arm across my breasts while holding my other palm in front of my pussy. “I thought I had lost everything!”  
  
There was a moment of silence as they stared at me, then Billy who had blonde hair and an innocent face asked, “Why did you take off all your clothes?”  
  
“Take off… all my clothes?” I tried to sound just as confused, struggling to come up with an explanation.  
  
“That’s what it looks like,” pointed out Abe in his red curly hair, backward baseball cap, and glasses. He helped out in the AV department. “We’ve got a bra and pair of panties; pants, shirt, and shoes. Everything. We’re you having sex up here, or something?”  
  
“Oh my!” I said blushing, and even brought a hand to my mouth. “Look, there is no one else up here, I swear! I thought I was alone… I thought it would be safe…”  
  
Very self-conscious after I made that implied confession, I clasped both my hands over my pubic mound. The length of each arm effectively shielded my nipples. I opened my mouth as if to say something more, but I really was defenseless. The boys continued to look me over, and I noticed bulges in their pants. Billy even had the nerve to casually take a stroll behind me, so he could see my completely bare backside.  
  
Over my shoulder, I heard him say, “So, um, you like to get naked…”  
  
It was more a statement, than a question. Frustrated, I blurted out, “No! I mean… I guess it is kind of fun. But I don’t like to get caught like this… it’s terribly embarrassing!”  
  
I could see Abe was shrewdly evaluating the situation, while I waited to see what they would do next. I really had no control at this point, since the boys were holding my clothes, and they had found out my little secret. Billy came around to once more join his friend, as I shifted uncomfortably under their lustful stares.  
  
Finally, Abe asked, “Would you move your hands out of the way, Miss Burlinski?”  
  
At first I was appalled, as here I thought these students would be nice, and not further humiliate me! But then, I figured, they probably had few opportunities to get such an intimate view of their female peers, let alone a twenty-four year old woman standing before them, totally nude! I tried to sound authoritative, as I looked right at them.  
  
“If I do… that… will you give me back my things?”  
  
“Sure!” Billy answered and eagerly smiled.  
  
Well, I took a deep breath, and slowly separated my hands. I brought my arms to my sides, and even stood with feet apart. They drank in every inch of my bare body and the frontal display I was giving them. Unfortunately, my nipples stood very erect and my labia were exposed, my clitoris was swollen hard. Hopefully, they wouldn’t know where to look for that evidence of my arousal.  
  
“All right,” I said a little breathless when I had felt they had seen enough, and placed a single hand in front of my crotch. “You’ve had your fun… now you promised to let me have my clothes back.”  
  
The two boys exchanged glances, and then Abe shrugged his shoulders. Billy ever so sweetly took a step forward and placed my heels on the ground. I slipped my toes into the first shoe, but was a bit unsure how to proceed without giving them more flashes of my intimate charms. Finally I decided to crouch down as best I could, trying to shield my breasts. However, I needed to use both hands to buckle the strap at my ankle. I knew they were looking down at me, sneaking a peek at my pink gash. Hurriedly, I stood back up and placed my other foot in other shoe.  
  
“Um… if you would allow me?” Billy offered.  
  
And before I knew it, to boy was down on the ground, fumbling with the straps of the heel. I blushed, feeling his hands clumsily caress the sensuous calves of my leg. For some reason, I brought both my hands up to cover my erect nipples. And from below, Billy could look up and get an unobstructed view of my pink labia hanging down.  
  
“Thank… thank you,” I said still holding my boobs, when the student was once more standing next to his friend. “Now, Abe, if you will just give me the rest of my things.”  
  
The boy’s eyes were fixated on my pussy, but then he looked up at me. “We did give you back your things. Some of your things, anyway… your two shoes! I think we’ll hold on to the rest of your clothes a while longer. Besides, seems like it’s getting late and we can’t stay up here all afternoon…”  
  
“That’s my watch!” I cried, watching Abe twist his arm around, regarding the slender silver timepiece on his wrist.  
  
“Dude, that’s a lady’s watch,” Billy pointed out.  
  
In his baseball cap and glasses, the student turned to answer his friend, “Yeah, well, a responsible lady wouldn’t have left it lying around where it could get stolen. I’m going to hold on to it, until it’s safe to give it back to Miss Burlinski.”  
  
“But I can’t face the students like this!” I pleaded with the two boys, blushing at the thought and shifting one hand lower to cover my crotch.  
  
And then they told me that they did indeed have something for me to wear, but it was on the second floor of the school. It certainly did cross my mind to make a lunge for my clothes. Abe must have anticipated my movements, as he handed off the stack of my things to Billy, although he did keep my watch. Poor Billy took my women’s underwear along with my shirt and slacks, looking a little confused. He really was a good kid, he kind of had that hayseed, farmer’s boy personality about him. I supposed I really couldn’t take my items by force at this point. Besides, they were stronger than me, and I had no idea what they might do if I didn’t cooperate.  
  
“Come on,” Abe said, “follow us!”  
  
I was left with no choice but to begin walking after the boys who had turned and started for the stairs on the other side of the hallway. Taking along with them, every last stitch of my clothing, except for my shoes. The heels clicked absurdly on the floor, and my breasts heaved in front of me, as I moved forward with one hand between my legs and the other arm pumping back and forth at my side.  
  
“Wait up!” I cried.  
  
The two teens stopped, and Billy turned around to politely address me. “Maybe you should walk in front of us, Miss Burlinski. You know, so you don’t fall behind…”  
  
Well, I guess that made sense, I thought as I approached them. I passed between the boys, their shirts brushing my bare arms. Once I was ahead of them and resumed walking, they closed ranks and followed on my heel. With butterflies in my tummy, I decided to lower my hands completely, since Abe and Billy wouldn’t be able to see my tits and pussy. Of course it was not lost on me, that keeping just a step ahead of them, my full naked rear presented an inviting sight…  
  
SMACK!  
  
“Oooh,” I squealed, my hands instinctively reaching up to pinch my hard nipples.  
  
“Better hurry up,” Abe jeered, his hand having made contact with my quivering ass.  
  
I paused, confused, my body experiencing a mix of emotions. “Oh! But I don’t know where we’re going…”  
  
SMACK!  
  
The student spanked my bare behind again, this time letting his fingers linger a little, and said, “Just keep walking, Miss Burlinski. We are taking you to the school’s art department.”  
  
“Oh, OK,” I replied meekly, reaching around to rub my tender twenty-four-year-old ass. “But you really shouldn’t treat me like this. I’m supposed to be acting in place of your teacher.”  
  
As we started walking again, Abe observed, “Yeah, but you look better naked.”  
  
That statement made me blush, and certainly brought more color to my cheeks! And then Billy chimed in with his opinion.  
  
“I think Miss Burlinski has a really nice butt. It’s so round and curvy. I mean, different from the other girls… they look kind of scrawny in their pants. But I like the way hers bounces and jiggles when she walks.”  
  
Oh my gosh, this was making me so horny, hearing them talk about my nudity, right behind my back! I could only put my head down in aroused shame, aware that my pussy lips had parted and my clitoris was erect.  
  
We finally made it to the stairs, and I wasted no time bounding down the steps in my heels, even clutching my boobs tight. I could hear the footsteps of the boys just above me, and they must be getting a lovely look down my ass cleavage. Good thing we were heading down instead of climbing up, as I could just imagine the view they would have from below! And then I had a sudden thought making me more nervous.  
  
“What if someone is on this floor?” I turned my head quickly, my ponytail swishing across my neck.  
  
The two boys came to stand to either side of me, and once again, Abe brazenly laid his hand on my right butt cheek. “You feel hot, Miss Burlinski. Are you running a temperature? Well, we had just better get you to the art room before anyone else sees you without your clothes on.”  
  
“You know, you could just give me back my clothes,” I said, placing a hand in front of my crotch in case the student’s fingers decided to wander over to the front of my body.  
  
Billy only laughed, as if this was a game. “Finders, keepers!”  
  
And so we passed into the open corridor, my limbs trembling a little. We were one level closer to where I knew a group of people waited for us. What if some of them came up here looking for me? For that matter, I couldn’t be completely positive that the three of us were even alone on this floor. We walked in silence past the line of math classrooms, the click of my heels much louder than the softer shoes of the boys. It was so bizarre to be totally naked between the two teens. I found myself teetering on the edge of fear and embarrassment, and sexual excitement.  
  
At one point, Abe reached over and took my hand, the one that had been cupping my moist vulva. Billy, seeking to mimic his friend, stuffed my clothes under his one arm, then took hold of my other hand… the one that had been shielding my boobs! In this fashion, we continued down the hallway, allowing me to almost swing my arms merrily in time with theirs. And I was covering nothing!  
  
Finally, we turned around the corner. After passing a few doors, Abe abruptly plunged into an open room. I lost my grip on Billy’s hand, but the other student held me tight as he tugged me in after him. I practically skidded across the floor, seeing workstations piled with papers and clay models and other art supplies. A bit disorientated, I spun around and put my hands to my head.  
  
Abe watched the turn of my nude body and asked, “Are your nipples always so hard and pointy?”  
  
“Um… no,” I answered, suddenly realizing that I should keep my arms folded across my breasts. “Not all the time.”  
  
Behind me, I heard Billy enter the room. He paused to place my clothes on a countertop that ran along the side of the wall. I stood wide-eyed and unsure, clutching my elbows, while Abe casually plucked a paint brush out of a nearby tin. The adventurous boy took a step closer so he could make a few quick strokes beneath my forearms, soft black bristles circling my bellybutton.  
  
“Hee hee,” I giggled, “stop, Abe, that tickles!”  
  
In response, he only said, “I wonder where else you are ticklish, Miss Burlinski. Put your hands on your head.”  
  
I don’t know why, but I found myself obeying without hesitation. Maybe I was caught up in the whole humiliating situation, or perhaps it was just reflex. But soon I had my fingers intertwined, resting atop my head. I closed my eyes and felt the next brushstroke between my exposed breasts. The bristles swept under my bouncing globes, and then up to tease and flick my nipples. And then I felt another paintbrush from behind, its softness being applied down the center of my back. Billy must have found a brush of his own and set about making delightful strokes across my naked ass. I smiled at the sensations on my skin, but then Abe began to move lower, and lower… until the bristles touched my pussy! Curiously, he made a series of playful brush strokes over my pink labia.  
  
“Ah, ah… oh no! Boys, I think you had better stop!” And followed with a moan, “Oh, yes, please!”  
  
My sudden protests probably confused and startled the teens as they both took a step away from me. Which was a good thing, because I was definitely about to have an orgasm! How embarrassing! I opened my eyes and saw them staring at my flushed body. What I really wanted to do was find someplace to hide where I could masturbate in private. But Billy, ever the helpful student, came to my rescue.  
  
“I think she’s ready to wear something again. She looks like she has a fever, or might be catching a cold.”  
  
Abe was already heading off toward the closet at the back of the room. He returned with something in his hands, which he held out to me.  
  
“What’s this?” I asked, trying to regain my composure.  
  
“This is what you are going to be wearing for today’s rehearsal,” Abe grinned mischievously.  
  
It was a light blue smock of some sort. It looked like you put your hands through the sleeves in the front and then tied it at the back. Almost like a hospital gown. The material was soft and thin. Of course, its primary function was to protect one’s outer clothes from getting messy with paint or plaster or other junk.  
  
Even as I found myself pushing one arm through the first sleeve, I asked, “Why can’t you just let me put on my normal clothes?”  
  
“Because,” Abe said as he stood behind me tying the back of the smock, “we found you upstairs completely naked. I mean, you didn’t even have your shoes on! So if you don’t play along with our game, we’ll tell everyone about how you were running around totally in the buff!”  
  
I stamped my foot in frustration, but I knew the boys had me trapped. It would be horrible if they told anyone else about my secret streak of the school halls. The light material of the smock brushing against my bare skin only reminded me just how caught I really was. Even as the thought of being in their clutches made my nipples hard, I found myself wondering why Abe had to be so devious. And what was a good kid like Billy doing hanging out with him.  
  
“OK, all set!” the blonde-headed drama student announced, pulling me forward.  
  
Nervously I asked, “Do I… look all right? Is everything covered?”  
  
“Yeah, your butt and boobs aren’t showing,” Abe called out as he proceeded to head out the door. “For now…”  
  
Looking down, I saw that indeed the hem of the material came down to the middle of my thighs. My hand reached behind with reassuring fingers to find the back fell below the curve of my ass. But I would have to be careful how I walked and moved around others. I kept thinking to myself, I’m not wearing anything at all underneath. With my heart beating fast, I followed the boys out into the hallway.  
  
There was no playing around this time, as we hurried toward the stairs. The two students no longer were interested in strolling behind me. They quickly outpaced me in my unsteady heels. Well, my legs were a little unsteady. Reliving the past twenty minutes in my mind, I still couldn’t believe they had seen my entire naked body, and brought me so close to having an orgasm. And now, here I was, dressed in the flimsiest of coverings, about to conduct the play rehearsal. But I knew I had to put such thoughts out of my head, and carry on like everything was normal.  
  
By the time I was shuffling down the steps, Billy and Abe were nowhere to be seen. I supposed they had dashed off to the auditorium. I just hoped they wouldn’t tell the other students what had happened! Cringing a little, I made it to the first floor and gingerly walked down the corridor.  
  
When I finally entered the area backstage, one of the sophomore girls approached me.  
  
“Gosh, Miss Burlinski, what happened to you?” she asked eyeing my form draped only in a smock.  
  
I looked around, but there were no sign of the boys so I answered, “Well, um, I arrived early… to check out some of the scenery in the art department. I kind of had an accident, and ruined my clothes… very messy.”  
  
“Oh, that’s too bad,” another student replied, seeming to buy my story.  
  
As I tried to sound confident and quickly take charge, I announced, “We had might as well begin!”  
  
Immediately I began giving directions, making sure the actors were in their proper places, and the supporting stagehands were focused on their tasks. I had wanted to do a dry run through, when all of a sudden, the great wide curtains began opening. I looked around, extremely conscious that I was standing in the middle of the stage, and saw that Abe was working the pull-ropes.  
  
“Abe, that’s really not necessary,” I said, walking out to the edge.  
  
The incorrigible teen called back, “But, Miss Burlinski, don’t you want to involve the band?”  
  
I looked down and saw the students from the music department who had volunteered to be part of this production, sitting in the orchestra pit. Just before the darkness that enveloped the auditorium seating, I saw a dozen smiling faces giggle and point. The boy who played first violin waved at me. Quickly, I locked my bare knees together, realizing that they might discover I had nothing on beneath this smock!  
  
“OK, then… very well… let’s start with the opening movement.” And I slowly backed away, pressing the material against the front of my thighs.  
  
Much to my amazement, things went extremely well. The musicians played in time and in tune, the actors all remembered their lines and came in on cue. At one point, I stood off to the side just clutching my hands, my face beaming with pride. Even when the drama teacher stopped by half way through the rehearsal, I was hardly bothered by my unusual state of attire. I offered the same excuse as earlier, and in fact was complimented on how smoothly the rehearsal was running.  
  
It was during a break much later in the afternoon, when Abe snuck behind me while I was standing center stage, overlooking the auditorium. He gave a playful tug on my ponytail to get my attention. I didn’t turn around, but listened as he spoke in my right ear.  
  
“You know, Miss Burlinski, I set up the video equipment in the projector room, all the way behind the back row of seating. This way, the whole rehearsal is being recorded so you can review it afterward.”  
  
Nervously I intertwined my fingers and said, “How thoughtful of you…”  
  
“But you know,” the scheming teen continued, “that projector room, which has a great view of the stage, would also be the perfect spot for you to watch from on the night of the play. You could be all alone up there, with the door locked, and no one could get inside.”  
  
“Really?” I asked, a little hesitantly, unsure what he was implying.  
  
Admittedly, the thought of watching the play in absolute privacy was an attractive one. It would kind of be like having my own private box seat. And it had a door that locked from the inside? That certainly did present some daring possibilities. But then I came to my senses, remembering that I still had to wrap up this rehearsal.  
  
“Thank you very much, Abe,” I spun around gave him a cool response. “I will consider that as an option next week.”  
  
After assembling all the cast and stage workers, I proceeded to review some final points we had to work on, despite the very encouraging practice. The students all listened in rapt attention, broad smiles on their faces. Billy was sitting cross-legged in front, and grinned at me.  
  
“And finally, I just want to say how proud I am of you all,” I concluded addressing the drama students. Then turning toward the orchestra pit, added, “And you all performed remarkably well!”  
  
There was a smattering of self-satisfied applause as I finished my praise of the students. And suddenly I felt something pull at my back. My legs froze, my hand reached over my shoulder… something was snagged on the material of the smock! I turned around only to see a line of white twine trailing to the ground and running across the stage floor. Even as I saw Abe playing with the curtain rigging, my hands desperately groped behind me, but I could not figure out how the rope was attached.  
  
I looked directly over at the industrious boy, my wide brown eyes meeting his behind black-rimmed glasses. Shaking my head, no, I gripped the hem of the smock just above my knees. Abe only smiled, then gave a hard yank on the pulley system.  
  
The line stretched out, went taut, and then was reeled away… and upward! I had no idea when the hook had been fastened to my only covering; I certainly did not notice it until these last final moments. His knot-tying skills must have been superb, because the rope held… the smock did not.  
  
Instantly, the fabric was whipped higher, even forcing my arms in the air as it was pulled clean off my body! I stood for a second in shock, seeing my breasts bounce free in front of me… I was naked in front of at least twenty students! Oh, oh… and the band… that was another dozen! Totally naked, except for a pair of white heels! My hands first covered my boobs, and I squeezed them hard in excitement. There were cheers and whistles and much more applauding.  
  
I knew I had to run, so I never even bothered to cover my pussy. I streaked across the stage, my curvy ass bouncing… and then I realized I had gone in the wrong direction! The exit was on the left side! As I turned around, the students that had been gathered up here got a nice look at my bare stomach and bush, while the band was treated to my very exposed behind! Once more, I ran madly across the hardwood floor and this time let my arms fly out so that my tits undulated wildly. There was no hiding my erect nipples…  
  
I ran out into the hallway, and bounded for the closest stairwell. The only option I had was to climb up to the second floor fully nude, back to the art room where the boys had conveniently left my clothes. I entered just in time to greet the janitor picking through my things.  
  
“Um, those are mine…” I said as I approached shyly with a hand placed over my crotch, and shielding my boobs with my other arm.  
  
I was obviously flushed and embarrassed, but I took advantage of the man’s confusion as he stood speechless, and quickly grabbed my panties. Maybe he was thinking I was a high school senior and that this was some end of the year prank, as he watched me tug the delicate underwear over my hips. Still topless, I proceeded to jump into my pants before simply throwing on and buttoning up my shirt. With my lacey bra in hand, I waved goodbye and quickly left the school!  
  
Despite such a humiliating ordeal, I still had an obligation to see through the completion of this production. And I could tell from that afternoon’s practice, everyone really had their stuff together. They were pretty much flying on autopilot at this point, anyway. Maybe they would be even more motivated! Also, I was ashamed to admit, the whole experience made me kind of horny…  
  
So the night of the performance, in early May, I showed up in a strapless black gown with my hair slicked back and pinned up. The girls in the dram club said that I looked gorgeous. In fact, everyone was really sweet about the whole episode from our last rehearsal. It had just been a joke, one that had gotten a little out of hand. Although when I walked by the young men in the orchestra, I did notice quite a few bulges in their pants. I guess I was pretty inspiring!  
  
There were of course the usual nerves as the auditorium filled up with faculty and parents. I did my best to calm everybody down and tell them that they would do fine. My own tummy fluttered with excitement, but perhaps, for a different reason. I offered my final wishes, giving the leading man and lady quick pecks on the cheek, and then slowly made my way to the back projector room.  
  
It was indeed quiet among the last few rows of seating. Obviously, all the audience crammed into the spots closest to the stage. The rectangular room jutted out a little, and soon I found the black door on the side. I let myself in, and just like Abe had said, found that the metal doorknob could be securely locked. The only light in this cozy setting came from the video equipment that hummed and whirred, and gave off a kind of ghostly flickering. A lone square window peeked out over expanse of the auditorium, framing a nice view of the stage, curtains yet drawn closed. It was perfect.  
  
I knew the people in the audience would be settling in once I heard the first notes of the school orchestra start to play. At that point, I slipped off my black strappy shoes, since they were killing my feet anyway. I quietly placed the heels by the locked door. As the music began to swell, I looked out the window, while my fingers casually found the zipper on the back of my dress. Amid the sound of the strings and woodwinds, no one could hear the soft rustle of material as it slid down my body. I gathered up the gown and placed it to the side.  
  
Since it had a low-cut back, I could not wear a bra with this dress. So now, I stood topless in the projector room at the back of the auditorium, as the curtains opened and the student narrator set the stage. Hearing the distant memorized lines recited so perfectly, I squeezed my breasts in joy. My hand stroked my bare stomach, and then reached back up to tease and play with a nipple. I was getting really hot!  
  
After cupping my boobs and massaging them for a bit, next I lowered my hands so I could gently roll down my black nylon stocking. I couldn’t believe I was stripping in the back of my old high school auditorium, during the play I had helped produce! I could hear the students speaking their lines, and I even moved my lips in time with the words. When I pulled the other stocking off my leg, I rolled up the sheer material and tossed them behind me. Barefoot, my toes curled on the carpet, and then I stood on the tips. My nipples brushed against the wall, as I gripped the ledge of the viewing window with my hands. Now I licked my lips sensuously.  
  
As the play progressed through the first act, I watched while dressed only in the briefest pair of black panties. The students were doing a magnificent job, and my heart was beating fast with excitement. I was both pleased with the entire performance, and also found their success arousing. This was the craziest thing I had ever done, and by the time the intermission was over, my panties were soaked.  
  
As soon as the curtains opened for second act, I peeled off my last piece of clothing. Now I was completely naked in the room, and out in the auditorium there must have been a hundred adults… teachers, parents, grandparents…and thirty teenagers up by the stage! Not only was I nude, but I was about to start masturbating, secure in the promise of the locked door that meant I would not be disturbed.  
  
Earlier in the evening, in preparation for this special occasion, I had taken the extra measure of shaving off my bush. I now let my hand wander down my stomach so I could touch my hairless pussy. Wow, did that feel incredibly good! Smooth and silky, I pulled the pink lips apart with my index and middle fingers and felt my clitoris harden immediately. As the students continued their performance, I continued mine… softly stroking my labia, then slowly inserting a finger into my bald slit.  
  
“Ooooh!” I moaned, thankful for the band that suddenly swelled in a musical cue.  
  
I didn’t want to cum too soon, so I would remove my hand and start teasing my nipples again. Sometimes I would focus on the action that was taking place on stage. But it was kind of hard to concentrate when I didn’t have any clothes on, and my whole body felt alive. I imagined the settings being reversed, and if I was back on stage… but this time exposed in front of all those people, from my head to my bare toes. Closing my eyes, I reached down to begin rubbing my vulva again.  
  
In the next moment, I thought I heard a noise that seemed out of place. It was a turning, clicking noise, coming to my left. My hand still on my pubic mound, I looked over and saw the doorknob twist. Someone was opening the door… someone was going to enter the room! By the dim, flickering light, I could just make out the figure of a teenage boy silhouetted in the doorway. The light reflected off his glasses.  
  
Abe, of course! Abe would have the key to this room because he worked for the AV department! He had tricked me… he had told me about this place and planted the seed in my mind of trying something bold and daring! There was absolutely nowhere for me to go, nothing I could do…  
  
“What’s this?” the teenager inquired, his ever-present baseball cap backward, as he reached down to pick up my black heels.  
  
Momentarily alarmed, caught and ashamed, I felt I had to be honest with the boy. “I’m afraid… I’m afraid I’ve taken off all my clothes.”  
  
“All your clothes?” Abe asked, taking a step closer into the room.  
  
I could tell it wasn’t easy for him to see by the half-light. Part of me was thankful, but I was also a little frustrated. Certainly, I had built myself up to an impending climax by now, even as the final act of the play was coming to a close. Turning my shoulder to the viewing window, I presented a full frontal display of my body.  
  
“Everything…” I whispered, no longer in control of myself.  
  
As if seeking proof, Abe walked right up to stand in front of me and placed his hands on my breasts. “Wow… your nipples are really stiff and long!”  
  
“Mmm-hmmm,” I said and opened my mouth to lick my teeth with my tongue.  
  
“You’ve gone and gotten completely naked again, Miss Burlinski!” the observant teen moved his hands lower across my bare skin, feeling my stomach and my hips. “What should we do with you? Such a naughty lady needs to be punished!”  
  
“Oh!” I gasped, as he forcibly spun me around without so much as touching my shaved pussy.  
  
I was looking out once more onto the auditorium in darkness and the well-lit stage beyond. My hands rested tensely on the ledge of the window, while one of the high school’s students stood behind me, his fingers delicately tracing his fingers on the cheeks of my ass. Reflexively, I spread my legs slightly and stood on my bare toes.  
  
SLAP!  
  
“Ahh!” I cried and wiggled my butt.  
  
SLAP!  
  
Abe brought his hand across the other cheek. I was bare-assed nude and getting spanked in the back of the auditorium! The first of the actors had come out on stage to take a bow, as the play had ended.  
  
“Once the applause starts, no one will hear us,” the teenager said with great meaning.  
  
It was thunderous, the audience cheering and clapping their hands so loudly. And then Abe began spanking me faster, not too hard that it was hurtful, but enough to demonstrate he was in control and could humiliate me. I let my hand fall from the window to my crotch, and began fingering myself.  
  
“Yes! Yes!” I screamed in ecstasy, convinced that no one would hear my wild orgasm.  
  
The boy continued to slap my ass until it was bright pink. He only stopped when I started to buck my hips, and then I turned around so I could grab my breast with my other hand. I tapped and rubbed my clit right in front of him, finally making myself cum with a groan of pure sexual release.  
  
My body spent, I sank to the floor, legs spread so that little was left to the imagination. Abe reached down to playfully tug on my toe, which only served to remind me that I was completely bare. But all I could do was watch in a daze as he proceeded to collect my things… picking up the discarded dress and hosiery, as well as my panties. Then he shuffled over to the door, but before adding my shoes to his collection, he paused to click a button on a box-shaped item. This too, he lifted in his free hand, and started to leave the room.  
  
‘Thanks for the audio, Miss Burlinski!” he said, and then was gone.  
  
“Wait!” I struggled to my knees, arms reaching out futilely.  
  
It was no use. I couldn’t chase after him… I mean I couldn’t run out into a packed auditorium like this, totally naked! Standing up on trembling legs, I put my hand to my head. This was going to be an interesting drive home. At least the boy left me my keys. Still, he had captured everything on tape, the bastard! He had used some sort of recording device and now had the sounds of my desire, the slapping of my naked skin, the lustful moans of my orgasm.  
  
As I waited for the audience to file out and leave the school, I found myself wondering what I could plan for next year’s performance.  
  
THE END